THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON,

Which were formerly Printed in Two Volumes, are now Reprinted in One.

To which is added

A COMEDY,

CALLED THE

NEW INN.

With Additions never before Publiſhed.

——neque, me ut miretur turba laboro :
Contentus paucis lectoribus.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Hodgkin*, for *H. Herringman*, *E. Brewſter*, *T. Baſſett*, *R. Chiſwell*, *M. Wotton*, *G. Conyers*, MDC XCII.

THE CATALOGUE.

Every Man in his Humor,	To Mr. *Cambden.*
Every Man out of his Humour,	To the *Inns* of *Court.*
Cynthia's Revels,	To the *Court.*
Poetaſter,	To Mr. *Rich. Martin.*
Sejanus,	To *Eſme* Lord *Aubigny.*
The Fox,	To the *Univerſities.*
The Silent Woman,	To Sir *Fran. Stuart.*
The Alchymiſt,	To the Lady *Wroth.*
Catiline,	To the Earl of *Pembroke.*
Epigrams,	To the ſame.

The Foreſt.

Entertainments.

Panegyre.

Maſques.

Barriers.

Ad

V. CL.

BEN. IONSONIUM,

Carmen protrepticon.

RAptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
Pulſet; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat; qui manibus facit Deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camænæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec illam
Qui pigrè trahat oſcitationem,
Lectorem) & Numeros, Acumen, Artem,
Mirum Judicium, quod ipſe cenſor,
Jonſoni, *nimium licèt malignum,*
Si doctus ſimùl, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem & nitidum, Facetiáſque
Dignas Mercurio, novâſque Gnomas
Morum ſed veterum, tuíque juris
Quicquid Dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam ſemper fore, támque te loquutum,
Ut nec Lemnia notior ſigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ ſacrandus Apis,
Non ceſto Venus, *aut comis* Apollo,
Quàm Musâ fueris ſciente notus,
Quàm Musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ unica, ſydus ut refulgens,
Stricturas, ſuperat comis, Minorum:
In mentem ſubiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuiſſe Plauti
Uſuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
Saturno genitum phraſi Platonis,
Muſæ ſi Latio, Jovíſque Athenis
Dixiſſent. Fore jam ſed hunc & illas
Ionſoni numeros puto loquutos,
Anglis ſi fuerint utrique fati.
Tam, mi, tu ſophiam doces amænè
Sparsim támque ſophos amæna ſternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparſis diſtraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
Quod ſeri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, & thyaſus chorúſque amantum
Muſas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum,
Et quicquid reliquum eſt, adhuc tuíſque
Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm mirentis
Tot laurus cupidi repoſta ſcripta;
Dum ſecernere te tuaſque Muſas
Audemus numero ungulæ liquorem
Guſtante, ut veteres novem ſorores
Et ſirenibus & ſolent cicadis;
Dum & ſecernere poſſe te videmur,
Efflictim petimus novúmque librum,
Qui nullo ſacer hahit petatur ævo,
Qui nullo ſacer exoleſcat ævo,
Qui curis niteat tuis ſecundis,
Ut nos ſcire aliquid ſimùl putetur.
Atqui hoc macte ſies, velutque calpàr,
Quod diis inferium, tibi ſacremus,
Ut nobis bene ſit; tuámque frontem
Perfundant ederæ recentiores
Et ſplendor novus. Invident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibique (quantâ
Æternùm à merito tuo ſuperbum
Anglorum genus eſſe poſſit ollim)
Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amænas
Sublatas literas, timèntve lucem
Ionſoni nimiam tenebriones.

J. Selden I. C.

To

BEN. JOHNSON, *on his Works.*

MAy I ſubſcribe a Name? dares my bold Quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whoſe Frame is of that height, that, to mine Eye,
Its Head is in the Sky?
Yes. Since the moſt cenſures, believes, and ſaith
By an implicit Faith:
Leſt their misfortune make them chance amiſs,
I'll waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou only art the Man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by Performance ſhows he can do more
Than hath been done before,
Or will be after; (ſuch aſſurance gives
Perfection where it lives.)
Words ſpeak thy Matter; Matter fills thy Words;
And choice that grace affords,
That both are beſt: and both moſt fitly plac't,
Are with new *Venus* grac't
From artful method; all in this Point meet,
With good to mingle ſweet.
Theſe are thy lower Parts. What ſtands above
Who ſees not yet muſt love,
When on the Baſe he reads *Ben Johnſon*'s Name,
And hears the reſt from Fame.
This from my love of Truth: which pays this due
To your juſt worth, not you.

Ed. Heyward.

On the

AUTHOR,

The Poet Laureat, Ben. Johnſon.

HEre is a Poet! whoſe unmudled Strains
Show that he held all *Helicon* in's Brains.
What here is writ, is Sterling; every Line
Was well allow'd of by the *Muſes* Nine.
When for the Stage a *Drama* he did lay,
Tragick or Comick, he ſtill bore away
The Sock and Buskin; clearer Notes than his
No Swan e'er ſung upon our Thameſis;
For Lyrick ſweetneſs in an Ode, or Sonnet
To *Ben* the beſt of Wits might vail their Bonnet.
His *Genius* juſtly in an Entheat Rage,
Oft laſht the dull-ſworn Factors for the Stage:
For Alchymy though't make a glorious Gloſs,
Compar'd with Gold is Bullion and baſe Droſs.

Wil. Hodgſon.

On

On his elaborated Art-contrived Plays.

An EPIGRAM.

EAch like an *Indian* Ship or Hull appears
That took a Voyage for ſome certain years
To plow the Sea, and furrow up the Main,
And brought rich Ingot, from his loaden Brain.
His Art the Sun; his Labours were the Lines,
His ſolid ſtuff the Treaſure of his Lines.

Wil. Hodgſon.

Upon SEJANUS.

SO brings the Wealth-contracting Jeweller
Pearls and dear Stones, from richeſt Shores and (Streams,
As thy accompliſht travail doth confer
From skill-inriched Souls, their wealthier Gems;
So doth his Hand enchaſe in ammel'd Gold,
Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native Merits,
His ſolid Flames, as thine hath here inroold
In more than golden Verſe, thoſe better'd Spirits;
So he entreaſures Princes Cabinets,
As thy Wealth will their wiſhed Libraries;
So, on the Throat of the rude Sea, he ſets
His ventrous Foot, for his illuſtrious Priſe;
And through wild Deſarts, arm'd with wilder Beaſts;
As thou adventur'ſt on the Multitude,
Upon the boggy, and engulfed Breaſts
Of Hyrelings, ſworn to find moſt right, moſt rude:
And he, in Storms at Sea, doth not endure,
Nor in vaſt Deſarts, amongſt Wolves, more danger;
Than we, that would with Vertue live ſecure,
Suſtain for her in every Vices anger.
Nor is this *Allegory* unjuſtly rackt,
To this ſtrange length: Only, that Jewels are,
In eſtimation merely, ſo exact:
And thy work, in it ſelf, is dear and rare;
Wherein *Minerva* had been vanquiſhed,
Had ſhe, by it, her ſacred Looms advanc'd,
And through thy Subject woven her graphick Thred,
Contending therein, to be more entranc'd;
For, though thy Hand was ſcarce addreſt to draw
The Semi-circle of *Sejanus* Life,
Thy *Muſe* yet makes it the whole Sphear, and Law
To all State-lives: and bounds Ambition's ſtrife.
And as a little Brook creeps from his Spring,
With ſhallow tremblings, through the loweſt Vales,
As if he fear'd his Stream abroad to bring,
Leſt prophane Feet ſhould wrong it, and rude Gales;
But finding happy Channels, and Supplies
Of other Fords mixt with his modeſt Courſe,
He grows a goodly River, and diſcrys
The ſtrength that mann'd him, ſince he left his ſource;
Then takes he in delightſom Meads and Groves,
And, with his Two-edg'd Waters, flouriſhes
Before great Palaces, and all Mens loves
Build by his Shores, to greet his Paſſages:
So thy chaſte *Muſe*, by vertuous ſelf-miſtruſt,
Which is a true Mark of the trueſt Merit;
In Virgin fear of Mens illiterate Luſt,
Shut her ſoft Wings, and durſt not ſhew her Spirit;
Till, nobly cheriſht, now thou lett'ſt her fly,
Singing the fable *Orgies* of the *Muſes*,
And in the higheſt pitch of *Tragedy*,
Mak'ſt her command, all things thy Ground produces.
Beſides, thy *Poem* hath this due reſpect,
That it lets paſs nothing, without obſerving,
Worthy Inſtruction; or that might correct
Rude Manners, and renown the well deſerving:
Performing ſuch a lively Evidence
In thy Narrations, that thy hearers ſtill
Thou turn'ſt to thy Spectators; and the ſenſe
That thy Spectators have of good or ill,
Thou inject'ſt jointly to thy Readers Souls.
So dear is held, ſo deckt thy numerous Task,
As thou putt'ſt Handles to the *Theſpian* Bowls,
Or ſtuck'ſt rich Plumes in the *Palladian Cask.*
All thy worth, yet, thy ſelf muſt Patroniſe,
By quaffing more of the *Caſtalian* Head;
In expiſcation of whoſe Myſteries,
Our Nets muſt ſtill be clogg'd, with heavy Lead,
To make them ſink, and catch: For chearful Gold
Was never found in the *Pireian* Streams,
But wants, and ſcorns, and ſhames for Silver ſold.
What? what ſhall we elect in theſe extreams?
Now by the Shafts of the great *Cyrrhan Poet*,
That bear all Light, that is, about the World;
I would all dull Poet-haters know it,
They ſhall be ſoul-bound, and in darkneſs hurld,
A Thouſand years (as *Satan* was, their Sire)
Ere any, worthy the *Poetick* Name,
(Might I, that warm but at the *Muſes* Fire,
Preſume to guard it) ſhould let deathleſs *Fame*
Light half a Beam of all her hundred Eyes,
At his dim Taper, in their Memories.
Fly, fly, you are too near; ſo, odorous Flowers
Being held too near the Senſor of our Senſe,
Render not pure, nor ſo ſincere their Powers,
As being held a little diſtance thence.
O could the World but feel how ſweet a touch
The Knowledge hath, which is in love with Goodneſs,
(If *Poeſie* were not raviſhed ſo much,
And her compos'd Rage, held the ſimpleſt woodneſs,
Though of all Heats, that temper human Brains,
Hers ever was moſt ſubtil, high, and holy,
Firſt binding ſavage Lives in civil Chains:
Solely Religious, and adored Folly;
If Men felt this) they would not think a love,
That gives it ſelf, in her, did Vanities give;
Who is (in Earth, though low) in worth above,
Moſt able t' honour Life, though leaſt to live.
And ſo *good Friend*, ſafe Paſſage to thy Freight,
To thee a long peace, through a vertuous ſtrife,
In which, let's both contend to *Vertues* height,
Not making *Fame* our Object, but *good Life.*

Geor. Chapman.

To

To his worthy Friend, BEN. JOHNSON. *Upon his* SEJANUS.

IN that, this Book doth deign *Sejanus* name,
Him unto more, than *Cæsar*'s love, it brings:
For, where he could not with Ambition's Wings,
One Quill doth heave him to the height of Fame.
Ye great ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, how ever we do flatter Kings,
Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,
With no less envy had, than lost with shame.
Nor make your selves less honest than you are,
To make our Author wiser than he is:
Ne of such Crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his *Muses* swear, be none of his.
The Men are not, some faults may be these times:
He acts those Men, and they did act these Crimes.

HUGH HOLLAND.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo *BEN. IONSON.* In Vulponem.

QUod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
Illos quòd sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis puerilia est neganda,
Nascunturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Prisci, ingenium facit, labórque
Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

J. D.

To my Friend, Mr. BEN. JOHNSON, *Upon his* ALCHYMIST.

A Master, read in flatteries great skill,
Could not pass truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his Art, than you out of yours do raise.
Nor can full truth be utter'd of your worth,
Unless you your own praises do set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you have written well;
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY.

Ad utramque Academiam, De *BENJAMIN IONSONIO.* In Vulponem.

HIc ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum *antiqua, &* Latii *monimenta Theatri,*
Tanquam explorator *versans, fulcibus ausis*
Præbebit: Magnis cœptis Gemina astra *favete.*
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum *hic,*
Atque pari soccum *tractat* Sol scenicus *arte;*
Das Volpone *jocos, fletus* Sejane *dedisti.*
At si Jonsonias *mulctat as limite* Musas
Angusto plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contrà,
O nimium miseros quibus Anglis Anglica *lingua*
Aut non sat nota est; aut quis (seu trans mare natus)
Haud nota omnino: Vegetet cum tempore Vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiétque ipse Anglus Apollo.

E. BOLTON.

To my dear Friend, *M.* BEN. JOHNSON, *Upon his* FOX.

IF it might stand with *Justice*, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my *Mercy*, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since, firmly resolv'd, shall never come
To know more than they do; I would have shown
To all the World, the Art, which thou alone
Hast taught our Tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, deliver'd, with the grace
Of *Comick* stile, which only, is far more,
Than any *English* Stage hath known before.
But, since our subtile Gallants think it good
To like of nought, that may be understood,
Lest they should be disprov'd; or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: Let us desire
They may continue, simply, to admire
Fine *Clothes*, and strange *Words*; and may live, in Age,
To see themselves ill brought upon the Stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing *Muse*
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Upon

UPON THE SILENT WOMAN.

HEar you bad Writers, and though you not ſee,
I will inform you where you happy be:
Provide the moſt malicious Thoughts you can,
And bend them all againſt ſome private Man,
To bring him, not his Vices, on the Stage;
Your Envy ſhall be clad in ſome poor Rage,
And your expreſſing of him ſhall be ſuch,
That he himſelf ſhall think he hath no touch.
Where he that ſtrongly writes, although he mean
To ſcourge but Vices in a labour'd Scene,
Yet private Faults ſhall be ſo well expreſt
As Men do act 'em, that each private Breaſt,
That finds theſe Errors in it ſelf, ſhall ſay,
He meant me, not my Vices, in the Play.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

To my Friend, M. BEN JOHNSON, UPON HIS CATILINE.

IF thou hadſt itch'd after the wild Applauſe
Of Common People, and hadſt made thy Laws
In Writing ſuch as catch'd at preſent Voice,
I ſhould commend the Thing, but not thy Choice.
But thou haſt ſquar'd thy Rules by what is good,
And art three Ages, yet, from underſtood:
And (I dare ſay) in it there lies much Wit
Loſt, till the Readers can grow up to it.
Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But muſt fall back again, or like it ſtill.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

EVERY

EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR.
A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1598. by the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN his Servants.

The Author *B. J.*

Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt. Juven.

TO THE

Most Learned, and my Honour'd Friend,

Mr. CAMBDEN,
CLARENTIAUX.

SIR,

THere are, no doubt, a Supercilious Race in the World, who will esteem all Office, done you in this kind, an Injury; so Solemn a Vice it is with them to use the Authority of their Ignorance, to the crying down of Poetry, *or the Professors: But my Gratitude must not leave to correct their Error; since I am none of those that can suffer the Benefits confer'd upon my Youth to perish with my Age. It is a frail Memory that remembers but present things: And, had the Favour of the times so conspir'd with my Disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the Fruits, the first. Now, I pray you to accept this; such, wherein neither the Confession of my Manners shall make you blush; nor of my Studies, repent you to have been the Instructer: And for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either Praise or Excuse.*

Your True Lover,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

KNO'WELL, *an old Gentleman.*
ED. KNO'WELL, *his Son.*
BRAIN-WORM, *the Father's Man.*
Mr. STEPHEN, *a Country-Gull.*
DOWN-RIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELL-BRED, *His half Brother.*
JUST. CLEMENT, *an old merry Magiſtrate.*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk.*
KITELY, *a Merchant.*
Dame KITELY, *his Wife.*
Mrs. BRIDGET, *his Siſter.*
Mr. MATTHEW, *the Town-Gull.*
CASH, KITELY's *Man.*
COB, *a Water-bearer.*
TIB, *his Wife.*
Cap. BOBADIL, *a Paul's-man.*

The SCENE

LONDON.

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.
AUG. PHILIPS.
HEN. CONDEL.
WILL. SLYE.
WILL. KEMPE.
RIC. BURBADGE.
JOH. HEMINGS.
THO. POPE.
CHR. BESTON.
JOH. DUKE.

Firſt Acted in the Year 1598, *with allowance of the Maſter of* REVELS:

EVERY

EVERY MAN
IN HIS
HUMOUR.

PROLOGUE.

THough Need make many Poets, *and ſome ſuch*
As Art and Nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not ſo lov'd the Stage,
As he dare ſerve th'ill Cuſtoms of the Age,
Or purchaſe your delight at ſuch a rate,
As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
To make a child now ſwadled, to proceed
Man, and then ſhoot up in one beard and weed,
Paſt threeſcore years: or, with three ruſty ſwords,
And help of ſome few foot-and half-foot words,
Fight over York, *and* Lancaſters *long jars,*
And in the Tyring-houſe bring wounds to ſcars.
He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
One ſuch to day, as other plays ſhould be;
Where neither Chorus *wafts you o're the ſeas,*
Nor creaking Throne comes down, the boys to pleaſe;
Nor nimble Squib is ſeen, to make afeard
The Gentlewomen; nor roul'd Bullet heard
To ſay, it Thunders; nor tempeſtuous Drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the Storm doth come;
But Deeds, and Language, ſuch as men do uſe:
And Perſons, ſuch as Comœdy *would chuſe,*
When ſhe would ſhew an Image of the Times,
And ſport with Humane Follies, not with Crimes.
Except, we make 'em ſuch by loving ſtill
Our popular Errors, when we know th' are ill.
I mean ſuch Errors as you'll all confeſs
By laughing at them, they deſerve no leſs:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left, then,
You, that have ſo grac'd Monſters, may like Men.

Act. I. Scene I.

Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. *Stephen.*

A Goodly day toward! and a freſh morning! *Brain-worm,*
Call up your young maſter: bid him riſe, Sir.
Tell him, I have ſome buſineſs to employ him.
Bra. I will, Sir, preſently. *Kno.* But hear you, ſirah,
If he be at his Book, diſturb him not. *Bra.* Well Sir.
Kno. How happy, yet, ſhould I eſteem my ſelf,
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy
From one vain courſe of ſtudy, he affects.
He is a Schollar, if a Man may truſt
The liberal voice of Fame, in her report,
Of good acompt in both our *Univerſities*,
Either of which hath favour'd him with Graces:
But their Indulgence muſt not ſpring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot Err.
My ſelf was once a Student, and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelf ſame humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *Poetry*,
That fruitleſs, and unprofitable Art,
Good unto none, but leaſt to the Profeſſors,
Which, then, I thought the miſtreſs of all knowledg:
But ſince, Time and the Truth have wak'd my Judgment,
And Reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh
The vain from th' uſeful Learnings. Couſin *Stephen!*
What news with you, that you are here ſo early?
Ste. Nothing, but e'en come to ſee how you do, Uncle
Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcom, Couz.
Ste. I, I know that Sir, I would not ha' come elſe.
How does my Couſin *Edward*, Uncle?
Kno. O, well Couz, go in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.
Ste. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e're a Book of the Sciences of Hawking and Hunting? I would fain borrow it.
Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?
Ste. No, wuſſe, but I'll practice againſt next year Uncle: I have bought me a Hawk, and a Hood, and Bells, and all; I lack nothing but a Book to keep it by.
Kno. O, moſt ridiculous.
Ste. Nay, look you now, you are angry, Uncle: why you know an' a Man have not skill in the hawking and hunting-Languages now adays, I'll not give a ruſh for him. They are more ſtudied than the *Greek*, or the *Latin*. He is for no gallants Company without 'em. And by gads lid I ſcorn it, I, ſo I do, to be a Conſort for every *Hum-drum*, hang 'em Scroyles, there's nothing in 'em i' the World. What do you talk on it? Becauſe I dwell at *Hogſden*, I ſhall keep Company with none but the Archers of *Finsbury*, or the Citizens that come a ducking to *Iſlington* Ponds? A fine jeſt i' faith! Slid a Gentleman mun ſhow himſelf like a Gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no Novice.
Kno. You are a prodigal abſurd Cockſcomb, Go to.
Nay, never look at me, it's I that ſpeak.
Tak't as you will Sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow to waſte
That which your Friends have left you, but you muſt
Go caſt away your Money on a Kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
O it's comly! this will make you a Gentleman!
Well Couſin, well! I ſee you are e'ne paſt hope
Of all reclaim. I, ſo, now you are told on it,
You look another way. *Ste.* What would you ha' me do?
Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you Kinſman,
Learn to be Wiſe, and practice how to Thrive,
That would I have you do: and not to ſpend
Your Coin on every Bable that you phanſie,
Or every fooliſh Brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each Place,
Nor thruſt your ſelf on all Societies,
Till Mens Affections, or your own Deſert,
Should worthily invite you to your Rank.
He that is ſo reſpectleſs in his Courſes,

Oft ſells his Reputation at cheap Market.
Nor would I, you ſhould melt away your ſelf
In flaſhing bravery, leſt while you affect
To make a blaze of Gentry to the World,
A little puff of ſcorn extinguiſh it,
And you be left like an unſav'ry Snuff,
Whoſe Property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you ſober, and contain your ſelf;
Not that your Sail be bigger than your Boat:
But moderate your Expences now (at firſt)
As you may keep the ſame proportion ſtill.
Nor ſtand ſo much on your Gentility,
Which is an Airy, and meer borrow'd thing,
From dead Mens Duſt, and Bones: and none of yours;
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Act I. Scene II.

Servant, Mr. *Stephen*, *Kno'well*, *Brain-worm*.

SAve you Gentlemen.

Ste. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our Gentility, Friend; yet you are welcom, and I aſſure you mine Uncle here is a Man of a thouſand a year, *Middleſex* Land: he has but one Son in all the World, I am his next Heir (at the Common Law) Maſter *Stephen*, as ſimple as I ſtand here, if my Couſin dye (as there's hope he will.) I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beſide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Step. In good time, Sir? why! and in very good time, Sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, Sir.

Step. Not you, Sir? you were not beſt, Sir; an' you ſhould, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And they can give it again ſoundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, Sir, let this ſatisfie you: good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that preſently.

Serv. Good Maſter *Stephen*, ſo you may, Sir, at your pleaſure.

Step. And ſo I would, Sir, good my ſaucy Companion! an' you were out o' mine Uncles Ground, I can tell you; though I do not ſtand upon my Gentility neither in't.

Kno. Couſin! Couſin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreſon baſe Fellow! a Mechanical Serving-man! By this Cudgel, and 'twere not for ſhame, I would———

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory Gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee, the honeſt Man demeans himſelf
Modeſtly to'ards you, giving no reply
To your unſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude faſhion:
And ſtill you huff it, with a kind of Carriage
As void of Wit, as of Humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a Kinſmans intereſt in me.

Serv. I pray, Sir, Is this Maſter *Kno'well*'s Houſe?

Kno. Yes marry is it, Sir.

Serv. I ſhould enquire for a Gentleman, here, one Maſter *Edward Kno'well*: do you know any ſuch, Sir, I pray you?

Kno. I ſhould forget my ſelf elſe, Sir.

Serv. Are you the Gentleman? cry you mercy Sir: I was requir'd by a Gentleman i' the City, as I rode out at this end o' the Town, to deliver you this Letter, Sir.

Kno. To me, Sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your Court'ſie. (*To his moſt ſelected Friend Maſter* Edward Kno'well.) What might the Gentlemans Name be, Sir, that ſent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One Maſter *Well-bred*, Sir.

Kno. Maſter *Well bred*! A young Gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The ſame Sir, Maſter *Kitley* married his Siſter: the rich Merchant i' the *Old Jewry*.

Kno. You ſay very true. *Brain-worm*.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Make this honeſt Friend drink here: pray you go in.
This Letter is directed to my Son:
Yet I am *Edward Kno'well* too, and may,
With the ſafe Conſcience of good Manners, uſe
The Fellows Error to my ſatisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old Men are curious)
Be it but for the Stiles ſake, and the Phraſe,
To ſee if both do anſwer my Sons Praiſes,
Who is almoſt grown the Idolater
Of this young *Well-bred*: what have we here? what's this?

The LETTER.

WHy, Ned, *I beſeech thee, haſt thou forſworn all thy Friends i' the* Old Jewry? *or doſt thou think us all* Jews *that inhabit there? Yet if thou doſt, come over, and but ſee our frippery: change an old Shirt for a whole Smock with us. Do not conceive that Antipathy between us and* Hogsden, *as was between* Jews *and* Hogs-fleſh. *Leave thy vigilant Father alone, to number over his green Apricots, Evening and Morning, o' the North weſt Wall: An' I had been his Son, I had ſav'd him the labour long ſince, if taking in all the young Wenches that paſs by at the back-door, and coddling every Kernel of the Fruit for 'em, would ha' ſerv'd. But pr'y thee come over to me quickly, this morning; I have ſuch a preſent for thee (our* Turky *Company never ſent the like to the* Grand-Signior.) *One is a Rimer, Sir, o' your own batch, your own leven; but doth think himſelf* Poet-major *o' the Town: willing to be ſhown, and worthy to be ſeen. The other—— I will not venter his Deſcription with you, till you come, becauſe I would ha' you make hither with an Appetite. If the worſt of 'em be not worth your Journey, draw your Bill of Charges, as unconſcionable as any Guild hall Verdict will give it you, and you ſhall be allow'd your* Viaticum.

From the Wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well,
The *Spittle*, or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the Man
My Son hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt Wit,
The choiceſt Brain, the Times have ſent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the Arts,
Nor what in Schools: but ſurely, for his Manners,
I judge him a prophane and diſſolute wretch:
Worſe by poſſeſſion of ſuch great good gifts,
Being the Maſter of ſo looſe a Spirit.
Why, what unhallow'd Ruffian would have writ
In ſuch a ſcurrilous manner, to a Friend!
Why ſhould he think, I tell my Apricots,
Or play th' *Heſperian* Dragon with my Fruit,
To watch it? Well, my Son, I had thought
Y' had had more Judgment t' have made Election
Of your Companions, than t'have tane on truſt
Such petulant, jeering Gameſters, that can ſpare
No Argument, or Subject from their Jeſt.
But I perceive Affection makes a Fool
Of any Man, too much the Father. *Brain-worm*.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Is the Fellow gone that brought this Letter?

Brai. Yes, Sir, a pretty while ſince.

Kno. And where's your young Maſter?

Brai. In his Chamber, Sir.

Kno. He ſpake not with the Fellow! did he?

Brai. No, Sir, he ſaw him not.

Kno. Take you this Letter, and deliver it my Son;
But with no notice, that I have open'd it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, Sir, that were a Jeſt indeed!

Kno. I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his journey,
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay

The

The unbridled courſe of youth in him: for that,
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and, in kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous Grey-hound,
Who ne'r ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holders throat.
There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodneſs, may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawn
By ſoftneſs, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they ſtray, but warn 'em: and the ſame
They ſhould for vertu' have done, they'll do for ſhame.

Act I. Scene III.

Edw. Kno'well, Brayn-worm, Mr. *Stephen.*

DID he open it, ſaiſt thou?

Bray. Yes, o' my word Sir, and read the Contents.

E. Kn. That ſcarce contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i'the reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Bray. Nay Sir, I ſaw him not read it, nor open it, I aſſure your worſhip.

E. Kn. No? how know'ſt thou, then, that he did either?

Bray. Marry, Sir, becauſe he charg'd me, on my life, to tell no body, that he open'd it; which, unleſs he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kn. That's true: well I thank thee, *Brayn-worm.*

Step. O, *Brayn-worm*, did'ſt thou not ſee a fellow here in a what'ſha'-call-him Doublet? he brought mine Uncle a Letter e'en now.

Bray. Yes, Maſter *Stephen*, what of him?

Step. O, I ha' ſuch a mind to beat him —— Where is he? canſt thou tell?

Bray. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Mager *Stephen.*

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long ſince?

Bray. He is rid hence: he took Horſe at the ſtreet-door.

Step. And I ſtaid i' the Fields! horſon *ſcander-bag* Rogue! ô that I had but a Horſe to fetch him back again.

Bray. Why, you may ha' my Mrs. Gelding, to ſave your longing, Sir.

Step. But, I ha' no Boots, that's the ſpight on't.

Bray. Why, a fine wiſp of Hay, rould hard, Maſter *Stephen.*

Step. No faith, it's no boot to follow him, now: let him e'ne go, and hang. Pr'y thee, help to truſs me, a little. He do's ſo vex me ——

Bray. You'll be worſe vex'd, when you are truſs'd, Maſter *Stephen.* Beſt, keep un-brac'd; and walk your ſelf, till you be cold: your Choller may founder you elſe.

Step. By my faith, and ſo I will, now thou tell'ſt me on't: How doſt thou like my Leg, *Brayn-worm?*

Bray. A very good Leg, Maſter *Stephen*; but the woollen Stocking do's not commend it ſo well.

Step. Foh, the Stockings be good enough, now Summer is coming on, for the duſt: I'll have a pair of Silk again' Winter, that I go to dwell i'the Town. I think my Leg would ſhew in a Silk-hoſe ——

Bray. Believe me, Maſter *Stephen*, rarely well.

Step. In ſadneſs, I think it would: I have a reaſonable good Leg.

Bray. You have an excellent good Leg, Maſter *Stephen*; but I cannot ſtay, to praiſe it longer now, and I am very ſorry for't.

Step. Another time will ſerve, *Brayn-worm.* Gramercy for this.

E. Kn. Ha, ha, ha.

[Kno'well *laught, having read the Letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope, he laughs not at me, and he do ——

E. Kn. Here was a Letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a Man's Father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think moſt vertuouſly, both of me, and the Sender, ſure; that make the careful Coſtar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epiſtles.* Well, if he read this with patience, I'll be gelt, and troll Ballads for Mr. *John Trundle*, yonder, the reſt of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my Father may have as much patience as another Man; for he takes much Phyſick: and oft taking Phyſick makes a Man very patient. But would your Packer, Maſter *Well-bred*, had arriv'd at him, in ſuch a minute of his patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens— What! my wife Couſin! Nay, then I'll furniſh our Feaſt with one Gull more to'ard the meſs. He writes to me of a Brace, and here's One, that's Three: O, for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt uſe thine Eyes, I intreat thee ——

Step. O, now I ſee, who he laught at. He laught at ſome body in that Letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me ——

E. Kn. How now, Couſin *Stephen*, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, Couſin.

E. Kn. Why, what an' I had, Couz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine Uncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you would ha' told your Uncle, I did laugh at you, Couz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kn. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then ——

E. Kn. What then?

Step. I am ſatisfied, it is ſufficient.

E. Kn. Why, be ſo, gentle Couz. And, I pray you let me intreat a courteſie of you. I am ſent for, this Morning, by a Friend i'the *Old Jewry*, to come to him; It's but croſſing over the Fields to *Moor gate*: Will you bear me company? I proteſt, it is not to draw you into Bond, or any Plot againſt the State, Couz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 'twere; you ſhall command me twice ſo far as *Moor-gate*, to do you good in ſuch a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I proteſt ——

E. Kn. No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, Couz?

Step. By my ſackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll proteſt more to my Friend, than I'll ſpeak off, at this time.

E. Kn. You ſpeak very well, Couz.

Step. Nay, not ſo neither, you ſhall pardon me: but I ſpeak to ſerve my turn.

E. Kn. Your turn, Couz? Do you know what you ſay? A gentleman of your ſort, parts, carriage, and eſtimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a Tankard-bearer at a Conduit! fie. A Wight, that (hitherto) his every ſtep hath left the ſtamp of a great Foot behind him, as every word the ſavour of a ſtrong ſpirit! and he! this man! ſo grac'd, guilded, or (to uſe a more fit *Metaphor*) ſo tin-foild by nature, as not ten Houſe-wives Pewter (again' a good time) ſhews more bright to the World than he! and he (as I ſaid laſt, ſo I ſay again, and ſtill ſhall ſay it) this Man! to conceal ſuch real Ornaments as theſe, and ſhaddow their glory, as a Milleners Wife do's her wrought Stomacher, with a ſmoky Lawn, or a black Cypreſs? O Couz! it cannot be anſwer'd, go not about it. *Drake*'s old Ship at *Deptford* may ſooner circle the World again. Come, wrong not the quality of your deſert, with looking downward, Couz; but hold up your Head, ſo: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be portray'd i' your Face,

that Men may read i' your Phyſnomy, (*Here, within this place is to be ſeen the true, rare, and accompliſh'd Monſter, or miracle of Nature*, which is all one.) What think you of this, Couz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more Proud, and Melancholy, and Gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll enſure you.

E. Kn. Why, that's reſolute Maſter *Stephen!* Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a Suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the City, and play him for Forty pound. Come, Couz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kn. Follow me? you muſt go before.

Step. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you, ſhew me, good Couſin.

Act I. Scene IV.

Mr. *Matthew*, *Cob.*

I Think this be the Houſe: what, hough?

Cob. Who's there? O, Maſter *Matthew!* gi' your Worſhip good morrow.

Mat. What! *Cob*! how doſt thou, good *Cob*? doſt thou inhabit here, *Cob*?

Cob. I Sir, I and my Linage ha' kept a poor Houſe, here, in our days.

Mat. Thy Linage, *Monſieur Cob*, what Linage, what Linage?

Cob. Why Sir, an ancient Linage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a Kings belly, no worſe Man: and yet no Man neither (by your Worſhips leave, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of Fiſh (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the World, I aſſure you. The firſt Red Herring that was broild in *Adam* and *Eve*'s Kitchin, do I fetch my Pedigree from, by the Harrots Books. His *Cob*, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father.

Mat. Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, Sir, and a mighty great *Cob*.

Mat. How know'ſt thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I ſmell his Ghoſt, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a Ghoſt? ô unſavoury jeſt! and the Ghoſt of a Herring, *Cob*.

Cob. I Sir, with favour of your Worſhips Noſe, Mr. *Matthew*, why not the Ghoſt of a Herring *Cob*, as well as the Ghoſt of Raſher-bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou wouldſt ſay?

Cob. I ſay Raſher-Bacon. They were both broild o' the Coles; and a Man may ſmell broild Meat, I hope? you are a Scholar, upſolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! *Cob*, canſt thou ſhew me of a a Gentleman, one Captain *Bobadill*, where his Lodging is?

Cob. O, my gueſt, Sir! you mean.

Mat. Thy gueſt! Alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, Sir? Do you not mean Captain *Bobadill*?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee adviſe thy ſelf well: do not wrong the Gentleman, and thy ſelf too. I dare be ſworn, he ſcorns thy Houſe: he! He lodge in ſuch a baſe obſcure place, as thy Houſe! Tut, I know his diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lie in thy Bed, if tho'uldſt gi't him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, Sir. Maſs, I thought ſomewhat was in't, we could not get him to Bed, all night! Well Sir, though he lie not o' my Bed, he lies o' my Bench: an't pleaſe you to go up, Sir, you ſhall find him with two Cuſhions under his Head, and his Cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor loſt, and yet (I warrant) he ne'r caſt better in his life, than he has done to night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk Sir, you hear not me ſay ſo. Perhaps, he ſwallow'd a Tavern-token, or ſome ſuch device, Sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with Water, and not with Wine. Gi' me my Tankard there, hough, God b' w' you, Sir. It's ſix a Clock: I ſhould ha' carried two Turns, by this. What hough? my ſtopple, come.

Mat. Lie in a Water-bearers Houſe! A Gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What *Tib*, ſhew this Gentleman up to the Captain. Oh, an' my Houſe were the *Brazen-head* now! faith it would e'en ſpeak, *Mo fools yet*. You ſhould ha' ſome now would take this M. *Matthew* to be a Gentleman, at the leaſt. His Father's an honeſt Man, a worſhipful Fiſhmonger, and ſo forth; and now do's he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave Gallants about the Town, ſuch as my gueſt is: (ô, my gueſt is a fine Man) and they flout him invincibly. He uſeth every day to a Merchants Houſe (where I ſerve Water) one Maſter *Kitely*'s i' the *Old Jewry*; and here's the jeſt, he is in love with my Maſter's Siſter, (Miſtris *Bridget*) and calls her Miſtris: and there he will ſit you a whole Afternoon ſometimes, reading o' theſe ſame abominable, vile, (a Pox on 'em, I cannot abide them) raſcally Verſes, *Poyetry*, *Poyetry*, and ſpeaking of *Enterludes*, 'twill make a Man burſt to hear him. And the Wenches, they do ſo geer, and ti-he at him —— well, ſhould they do ſo much to me, I'd forſwear them all, by the Foot of *Pharaoh*. There's an Oath! How many Water-bearers ſhall you hear ſwear ſuch an Oath? ô, I have a gueſt (he teaches me) he do's ſwear the legibleſt of any Man chriſtned: By St. *George*, the Foot of *Pharaoh*, the Body of me, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier: ſuch dainty Oaths! and withal, he do's take this ſame filthy roguiſh *Tobacco*, the fineſt, and cleanlieſt! it would do a Man good to ſee the fume come forth at's Tonnels! Well, he owes me Forty Shillings (my Wife lent him out of her Purſe, by ſix-pence a time) beſides his Lodging: I would I had it. I ſhall ha'it, he ſays, the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang ſorrow, care 'll kill a Cat, up-tails all, and a Louſe for the Hangman.

Act I. Scene V.

Bobadil, *Tib*, *Matthew*.

HOſteſs, hoſteſs. [Bobad. *is diſcovered lying on his Bench.*

Tib. What ſay you, Sir?

Bob. A Cup o' thy ſmall Beer, ſweet Hoſteſs.

Tib. Sir, there's a Gentleman, below, would ſpeak with you.

Bob. A Gentleman! 'ods ſo, I am not within.

Tib. My Husband told him you were, Sir.

Bob. What a Plague —— what meant he?

Mat. Captain *Bobadill*?

Bob. Who's there? (take away the Baſon, good Hoſteſs) come up, Sir.

Tib. He would deſire you to come up, Sir. You come into a cleanly Houſe, here.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir. 'Save you, Captain.

Bob. Gentle Maſter *Matthew*! Is it you, Sir? Pleaſe you to ſit down?

Mat. Thank you good Captain, you may ſee, I am ſomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not ſo, Sir. I was requeſted to Supper, laſt Night, by a ſort of Gallants, where you were wiſh'd for, and drunk to, I aſſure you.

Mat. Vouchſafe me, by whom, good Captain?

Bob. Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: Why, Hoſteſs, a Stool here, for this Gentleman.

Mat. No haſte, Sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! It was ſo late ere we parted laſt, Night, I can ſcarce open my Eyes, yet; I was but new riſen, as you came: how paſſes the Day abroad, Sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, ſome half Hour to ſeven: now truſt me, you have an exceeding fine Lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob. I Sir: ſit down, I pray you. Mr. *Matthew* (in any caſe) poſſeſs no Gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my Lodging.

Mat. Who? I Sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally viſited, as ſome are.

Mat. True, Captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you ſee, Sir, by the heart of valour in me, (except it be to ſome peculiar and choice ſpirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your ſelf, or ſo) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I reſolve ſo.

Bob. I confeſs, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult, and roar of fortune. What new Book ha' you there? What! *Go by, Hieronymo!*

Mat. I, did you ever ſee it acted? is't not well pend?

Bob. Well pend? I would fain ſee all the *Poets*, of theſe times, pen ſuch another Play as that was! they'll prate and ſwagger, and keep a ſtir of Art and Devices, when (as I am a Gentleman) read 'em, they are the moſt ſhallow, pittiful, barren Fellows, that live upon the face of the Earth, again!

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine Speeches in this Book! O *Eyes, no Eyes, but Fountains fraught with Tears!* There's a conceit! Fountains fraught with Tears! *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* Another! *O World, no World, but maſs of publick wrongs!* A third! *Confuſ'd and fill'd with murder, and miſdeeds!* A fourth! O, *the Muſes!* Is't not excellent? Is't not ſimply the beſt that ever you heard, Captain? Ha? How do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the pureſt object to my ſenſe,
The moſt refined Eſſence Heaven covers,
Send I theſe Lines, wherein I do commence
The happy ſtate of Turtle-billing Lovers.
If they prove rough, un-poliſh't, harſh, and rude,
Haſte made the waſte. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[Bobadill *is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, Sir? a Toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my *Muſes!* But, when will you come and ſee my Study? good faith, I can ſhew you ſome very good things, I have done of late—— That Boot becomes your Leg, paſſing well, Captain, methinks!

Bob. So, ſo, It's the faſhion, Gentlemen now uſe?

Mat. Troth, Captain, and now you ſpeak o' the Faſhion, Maſter *Well-bred*'s elder Brother, and I, are faln out exceedingly: this other day, I hapned to enter into ſome diſcourſe of a Hanger, which I aſſure you, both for Faſhion, and Work-man-ſhip, was moſt peremptory-beautiful, and Gentleman-like! Yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the moſt pyed and ridiculous that ever he ſaw.

Bob. Squire *Down-right*? the half-Brother, was't not?

Mat. I Sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, hee! why he ha's no more judgment than a Malt-horſe. By S. *George*, I wonder youl'd loſe a thought upon ſuch an animal: the moſt peremptory abſurd clown of *Chriſtendom*, this day, he is holden. I proteſt to you, as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier, I ne'r chang'd words, with his like. By his diſcourſe, he ſhould eat nothing but Hay. He was born for the Manger, Pannier, or Pack-ſaddle! He has not ſo much as a good Phraſe in his Belly, but all old Iron, and ruſty Proverbs! a good Commodity for ſome Smith to make Hob-nails of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his Manhood ſtill, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *baſtinado*, as I hear.

Bob. How! He the *baſtinado!* how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he ſaid Cudgel me; I term'd it ſo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was ſure it was none of his word. But, when? when ſaid he ſo?

Mat. Faith, yeſterday, they ſay: a young Gallant, a Friend of mine told me ſo.

Bob. By the Foot of *Pharaoh*, and 't were my caſe now, I ſhould ſend him a *chartel* preſently. The *baſtinado!* A moſt proper, and ſufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great *Caranza*. Come hither. You ſhall *chartel* him. Ile ſhew you a trick or two, you ſhall kill him with, at pleaſure: the firſt *ſtoccata*, if you will, by this Air.

Mat. Indeed, you have abſolute knowledge i' the myſtery, I have heard, Sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beſeech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it ſpoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, Sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the Earth: ſome ſmall rudiments i' the Science, as to know my time, diſtance, or ſo. I have profeſt it more for Noblemen, and Gentlemens uſe, than mine own practice, I aſſure you. Hoſteſs, accommodate us with another Bed-ſtaff here, quickly: Lend us another Bed-ſtaff. The Woman does not underſtand the words of *Action*. Look you, Sir. Exalt not your point above this ſtate, at any hand, and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus: (give it the Gentleman, and leave us) ſo, Sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more ſweet, comly, gentleman-like guard, ſo indifferent. Hollow your body more Sir, thus. Now, ſtand faſt o' your left Leg, note your Diſtance, keep your due proportion of Time—— Oh, you diſorder your point, moſt irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it, now, Sir?

Bob. O, out of meaſure ill! A well experienc'd hand would paſs upon you at pleaſure.

Mat. How mean you, Sir, paſs upon me?

Bob. Why thus, Sir (make a thruſt at me) come in upon the anſwer, controul your Point, and make a full carreer at the Body. The Beſt-practis'd Gallants of the Time, name it the *paſſada*: a moſt deſperate thruſt, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, Sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your Weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no Spirit to play with you. Your dearth of Judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one *venue*, Sir.

Bob. Venue! Fie. Moſt groſs denomination, as ever I heard. O, the *ſtoccata*, while you live, Sir. Note that. Come, put on your Cloak, and we'll go to ſome private place, where you are acquainted, ſome Tavern, or ſo—and have a bit——I'le ſend for one of theſe Fencers, and he ſhall breath you, by my direction; and, then, I will teach you your trick. You ſhall kill him with it, at the firſt, if you pleaſe. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the Eye, Hand, and Foot, to controul any Enemies Point i' the World. Should your Adverſary confront you with a Piſtol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you ſhould, by the ſame Rule, controul his Bullet, in a Line; except it were Hail-ſhot, and ſpred. What Money ha' you about you, Maſter *Matthew*?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not paſt a two Shillings, or ſo.

Bob. 'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt: but come. We will have a bunch of Radiſh, and Salt, to taſte our Wine; and a Pipe of *Tabacco*, to cloſe the Orifice of the Stomach: and then we'll call upon young *Wellbred*. Perhaps we ſhall meet the *Coridon*, his Brother there, and put him to the queſtion.

Act II. Scene II.

Kitely, Cash, Down-right.

THomas, Come hither.
There lies a Note, within upon my Desk,
Here take my Key: It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy? *Cash.* Within, Sir, i'th Ware-house,
Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that *Spanish* Gold,
And weigh it, with the Pieces of *Eight*. Do you
See the delivery of those Silver-stuffs,
To Master *Lucar*. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the Grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange* anon.
Cash. Good, Sir.
Kit. Do you see that fellow Brother *Down-right*.
Dow. I, What of him?
Kit. He is a Jewel, Brother.
I took him of a Child, up, at my Door,
And Christened him, gave him mine own Name *Thomas*,
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward Imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my Cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a Surname, *Cash*:
And find him, in his Place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my Life into his hands!
Dow. So would not I in any Bastards, Brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
My self his Father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle Brother, what is't? what is't?
Kit. Faith, I am very loath, to utter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your Judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection——
Dow. What need this Circumstance? pray you be direct.
Kit. I will not say, how much I do ascribe
Unto your Friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your love: but, let my past behaviour,
And usage of your Sister, but confirm
How well I've been affected to your——
Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then (without further Ceremony) thus.
My Brother *Well bred*, Sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my House,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of Man, and sweetness in his Carriage,
And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As Breath with Life; or Colour, with the Blood.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
And he himself withal so far fain off
From that first place, as scarce no Note remains,
To tell Mens Judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his Friends, and not content
To stale himself in all Societies,
He makes my House here common, as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publick Receptacle
For giddy Humour, and diseased Riot;
And here (as in a Tavern, or a Stews)
He, and his wild Associates, spend their Hours,
In repetition of lascivious Jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Controul my Servants: and indeed what not?
Dow. 'Sdeyns, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole World! He values me at a crakt Three-Farthings, for ought I see: It will never out of the Flesh that's bred i' the Bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve: But, Counsel to him, is as good, as a Shoulder of Mutton to a sick Horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for *George*. Let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his Heart ake; an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your City-pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong Sow by the Ear i' faith: and claps his Dish at the wrong mans Door. I'll lay my hand o' my Half-peny, e're I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.
Kit. Nay, good Brother, let it not trouble you, thus.
Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very Spur-leathers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your House?
Kit. O, There are divers reasons to dissuade, Brother,
But, would your self vouchsafe to travel in it,
(Though but with plain and easie Circumstance,)
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder Brother, and that Title
Both gives, and warrants your Authority,
Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt, to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a Pile of hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottring down,
And, in the ruine, bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, Brother, if I should speak,
He would be ready from his heat of humour,
And over flowing of the Vapour, in him,
To blow the Ears of his familiars,
With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, Sir, to relieve him, in the Fable,
Make their loose Comments upon every Word,
Gesture, or Look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat Cap unto my shining Shooes:
And, out of their impetuous rioting Phant'sies;
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be think you? marry, this
They would give out (because my Wife is fair,
My self but lately married, and my Sister
Here sojourning a Virgin in my House)
That I were jealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd,
My Brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt Pretext, to banish them my House.
Dow. Mass, perhaps so: They're like enough to do it.
Kit. Brother, they would, believe it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious Quack-salvers)
But set the Bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try Experiments upon my self:
Lend Scorn and Envy opportunity,
To stab my Reputation, and good Name——

Act II. Scene II.

Matthew, Bobadil, Down-right, Kitely.

I Will speak to him——
Bob. Speak to him? away, by the foot of *Pharaoh*, you shall not, you shall not do him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o' the House. Is Mr. *Well-bred* stirring?
Dow. How then? what should he do?
Bob. Gentleman of the House, it is to you: is he within, Sir?
Kit. He came not to his Lodging to night, Sir, I assure you.
Dow. Why, do you hear? you.

Bob.

Bob. The Gentleman-Citizen hath ſatisfied me, I'll talk to no Scavenger.

Dow. How, Scavenger? ſtay Sir, ſtay.

Kit. Nay, Brother *Down-right.*

Dow. 'Heart! ſtand you away, and you love me.

Kit. You ſhall not follow him now, I pray you, Brother, Good faith you ſhall not: I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha? Scavenger? well, go to, I ſay little: but, by this good day, (God forgive me I ſhould ſwear) if I put it up ſo, ſay, I am the rankeſt Cow that ever piſt. 'Sdeyns, and I ſwallow this, I'll ne're draw my Sword in the ſight of *Fleet ſtreet* again, while I live; I'll ſit in a Barn, with Madge-howlet, and catch Mice firſt. Scavenger? 'Heart, and I'll go near to fill that huge Tumbrel-ſlop of yours, with ſomewhat, and I have good luck: your *Garagantua* breech cannot carry it away ſo.

Kit. Oh do not fret your ſelf thus, never think on't.

Dow. Theſe are my Brothers Conſorts, theſe! theſe are his *Cam'rades*, his walking Mates! he's a Gallant, a *Cavaliero* too, right Hang-man cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to ſwinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him firſt. I am griev'd, it ſhould be ſaid he is my Brother, and take theſe Courſes. Well, as he brews, ſo ſhall he drink, for *George*, again. Yet he ſhall hear on't, and that tightly too, and I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, Brother, let your reprehenſion (then)
Run in an eaſie current, not ore-high
Carried with raſhneſs, or devouring choler;
But rather uſe the ſoft perſwading way,
Whoſe Powers will work more gently, and compoſe
Th' imperfect Thoughts you labour to reclaim:
More winning, than enforcing the conſent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now? oh, the Bell rings to Breakfaſt. [*Bell rings.*
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my Wife
Company, till I come; I'll but give order
For ſome diſpatch of buſineſs to my Servants——

Act II. Scene III.

To them.] *Kitley, Cob, Dame Kitley.*

WHat, *Cob*? our Maids will have you by the back (i' faith)
For coming ſo late this Morning.

Cob. Perhaps ſo, Sir, take heed ſome body have not them by the Belly, for walking ſo late in the Evening.
[*He paſſes by with his Tankard.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled ſpirit's ſomewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that ſecurity
As I could wiſh: But I muſt be content.
How e're I ſet a face on't to the World,
Would I had loſt this Finger, at a venture,
So *Well-bred* had ne're lodg'd within my Houſe.
Why't cannot be, where there is ſuch reſort
Of wanton Gallants, and young Revellers,
That any Woman ſhould be honeſt long.
Is't like that factious Beauty will preſerve
The publick weal of Chaſtity unſhaken,
When ſuch ſtrong motives muſter, and make head
Againſt her ſingle peace? No, no. Beware
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And Spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parlee in the Pride of Blood,
It is no ſlow Conſpiracy that follows.
Well (to be plain) if I but thought the time
Had anſwer'd their affections, all the World
Should not perſwade me, but I were a Cuckcold.
Marry, I hope, they ha' not got that ſtart:
For opportunity hath baulkt 'em yet,
And ſhall do ſtill, while I have Eyes, and Ears
To attend the impoſitions of my heart.
My preſence ſhall be as an Iron Bar,
'Twixt the conſpiring motions of deſire:
Yea, every look, or glance mine eyes ejects,
Shall check occaſion, as one doth his Slave,
When he forgets the limits of preſcription.

Dame. Siſter *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the Roſe-water above in the Cloſet. Sweet-heart, will you come in to Break-faſt?

Kit. An' ſhe have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee (good *Muſs*) we ſtay for you.

Kit. By Heaven I would not for a thouſand Angels.

Dame. What aile you, Sweet-heart? are you not well? ſpeak good *Muſs.*

Kit. Troth my head akes extreamly, on a ſudden.

Dame. Oh, the Lord!

Kit. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns? *Muſs*, keep you warm, good truth it is this new Diſeaſe, there's a number are troubled withal! for Loves ſake ſweet heart, come in, out of the Air.

Kit. How ſimple, and how ſubtil are her Anſwers?
A new Diſeaſe, and many troubled with it!
Why true: ſhe heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good Sweet-heart, come in; the Air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The Air! ſhe has me i' the Wind! Sweet-heart, I'll come to you preſently: 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray heaven it do.

Kit. A new Diſeaſe! I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague:
For, like a peſtilence, it doth infect
The Houſes of the Brain. Firſt, it begins
Solely to work upon the Phantaſie,
Filling her ſeat with ſuch peſtiferous Air,
As ſoon corrupts the Judgment; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the Memory:
Still each to other giving the infection.
Which as a ſubtil Vapour ſpreads it ſelf
Confuſedly, through every ſenſive Part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poyſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what miſery is it, to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the Minds Erection
In ſuch Extremes? Well, I will once more ſtrive
(In ſpite of this black Cloud) my ſelf to be,
And ſhake the Fever off, that thus ſhakes me.

Act II. Scene IV.

Brain worm, Ed. Kno'well, Mr. *Stephen.*

SLid, I cannot chuſe but laugh, to ſee my ſelf tranſlated thus, from a poor Creature to a Creator; for now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of Lies, or my preſent Profeſſion loſes the Grace: And yet the Lie to a Man of my Coat, is as ominous a Fruit, as the *Fico.* O Sir, it holds for good Polity ever, to have that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt dear to us. So much for my borrowed Shape. Well, the troth is, my old Maſter intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over *Moor-fields*, to *London*, this morning: now I, knowing of this Hunting-match, or rather Conſpiracy, and to inſinuate with my young Maſter, (for ſo muſt we that are Blue-waiters, and Men of Hope and Service, do, or perhaps we may wear Motley at the Years end, and who wears Motley, you know) have got me afore, in this Diſguiſe, determining here to lie in *Ambuſcado*, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his Cloke, his Purſe, his Hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his Journy, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with Captain *Cæſar*, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now muſt I practiſe to get the true Garb of one of theſe *Lance-Knights*, my Arm here, and my——young Maſter! and his Couſin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am true counterfeit Man of War, and no Soldier!

E. Kn.

E. Kn. So Sir; and how then Couz?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have loſt my Purſe, I think.

E. Kn. How? loſt your Purſe? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, ſtay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me; would I could get by them.

E. Kn. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitcht, I——

E. Kn. Nay, do not weep the Loſs, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: no, and it had been loſt, I had not car'd, but for a Jet Ring Mrs. *Mary* ſent me.

E. Kn. A Jet Ring? O the *Poeſie*, the *Poeſie*?

Step. Fine, i' faith! *Though Fancy ſleep, my Love is deep.* Meaning, that tho' I did not fanſie her, yet ſhe loved me dearly.

E. Kn. Moſt excellent!

Step. And then I ſent her another, and my *Poeſie* was, *The deeper the ſweeter, I'll be judg'd by St.* Peter.

E. Kn. How, by St. *Peter*? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. *Peter*, to make up the Meter.

E. Kn. Well, there the Saint was your good Patron, he help't you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em ſo; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, pleaſe you change a few Crowns for a very excellent good Blade here? I am a poor Gentleman, a Soldier, one that (in the better ſtate of my Fortunes) ſcorn'd ſo mean a Refuge; but now it is the Humour of Neceſſity to have it ſo. You ſeem to be Gentlemen well affected to Martial Men, elſe ſhould I rather die with ſilence, than live with ſhame. However, vouchſafe to remember, it is my Want ſpeaks, not my ſelf. This Condition agrees not with my Spirit—— [*He is come back.*

E. Kn. Where haſt thou ſerv'd?

Brai. May it pleaſe you, Sir, in all the late Wars of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, Sir? I have been a poor Servitor by Sea and Land, any time this fourteen Years, and follow'd the Fortunes of the beſt Commanders in *Chriſtendom*. I was twice ſhot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the Relief of *Vienna*; I have been at *Marſeilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatick* Gulf, a Gentleman-Slave in the Gallies thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the Head, through both the Thighs, and yet being thus maim'd, I am void of Maintenance, nothing left me but my Scars, the noted Marks of my Reſolution.

Step. How will you ſell this Rapier, Friend?

Brai. Generous Sir, I refer it to your own Judgment; you are Gentleman, give me what you pleaſe.

Step. True, I am a Gentleman, I know that, Friend: But what though? I pray you ſay, what would you ask?

Brai. I aſſure you, the Blade may become the Side or Thigh of the beſt Prince in *Europe*.

E. Kn. I, with a Velvet Scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it ſhall have a Velvet Scabbard, Couz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, and you would give me an Angel.

Brai. At your Worſhips pleaſure, Sir; nay, 'tis a moſt pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what ſhall I give you for it? An' it had a Silver Hilt——

E. Kn. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a Shilling, Fellow, take thy Rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo; and there's another Shilling, Fellow, I ſcorn to be outbidden. What, ſhall I walk with a Cudgel, like *Higginbottom*, and may have a Rapier for Money?

E. Kn. You may buy one in the City.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the Field, ſo I will; I have a mind to't, becauſe 'tis a Field Rapier. Tell me your loweſt Price.

E. Kn. You ſhall not buy it, I ſay.

Step. By this Money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kn. Come away, you are a Fool.

Step. Friend, I am a Fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that Words ſake. Follow me for your Money.

Brai. At your ſervice, Sir.

Act II. Scene V.

Kno'well, Brain-worm.

I Cannot loſe the thought, yet, of this Letter,
Sent to my Son, nor leave t'admire the Change
Of Manners, and the Breeding of our Youth
Within the Kingdom, ſince my ſelf was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the Stews
Durſt have conceiv'd a Scorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey Head; Age was Authority
Againſt a Buffoon, and a Man had then
A certain Reverence paid unto his Years,
That had none due unto his Life. So much
The Sanctity of ſome prevail'd, for others.
But now we all are fall'n; Youth, from their Fear;
And Age, from that which bred it, Good Example.
Nay, would our ſelves were not the firſt, even Parents,
That did deſtroy the Hopes in our own Children,
Or they not learn'd our Vices in their Cradles,
And ſuck'd in our ill Cuſtoms with their Milk.
E're all their Teeth be born, or they can ſpeak,
We make their Palats cunning: The firſt Words
We form their Tongues with, are licentious Jeſts:
Can it call Whore? cry Baſtard? O then kiſs it!
A witty Child! Can't ſwear? The Father's Darling!
Give it two Plums. Nay, rather than't ſhall learn
No Bawdy Song, the Mother her ſelf will teach it!
But this is in the Infancy, the Days
Of the Long Coat; when it puts on the Breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like,
When it is gone into the Bone already.
No, no; this Dye goes deeper than the Coat,
Or Shirt, or Skin: it ſtains unto the Liver,
And Heart, in ſome: And, rather than it ſhould not,
Note what we Fathers do! Look how we live!
What Miſtriſſes we keep! at what Expence,
In our Son's eyes! where they may handle our Gifts,
Hear our laſcivious Courtſhips, ſee our Dalliance,
Taſte of the ſame provoking Meats with us,
To ruin of our State! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on their Remainder,
We call them into Fellowſhip of Vice;
Bait 'em with the young Chamber-maid, to ſeal;
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy Affection.
This is one Path: But there are millions more,
In which we ſpoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my Son, before Sixteen,
To ſhew him the *Venetian* Courtezans;
Nor read the Grammar of Cheating, I had made,
To my ſharp Boy, at Twelve; repeating ſtill
The Rule, *Get Money; ſtill, Get Money, Boy;*
No mater by what Means; Money will do
More, Boy, than my Lord's Letter. Neither have I
Dreſt Snails or Muſhroms curiouſly before him,
Perfum'd my Sauces, and taught him to make 'em;
Preceding ſtill, with my grey Gluttony,
At all the Ord'naries, and only fear'd
His Palate ſhould degenerate, not his Manners.
Theſe are the Trade of Fathers now; however,
My Son, I hope, hath met within my Threſhold
None of theſe Houſhold Precedents, which are ſtrong,
And ſwift, to rape Youth to their Precipice.
But let the Houſe at home be ne'er ſo clean
Swept, or kept ſweet from Filth, nay Duſt and Cobwebs;
If he will live abroad with his Companions,
In Dung and Leyſtals, it is worth a Fear.
Nor is the danger of Converſing leſs

Than

Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Bray. My Maſter? nay, faith have at you: I am fleſht now, I have ſped ſo well. Worſhipful Sir, I beſeech you, reſpect the eſtate of a poor Soldier; I am aſham'd of this baſe courſe of life (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to't, what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Bray. By the Faith I bear unto Truth, Gentleman, it is no ordinary cuſtom in me, but only to preſerve Manhood. I proteſt to you, a Man I have been, a Man I may be, by your ſweet Bounty.

Kno. 'Pray thee, good Friend, be ſatisfied.

Bray. Good Sir, by that Hand, you may do the part of a kind Gentleman, in lending a poor Soldier the price of two Cans of Beer, (a matter of ſmall value) the King of Heaven ſhall pay you, and I ſhall reſt thankful: ſweet Worſhip ——

Kno. Nay, and you be ſo importunate ——

Bray. Oh, tender Sir, need will have his courſe: I was not made to this vile uſe! well, the edge of the Enemy could not have abated me ſo much: It's hard, when a Man hath ſerv'd in his Princes cauſe, and be thus—— Honourable worſhip, let me de- *He weeps.* rive a ſmall piece of Silver from you, it ſhall not be given in the courſe of time; by this good Ground, I was fain to pawn my Rapier laſt Night for a poor Supper; I had ſuck'd the Hilts long before, I am a *Pagan* elſe: ſweet Honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with ſome wonder,
To think, a Fellow of thy outward preſence,
Should (in the frame, and faſhion of his mind)
Be ſo degenerate, and ſordid-baſe!
Art thou a Man? and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſervile kind of life?
Why, were thy Education ne'r ſo mean,
Having thy Limbs, a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelves to thy Election.
Either the Wars might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or Service of ſome vertuous Gentleman,
Or honeſt Labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?
But Men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
As doth the Beetle, on the Dung ſhe breeds in,
Not caring how the mettal of your minds
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſs.
Now, afore me, what e'er he be, that ſhould
Relieve a Perſon of thy Quality,
While thou inſiſts in this looſe deſperate courſe,
I would eſteem the ſin, not thine, but his.

Bray. Faith Sir, I would gladly find ſome other courſe, if ſo ——

Kno. I, you'd gladly find it, but you will not ſeek it.

Bray. Alas, Sir, where ſhould a Man ſeek? in the Wars, there's no aſcent by deſert in theſe days; but —— and for Service, would it were as ſoon purchaſt, as wiſht for (the Air's my comfort) I know, what I would ſay ——

Kno. What's thy name?

Bray. Pleaſe you, *Fitz-Sword*, Sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword?
Say that a Man ſhould entertain thee now,
Would'ſt thou be honeſt, humble, juſt, and true?

Bray. Sir, by the place, and honour of a Soldier ——

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not thoſe affected Oaths;
Speak plainly Man: what think'ſt thou of my words?

Bray. Nothing, Sir, but wiſh my Fortunes were as happy, as my Service ſhould be honeſt.

Kno. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

Bray. Yes Sir, ſtraight, I'll but garter my Hoſe. Oh that my Belly were hoopt now, for I am ready to burſt with laughing! never was Bottle or Bag-pipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever ſeen a Fox in years to betray himſelf thus? now ſhall I be poſſeſt of all his counſels: and by that Conduit, my young Maſter. Well, he is reſolv'd to prove my honeſty; faith, and I am reſolv'd to prove his patience: oh I ſhall abuſe him intollerably. This ſmall piece of ſervice will bring him clean out of love with the Soldier for ever. He will never come within the ſign of it, the ſight of a Caſſock, or a Muſket reſt again. He will hate the Muſters at *Mile-end* for't, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the World think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the ſlip, at an inſtant: why, this is better than to have ſtaid his Journey! well, I'll follow him: oh, how I long to be imployed!

Act III. Scene I.

Matthew, Well bred, Bobadill, Ed. Kno'well, Stephen.

YES faith, Sir, we were at your Lodging to ſeek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to Night.

Bob. Your Brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my Brother *Downright?*

Bob. He. Mr. *Well-bred*, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me ſay to you this: as ſure as honour, I eſteem it ſo much out of the Sun-ſhine of reputation, to throw the leaſt beam of regard upon ſuch a ——

Wel. Sir, I muſt hear no ill words of my Brother.

Bob. I proteſt to you, as I have a thing to be ſav'd about me, I never ſaw any Gentleman-like-part ——

Wel. Good Captain, *faces about*, to ſome other diſcourſe.

Bob. With your leave, Sir, and there were no more Men living upon the face of the Earth, I ſhould not fancy him, by St. *George*.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a ruſtical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himſelf like a Gentleman of faſhion ——

Wel. Oh, Mr. *Matthew*, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I underſtand you, Sir.

Wel. No queſtion, you do, or you do not, Sir. *Ned Kno'well!* by my Soul welcome; how doſt thou ſweet ſpirit, my *Genius?* 'Slid I ſhall love *Apollo*, and the mad *Theſpian* Girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear *Fury*: now, I ſee there's ſome love in thee! Sirrah, theſe be the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowſie humour is this now? why doſt thou not ſpeak? *Young* Kno'well *enters.*

E. Kn. Oh, you are a fine Gallant, you ſent me a rare Letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kn. Yes, I'll be ſworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny*, or *Symmachus* Epiſtles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the Ear for a Rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what Camel it was, that had the carriage of it? for, doubtleſs, he was no ordinary Beaſt that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kn. Why, ſaiſt thou? why doſt thou think that any reaſonable Creature, eſpecially in the Morning (the ſober time of the day too) could have miſtane my Father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jeſt, I hope?

E. Kn. Indeed, the beſt uſe we can turn it too, is to make a jeſt on't, now: but I'll aſſure you, my Father had the full view o' your flouriſhing ſtile, ſome hour before I ſaw it.

Wel. What a dull Slave was this? But, Sirrah, what ſaid he to it, i'faith?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not what he ſaid: but I have a ſhrewd gueſs what he thought.

Wel. What? what?

E. Kn. Marry, that thou art ſome ſtrange diſſolute young Fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the Moon in her laſt quarter, 'twill change ſhortly: but, Sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleaſure in 'em, if thou hear'ſt 'em once go: my Wind-inſtruments. I'll wind 'em up——— but what ſtrange piece of ſilence is this? the ſign of the dumb Man?

E. Kn. Oh, Sir, a Kinſman of mine, one that may make your Muſick the fuller, and he pleaſe, he has his humour, Sir.

Wel. Oh, what iſt? what iſt?

E. Kn. Nay, I'll neither do your Judgment, nor his Folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehenſion: I'll leave him to the mercy o'your ſearch, if you can take him, ſo.

Wel. Well, Captain *Bobadill*, Mr. *Matthew* 'pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a Friend of mine, and one that will deſerve your affection. I know not your name Sir, but I ſhall be glad of any occaſion, to render me more familiar to you. [*To Maſter* Stephen.

Step. My name is Mr. *Stephen*, Sir, I am this Gentleman's own Couſin, Sir, his Father is mine Uncle, Sir: I am ſomewhat melancholy, but you ſhall command me, Sir, in whatſoever is incident to a Gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I muſt tell you this, I am no general Man, but for Mr. *Well-bred*'s ſake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you pleaſe) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a Gentleman of ſome parts; I love few words. [*To* Kno'well.

E. Kn. And I fewer, Sir, I have ſcarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, Sir, ſo given to it? [*To Maſter* Stephen.

Step. I truly, Sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, Sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, Sir: I am melancholy my ſelf, divers times, Sir, and then do I no more but take Pen and Paper preſently, and overflow you half a ſcore, or a dozen of Sonnets at a ſitting.

(*E. Kn.* Sure he utters them then by the groſs.)

Step. Truly, Sir, and I love ſuch things out of meaſure.

E. Kn. I'faith, better than in meaſure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, Sir, make uſe of my Study, it's at your ſervice.

Step. I thank you, Sir, I ſhall be bold, I warrant you; have you a Stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, Sir, and ſome Papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll ſay there's ſome ſparks of wit in 'em, when you ſee them.

Wel. Would the ſparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongſt 'em, I might ſee ſelf-love burnt for her Hereſie.

Step. Couſin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kn. Oh I, excellent!

Wel. Captain *Bobadill*, why muſe you ſo?

E. Kn. He is meloncholy too.

Bob. Faith, Sir, I was thinking of a moſt honourable piece of ſervice, was perform'd to morrow, being St. *Mark*'s day, ſhall be ſome ten years, now.

E. Kn. In what place, Captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in leſs than two hours, ſeven hundred reſolute Gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, loſt their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, Gentlemen, it was the firſt, but the beſt Leaguer that ever I beheld with theſe Eyes, except the taking in of——— what do you call it, laſt year, by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the moſt fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was rang'd in, ſince I firſt bore Arms before the face of the Enemy, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an Angel I could ſwear as well as that Gentleman.

E. Kn. Then, you were a Servitor at both it ſeems; at *Strigonium*, and what do you call't?

Bob. O Lord, Sir, by St. *George*, I was the firſt Man that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with reſolution, I had been ſlain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kn. 'Twas pitty you had not ten; a Cats and your own, i'faith. But, was it poſſible?

(*Mat.* Pray you, mark this diſcourſe, Sir.

Step. So I do.)

Bob. I aſſure you (upon my Reputation) 'tis true, and your ſelf ſhall confeſs.

E. Kn. You muſt bring me to the rack, firſt.

Bob. Obſerve me judicially, ſweet Sir, they had planted me three Demi-culverings juſt in the mouth of the breach; now, Sir, (as we were to give on) their Maſter-gunner, (a Man of no mean skill and mark, you muſt think) confronts me with his Linſtock, ready to give fire; I ſpying his intendment, diſcharg'd my Petrionel in his Boſom, and with theſe ſingle Arms, my poor Rapier ran violently upon the *Moors* that guarded the Ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the Sword.

Wel. To the Sword? to the Rapier, Captain?

E. Kn. Oh, it was a good figure obſerv'd, Sir! but did you all this, Captain, without hurting your Blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the Earth: you ſhall perceive Sir. It is the moſt fortunate Weapon that ever rid on poor Gentleman's Thigh: ſhall I tell you, Sir? you talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or ſo: tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the vertue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I mar'l whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A moſt perfect *Toledo*, I aſſure you, Sir.

Step. I have a Country-man of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's ſee, Sir: yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? piſh.

Step. Why do you piſh, Captain?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by Heaven. I'll buy them for a Guilder apiece, an' I would have a thouſand of them.

E. Kn. How ſay you, Couſin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Maſter *Stephen*?

Step. Of a ſcurvy Rogue Soldier (a hundred of Lice go with him) he ſwore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poor provant Rapier, no better.

Mat. Maſs, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kn. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worſe. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by——(I ha' forgot the Captains Oath, I thought to ha' ſworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

Wel. O, it is paſt help now, Sir, you muſt have patience.

Step. Horſoon Cunny-catching Raskal! I could eat the very Hilts for anger.

E. Kn. A ſign of good digeſtion: you have a Oſtrich-ſtomach, Couſin.

Step. A ſtomach? would I had him here, you ſhould ſee an' I had a ſtomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis: come, Gentlemen, ſhall we go?

Act III. Scene II.

E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Stephen, Well bred, Bobadill, Matthew.

A Miracle, Couſin, look here! look here!

Step. Oh, Gods lid, by your leave, do you know me, Sir?

Brai. I Sir, I know you by ſight.

Step. You ſold me a Rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes marry did I, Sir.

Step. You ſaid, it was a *Toledo*, ha?

Brai. True, I did ſo.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No Sir, I confeſs it, it is none.

Step. Do you confeſs it? Gentlemen, bear witneſs, he has confeſt it. By Gods will, an' you had not confeſt it——

E. Kn. Oh Couſin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, Couſin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a Gentleman, he has confeſt it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a Raskall, under his favour, do you ſee?

E. Kn. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty peice of Civility! Sirrah, how doſt thou like him?

Wel. Oh it's a moſt precious Fool. make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a Drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kn. No, no, a Childs Whiſtle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, ſhall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kn. With me, Sir? you have not another *Toledo* to ſell, ha' you?

Brai. You are conceited, Sir; your Name is Maſter *Kno'well*, as I take it?

E. Kn. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the Catechiſm, do you?

Brai. No Sir, I am none of that Coat.

E. Kn. Of as bare a Coat, though; well, ſay Sir.

Brai. Faith Sir, I am but Servant to the Drum extraordinary, and indeed (this ſmoky varniſh being waſht off, and three or four Patches remov'd) I appear your Worſhips in Reverſion, after the deceaſe of your good Father, *Brain-worm*.

E. Kn. Brain-worm! 'Slight, what breath of a Conjurer hath blown thee hither in this ſhape?

Brai. The breath o' your Letter, Sir, this Morning: the ſame that blew you to the Wind mill, and your Father after you.

E. Kn. My Father!

Brai. Nay, never ſtart, 'tis true, he has follow'd you over the Fields by the Foot, as you would do a Hare i' the Snow.

E. Kn. Sirrah, *Well bred*, what ſhall we do, Sirrah? my Father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy Father, where is he?

Brai. At Juſtice *Clement*'s Houſe, in *Coleman* Street, where he but ſtays my return; and then——

Wel. Who's this? *Brain-worm*?

Brai. The ſame, Sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'ſt thou tranſmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a Device, a Device: nay, for the love of Reaſon, Gentlemen, and avoiding the Danger, ſtand not here; withdraw and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou ſure he will ſtay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, Sir? what a queſtion is that?

Wel. We'll prorogue his Expectation then, a little: *Brain-worm*, thou ſhalt go with us. Come on Gentlemen; nay, I pray thee, ſweet *Ned*, droop not; 'heart, an' our Wits be ſo wretchedly dull, that one old plodding Brain can out ſtrip us all, would we were e'ne preſt to make Porters of, and ſerve out the Remnant of our days in *Thames ſtreet*, or at Cuſtom-houſe Key, in a Civil War againſt the Carmen.

Brai. Amen, Amen, Amen, ſay I.

Act III. Scene III.

Kitely, Caſh.

WHat ſays he, *Thomas*? Did you ſpeak with him?

Caſh. He will expect you, Sir, with in this half hour.

Kit. Has he the Money ready, can you tell?

Caſh. Yes, Sir, the Money was brought in laſt night.

Kit. O, that's well: fetch me my Cloke, my Cloke. Stay let me ſee, an hour to go and come;
I, that will be the leaſt: and then 'twill be
An hour before I can diſpatch with him,
Or very near: well, I will ſay two hours.
Two hours? ha? things never dreamt of yet,
May be contriv'd, I, and effected too,
In two hours abſence: well, I will not go.
Two hours! no, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your ſubtilty that ſcope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That ſets his Doors wide open to a Thief,
And ſhews the Fellon where his Treaſure lies?
Again, what earthly Spirit but will attempt
To taſte the Fruit of Beauties golden Tree,
When leaden ſleep ſeals up the Dragons Eyes?
I will not go. Buſineſs, go by for once.
No, Beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left ſo, without a guard, or open!
Your luſter too'll inflame at any diſtance,
Draw Courtſhip to you, as a Jet doth Straws,
Put motion in a Stone, ſtrike Fire from Ice,
Nay, make a Porter leap you with his burden!
You muſt be then kept up cloſe, and well watch'd,
For, give you opportunity, no Quick-ſand
Devoures or ſwallows ſwifter! He that lends
His Wife (if ſhe be fair) or time or place,
Compels her to be falſe. I will not go.
The dangers are too many. And, then, the dreſſing
Is a moſt main attractive! Our great Heads
Within the City never were in ſafety
Since our Wives wore theſe little Caps: I'll change 'em,
I'll change 'em ſtraight in mine. Mine ſhall no more
Wear three pil'd Acorns, to make my Horns ake.
Nor will I go. I am reſolv'd for that.
Carry in my Cloke again. Yet ſtay. Yet do too.
I will defer going on all occations.

Caſh. Sir, *Snare* your Scrivener will be there with th' Bonds.

Kit. That's true! Fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I muſt go. What's a Clock? *Caſh.* Exchange-time, Sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will *Well-bred* preſently be here too,
With one or other of his looſe Conſorts.
I am a Knave, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolve.
My Brain methinks is like an Hour-glaſs,
Wherein my 'maginations run like Sands,
Filling up Time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs to put in act. It ſhall be ſo.
Nay, I dare build upon his ſecreſie,
He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas*? *Caſh.* Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not. *Thomas*, is *Cob* within? *Caſh.* I think he be, Sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there's no Speech of him.
No, there were no Man o' the Earth to *Thomas*,
If I durſt truſt him; there is all the doubt.
But ſhould he have a chink in him, I were gone,

Loſt i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath ſtood with, till this preſent,
Doth promiſe no ſuch change, what ſhould I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—— you may deceive me, but, I hope——
Your love to me is more— *Caſh.* Sir, if a Servants
Duty, with Faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are poſſeſs'd of it.
Kit. I thank you heartily *Thomas*; Gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good *Thomas*. I have *Thomas*,
A ſecret to impart unto you——— but,
When once you have it, I muſt ſeal your Lips up:
(So far I tell you *Thomas*.) *Caſh.* Sir, for that——
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I eſteem you *Thomas*,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing lies nearer to my creſt,
Than thou art 'ware of, *Thomas*. If thou ſhould'ſt
Reveal it, but——— *Caſh.* How! I reveal it? *Kit.* Nay,
I do not think thou would'ſt; but if thou ſhould'ſt,
'Twere a great weakneſs. *Caſh.* A great treachery.
Give it no other name. *Kit.* Thou wilt not do't, then?
Caſh. Sir, if I do, Mankind diſclaim me ever.
Kit. He will not ſwear, he has ſome Reſervation,
Some conceal'd purpoſe, and cloſe meaning ſure;
Elſe (being urg'd ſo much) how ſhould he chooſe
But lend an Oath to all this Proteſtation?
He's no Preciſian, that I am certain of.
Nor rigid *Roman* Catholick. He'll play
At *Fayles*, and at *Tick-tack*, I have heard him ſwear.
What ſhould I think of it? urge him again,
And by ſome other way: I will do ſo.
Well *Thomas*, thou haſt ſworn not to diſcloſe;
Yes, you did ſwear? *Caſh.* Not yet, Sir, but I will,
Pleaſe you—— *Kit.* No, *Thomas*, I dare take thy word.
But, if thou wilt ſwear, do as thou think'ſt good;
I am reſolv'd without it; at thy pleaſure.
Caſh. By my Souls ſafety then, Sir, I proteſt.
My tongue ſhall ne're take knowledg of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your truſt.
Kit. It's too much, theſe Ceremonies need not,
I know thy Faith to be as firm as Rock.
Thomas, come hither, near: we cannot be
Too private in this buſineſs. So it is,
(Now he has ſworn, I dare the ſafelier ventuer)
I have of late, by divers Obſervations———
(But whether his Oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha? ſay you?
I will ask Counſel ere I do proceed:)
Thomas, it will be now too long to ſtay,
I'll ſpy ſome fitter time ſoon, or to morrow.
Caſh. Sir, at your pleaſure? *Kit.* I will think. And *Thomas*,
I pray you ſearch the Books 'gainſt my return,
For the Receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*. *Caſh.* I will, Sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your Miſtris Brother *Well-bred*
Chance to bring hither any Gentlemen,
Ere I come back, let one ſtraight bring me word.
Caſh. Very well, Sir. *Kit.* To the Exchange; do you hear!
Or here in *Colman* Street, to Juſtice *Clements*.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
Caſh. I will not, Sir. *Kit.* I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other
Stranger, or elſe fail not to ſend me word.
Caſh. I ſhall not, Sir. *Kit.* Be't your ſpecial Buſineſs
Now to remember it. *Caſh.* Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, *Thomas*, this is not the Secret, *Thomas*,
I told you of. *Caſh.* No, Sir. I do ſuppoſe it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not. *Caſh.* Sir, I do believe you.
Kit. By Heaven it is not, that's enough. But *Thomas*,
I would not you ſhould utter it, do you ſee?
To any Creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I muſt hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much
It was a tryal of you, when I meant
So deep a Secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this!
But *Thomas*, keep this from my Wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in ſilence, Mid-night, buried here.
No greater Hell than to be ſlave to Fear.
Caſh. Lock'd up in ſilence, Mid night, buried here!
Whence ſhould this flood of Paſſion (trow) take head?
ha?
Beſt dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I ſink! the violence of the Stream
Already hath tranſported me ſo far,
That I can feel no ground at all! but ſoft,
Oh, 'tis our Water-bearer; ſomewhat has croſt him now.

Act III. Scene IV.

Cob, Caſh.

FAſting days? what tell you me of Faſting days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light Fire for me: They ſay the whole World ſhall be conſum'd with Fire one day, but would I had theſe Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and then———

Caſh. Why, how now *Cob*? what moves thee to this Choler? ha?

Cob. Collar, Maſter *Thomas*? I ſcorn your Collar, I Sir, I am none o' your Cart-horſe, though I carry and draw Water. An' you offer to ride me with your Collar or Halter either, I may hap ſhew you a Jades trick, Sir.

Caſh. O, you'll ſlip your Head out of the Collar? why goodman *Cob* you miſtake me.

Cob. Nay I have my Rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, Sir.

Caſ. Thy Rhume *Cob*? thy Humour, thy Humour? thou miſtak'ſt.

Cob. Humour? mack, I think it be ſo indeed: what is that Humour? ſome rare thing I warrant.

Caſh. Mary I'll tell thee *Cob*: It is a Gentleman like Monſter, bred in the ſpecial gallantry of our Time, by Affectation; and fed by Folly.

Cob. How? muſt it be fed?

Caſh. Oh I, Humour is nothing if it be not fed. Didſt thou never hear that? it's a common Phraſe, *Feed my Humour*.

Cob. I'll none on it: Humour, avant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungry Meals for your Monſter-ſhip, it ſhall not be I. Feed you, quoth he? 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed my ſelf; eſpecially on theſe lean raſcally days too; and't had been any other day but a Faſting-day (a Plague on them all for me) by this Light, one might have done the Common-wealth good Service, and have drown'd them all i' the Flood Two or three hundred thouſand years ago. O, I do ſtomach them hugely! I have a Maw now, and 'twere for Sir *Bevis* his Horſe, againſt 'em.

Caſh. I pray thee, good *Cob*, what makes thee ſo out of love with Faſting-days?

Cob. Marry that which will make any Man out of love with 'em, I think: their bad Conditions, an' you will needs know. Firſt, they are of a *Flemiſh* breed I am ſure on't, for they raven up more Butter than all the days of the Week beſide: Next they ſtink of Fiſh and Leek-porridge miſerably: Thirdly, they'll keep a Man devoutly hungry all day, and at night ſend him ſupperleſs to Bed.

Caſh. Indeed theſe are Faults, *Cob.*

Cob. Nay, and this were all, 'twere ſomething; but they are the only known Enemies to my Generation. A Faſting day no ſooner comes, but my Linage goes to wrack, poor Cobs, they ſmoak for it, they are made Martyrs o' the Gridiron, they melt in paſſion: And your Maids too know this, and yet would have me turn *Hannibal*, and eat my own Fleſh and Blood. My Princely Couz, fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as King *Cophetua*. O that I had room for my Tears, I could weep Salt-water enough now to preſerve the Lives of ten thouſand of my Kin. But I may curſe none but theſe filthy *Almanacks*; for an't were not for them, theſe Days of Perſecution would ne'er be known. I'll be hang'd an' ſome Fiſhmonger's Son do not make of 'em, and puts in more Faſting days than he ſhould do, becauſe he would utter his Father's dried Stock-fiſh and ſtinking Conger. [*He pulls out a Red Herring.*

Caſh. 'Slight, peace, thou'lt be beaten like a Stock-fiſh elſe: Here's Mr. *Matthew*. Now muſt I look out for a Meſſenger to my Maſter.

Act III. Scene V.

Well-bred, E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Bobadil, Matthew, Stephen, Thomas, Cob.

BEſhrew me, but it was an abſolute good Jeſt, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kn. I, and our Ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes faith; but was't poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know him? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is Stupidity it ſelf.

E. Kn. 'Fore God, not I, an' I might have been join'd Patten with one of the Seven Wiſe Maſters for knowing him. He had ſo writhen himſelf into the Habit of one of your poor Infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm-eaten Gentlemen of the Round; ſuch as have vowed to ſit on the Skirts of the City, like your Provoſt and his half-dozen of Halberdiers do what they can; and have tranſlated Begging out of the old Hackney-pace, to a fine eaſie Amble, and made it run as ſmooth on the Tongue as a ſhove-groat Shilling. Into the Likeneſs of one of theſe *Reformado's* had he moulded himſelf ſo perfectly, obſerving every Trick of their Action, as, varying the Accent, ſwearing with an Emphaſis, indeed all with ſo ſpecial and exquiſite a Grace, that (hadſt thou ſeen him) thou would'ſt have ſworn, he might have been Serjeant Major, if not Lieutenant-Colonel to the Regiment.

Wel. Why *Brain-worm*, who would have thought thou hadſt been ſuch an Artificer?

E. Kn. An Artificer? an Architect! Except a Man had ſtudied Begging all his Life-time, and been a Weaver of Language from his Infancy for the cloathing of it, I never ſaw his Rival.

Wel. Where got'ſt thou this Coat, I mar'le?

Brai. Of a *Houndſditch* man, Sir; one of the Devil's neer Kinſmen, a Broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the Proverb hold; for, *A crafty Knave needs no Broker.*

Brai. True, Sir: But I did need a Broker, *Ergo.*

Wel. (Well put off.) No crafty Knave, you'l ſay.

E. Kn. Tut, he has more of theſe Shifts.

Brai. And yet where I have one, the Broker has ten, Sir.

Tho. Francis, Martin: Ne'er a one to be found now? What a ſpite's this?

Wel. How now, *Thomas*? Is my Brother *Kitely* within?

Tho. No Sir, my Maſter went forth e'en now; but Maſter *Downright* is within. *Cob*, what *Cob*? Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your Maſter, *Thomas*, canſt thou tell?

Tho. I know not; to Juſtice *Clements*, I think, Sir. *Cob.*

E. Kn. Juſtice *Clement*! what's he?

Wel. Why, doſt thou not know him? He is a City-Magiſtrate, a Juſtice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great Scholar; but the only mad, merry old Fellow in *Europe*. I ſhew'd him you the other day.

E. Kn. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very ſtrange Preſence, methinks; it ſhews as if he ſtood out of the Rank from other Men: I have heard many of his Jeſts i' the Univerſity. They ſay, he will commit a Man for taking the Wall of his Horſe.

Wel. I, or wearing his Cloke on one Shoulder, or ſerving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his Humour.

Caſh. Gaſper, Martin, Cob: 'Heart, where ſhould they be trow? [Caſh *goes in and out, calling.*

Bob. Maſter *Kitely*'s Man, pray thee vouchſafe us the lighting of this Match.

Caſh. Fire on your Match: No time but now to vouchſafe? *Francis, Cob.*

Bob. Body o' me! Here's the Remainder of Seven Pound ſince yeſterday was ſeven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: Did you never take any, Maſter *Stephen*?

Step. No truly, Sir; but I'll learn to take it now, ſince you commend it ſo.

Bob. Sir, Believe me (upon my Relation) for what I tell you, the World ſhall not reprove. I have been in the *Indies* (where this Herb grows) where neither my ſelf, nor a dozen Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have received the taſte of any other Nutriment in the World, for the ſpace of one and twenty Weeks, but the Fume of this Simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis moſt Divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind, ſo it makes an Antidote, that had you taken the moſt deadly poiſonous Plant in all *Italy*, it ſhould expel it, and clarifie you, with as much eaſe as I ſpeak. And for your green Wound, your *Balſamum* and your *St. John's Wort* are all meer Gulleries and Traſh to it, eſpecially your *Trinidado*; your *Nicotian* is good too. I could ſay what I know of the Vertue of it, for the expulſion of Rhewms, raw Humours, Crudities, Obſtructions, with a thouſand of this kind; but I profeſs my ſelf no Quackſalver. Only thus much; By *Hercules*, I do hold it, and will affirm it (before any Prince in *Europe*) to be the moſt ſovereign and precious Weed that ever the Earth tendred to the uſe of Man.

E. Kn. This Speech would ha' done decently in a Tabacco-trader's Mouth.

Caſh. At Juſtice *Clement*'s he is, in the middle of *Coleman-ſtreet.*

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the Match I gave thee, Maſter *Kitely*'s Man?

Caſh. Would his Match, and he, and Pipe and all were at *Sancto Domingo*. I had forgot it.

Cob. By Gods me, I mar'le what pleaſure or felicity they have in taking this roguiſh Tabacco! It's good for nothing but to choak a Man, and fill him full of Smoke and Embers: There were four died out of one Houſe laſt week with taking of it, and two more the Bell went for yeſternight; one of them (they ſay) will ne'er ſcape it; he voided a Buſhel of Soot yeſterday, upward and downward. By the Stocks, an' there were no wiſer Men than I, I'd have it preſent whipping, Man or Woman, that ſhould but deal with a Tabacco-pipe; why, it will ſtifle them all in the end, as many as uſe it; it's little better than Ratsbane or Roſaker.

All. Oh, good Captain, hold, hold. [Bobadil *beats him with a Cudgel.*

Bob. You baſe Cullion, you.

Caſh. Sir,

Caſh. Sir, here's your Match. Come, thou muſt needs be talking too, tho' art well enough ſerv'd.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his Match, I warrant you: Well, it ſhall be a dear Beating, an' I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

E. Kn. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the Humour of a Fool? Away, Knave.

Well. Thomas, get him away.

Bob. A horſon filthy Slave, a Dung-worm, an Excrement! Body o' *Cæſar*, but that I ſcorn to let forth ſo mean a Spirit, I'ld ha' ſtabb'd him to the Earth.

Wel. Marry, the Law forbid, Sir.

Bob. By *Pharaoh*'s Foot, I would ha' done it.

Step. Oh, he ſwears moſt admirably! (By *Pharaoh*'s Foot, Body o' *Cæſar*) I ſhall never do it ſure, (Upon mine Honour, and by St. *George*) No, I ha' not the right Grace.

Mat. Maſter *Stephen*, will you any? By this Air, the moſt Divine Tabacco that ever I drunk!

Step. None, I thank you, Sir. O, this Gentleman do's it rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this Air, as I am a Gentleman: By———

Brai. Maſter, glance, glance! Maſter *Well-bred!*

Step. As I have ſomewhat to be ſaved, I proteſt——

[*Mr.* Stephen *is practiſing to the Poſt.*

Wel. You are a Fool, it needs no *Affidavit*.

E. Kn. Couſin, will you any Tabacco?

Step. I, Sir! Upon my Reputation———

E. Kn. How now, Couſin!

Step. I proteſt, as I am a Gentleman, but no Soldier, indeed———

Wel. No, Maſter *Stephen*? As I remember, your Name is entred in the Artillery garden.

Step. I, Sir, that's true. Couſin, may I ſwear, As I am a Soldier, by that?

E. Kn. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your Money.

Step. Then, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier, it is Divine Tabacco.

Wel. But ſoft, where's Mr. *Matthew*? gone?

Brai. No, Sir; they went in here.

Wel. O, let's follow them: Maſter *Matthew* is gone to ſalute his Miſtriſs in Verſe; we ſhall ha' the happineſs to hear ſome of his Poetry now; he never comes unfurniſh'd. *Brain-worm?*

Step. Brain-worm? where? is this *Brain-worm?*

E. Kn. I, Couſin; no words of it, upon your Gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this Air, St. *George*, and the Foot of *Pharaoh*.

Wel. Rare! Your Couſin's Diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with Oaths.

E. Kn. 'Tis larded with 'em; a kind of *French* Dreſſing, if you love it.

Act III. Scene VI.

Kitely, Cob.

HA? How many are there, ſaiſt thou?

Cob. Marry Sir, your Brother, Maſter *Well-bred*——

Kit. Tut, beſide him: what Strangers are there, Man?

Cob. Strangers? Let me ſee, one, two; maſs I know not well, there are ſo many.

Kit. How? ſo many?

Cob. I, there's ſome five, or ſix of them at the moſt.

Kit. A ſwarm, a ſwarm!
Spite of the Devil, how they ſting my Head
With forked Stings, thus wide and large! But, *Cob*,
How long haſt thou been coming hither, *Cob*?

Cob. A little while, Sir.

Kit. Didſt thou come running?

Cob. No, Sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haſte!
Bane to my Fortunes, what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in ſuch Content,
My Mind at reſt too, in ſo ſoft a Peace,
Being free Maſter of mine own free Thoughts,
And now become a Slave? What, never ſigh,
Be of good cheer, Man; for thou art a Cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when ſuch flowing Store,
Plenty it ſelf, falls in my Wives Lap,
The *Cornucopiæ* will be mine, I know. But, *Cob*,
What Entertainment had they? I am ſure
My Siſter and my Wife would bid them welcom! ha?

Cob. Like enough, Sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No; their Lips were ſeal'd with Kiſſes, and the voice
Drown'd in a Flood of Joy, at their arrival,
Had loſt her Motion, State, and Faculty.
Cob, which of them was't that firſt kiſt my Wife?
(My Siſter, I ſhould ſay) my Wife, alas!
I fear not her. Ha? who was it, ſaiſt thou?

Cob. By my troth, Sir, will you have the troth of it?

Kit. Oh I, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a Vagabond, and fitter for *Bridewel* than your Worſhips Company, if I ſaw any body to be kiſt, unleſs they would have kiſt the Poſt in the middle of the Warehouſe; for there I left them all at their Tabacco, with a pox.

Kit. How? were they not gone in then e'er thou cam'ſt?

Cob. O no, Sir.

Kit. Spite of the Devil! what do I ſtay here then? *Cob*, follow me.

Cob. Nay, ſoft and fair, I have Eggs on the Spit; I cannot go yet, Sir. Now am I, for ſome five and fifty Reaſons, hammering, hammering Revenge: Oh for three or four Gallons of Vinegar, to ſharpen my Wits. Revenge, Vinegar Revenge, Vinegar and Muſtard Revenge! Nay, an' he had not lien in my Houſe, 'twould never have griev'd me; but being my Gueſt, one that I'll be ſworn my Wife has lent him her Smock off her Back, while his one Shirt has been at waſhing; pawn'd her Neck-kerchers for clean Bands for him; ſold almoſt all my Platters, to buy him Tabacco; and he to turn Monſter of Ingratitude, and ſtrike his lawful Hoſt! Well, I hope to raiſe up an Hoaſt of Fury for't: Here comes Juſtice *Clement*.

Act III. Scene VII.

Clement, Kno'well, Formal, Cob.

WHat's Maſter *Kitely* gone, *Roger*?

For. I, Sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us ſo abruptly! How now, Sirrah? what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, I am a poor Neighbour of your Worſhips———

Clem. A poor Neighbour of mine? Why, ſpeak poor Neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, Sir, at the Sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid Scot and Lot there any time this eighteen Years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, Sir, to the Pariſh: Marry, I have ſeldom ſcap'd ſcot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well! What Buſineſs has my poor Neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your Worſhip, I am come to crave the Peace of your Worſhip.

Clem. Of me, Knave? Peace of me, Knave? Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee? ha?

Cob. No, Sir; but your Worſhips Warrant for one that has wrong'd me, Sir: His Arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a Treaty of Peace, an' my Credit could compaſs it with your Worſhip.

Clem. Thou

Clem. Thou goeſt far enough about for't, I am ſure.

Kno. Why, doſt thou go in danger of thy life for him, Friend?

Cob. No, Sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means: an' I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may ſwear by the Law of the Land that he kill'd me.

Clem. How? how Knave? ſwear he kill'd thee? and by the Law? what pretence? what Colour haſt thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, both Black and Blue; Colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to ſhew your Worſhip.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, Sirrah?

Cob. A Gentleman and a Soldier, he ſays he is, o'the City here.

Clem. A Soldier o' the City? What call you him?

Cob. Captain *Bobadil.*

Clem. *Bobadil?* And why did he bob and beat you, Sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? ſpeak truly Knave, I adviſe you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, only becauſe I ſpake againſt their vagrant *Tobacco*, as I came by 'em when they were taking on't; for nothing elſe.

Clem. Ha! you ſpeak againſt *Tobacco? Formall*, his name.

Form. What's your name, Sirrah?

Cob. *Oliver*, Sir, *Oliver Cob*, Sir.

Clem. Tell *Oliver Cob* he ſhall go to the Gaol. *Formall.*

Form. *Oliver Cob*, my Maſter, Juſtice *Clement* ſays, you ſhall go to the Gaol.

Cob. O, I beſeech your Worſhip, for God's ſake, dear Maſter Juſtice.

Clem. Nay, God's precious, an' ſuch Drunkards and Tankards as you are, come to diſpute of *Tobacco* once, I have done! away with him.

Cob. O, good Maſter Juſtice, ſweet old Gentleman.

Kno. Sweet *Oliver*, would I could do thee any good. Juſtice *Clement*, let me intreat you, Sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare Raſcal! a Beggar! a Slave, that never drunk out of better than Piſs-pot Mettle in his life! and he to deprave and abuſe the vertue of an Herb ſo generally receiv'd in the Courts of Princes, the Chambers of Nobles, the Bowers of ſweet Ladies, the Cabbins of Soldiers! *Roger*, away with him, by God's precious—— I ſay, go too.

Cob. Dear Maſter Juſtice, let me be beaten again, I have deſerv'd it: but not the Priſon, I beſeech you.

Kno. Alas poor *Oliver!*

Clem. *Roger*, make him a Warrant (he ſhall not go) I but fear the Knave.

Form. Do not ſtink ſweet *Oliver*, you ſhall not go, my Maſter will give you a Warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his Worſhip, his worthy Worſhip.

Clem. Away, diſpatch him. How now, Maſter *Kno'well*, in dumps! in dumps? Come, this becomes not.

Kno. Sir, would I could not feel my Cares——

Clem. Your Cares are nothing! they are like my Cap, ſoon put on, and as ſoon put off. What? your Son is old enough to govern himſelf: let him run his courſe, it's the only way to make him a ſtaid Man. If he were an Unthrift, a Ruffian, a Drunkard, or a Licentious liver, then you had reaſon; you had reaſon to take Care: but, being none of theſe, Mirth's my witneſs, an' I had twice ſo many cares as you have, I'ld drown them all in a Cup of Sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muſe your parcel of a Soldier returns not all this while.

Act IV. Scene I.

Down-right, Dame Kitely.

WEll Siſter, I tell you true: and you'll find it ſo in the end.

Dame. Alas, Brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it: you ſee my Brother brings 'em in here; they are his Friends.

Down. His Friends? his Fiends. 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a ſort of unlucky Sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this Light, a little thing would make me play the Devil with ſome of 'em; and 'twere not more for your Huſband's ſake, than any thing elſe, I'd make the Houſe too hot for the beſt on 'em: they ſhould ſay, and ſwear, Hell were broken looſe, e'er they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no Bodies fault but yours: for, an' you had done as you might have done, they ſhould have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every Mothers Son, e'er they ſhould ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a ſtrange Man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I ſhould put my ſelf againſt half a dozen Men? ſhould I? Good faith youl'd mad the patient'ſt Body in the World, to hear you talk ſo, without any ſenſe or reaſon!

Act IV. Scene II.

Mrs. *Bridget*, Mr. *Matthew*, *Dame Kitely*, *Down-right*, *Well-bred*, *Stephen*, *Ed. Kno'well*, *Bobadil*, *Brain-worm*, *Caſh.*

SErvant (in troth) you are too prodigal,
Of your wits treaſure, thus to poure it forth,
Upon ſo mean a ſubject as my worth.

Mat. You ſay well, Miſtris, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is ſtuff!

Wel. O, now ſtand cloſe: pray Heaven, ſhe can get him to read: He ſhould do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, What is this ſame, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an *Elegy*, an *Elegy*, an odd toy——

Down. To mock an Ape withall. O, I could ſew up his Mouth, now.

Dame. Siſter, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you Rhime-given too?

Mat. Miſtris, I'll read it, if you pleaſe.

Brid. Pray you do, Servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death, I can indure the Stocks better.

E. Kn. What ails thy Brother? can he not hold his Water at reading of a Ballad?

Wel. O, no: a Rhime to him is worſe than Cheeſe, or a Bag-pipe. But mark, you loſe the proteſtation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is: but, pleaſe you come near, Sir. This Gentleman has judgment, he knows how to cenſure of a —— pray you, Sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, Sir: upon my Reputation, and by the Foot of *Pharaoh.*

Wel. O, chide your Couſin for ſwearing.

E. Kn. Not I, ſo long as he do's not forſwear himſelf.

Bob. Maſter *Matthew*, you abuſe the expectation of your dear Miſtris and her fair Siſter: Fie, while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I ſhall, Sir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

E. Kn. How! *Inſipere dulce?* a ſweet thing to be a Fool, indeed.

Wel. What, do you take *Inſipere* in that ſenſe?

E. Kn. You do not? you! This was your Villany, to gull him with a *motte.*

Wel. O, the Benchers Phraſe: *Pauca verba, pauca verba.*

Mat. Rare Creature, let me ſpeak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence,
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then ſhould'ſt thou be his Priſoner, who is thine.

E. Kn. This is in *Hero* and *Leander.*

Wel. O, I peace, we ſhall have more of this.

Mat. Be not unkind, and fair; miſhapen ſtuff
Is of behaviour boyſterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, Sir?

[*Maſter* Steven *anſwers with ſhaking his head.*

E. Kn. 'Slight, he ſhakes his Head like a Bottle, to feel and there be any Brain in it!

Mat. But obſerve the *Cataſtrophe*, now:

And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in Beauty do excel Loves Mother.

E. Kn. Well, I'll have him free of the Wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but ſtol'n Remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Kn. A filching Rogue, hang him. And from the dead? it's worſe than Sacriledge.

Wel. Siſter, what ha' you here? Verſes? pray you let's ſee: Who made theſe Verſes? they are excellent good!

Mat. O, Maſter *Well-bred*, 'tis your diſpoſition to ſay ſo, Sir. They were good i'the Morning; I made 'em, *ex tempore*, this Morning.

Wel. How? *ex tempore?*

Mat. I, would I might be hang'd elſe: ask Captain *Bobadill*: He ſaw me write them, at the — (Pox on it) the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curſe the Stars ſo?

E. Kn. Faith, his are even with him: they ha' curſt him enough already.

Step. Couſin, how do you like this Gentleman's Verſes?

E. Kn. O, admirable! the beſt that ever I heard, Couz!

Step. Body o' *Cæſar*, they are admirable!
The beſt that ever I heard, as I am a Soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a Bone of me ſtill! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel. Siſter, you have a ſimple Servant here, that crowns your Beauty with ſuch *Encomions* and devices: you may ſee, what it is to be the Miſtris of a Wit! that can make your perfections ſo tranſparent, that every blear Eye may look through them, and ſee him drown'd over Head and Ears in the deep Well of deſire. Siſter *Kitely*, I marvel you get you not a Servant that can Rhime, and do Tricks too.

Down. Oh Monſter! impudence it ſelf! Tricks?

Dame. Tricks, Brother? what Tricks?

Brid. Nay, ſpeak, I pray you, what Tricks?

Dame. I never ſpare any Body here: but ſay, what Tricks?

Brid. Paſſion of my Heart! do Tricks?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a Trick vied and revied! why, you Munkies you, what a Catter-waling do you keep? ha's he not given you Rhimes, and Verſes, and Tricks?

Down. O, the Fiend!

Wel. Nay, you Lamp of Virginity, that take it in ſnuff ſo! come and cheriſh this tame *Poetical Fury*, in your Servant, you'll be begg'd elſe ſhortly for a concealment: go to, reward his Muſe. You cannot give him leſs than a Shilling in Conſcience, for the Book he had it out of coſt him a Teſton at leaſt. How now, Gallants? Mr. *Matthew*? Captain? What, all Sons of ſilence? no ſpirit?

Down. Come, you might practice your Ruffian tricks ſomewhere elſe, and not here, I wuſs: this is no Tavern nor drinking School, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whoſe Cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, Sir, Nay, Boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, Sir, you and your Companions mend your ſelves when I ha' done?

Wel. My Companions?

Down. Yes, Sir, your Companions, ſo I ſay, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither: your hang-byes here. You muſt have your Poets and your Potlings, your *Soldado's* and *Foolado's* to follow you up and down the City, and here they muſt come to domineer and ſwagger. Sirrah, you Ballad-ſinger, and Slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or (by this Steel) I'll cut off your Ears, and that preſently.

Wel. 'Slight, ſtay, let's ſee what he dare do: cut off his Ears! cut a Whetſton. You are an Aſs, do you ſee? touch any Man here, and by this Hand, I'll run my Rapier to the Hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain ſee, Boy.

Dame. O Jeſu! murder. *Thomas Gaſper!*

Brid. Help, help, *Thomas.*

[*They all draw, and they of the Houſe make out to part them.*

E. Kn. Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, Sirrah, you *Holofernes*: by my Hand, I will pink your Fleſh full of holes with my Rapier for this; I will by this good Heaven: Nay, let him come, let him come, Gentlemen, by the Body of St. *George* I'll not kill him. [*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Caſh. Hold, hold, good Gentleman.

Down. You whorſon, bragging Coyſtril!

Act IV. Scene III.

Kitely. [*to them.*

WHY, how now? what's the matter? what's the ſtir here?
Whence ſprings the quarrel, *Thomas*? where is he?
Put up your Weapons, and put off this rage:
My Wife and Siſter, they are cauſe of this.
What, *Thomas*? where is this Knave?

Caſh. Here, Sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my Brothers ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad, no Body was hurt by his ancient humour.

Kite. Why, how now, Brother, who enforc'd this brawl?

Down. A ſort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the Devil! And they muſt come here to read Ballads, and Roguery, and Traſh! I'll mar the knot of 'em e'er I ſleep perhaps: eſpecially *Bob*, there: he that's all manner of ſhapes! and *Songs* and *Sonnets*, his Fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
Too ſudden in your humour: and you know
My Brother *Well-breds* temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in ſuch a preſence,
Where every ſlight diſgrace, he ſhould receive,
Might wound him in opinion, and reſpect.

Down. Reſpect? what talk you of reſpect 'mong ſuch,
As ha' no ſpark of Manhood, nor good Manners?
'Sdeins, I am aſham'd to hear you! reſpect?

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil Gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himſelf!

Kite. O, that was ſome Love of yours, Siſter!

Brid. A Love of mine? I would it were no worſe, Brother,
You'ld pay my Portion ſooner than you think for.

Dame. Indeed, he ſeem'd to be a Gentleman of an exceeding fair diſpoſition, and of very excellent good parts!

Kite. Her Love, by Heaven! my Wives minion!
Fair diſpoſition? excellent good parts?
Death, theſe Phraſes are intollerable!
Good parts? how ſhould ſhe know his parts?

His

His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too cleer: *Thomas*, come hither.
What, are they gone? *Caſh.* I, Sir, they went in.
My Miſtris, and your Siſter ——
Kite. Are any of the Gallants within?
Caſh. No, Sir, they are all gone.
Kite. Art thou ſure of it?
Caſh. I can aſſure you, Sir.
Kite. What Gentleman was that they prais'd ſo, *Thomas*?
Caſh. One, they call him Maſter *Kno'well*, a handſom young Gentleman, Sir.
Kite. I, I thought ſo: my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him i'the Houſe
Somewhere; I'll go and ſearch: go with me, *Thomas*.
Be true to me, and thou ſhalt find me a Maſter.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Cob, Tib.

WHat *Tib*, *Tib*, I ſay.
Tib. How now, what Cuckold is that knocks ſo hard?
O, Husband, is't you? what's the news?
Cob. Nay you have ſtun'd me, i'faith! you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the Forehead will ſtick by me! Cuckold? 'Slid, Cuckold?
Tib. Away you Fool, did I know it was you that knockt?
Come, come, you may call me as bad when you liſt.
Cob. May I? *Tib*, you are a Whore.
Tib. You lye in your Throat, Husband.
Cob. How, the lye? and in my Throat too? do you long to be ſtab'd, ha?
Tib. Why, you are no Soldier, I hope?
Cob. O, muſt you be ſtab'd by a Soldier? Maſs, that's true! when was *Bobadill* here? your Captain? that Rogue, that foiſt, that fencing *Burgullian*? I'll tickle him, i'faith.
Tib. Why, what's the matter? trow!
Cob. O, he has baſted me rarely, ſumptuouſly! but I have it here in black and white; for his black and blue ſhall pay him. O, the Juſtice! the honeſt old brave *Trojan* in *London*! I do honour the very Flea of his Dog. A Plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vaniſht away like the ſmoke of Tabacco; but I was ſmok'd ſoundly firſt. I thank the Devil, and his good Angel, my gueſt. Well, Wife, or *Tib* (which you will) get you in, and lock the Door, I charge you let no Body in to you; Wife, no Body in to you: thoſe are my words. Not Captain *Bob* himſelf, nor the Fiend in his likeneſs; you are a Woman, you have Fleſh and Blood enough in you to be tempted: therefore keep the Door ſhut upon all comers.
Tib. I warrant you, there ſhall no Body enter here without my conſent.
Cob. Nor with your conſent, ſweet *Tib*, and ſo I leave you.
Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me ſo.
Cob. How? *Tib.* Why, ſweet.
Cob. Tut, ſweet or ſowr, thou art a Flower.
Keep cloſe thy Door, I ask no more.

Act IV. Scene V.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Stephen. Brain-worm.

WEll, *Brain-worm*, perform this buſineſs happily,
And thou makeſt a purchaſe of my Love for ever.
Wel. I'faith, now let thy ſpirits uſe their beſt faculties. But, at any hand, remember the meſſage to my Brother: for there's no other means to ſtart him.
Brai. I warrant you, Sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble Soul has wak't all forces of my Phat'ſie by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have poſſeſt me withall, I'll diſcharge it amply, Sir: make it no queſtion.
Wel. Forth, and proſper, *Brain-worm*. Faith, *Ned*, how doſt thou approve of my abilities in this device?
E. Kn. Troth, well, howſoever: but, it will come excellent, if it take.
Wel. Take, Man? why it cannot chuſe but take, if the circumſtances miſcarry not: but, tell me ingenuouſly, doſt thou affect my Siſter *Bridget* as thou pretend'ſt?
E. Kn. Friend, am I worth belief?
Wel. Come, do not proteſt. In faith, ſhe is a Maid of good ornament, and much modeſty: and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou ſhouldſt not have her.
E. Kn. Nay, that I am afraid will be a queſtion yet, whether I ſhall have her, or no?
Wel. 'Slid, thou ſhalt have her; by this Light thou ſhalt.
E. Kn. Nay, do not ſwear.
Wel. By this Hand thou ſhalt have her: I'll go fetch her preſently. Point but where to meet, and as I am an honeſt Man I'll bring her.
E. Kn. Hold, hold, be temperate.
Wel. Why, by —— what ſhall I ſwear by? thou ſhalt have her, as I am ——
E. Kn. Pray thee, be at peace, I am ſatisfied: and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occaſion to make my deſires compleat.
Wel. Thou ſhalt ſee, and know, I will not.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Formall, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

WAS your Man a Soldier, Sir?
Kno. I, a Knave, I took him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came over *Moor-fields!*
O, here he is! yo' have made fair ſpeed, believe me:
Where, i' the name of ſloth, could you be thus? ——
Brai. Marry, peace by my comfort, where I thought I ſhould have had little comfort of your Worſhips ſervice.
Kno. How ſo?
Brai. O, Sir, your coming to the City, your entertainment of me, and your ſending me to watch —— indeed, all the circumſtances either of your Charge, or my Imployment are as open to your Son, as to your ſelf.
Kno. How ſhould that be, unleſs that Villain, *Brain-worm*,
Have told him of the Letter, and diſcover'd
All that I ſtrictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis ſo!
Brai. I am partly, o' the faith 'tis ſo indeed.
Kno. But, how ſhould he know thee to be my Man?
Brai. Nay, Sir, I cannot tell; unleſs it be by the black Art! is not your Son a Scholar, Sir?
Kno. Yes, but I hope his Soul is not allied
Unto ſuch Helliſh practice: if it were,
I had juſt cauſe to weep my part in him,
And curſe the time of his Creation.
But, where didſt thou find them, *Fitz-Sword*?
Brai. You ſhould rather ask where they found me, Sir; for, I'll be ſworn, I was going along in the Street thinking nothing, when (of a ſuddain) a Voice cals Mr. *Knowell*'s Man; another cries, Soldier: and thus ha a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a Houſe, where I no ſooner came, but they ſeem'd Men, and out flew all their Rapiers at my Boſom, with ſome three or fourſcore Oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me I was but a dead Man, if I did not confeſs where yo

were, and how I was imployed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I proteſt, they muſt ha' diſſected, and made an *Anatomy* o' me firſt, and ſo I told 'em) they lockt me up into a Room i' the top of a high Houſe, whence by great Miracle (having a light Heart) I ſlid down by a bottom of Packthred into the Street, and ſo ſcapt. But, Sir, thus much I can aſſure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many Rich Merchants and brave Citizens Wives with 'em at a Feaſt: and your Son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has pointed to meet her anon at one *Cobs* Houſe a Waterbearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your Worſhip ſhall be ſure to take him, for there he Preys, and fail he will not.

E. Kn. Nor will I fail to breſk his match I doubt not.

Go thou along with Juſtice *Clements* Man,
And ſtay there for me. At one *Cobs* Houſe ſayſt thou?

Brai. I Sir, there you ſhall have him. Yes? inviſible? Much Wench, or much Son! 'Slight, when he has ſtaid there three or four Houres, travelling with the expectation of Wonders, and at length be deliver'd of Air: O, the ſport that I ſhould then take, to look on him it I durſt! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this ſhape. I have another trick to act yet. O that I were ſo happy as to light on a nupſon now of this Juſtices Novice. Sir, I make you ſtay ſomewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, Sir. Pray you what do you mean, Sir?

Brai. I was putting up ſome Papers———

Form. You ha' been lately in the Wars, Sir, it ſeems.

Brai. Marry have I, Sir, to my loſs; and expence of all almoſt——

Form. Troth Sir, I would be glad to beſtow a Pottle of Wine o' you, if it pleaſe you to accept it——

Brai. O, Sir———

Form. But to hear the manner of your Services, and your Devices in the Wars, they ſay they bevery ſtrange, and not like thoſe a Man reads in the *Roman* Hiſtories, or ſees at *Mile-end*.

Brai. No I aſſure you, Sir; why at any time when it pleaſe you, I ſhall be ready to diſcourſe to you all I know: and more too ſomewhat.

Form. No better time than now, Sir; we'll go to the Wind-mill: there we ſhall have a Cup of neat Griſt, we call it. I pray you, Sir, let me requeſt you to the Wind-mill.

Brai. I'll follow you, Sir, and make Griſt of you, if I have good luck.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, Stephen, Down-right. [*to them.*

SIr, did your Eyes ever taſte the like Clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. *Well-bred*'s half Brother? I think the whole Earth cannot ſhew his Parallel by this Day-light.

E. Kn. We were now ſpeaking of him: Captain *Bobadill* tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, I Sir, he threatned me with the Baſtinado.

Bob. I, but I think, I taught you prevention this Morning, for that—— You ſhall kill him beyond queſtion: if you be ſo generouſly minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a moſt excellent Trick!

Bob. O, you do not give ſpirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it muſt be done like lightning, hay? [*He practiſes at a Poſt.*

Mat. Rare Captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a— *punto!*

E. Kn. Captain, did you ever prove your ſelf upon any of our Maſters of defence here?

Mat. O good Sir! yes I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, Sir. Upon my firſt coming to the City, after my long travail, for knowledg (in that miſtery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a Gentlemans Houſe, where it was my chance to be reſident at that time, to intreat my Preſence at their Schools; and withal ſo much importun'd me, that (I proteſt to you, as I am a Gentleman) I was aſham'd of their rude demeanour out of all meaſure: well, I told 'em that to come to a publick School, they ſhould pardon me, it was oppoſite (in *diameter*) to my Humour; but, if ſo be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I proteſted to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a Gentleman, and ſo forth.

E. Kn. So, Sir, then you tryed their skill?

Bob. Alas, ſoon tryed! you ſhall hear Sir. Within two or three days after they came; and, by honeſty, fair Sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, ſhew'd them ſome two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'em ſince a Credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now they hate me, and why? becauſe I am excellent, and for no other vile Reaſon on the Earth.

E. Kn. This is ſtrange and barbarous! as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more inſtance of their prepoſterous natures; but note, Sir. They have aſſaulted me ſome three, four, five, ſix of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers Skirts i' the Town, as *Turn-bull*, *White-chappel*, *Shore-ditch*, which were then my Quarters; and ſince, upon the *Exchange*, at my Lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a Street, in the open view of all our Gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this Lenity will not o're-come their Spleen; they will be doing with the Piſmier, raiſing a Hill a Man may ſpurn abroad with his Foot at pleaſure. By my ſelf I could have ſlain them all, but I delight not in Murder. I am loth to bear any other than this Baſtinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go diſarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppreſs'd with Multitudes.

E. Kn. I, believe me, may you Sir: and (in my conceit) our whole Nation ſhould ſuſtain the loſs by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alas no: what's a peculiar Man to a Nation? not ſeen.

E. Kn. O, but your skill, Sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be ſome loſs; but who reſpects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under Seal; I am a Gentleman, and live here obſcure, and to my ſelf; but, were I known to Her Majeſty and the Lords (obſerve me) I would undertake (upon this poor Head and Life) for the publick benefit of the State, not only to ſpare the intire Lives of her Subjects in general, but to ſave the one half; nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding War, and againſt what Enemy ſoever. And how would I do it think you?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, Sir. I would ſelect Nineteen more, to my ſelf throughout the Land; Gentlemen they ſhould be of good Spirit, ſtrong and able Conſtitution, I would chooſe them by an inſtinct, a Character that I have: and I would teach theſe Nineteen the ſpecial Rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverſo*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Paſſada*, your *Montanto*; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as my ſelf. This done, ſay the Enemy were Forty thouſand ſtrong, we Twenty would come into the Field the Tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge Twenty of the Enemy; they could not in their Honour refuſe us; well we would kill them; challenge Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every Man his Twenty a day, that's Twenty ſcore; Twenty ſcore, that's Two hundred; Two hundred a day, five days a thouſand;

Forty

Forty thouſand; Forty times five, Five times forty, Two hundred days kills them all up by Computation. And this will I venture my poor Gentleman-like Carcaſs to perform (provided there be no Treaſon practis'd upon us) by fair and diſcreet Manhood; that is, civilly by the Sword.

E. Kn. Why are you ſo ſure of your hand Captain at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miſs thruſt upon my Reputation with you.

E. Kn. I would not ſtand in *Down-rights* ſtate then, an' you meet him, for the Wealth of any one Street in *London*.

Bob. Why, Sir, you miſtake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my Weapon on him! let this Gentleman do his mind: but I will baſtinado him (by the the bright Sun) where ever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my diſtance.

E. Kn. Gods ſo, look where he is; yonder he goes.

[Downright *walks over the Stage.*

Dow. What peeviſh luck have I, I cannot meet with theſe bragging Raskals?

Bob. It's not he? is it?

E. Kn. Yes faith, it is he?

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Kn. Sir, keep your hanging good for ſome greater matter, for I aſſure you that was he.

Step. Upon my Reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he muſt not have gone ſo: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

E. Kn. That I think, Sir. But ſee, he is come again!

Dow. O, *Pharoahs* foot have I found you? Come, draw to your Tools; draw Gipſie, or I'll threſh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Dow. Draw your Weapon then.

Bob. Tall Man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a Warrant of the Peace ſerved on me, even now as I came along, by a Water-bearer; this Gentleman ſaw it, Mr. *Matthew*.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[*He beats him and diſarms him*, Matthew *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you Whoreſon foiſt you. You'll controul the Point, you? Your Conſort is gone? had he ſtaid he had ſhar'd with you, Sir.

Bob. Well Gentlemen, bear Witneſs, I was bound to the Peace, by this good day.

E. Kn. No faith, it's an ill day Captain, never reckon it other: but, ſay you were bound to the Peace, the Law allows you to defend your ſelf: that'll prove but a poor excuſe.

Bob. I cannot tell, Sir. I deſire good conſtruction in fair ſort. I never ſuſtain'd the like diſgrace (by Heaven) ſure I was ſtruck with a Plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my Weapon.

E. Kn. I, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a Plannet: go, get you to a Surgeon. 'Slid, an' theſe be your Tricks, your *paſſadoes*, and your *mountantoes*, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this Age ſhould bring forth ſuch Creatures! that Nature ſhould be at leiſure to make 'em! Come Couz.

Step. Maſs I'll ha' this Cloke.

E. Kn. Gods will, 'tis *Down-rights*.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have tane't up as well as I, I'll wear it, ſo I will.

E. Kn. How an' he ſee it? he'll challenge it, aſſure your ſelf.

Step. I, but he ſhall not ha' it; I'll ſay I bought it.

E. Kn. Take heed you buy it not too dear Couz.

Act. IV. Scene VIII.

Kitely, Well bred. Dame Kit, Bridget, Brain-worm, Caſh.

NOw, truſt me Brother, you were much to blame,
T' incenſe his Anger, and diſturb the Peace
Of my poor Houſe, where there are Sentinels,
That every Minute watch to give Alarms,
Of Civil War, without adjection
Of your aſſiſtance or occaſion.

Well. No harm done, Brother, I warrant you: ſince there is no harm done. Anger coſts a Man nothing: and a tall Man is never his own Man till he be angry. To keep his Valour in obſcurity, is to keep himſelf as it were in a Cloke-bag. What's a Muſician unleſs he play? What's a tall Man unleſs he fight? For indeed all this my wiſe Brother ſtands upon abſolutly; and that made me fall in with him ſo reſolutely.

Dame. I, but what harm might have come of it, Brother?

Wel. Might, Siſter? ſo might the good warm Clothes your Husband wears be poyſon'd, for any thing he knows; or the wholeſom Wine he drunk, even now, at the Table——

Kite. Now, God forbid: O me. Now I remember
My Wife drunk to me laſt, and chang'd the Cup,
And bade me wear this curſed Suite to day.
See, if heav'n ſuffer murder undiſcover'd!
I feell me ill; give me ſome *Mithridate*,
Some *Mithridate* and Oyl, good Siſter, fetch me;
O, I am ſick at heart! I burn, I burn.
If you will ſave my Life, go, fetch it me.

Wel. O ſtrange humour! my very breath has poyſon'd him.

Brid. Good Brother be content, what do you mean? The ſtrength of theſe extream Conceits will kill you.

Dame. Beſhrew your Heart blood, Brother *Well-bred*, now, for putting ſuch a toy into his Head.

Wel. Is a fit *ſimile* a Toy? will he be poyſon'd with a *ſimile*? Brother *Kitely*, what a ſtrange and idle imagination is this? For ſhame, be wiſer. O my Soul there's no ſuch matter.

Kite. Am I not ſick? how am I then, not poyſon'd? Am I not poyſon'd? how am I then, ſo ſick?

Dame. If you be ſick, your own thoughts make you ſick.

Wel. His Jealouſie is the Poyſon he has taken.

Brai. Mr. *Kitely*, my Maſter Juſtice *Clement* ſalutes you; and deſires to ſpeak with you with all poſſible ſpeed.

[*He comes diſguis'd like Juſtice* Clements *Man.*

Kite. No time but now? when I think I am ſick? very ſick! well, I will wait upon his Worſhip. *Thomas, Cob*, I muſt ſeek them out, and ſet 'em Sentinels till I return. *Thomas, Cob, Thomas.*

Wel. This's perfectly rare, *Brain-worm*! but how got'ſt thou this Apparel of the Juſtices Man?

Brai. Marry Sir, my proper fine Pen-man, would needs beſtow the Grift o' me, at the Wind-mil, to hear ſome martial Diſcourſe; where ſo I marſhal'd him, that I made him drunk with Admiration! and, becauſe too much heat was the cauſe of his Diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtark naked, as he lay along aſleep, and borrowed his Suite to deliver this Counterfeit Meſſage in, leaving a ruſty Armour, and an old brown Bill to watch him till my return; which ſhall be, when I ha' pawn'd his Apparel, and ſpent the better part o' the Money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a ſucceſsful merry Knave, *Brain-worm*, his abſence will be a good ſubject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young Maſter, and will him to meet me and my Siſter *Bridget* at the Tower inſtantly; for, here tell him the Houſe is ſo ſtor'd with Jealouſie, there is no room for Love to ſtand upright in. We muſt get our fortunes committed to ſome larger Priſon, ſay; and then the Tower, I know no better Air: nor where the Liberty of the Houſe may do us more preſent ſervice. Away.

Kite. Come hither, *Thomas*. Now, my ſecret's ripe,
And thou ſhalt have it: lay to both thine Ears.
Hark, what I ſay to thee. I muſt go forth, *Thomas*,
Be careful of thy promiſe, keep good watch,
Note every Gallant, and obſerve him well,
That enters in my abſence to thy Miſtreſs:
If he would ſhew him Rooms, the Jeſt is ſtale,
Follow 'em, *Thomas*, or elſe hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their Looks;
Note if ſhe offer but to ſee his Hand,
Or any other amorous Toy about him;
But praiſe his Leg, or Foot; or if ſhe ſay
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monſtrous thing!
Note me all this, good *Thomas*, mark their Sighs,
And, if they do but whiſper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

Caſh. As truth's ſelf, Sir.

Kite. Why, I believe thee; where is *Cob*, now? *Cob?*

Da. He's ever calling for *Cob*! I wonder how he imploys *Cob* ſo!

Wel. Indeed Siſter, to ask how he imploys *Cob*, is a neceſſary queſtion, for you that are his Wife, and a thing not very eaſie for you to be ſatisfied in; but this I'll aſſure you, *Cobs* Wife is an excellent Bawd, Siſter, and oftentimes, your Husband hants her Houſe; marry, to what end; I cannot altogether accuſe him, imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair Hides have foul Hearts, e're now, Siſter.

Dame. Never ſaid you truer than that, Brother, ſo much I can tell you for your learning. *Thomas*, fetch your Cloke and go with me, I'll after him preſently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i' faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him.

Wel. So let 'em go: this may make ſport anon. Now, my fair Siſter-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be Fair and Beautiful?

Brid. That touches not me Brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, Beauty ſtands a Woman in no ſtead, unleſs it procure her touching. But, Siſter, whether it touch you or no, it touches your Beauties; and I am ſure, they will abide the touch; an' they do not, a Plague of all Ceruſe, ſay I; and it touches me too in part, though not in the—— Well, there's a dear and reſpected Friend of mine, Siſter, ſtands very ſtrongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole Bone fires of zeal at his Heart in Honour of your Perfections. I have already engag'd my promiſe to bring you, where you ſhall hear him confirm much more. *Ned Knowel* is the Man, Siſter. There's no exception againſt the Party. You are ripe for a Husband; and a Minutes loſs to ſuch an occaſion, is a great treſpaſs in a wiſe Beauty. What ſay you, Siſter? On my Soul he loves you, Will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own conſtancy, Brother, if I durſt not meet a Man: but this motion of yours, ſavours of an old Knight-adventurers Servant, a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, Siſter? *Brid.* Marry of the Squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be ſuch an one for my Friend, but ſee! who is return'd to hinder us?

Kite. What villany is this? call'd out on a falſe Meſſage? This was ſome Plot! I was not ſent for. *Bridget*, Where's your Siſter? *Brid.* I think ſhe be gone forth, Sir.

Kite How! is my Wife gone forth? whither for Gods ſake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with *Thomas*.

Kite. Abroad with *Thomas*? oh, that villain dors me. He hath diſcover'd all unto my Wife!
Beaſt that I was to truſt him; whither, I pray you, went ſhe?

Brid. I know not, Sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, Brother, whither I ſuſpect ſhe's gone.

Kite. Whither, good Brother?

Wel. To *Cobs* Houſe, I believe: but, keep my Counſel.

Kite. I will, I will: to *Cobs* Houſe? doth ſhe hant *Cobs*?
She's gone a purpoſe now to Cuckold me,
With that lewd Raskal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. *Wel.* Come, he's once more gone,
Siſter, let's loſe no time; th' Affair is worth it.

Act IV. Scene IX.

Matthew, Bobadil, Brain-worm, Down-right. [*to them.*

I Wonder Captain what they will ſay of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what ſhould they ſay? but as of a diſcreet Gentleman? quick, wary, reſpectful of Natures fair Lineaments; and that's all?

Mat. Why ſo! but what can they ſay of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with ſoft Wood, a kind of groſs Battery us'd, laid on ſtrongly, born moſt patiently; and that's all.

Mat. I, but would any Man have offered it in *Venice*? as you ſay?

Bob. Tut, I aſſure you, no: you ſhall have there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelazza*, come in bravely upon your *reverſe*, ſtand you cloſe, ſtand you firm, ſtand you fair, ſave your *retricato* with his left Leg, come to the *aſſalto* with the right, thruſt with brave Steel, defie your baſe Wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was faſcinated by *Jupiter*: faſcinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and reveng'd by Law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not beſt to get a Warrant, and have him arreſted and brought before Juſtice *Clement*?

Bob. It were not amiſs, would we had it.

Mat. Why, here comes his Man, let's ſpeak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you ſpeak.

Mat. Save you, Sir. *Brai.* With all my heart, Sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abus'd this Gentleman and my ſelf, and we determine to make our amends by Law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a Warrant, to bring him afore your Maſter, you ſhall be well conſider'd, I aſſure you, Sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my Service is my Living; ſuch Favours as theſe gotten of my Maſter is his only Preferment, and therefore you muſt conſider me as I may make benefit of my Place.

Mat. How is that? Sir.

Brai. Faith, Sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the Gentleman may be of great accompt; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of Angels in my hand, you ſhall have it, otherwiſe not.

Mat. How ſhall we do Captain? he asks a brace of Angels, you have no Money?

Bob. Not a Groſs, by Fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a Gentleman, but two Pence left of my two Shillings in the Morning for Wine and Raddiſh: let's find him ſome Pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes. I'll pawn this Jewel in my Ear, and you may pawn your Silk-ſtockings, and pull up your Boots, they will ne're be miſt: It muſt be done now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no remedy: I'll ſtep aſide and pull 'em off.

Mat. Do you hear, Sir? we have no ſtore of Money at this time, but you ſhall have good Pawns: look you, Sir, this Jewel, and that Gentlemans Silk-ſtockings, becauſe we would have it diſpatch't e're we went to our Chambers.

Brai. I am content, Sir; I will get you the Warrant preſently, what's his Name, ſay you? *Down right?*

Mat. I, I, *George Down right.*

Brai. What manner of Man is he?

Mat.

Mat. A tall big Man, Sir; he goes in a Cloke moſt commonly, of Silk-Ruſſet, laid about with Ruſſet Lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, Sir.

Mat. Here, Sir, here's my Jewel.

Bob. And here are Stockins.

Brai. Well, Gentlemen, I'll procure you this Warrant preſently; but who will you have to ſerve it?

Mat. That's true, Captain, that muſt be conſider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis Service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were beſt get one o' the Varlets o' the City, a Serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you pleaſe.

Mat. Will you, Sir? Why, we can wiſh no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, Sir.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this Cloke of the Juſtice's Mans at the Brokers, for a Varlets Sute, and be the Varlet my ſelf; and get either more Pawns, or more Money of *Down-right*, for the Arreſt.

Act IV. Scene X.

Kno'well, Tib, Caſh, Dame Kitely, Kitely, Cob.

OH, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho? who is within here?

Tib. I am within, Sir; what's your pleaſure?

Know. To know who is within beſides your ſelf.

Tib. Why, Sir, you are no Conſtable, I hope?

Kno. O! fear you the Conſtable? then I doubt not,
You have ſome Gueſts within deſerve that fear;
I'll fetch him ſtraight. *Tib.* O' Gods Name, Sir.

Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, Is not young *Kno'well* here?

Tib. Young *Kno'well*? I know none ſuch, Sir, o' mine Honeſty.

Kno. Your Honeſty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you.
There is no way but fetch the Conſtable.

Tib. The Conſtable! The Man is mad, I think.

Caſh. Ho, who keeps Houſe here?

Kno. O, this is the Female Copeſmate of my Son.
Now ſhall I meet him ſtraight. *Dame.* Knock, *Thomas*, hard.

Caſh. Ho, good Wife? *Tib.* Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why Woman, grieves it you to ope your Door? Belike you get ſomething to keep it ſhut.

Tib. What mean theſe Queſtions, 'pray ye?

Dame. So ſtrange you make it? Is not my Husband here?

Kno. Her Husband!

Dame. My tried Husband, Maſter *Kitely*.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. No, Dame, he do's it not for need, but pleaſure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleaſure is he here.

Kno. This is but a Device to baulk me withal.
Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my Son diſguis'd?

Dame. O, Sir, have I foreſtall'd your honeſt Market,
Found your cloſe Walks? You ſtand amaz'd now, do you?
[*She ſpies her Husband come, and runs to him.*
I' faith (I am glad) I have ſmoakt you at laſt.
What is your Jewel, trow? In, come, let's ſee her;
(Fetch forth your Houſwife, Dame) if ſhe be fairer,
In any honeſt Judgment, than my ſelf,
I'll be content with it: But, ſhe is Change,
She feeds you fat, ſhe ſooths your Appetite,
And you are well! Your Wife, an honeſt Woman,
Is Meat twice ſod to you, Sir! O, you Treacher!

Kno. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kite. Out on thy more than Strumpet Impudence!
Steal'ſt thou thus to thy Haunts? and have I taken
Thy Bawd, and thee, and thy Companion,
This hoary-headed Letcher, this old Goat,
[*Pointing to Old* Kno'well.
Cloſe at your Villany, and would'ſt thou 'ſcuſe it
With this ſtale Harlot's Jeſt, accuſing me?
O, old Incontinent, doſt not thou ſhame, [*To him.*
When all thy Powers in Chaſtity is ſpent,
To have a Mind ſo hot, and to entice,
And feed th' Enticements of a luſtful Woman?

Dame. Out, I defie thee, I, diſſembling Wretch.

Kite. Defie me, Strumpet? Ask thy Pandar here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked Elder? [*By* Thomas.

Kno. Why, hear you, Sir. *Kit.* Tut, tut, tut; never ſpeak.
Thy guilty Conſcience will diſcover thee.

Kno. What Lunacy is this, that haunts this Man?

Kite. Well, Goodwife Ba'd, *Cob*'s Wife, and you,
That make your Husband ſuch a Hoddy doddy;
And you, young Apple ſquire, and old Cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before a Juſtice:
Nay, you ſhall anſwer it, I charge you go.

Kno. Marry, with all my Heart, Sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taſte this as a Trick put on me,
To puniſh my impertinent Search, and juſtly,
And half forgive my Son for the Device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go? to thy ſhame, believe it.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here? what's here to do?

Kite. O, *Cob*, art thou come? I have been abus'd,
And i' thy Houſe: Never was Man ſo wrong'd!

Cob. 'Slid, in my Houſe? my Maſter *Kitely*? Who wrongs you in my Houſe?

Kite. Marry, young Luſt in old, and old in young here:
Thy Wife's their Bawd, here have I taken 'em.

Cob. How? Bawd? Is my Houſe come to that? Am I preferr'd thither? Did I charge you to keep your Doors ſhut, *Isbel*? and do you let 'em lie open for all Comers? [*He falls upon his Wife, and beats her.*

Kno. Friend, know ſome Cauſe, before thou beat'ſt thy Wife,
This's Madneſs in thee? *Cob.* Why? is there no Cauſe?

Kite. Yes, I'll ſhew cauſe before the Juſtice, *Cob*:
Come, let her go with me. *Cob.* Nay, ſhe ſhall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll ſee an' you may be allow'd to make a Bundle o' Hemp o' your right and lawful Wife thus, at every Cuckoldly Knaves pleaſure. Why do you not go?

Kite. A bitter Quean! Come, we'll ha' you tam'd.

Act IV. Scene XI.

Brainworm, Matthew, Bobadil, Stephen, Down-right.

WEll, of all my Diſguiſes yet, now am I moſt like my ſelf, being in this Serjeants Gown. A Man of my preſent Profeſſion never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a Debtor, and ſays, he reſts him; for then he brings him to all manner of unreſt. A kind of little Kings we are, bearing the Diminutive of a Mace, made like a young Artichock, that always carries Pepper and Salt in it ſelf. Well, I know not what Danger I undergo by this Exploit; pray Heaven I come well off.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the Varlet, by his Gown.

Bob. Let's go in queſt of him.

Mat. 'Save you, Friend; are not you here by appointment of Juſtice *Clement*'s Man?

Brai. Yes, an't pleaſe you, Sir; he told me, two Gentlemen had will'd him to procure a Warrant from his Maſter (which I have about me) to be ſerv'd on one *Down-right*.

Mat. It is honeſtly done of you both; and ſee where the Party comes you muſt arreſt; ſerve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, Maſter *Matthew*.

Brai. Maſter *Down-right*, I arreſt you i' the Queens Name, and muſt carry you afore a Juſtice, by vertue of this Warrant.

Step. Me, Friend? I am no *Down-right*, I: I am Maſter *Stephen*; You do not well to arreſt me, I tell you truly;

truly: I am in no bodies Bonds nor Books, I would you ſhould know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time.

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, Gentlemen.

Bob. He wears ſuch a Cloke, and that deceived us: But ſee, here a comes indeed; this is he, Officer.

Down. Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd Filcher of late? Come, deliver my Cloke.

Step. Your Cloke, Sir? I bought it even now, in open Market.

Brai. Maſter *Down right*, I have a Warrant I muſt ſerve upon you, procur'd by theſe two Gentlemen.

Down. Theſe Gentlemen? theſe Raſcals!

Brai. Keep the Peace, I charge you in her Majeſty's Name.

Down. I obey thee. What muſt I do, Officer?

Brai. Go before Maſter Juſtice *Clement*, to anſwer what they can object againſt you, Sir: I will uſe you kindly, Sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Juſtice, Captain——

Bob. The Varlet's a tall Man, afore Heaven!

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my Cloke?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will? *Step.* I, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy Fee, arreſt him.

Brai. Maſter *Stephen*, I muſt arreſt you.

Step. Arreſt me! I ſcorn it. There, take your Cloke, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn now, Sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Juſtices; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your Cloke? what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you anſwer it, Sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your Word, and this Gentleman's too, for his Appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no Words taken: Bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may chuſe to do that, I may take Bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take Bail, and chuſe, at another time: but you ſhall not now, Varlet: Bring him along, or I'll ſwinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the Gentleman's Caſe. Here's your Money again.

Down. 'Sdeyns, tell not me of my Money; bring him away, I ſay.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himſelf, Sir.

Down. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair Maſh on't.

Step. Muſt I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Maſter *Stephen*.

Down. Come along, afore me here; I do not love your hanging Look behind.

Step. Why, Sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, Fellow?

Brai. I think not, Sir: It is but a whipping matter, ſure.

Step. Why then let him do his worſt, I am reſolute.

Act V. Scene I.

Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Caſh, Cob, Servants.

NAy, but ſtay, ſtay, give me leave: My Chair, Sirrah. You, Maſter *Kno'well*, ſay you went thither to meet your Son?

Kno. I, Sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own Man, Sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your Clark, and appointed him to ſtay here for me.

Clem. My Clark? About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my Man with the falſe Meſſage to you, Maſter *Kitely*?

Kite. After two, Sir.

Clem. Very good: But, Miſtris *Kitely*, how chance that you were at *Cobs*? ha?

Dame. An' pleaſe you, Sir, I'll tell you: My Brother *Well bred* told me, that *Cob*'s Houſe was a ſuſpected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my Husband us'd thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, ſo he us'd himſelf well, Miſtris.

Dame. True, Sir; but you know what grows by ſuch Haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I ſee rank Fruits of a jealous Brain, Miſtris *Kitely*: But did you find your Husband there, in that Caſe as you ſuſpected?

Kite. I found her there, Sir.

Clem. Did you ſo? That alters the Caſe. Who gave you knowledge of your Wifes being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my Brother *Well-bred*.

Clem. How? *Well-bred* firſt tell her? then tell you after? Where is *Well bred*?

Kite. Gone with my Siſter, Sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a meer Trick, a Device; you are gull'd in this moſt groſly all. Alas, poor Wench, wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, moſt pitifully, and't pleaſe you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it ſhall prove ſo.

Clem. I, that's like, and a piece of a Sentence. How now, Sir? what's the matter?

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman i' the Court without, deſires to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Clem. A Gentleman? what's he?

Ser. A Soldier, Sir, he ſays.

Clem. A Soldier? Take down my Armor, my Sword, quickly. A Soldier ſpeak with me! Why, when, Knaves? Come on, [*He arms himſelf.* come on, hold my Cap there, ſo; give me my Gorget, my Sword: Stand by, I will end your Matters anon——Let the Soldier enter. Now, Sir, what ha' you to ſay to me?

Act V. Scene II.

Bobadill, Matthew. [*To them.*

BY your Worſhips favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, Sir; I know not your Pretence. You ſend me word, Sir, you are a Soldier: Why, Sir, you ſhall be anſwer'd here, here be them have been amongſt Soldiers. Sir, your Pleaſure.

Bob. Faith, Sir, ſo it is, this Gentleman and my ſelf have been moſt uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one *Down-right*, a courſe Fellow, about the Town here; and for my own part, I proteſt, being a Man in no ſort given to this filthy Humour of Quarrelling, he hath aſſaulted me in the way of my Peace, deſpoil'd me of mine Honor, diſarm'd me of my Weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open Streets, when I not ſo much as once offer'd to reſiſt him.

Clem. O, God's precious! Is this the Soldier? Here, take my Armour off quickly, 'twill make him ſwoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a Blow.

Mat. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, he was bound to the Peace.

Clem. Why, and he were, Sir, his Hands were not bound, were they?

Ser. There's one of the Varlets of the City, Sir, has brought two Gentlemen here; one, upon your Worſhips Warrant.

Clem. My Warrant?

Ser. Yes, Sir; the Officer ſays, procur'd by theſe two.

Clem. Bid

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this Picture. What, Mr. *Down-right!* are you brought at Mr. *Freſh-water's* Suit here?

Act V. Scene III.

Down-right, Stephen, Brain-worm. [*To them.*

I' Faith, Sir. And here's another brought at my Suit.

Clem. What are you, Sir?

Step. A Gentleman, Sir. O, Uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who? Maſter *Kno'well?*

Kno. I, Sir; this is a wiſe Kinſman of mine.

Step. God's my Witneſs, Uncle, I am wrong'd here monſtrouſly; he charges me with ſtealing of his Cloke, and would I might never ſtir, if I did not find it in the Street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now? You ſaid you bought it e're while.

Step. And you ſaid, I ſtole it: Nay, now my Uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breath a while: You that have cauſe to complain there, ſtand forth: Had you my Warrant for this Gentleman's Apprehenſion?

Bob. I, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Clem. Nay, do not ſpeak in paſſion ſo: Where had you it?

Bob. Of your Clerk, Sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my Clerk can make Warrants, and my Hand not at 'em! Where is the Warrant? Officer, have you it?

Brai. No, Sir, your Worſhips Man, Maſter *Formal*, bid me do it for theſe Gentlemen, and he would be my Diſcharge.

Clem. Why, Maſter *Down-right*, are you ſuch a Novice to be ſerv'd and never ſee the Warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not ſerve it on me.

Clem. No? How then?

Down. Marry, Sir, he came to me, and ſaid he muſt ſerve it, and he would uſe me kindly, and ſo——

Clem. O, God's pitty, was it ſo, Sir? he muſt ſerve it? give me my long Sword there, and help me off. So, come on, Sir Varlet, I muſt cut off your Legs, Sirrah: nay, ſtand up, I'll uſe you kindly; I muſt cut off your Legs I ſay. [*He flouriſhes over him with his long Sword.*

Brai. O, good Sir, I beſeech you; nay, good Maſter Juſtice.

Clem. I muſt do it, there is no remedy, I muſt cut off your Legs, Sirrah, I muſt cut off your Ears, you Raſcal, I muſt do it; I muſt cut off your Noſe, I muſt cut off your Head.

Brai. O, good your Worſhip.

Clem. Well, riſe, how doeſt thou do now? doeſt thou feel thy ſelf well? haſt thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good Worſhip, Sir.

Clem. Why, ſo? I ſaid I muſt cut of thy Legs, and I muſt cut off thy Arms, and I muſt cut off thy Head; but, I did not do it: ſo you ſaid you muſt ſerve this Gentleman with my Warrant, but you did not ſerve him. You Knave, you Slave, you Rogue, do you ſay you muſt? Sirrah, away with him, to the Goal, I'll teach you a Trick, for your *muſt*, Sir.

Brai. Good, Sir, I beſeech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he ſhall to the Goal, away with him, I ſay.

Brai. Nay, Sir, if you will commit me, it ſhall be for committing more than this: I will not loſe by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain.

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My Man *Brain-worm.*

Step. O yes, Uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my Couſin *Edward* and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was ſome device.

Brai. Nay, excellent Juſtice, ſince I have laid my ſelf thus open to you; now, ſtand ſtrong for me: both with your Sword and your Ballance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry Knave! Give me a Bowle of Sack: If he belong to you, Maſter *Kno'well*, I beſpeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have moſt need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the reſt of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your Pardon, though I ſuſpect you ſhrewdly for being of councel with my Son againſt me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, Sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for your ſelf: firſt as *Brain-worm*; after, as *Fitz-Sword*. I was your reform'd Soldier, Sir. 'Twas I ſent you to *Cob's* upon the Errand without end.

Kno. Is it poſſible! or that thou ſhould'ſt diſguiſe thy Language ſo as I ſhould not know thee?

Brai. O, Sir, this has been the day of my *metamorphoſis!* It is not that ſhape alone that I have run through to day. I brought this Gentleman, Mr. *Kitely*, a meſſage too, in the form of Mr. Juſtices Man here, to draw him out o'the way, as well as your Worſhip, while Maſter *Well-bred* might make a conveiance of Miſtris *Bridget* to my young Maſter.

Kate. How! my Siſter ſtol'n away?

Kno. My Son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, Sir, they are both as ſure as Love, a Prieſt, and three thouſand Pound (which is her Portion) can make 'em; and by this time are ready to beſpeak their Wedding Supper at the *Wind-mill*, except ſome Friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry, that will I (I thank thee for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my Warrant. Neithers Friends have cauſe to be ſorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what haſt thou done with my Man *Formall?*

Brai. Faith, Sir, after ſome ceremony paſt, as making him drunk, firſt with Story, and then with Wine (but all in kindneſs) and ſtripping him to his Shirt: I left him in that cool vain departed, ſold your Worſhips Warrant to theſe two, pawn'd his Livery for that Varlets Gown to ſerve it in; and thus have brought my ſelf by my activity to your Worſhip's conſideration.

Clem. And I will conſider thee in another Cup of Sack. Here's to thee; which having drunk off, this is my ſentence. Pledge me. Thou haſt done, or aſſiſted to nothing, in my judgment, but deſerves to be pardon'd for the wit o'the offence. If thy Maſter, or any Man here be angry with thee, I ſhall ſuſpect his Engine while I know him for't. How now, what noiſe is that?

Serv. Sir, it is *Roger* is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunk in Arms againſt me? Your reaſon, your reaſon for this.

Act V. Scene IV.

Formall. [*To them.*

I Beſeech your Worſhip to pardon me; I happen'd into ill company by chance that caſt me into a ſleep, and ſtript me of all my Clothes——

Clem. Well, tell him I am Juſtice *Clement*, and do pardon him: but what is this to your Armour? what may that ſignifie?

Form. An't pleaſe you, Sir, it hung up i' the Room, where I was ſtript; and I borrow'd it of one o'the Drawers to come home in, becauſe I was loth do do Penance through the Street i'my Shirt.

Clem. Well,

Clem. Well, ſtand by a while. Who be theſe? O, the young company, welcome, welcome. Gi' you joy. Nay Miſtris *Bridget*, bluſh not; you are not ſo freſh a Bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Maſter Bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, give me your hand: ſo will I for all the reſt, e'er you forſake my Roof.

Act V. Scene V.

Ed. Kno'well, Well bred, Bridget. [*To them.*

WE are the more bound to your humanity, Sir.

Clem. Only theſe two have ſo little of Man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, Sir, let me pray you for this Gentleman, he belongs to my Siſter the Bride.

Clem. In what place, Sir?

Wel. Of her delight, Sir, below the ſtairs, and in publick: her *Poet*, Sir.

Clem. A *Poet*? I will challenge him my ſelf preſently at *ex tempore*.

Mount up thy Phlegon Muſe, and teſtifie,
How Saturn *ſitting in an Ebon Cloud,*
Diſrob'd his Podex white as Ivory,
And through the Welkin thundred all aloud.

Wel. He is not for *ex tempore*, Sir. He is all for the pocked *Muſe*: pleaſe you command a ſight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, ſearch him for a taſte of his Vein.

Well. You muſt not deny the Queens Juſtice, Sir, under a Writ o' Rebellion.

Clem. What! all this Verſe? Body o'me, he carries a whole Realm, a Common-wealth of Paper in's Hoſe! let's ſee ſome of his ſubjects.

Unto the boundleſs Ocean of thy Face,
Runs this poor River charg'd with ſtreams of Eyes.

How? this is ſtoln!

E. Kn. A *Parodie!* a *Parodie!* with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it abſurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the reſt of this batch? Bring me a Torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanſe the Air. Here was enough to have infected the whole City, if it had not been taken in time! See, ſee, how our *Poets* glory ſhines! brighter and brighter! ſtill it increaſes! O, now it's at the higheſt: and now it declines as faſt. You may ſee, *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*

Kno. There's an *Emblem* for you Son, and your Studies!

Clem. Nay, no ſpeech or act of mine be drawn againſt ſuch as profeſs it worthily. They are not born every Year, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, than a Sheriff. Mr. *Kitely*. You look upon me! though, I live i' the City here, amongſt you, I will do more Reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the Mayor out of his Year. But theſe Paper-pedlers! theſe Ink-dablers! They cannot expect reprehenſion or reproach. They have it with the fact.

E. Kn. Sir, you have ſav'd me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It ſhall be diſcourſe for Supper; between your Father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to diſpatch away theſe, you ſign o' the *Soldier*, and Picture o' the *Poet* (but both ſo falſe, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my Door till midnight) while we are at Supper, you two ſhall penitently faſt it out in my Court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be ſo merry within as to forgive or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, becauſe we tender your ſafety, ſhall watch you, he is provided for the purpoſe. Look to your Charge, Sir.

Step. And what ſhall I do?

Clem. O! I had loſt a Sheep an' he had not bleated! Why, Sir, you ſhall give Mr. *Down-right* his Cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A Trencher and a Napkin you ſhall have i' the Buttry, and keep *Cob* and his Wife company here; whom I will intreat firſt to be reconcil'd: and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em ſo.

Step. I'll do my beſt.

Cob. Why, now I ſee thou art honeſt, *Tib*, I receive thee as my dear and mortal Wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient Husband.

Clem. Good complement! It will be their Bridal Night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the reſt to put off all diſcontent. You, Mr. *Down-right*, your Anger; you, Maſter *Kno'well*, your Cares; Maſter *Kitely* and his Wife, their Jealouſie.

For, I muſt tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the Mind are worſe than o' the Head.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me; kiſs me, ſweet heart.

See what a drove of Horns flie in the Air,
Wing'd with my cleanſed and my credulous breath!
Watch 'em ſuſpicious Eyes, watch where they fall.
See, ſee! on Heads, that think th'have none at all!
O, what a plenteous World of this will come!
When Air rains Horns, all may be ſure of ſome.

I ha' learn'd ſo much Verſe out of a jealous Man's part in a Play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This Night we'll dedicate to Friendſhip, Love, and Laughter. Maſter Bridegroom, take your Bride and lead: every one a fellow. Here is my Miſtris. *Brain-worm!* to whom all my Addreſſes of Courtſhip ſhall have their reference. Whoſe Adventures this Day, when our Grand-Children ſhall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it ſhall find both Spectators and Applauſe.

THE END.

EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HUMOUR.
A Comical Satyr.

First Acted in the Year 1599. By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN his Servants: with the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

*Non aliena meo preſſi pede | * ſi propius ſtes.*
*Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.* Hor.

TO THE

Nobleſt NURSERIES of Humanity and Liberty in the Kingdom,

The Inns of Court.

I Underſtand you, Gentlemen, not your Houſes: and a Worthy Succeſſion of you to all Time, as being born the Judges of theſe Studies. When I wrote this Poem *I had Friendſhip with divers in your Societies; who, as they were great Names in Learning, ſo they were no leſs Examples of Living. Of them, and then (that I ſay no more) it was not deſpis'd. Now that the Printer, by a doubled Charge, thinks it worthy a longer life than commonly the Air of ſuch things doth promiſe; I am careful to put it a ſervant to their Pleaſures, who are the Inheriters of the firſt Favour born it. Yet, I command, it lie not in the way of your more Noble and Uſeful Studies to the publick. For ſo I ſhall ſuffer for it: But when the Gown and Cap is off, and the Lord of Liberty Reigns, then to take it in your Hands, perhaps may make ſome Bencher, tincted with humanity, read and not repent him.*

By your true Honourer,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The Names of the Actors.

ASPER, the Presenter.

MACILENTE. His Lady.

PUNTARVOLO. { Waiting Gent. / Huntsman. / Serving Men 2. / Dog and Cat.

CARLO BUFFONE.

FASTID. BRISK. *Cinedo* his Page.

DELIRO. { *Fido* their Servant. / Musicians.

FALLACE. { Musicians.

SAVIOLINA.

SORDIDO. His Hind.

FUNGOSO. { Taylor. / Haberdasher. / Shoe-maker.

SOGLIARDO.

SHIFT. *Rustici.*

CLOVE. { A Groom. / Drawers. / Constable, *and* Officers.

ORANGE.

GREX.

CORDATUS. MITIS.

The Principal Comedians were

RIC. BURBADGE. | WILL. SLY. | HEN. CONDEL.
AUG. PHILIPS. | JOH. HEMINGS. | THO. POPE.

ASPER his Character.

HE *is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear, controling the Worlds abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a Parasite, either to Time, Place, or Opinion.*

MACILENTE. *A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholar, and travail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an envious Apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazled and distated, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.*

PUNTARVOLO. *A vain-glorious Knight, over-Englishing his Travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very* Jacob's *Staff of Complement: a Sir that hath liv'd to see the revolution of Time in most of his Apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpable affected to his own praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself, to the floutage of his own Family. He deals upon returns, and strange performances, resolving (in despight of publick derision) to stick to his own particular Fashion, Phrase, and Gesture.*

CARLO BUFFONE. *A publick, scurrilous, and prophane Jester; that (more swift than* Circe*) with absurd similes will transform any Person into deformity. A good Feast-hound, or Banket-beagle, that will sent you out a Supper some three Miles off, and swear to his Patrons* (Damn him) *he came in Oars, when he was but wafted over in a Skuller. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his Pallat, and will swill up more Sack at a sitting than would make all the Guard a Posset. His Religion is railing, and his Discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.*

FASTIDIUS BRISK. *A neat, spruce affecting Courtier, one that wears Clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his Glass how to salute; speaks good remnants (notwithstanding the Base-viol and Tobacco:) swears tersly, and with variety; cares not what Ladies favour he belyes, or great Mans familiarity: a good property, to perfume the Boot of a Coach. He will borrow another Man's Horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his Merchant, only with the gingle of his Spur, and the jerk of his Wand.*

DELIRO. *A good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the Common Councel for his Wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his own Wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humour lives more like a Suter than a Husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made Love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in Juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villanous-out-of-tune Musick, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.*

FALLACE. Deliro's *Wife, and Idol: a proud mincing Peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the Courtier, as her Husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishoneſt.*

SAVIOLINA. *A Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'd by her self, and one more, her servant* Brisk.

SORDIDO. *A wretched hob-nail'd Chuff, whose recreation is reading of Almanacks; and felicity, foul Weather. One that never pray'd, but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat Harvest.*

FUNGOSO. *The Son of* Sordido, *and a Student: one that has revell'd in his time, and follows the Fashion a far off, like a Spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours, to wring sufficient means from his wretched Father to put him in the Courtiers Cut: at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a Sute.*

SOGLIARDO. *An essential Clown, Brother to* Sordido, *yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every Term to learn to take Tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his Kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laught at.*

SHIFT. *A thread-bare Shark: one that never was Soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his bank* Pauls, *and his ware-house* Pict-hatch. *Takes up single Testons upon Oaths, till Dooms-day. Falls under Executions of three Shillings, and enters into five-groat Bonds. He way-lays the reports of services, and cons them without Book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the Diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawn'd in his Chamber for Rent and Victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon Cheats, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises are, taking the Whiff, squiring a Cockatrice, and making privy searches for Imparters.*

CLOVE and ORANGE. *An inseparable case of Coxcombs, City born; The* Gemini, *or Twins of foppery: that like a pair of woodden Foyles, are fit for nothing but to be practis'd upon. Being well flatter'd they'll lend Mony, and repent when they ha' done. Their glory is to invite Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better rank (to avoid the suspect of insufficiency) will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing.* Orange *is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of juice being squeez'd out)* Clove *serves to stick him with commendations.*

CORDATUS. *The Author's Friend: an Man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his Plot: of a discreet and understanding judgment; and has the place of a Moderator.*

MITIS. *Is a Person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no Character.*

EVERY

EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HUMOUR.

After the ſecond Sounding.

GREX.

Cordatus, Aſper, Mitis.

NAy, my dear *Aſper.*
Mit. Stay your Mind.
Aſp. Away.
Who is ſo patient of this impious World,
That he can check his Spirit, or rein his Tongue?
Or who hath ſuch a dead unfeeling Senſe,
That Heavens horrid Thunders cannot wake?
To ſee the Earth crackt with the weight of Sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o're our Heads
Black rav'nous Ruin, with her Sail-ſtretcht Wings,
Ready to ſink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold ſuch Prodigies as theſe,
And have his Lips ſeal'd up? Not I: My Soul
Was never ground into ſuch Oily Colours,
To flatter Vice, and dawb Iniquity:
But (with an armed and reſolved Hand)
I'll ſtrip the ragged Follies of the Time
Naked as at their Birth: (*Cor.* Be not too bold.
Aſp. You trouble me) and with a Whip of Steel
Print wounding Laſhes in their Iron Ribs.
I fear no Mood ſtampt in a private Brow,
When I am pleas'd t' unmask a publick Vice.
I fear no Strumpets Drugs, nor Ruffians Stab,
Should I detect their hateful Luxuries:
No Brokers, Uſurers, or Lawyers Gripe,
Were I diſpos'd to ſay, They're all corrupt.
I fear no Courtiers Frown, ſhould I applaud
The eaſie Flexure of his ſupple Hams.
Tut, theſe are ſo innate and popular,
That drunken Cuſtom would not ſhame to laugh
(In ſcorn) at him, that ſhould not dare to tax 'em.
And yet, not one of theſe but knows his Works,
Knows what Damnation is, the Devil, and Hell;
Yet hourly they perſiſt, grow rank in Sin,
Puffing their Souls away in perj'rous Air,
To cheriſh their Extortion, Pride, or Luſts.
Mit. Forbear, good *Aſper*; be not like your Name.
Aſp. O, but to ſuch whoſe Faces are all Zeal,
And (with the Words of *Hercules*) invade
Such Crimes as theſe! that will not ſmell of Sin,
But ſeem as they were made of Sanctity!
Religion in their Garments, and their Hair
Cut ſhorter than their Eye-brows! when the Conſcience
Is vaſter than the Ocean, and devours
More Wretches than the Counters. *Mit.* Gentle *Aſper*,
Contain your Spirit in more ſtricter Bounds,
And be not thus tranſported with the Violence
Of your ſtrong Thoughts. *Cor.* Unleſs your Breath had power
To melt the World, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to ſpend it in theſe Moods.
Aſp. I not obſerv'd this thronged Round till now.
Gracious and kind Spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the *Muſes* feaſt your Eyes
With graceful Objects, and may our *Minerva*
Anſwer your Hopes, unto their largeſt Strain.
Yet here miſtake me not, Judicious Friends:
I do not this, to beg your Patience,
Or ſervilely to fawn on your Applauſe,
Like ſome dry Brain, deſpairing in his Merit.
Let me be cenſur'd by th' auſtereſt Brow,
Where I want Art or Judgment, tax me freely:
Let envious Cenſors, with their broadeſt Eyes,
Look through and through me, I purſue no Favour;
Only vouchſafe me your Attentions,
And I will give you Muſick worth your Ears.
O, how I hate the monſtrouſneſs of Time,
Where every ſervile imitating Spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching Leproſie of Wit)
In a meer halting Fury, ſtrives to fling
His Ulc'rous Body in the *Theſpian* Spring,
And ſtreight leaps forth a Poet! but as lame
As *Vulcan*, or the Founder of *Cripplegate*.
Mit. In faith this Humour will come ill to ſome,
You will be thought to be too peremptory.
Aſp. This Humour? good! And why this Humour, *Mitis*?
Nay, do not turn, but anſwer. *Mit.* Anſwer? what?
Aſp. I will not ſtir your Patience, pardon me,
I urg'd it for ſome Reaſons, and the rather
To give theſe ignorant well-ſpoken Days
Some Taſte of their Abuſe of this word Humour.
Cor. O, do not let your Purpoſe fall, good *Aſper*;
It cannot but arrive moſt acceptable,
Chiefly to ſuch as have the happineſs
Daily to ſee how the poor innocent Word
Is rackt and tortur'd. *Mit.* I, I pray you proceed.
Aſp. Ha? what? what is't? *Cor.* For the abuſe of Humour.
Aſp. O, I crave pardon, I had loſt my Thoughts.
Why, Humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it,
To be a Quality of Air, or Water,
And in it ſelf holds theſe two Properties,
Moiſture and Fluxure: As, for demonſtration,
Pour Water on this Floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewiſe the Air (forc'd through a Horn or Trumpet)
Flows inſtantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of Dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatſoe're hath Fluxure and Humidity,
As wanting power to contain it ſelf,
Is Humour. So in every Humane Body,
The Choler, Melancholy, Phlegm, and Blood,
By reaſon that they flow continually
In ſome one Part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of Humours. Now thus far
It may, by Mataphor, apply it ſelf
Unto the general Diſpoſition:
As when ſome one peculiar Quality
Doth ſo poſſeſs a Man, that it doth draw

All his Affects, his Spirits, and his Powers,
In their Conſtructions, all to run one way,
This may be truly ſaid to be a Humour.
But that a Rook by wearing a py'd Feather,
The Cable Hatband, or the three-pil'd Ruff,
A Yard of Shoe-tye, or the *Switzer*'s Knot
On his *French* Garters, ſhould affect a Humour!
O, it is more than moſt ridiculous.

Cor. He ſpeaks pure Truth now; if an Idiot
Have but an apiſh or fantaſtick Strain,
It is his Humour. *Aſp.* Well, I will ſcourge thoſe Apes,
And to theſe courteous Eyes oppoſe a Mirrour,
As large as is the Stage whereon we act;
Where they ſhall ſee the Times Deformity
Anatomiz'd in every Nerve and Sinew,
With conſtant Courage, and contempt of Fear.

Mit. Aſper, (I urge it as your Friend) take heed,
The Days are dangerous, full of exception,
And Men are grown impatient of Reproof. *Aſp.* Ha, ha!
You might as well have told me, Yond' is Heaven,
This Earth, theſe Men, and all had mov'd alike.
Do not I know the Times Condition?
Yes, *Mitis*, and their Souls, and who they be
That either will or can except 'gainſt me.
None but a ſort of Fools, ſo ſick in taſte,
That they contemn all Phyſick of the Mind,
And, like glad Camels, kick at every touch.
Good Men, and vertuous Spirits, that loath their Vices,
Will cheriſh my free Labours, love my Lines,
And with the fervor of their ſhining Grace
Make my Brain fruitful, to bring forth more Objects
Worthy their ſerious and intentive Eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? No.
If any here chance to behold himſelf,
Let him not dare to challenge me of Wrong;
For, if he ſhame to have his Follies known,
Firſt he ſhould ſhame to act 'em: My ſtrict Hand
Was made to ſeiſe on Vice, and with a Gripe
Squeeze out the Humour of ſuch Spongy Natures,
As lick up every idle Vanity.

Cor. Why, this is right *Furor Poeticus!*
Kind Gentlemen, we hope your Patience
Will yet conceive the beſt, or entertain
This Suppoſition, That a Mad-man ſpeaks.

Aſp. What, are you ready there? *Mitis*, ſit down,
And my *Cordatus*. Sound ho, and begin.
I leave you two, as Cenſors, to ſit here:
Obſerve what I preſent, and liberally
Speak your Opinions upon every Scene,
As it ſhall paſs the View of theſe Spectators.
Nay, now y'are tedious, Sirs; for ſhame begin.
And, *Mitis*, note me; if in all this Front
You can eſpy a Gallant of this Mark,
Who (to be thought one of the Judicious)
Sits with his Arms thus wreath'd, his Hat pull'd here,
Cries Mew, and nods, then ſhakes his empty Head,
Will ſhew more ſeveral Motions in his Face
Than the new *London*, *Rome*, or *Niniveh*,
And (now and then) breaks a dry Biſquet-Jeſt,
Which, that it may more eaſily be chew'd,
He ſteeps in his own Laughter. *Cor.* Why, will that
Make it be ſooner ſwallow'd? *Aſp.* O, aſſure you.
Or if it did not, yet, as *Horace* ſings,
"*Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit*,
"Mean Cates are welcom ſtill to hungry Gueſts.

Cor. 'Tis true; but why ſhould we obſerve 'em, *Aſper*?

Aſp. O, I would know 'em; for in ſuch Aſſemblies
Th' are more infectious than the Peſtilence:
And therefore I would give them Pills to purge,
And make 'em fit for fair Societies.
How monſtrous and deteſted is't, to ſee
A Fellow, that has neither Art nor Brain,
Sit like an *Ariſtarchus*, or ſtark Aſs,
Taking Mens Lines, with a Tabacco-face,
In ſnuff, ſtill ſpitting, uſing his wry'd Looks
(In nature of a Vice) to wreſt and turn
The good Aſpect of thoſe that ſhall ſit near him,
From what they do behold! O, 'tis moſt vile.

Mit. Nay, *Aſper*.

Aſp. Peace, *Mitis*, I do know your Thought.
You'll ſay, Your Gueſts here will except at this:
Piſh, you are too timerous, and full of doubt.
Then he, a Patient, ſhall reject all Phyſick,
'Cauſe the Phyſician tells him, you are ſick:
Or, if I ſay, That he is vicious,
You will not hear of Vertue. Come, y'are fond.
Shall I be ſo extravagant, to think,
That happy Judgments, and compoſed Spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing ſuch as theſe?
I am aſham'd. *Cord.* Nay, but good pardon us;
We muſt not bear this peremptory Sail,
But uſe our beſt Endeavours how to pleaſe.

Aſp. Why, therein I commend your careful Thoughts,
And I will mix with you in Induſtry
To pleaſe: But whom? Attentive Auditors,
Such as will join their Profit with their Pleaſure,
And come to feed their underſtanding Parts:
For theſe I'll prodigally ſpend my ſelf,
And ſpeak away my Spirit into Air;
For theſe I'll melt my Brain into Invention,
Coin new Conceits, and hang my richeſt Words
As polliſht Jewels in their bounteous Ears.
But ſtay, I loſe my ſelf, and wrong their Patience:
If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I ſee.
Friends, ſit you ſtill, and entertain this Troop
With ſome familiar and by-Conference,
I'll haſte them ſound. Now, Gentlemen, I go
To turn an Actor, and a Humoriſt,
Where (e're I do reſume my preſent Perſon)
We hope to make the Circles of your Eyes
Flow with diſtilled Laughter: If we fail,
We muſt impute it to this only Chance,
"*Art* hath an Enemy call'd *Ignorance*. [*Exit* Aſper.

Cord. How do you like his Spirit, *Mitis*?

Mit. I ſhould like it much better, if he were leſs confident.

Cord. Why, do you ſuſpect his Merit?

Mit. No, but I fear this will procure him much Envy.

Cord. O, that ſets the ſtronger Seal on his Deſert; if he had no Enemies, I ſhould eſteem his Fortunes moſt wretched at this inſtant.

Mit. You have ſeen his Play, *Cordatus*: Pray you, how is't?

Cord. Faith Sir, I muſt refrain to judge; only this I can ſay of it, 'Tis ſtrange, and of a particuliar kind by it ſelf, ſomewhat like *Vetus Comœdia*: a Work that hath bounteouſly pleaſed me; how it will anſwer the general expectation, I know not.

Mit. Do's he obſerve all the Laws of *Comedy* in it?

Cord. What Laws mean you?

Mit. Why, the equal Diviſion of it into *Acts* and *Scenes*, according to the *Terentian* manner; his true Number of Actors; the furniſhing of the *Scene* with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compaſs of a Days Buſineſs.

Cord. O no, theſe are too nice Obſervations.

Mit. They are ſuch as muſt be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentick.

Cord. Troth, I can diſcern no ſuch Neceſſity.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I aſſure you, Signior. If thoſe Laws you ſpeak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their preſent Vertue and Perfection, there had been ſome reaſon of obeying their Powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at firſt nothing but a ſimple and continued Song, ſung by one only Perſon, till *Suſario* invented a Second; after him, *Epicharmus* a Third;

Phormus

Phormus and *Chionides* deviſed to have Four Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a Fifth and Sixth; *Eupolis*, more; *Ariſtophanes*, more than they: Every Man in the dignity of his Spirit and Judgment ſupplied ſomething. And (though that in him this kind of *Poem* appeared abſolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the Face of it chang'd ſince, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the reſt? who have utterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the Property of the Perſons, their Names, and Natures, and augmented it with all Liberty, according to the Elegancy and Diſpoſition of thoſe Times wherein they wrote. I ſee not then, but we ſhould enjoy the ſame Licence, or free Power, to illuſtrate and heighten our Invention as they did; and not be tied to thoſe ſtrict and regular Forms which the Niceneſs of a few (who are nothing but Form) would thruſt upon us.

Mit. Well, we will not diſpute of this now: But what's his *Scene*?

Cor. Marry, *Inſula Fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the Fortunate Iſland: Maſs, he has bound himſelf to a ſtrict Law there.

Cor. Why ſo?

Mit. He cannot lightly alter the *Scene*, without croſſing the Seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole Iſland to run through, I think.

Mit. No? How comes it then, that in ſome one Play we ſee ſo many Seas, Countries, and Kingdoms, paſt over with ſuch admirable Dexterity?

Cor. O, that but ſhews how well the Authors can travel in their Vocation, and out-run the Apprehenſion of their Auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: This Protraction is able to ſour the beſt-ſetled Patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They have anſwered your Wiſh, Sir: they ſound.

Cor. O, here comes the *Prologue*. Now, Sir, if you had ſtaid a little longer, I meant to have ſpoke your Prologue for you, i' faith.

The third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Prol. Marry, with all my heart, Sir, you ſhall do it yet, and I thank you.

Cord. Nay, nay, ſtay, ſtay, hear you?

Prol. You could not have ſtudied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the inſtant; for I proteſt to you, I am unperfect, and (had I ſpoke it) I muſt of neceſſity have been out.

Cord. Why, but do you ſpeak this ſeriouſly?

Prol. Seriouſly! I (Wit's my help, do I) and eſteem my ſelf indebted to your Kindneſs for it.

Cord. For what?

Prol. Why, for undertaking the Prologue for me.

Cord. How? did I undertake it for you?

Prol. Did you! I appeal to all theſe Gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, come, it pleaſes you to caſt a ſtrange look on't now; but 'twill not ſerve.

Cord. 'Fore me, but it muſt ſerve; and therefore ſpeak your Prologue.

Prol. And I do, let me die poiſon'd with ſome venemous Hiſs, and never live to look as high as the Two-penny Room again.

Mit. He has put you to it, Sir.

Cor. What a humorous Fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can ſpeak no Prologue, howſoever his weak Wit has had the Fortune to make this ſtrong uſe of me here before you: But I proteſt——

Carlo Buffone. [*He enters with a Boy and Wine.*

Carl. Come, come, leave theſe fuſtian Proteſtations: away, come, I cannot abide theſe gray-headed Ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a Glaſs, quickly, I may bid theſe Gentlemen welcome; give 'em a Health here. I marle whoſe Wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yond' Sackbuts Mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'ld play upon him too.

Cord. Hang him, dull Block.

Carl. O good words, good words; a well-timber'd Fellow, he would ha' made a good Column, an' he had been thought on, when the Houſe was a building. O, art thou come? Well ſaid; give me, Boy, fill, ſo. Here's a Cup of Wine ſparkles like a Diamond. Gentlewomen (I am ſworn to put them in firſt) and Gentlemen, a Round, in place of a bad Prologue; I drink this good Draught to your Health here, *Canary*, the very *Elixir* and Spirit of Wine. This is that our Poet calls *Caſtalian Liquor*, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a Fortnight, and makes a good Meal among Players, where he has *Caninum appetitum*; Marry, at home he keeps a good Philoſophical Diet, Beans and Butter milk; an honeſt pure Rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of theſe, one after another, and look villanouſly when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do's not hear me, I hope) and then (when his Belly is well ballac't, and his Brain rigg'd a little) he ſails away with all, as though he would work Wonders when he comes home. He has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Every Man out of his Humour*: But an' he get me out of the Humour he has put me in, I'll truſt none of his Tribe again while I live. Genteels, all I can ſay for him, is, You are welcome: I could wiſh my Bottle here amongſt you; but there's an old Rule, *No pledging your own Health*. Marry, if any here be thirſty for it, their beſt way (that I know) is, ſit ſtill, ſeal up their Lips, and drink ſo much of the Play in at their Ears. [*Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. What may this Fellow be, *Cordatus*?

Cor. Faith, if the Time will ſuffer his Deſcription, I'll give it you. He is one, the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common Jeſter, a violent Railer, and an incomprehenſible Epicure; one whoſe Company is deſir'd of all Men, but belov'd of none; he will ſooner loſe his Soul than a Jeſt, and profane even the moſt Holy things, to excite Laughter: No Honourable or Reverend Perſonage whatſoever, can come within the reach of his Eye, but is turn'd into all manner of Variety, by his adult'rate *Similies*.

Mit. You paint forth a Monſter.

Cor. He will prefer all Countries before his Native, and thinks he can never ſufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliver his affectionate Conceit of Foreign Atheiſtical Policies. But ſtay —— Obſerve theſe; he'll appear himſelf anon.

Mit. O, this is your envious Man (*Macilente*) I think.

Cor. The ſame, Sir.

Act I. Scene I.

Macilente.

Vivi eſt, fortunæ cæcitatem facilè ferre.

'Tis true; but, Stoick, where (in the vaſt World)
Doth that Man breathe, that can ſo much command
His Blood and his Affection? Well, I ſee
I ſtrive in vain to cure my wounded Soul;
For every Cordial that my Thoughts apply
Turns to a Corr'ſive, and doth eat it farther.

There

There is no taſte in this Philoſophy,
'Tis like a Potion that a Man ſhould drink,
But turns his Stomach with the ſight of it.
I am no ſuch pild *Cynique*, to believe
That beggery is the only happineſs;
Or (with a number of theſe patient Fools)
To ſing: *My mind to me a Kingdom is,*
When the lank hungry Belly barks for Food.
I look into the World, and there I meet
With objects, that do ſtrike my blood-ſhot Eyes
Into my Brain: where, when I view my ſelf,
Having before obſerv'd, this Man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd: that lov'd, and highly favour'd:
A third thought wiſe and learned: a fourth rich,
and therefore honour'd: a fifth rarely featur'd:
A ſixth admir'd for his nuptial fortunes:
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelf,
I wiſh the Organs of my ſight were crackt;
And that the Engine of my grief could caſt
Mine Eye-balls, like two Globes of wild-fire, forth,
To melt this unproportion'd frame of Nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that have transfixt my heart,
And often (i' the ſtrength of apprehenſion)
Made my cold paſſion ſtand upon my Face,
Like drops of Dew on a ſtiff cake of Ice.

G R E X.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Invidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
Mit. O peace, you break the *Scene.*
Maci. Soft, who be theſe?
I'll lay me down a while till they be paſt.

G R E X.

Cor. Signior, note this Gallant, I pray you.
Mit. What is he?
Cor. A tame Rook, you'll take him preſently: liſt.

Act I. Scene II.

Sogliardo, Carlo, Buffone, Macilente.

NAY, look you *Carlo:* this is my humour now! I have Land and Mony, my Friends left me well, and I will be a Gentleman whatſoever it coſt me.

Car. A moſt Gentleman-like reſolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your Taylors Needle, I go through, but, for my name, Signior, how think you? will it not ſerve for a Gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? ha?

Car. Let me hear: how is't?

Sog. Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo: methinks it ſounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut, and all fitted to your name, you might very well ſtand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardo's* Gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my Wealth I might be a Juſtice of Peace.

Car. I, and a Conſtable for your Wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordſhip you ſee here, and thoſe Farmes you came by.

Car. Good ſteps to Gentility too, marry: but *Sogliardo*, if you affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you muſt obſerve all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it, Signior, and if you pleaſe to inſtruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll aſſure you.

Car. Enough Sir: I'll make admirable uſe i'the projection of my Medicine upon this lump of Copper here. I'll bethink me for you Sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

G R E X.

Cor. Is not this purely good?

Maci. Why, why ſhould ſuch a prick-ear'd Hine as this,
Be rich? ha? a Fool? ſuch a tranſparent Gull
That may be ſeen through? wherefore ſhould he have Land,
Houſes, and Lordſhips? O, I could eat my Intrails,
And ſink my Soul into the Earth with ſorrow.

Car. Firſt (to be an accompliſht Gentleman, that is, a Gentleman of the time) you muſt give o'er Houſe-keeping in the Country, and live altogether in the City amongſt Gallants; where, at your firſt appearance, 'twere good you turn'd four or five hundred Acres of your beſt Land into two or three Trunks of Apparel (you may do it without going to a Conjurer) and be ſure you mix your ſelf ſtill with ſuch as flouriſh in the ſpring of the Faſhion, and are leaſt popular: ſtudy their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at *Primero* and *Paſſage*, and (ever when you loſe) ha' two or three peculiar Oaths to ſwear by, that no Man elſe ſwears: but above all, proteſt in your play, and affirm *upon your credit*; *As you are a true Gentleman*, (at every caſt) you may do it with a ſafe Conſcience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot chuſe but be a Gentleman that ha's theſe excellent gifts: more, more, I beſeech you.

Car. You muſt endeavour to feed cleanly at your Ordinary, ſit melancholy, and pick your Teeth when you cannot ſpeak: and when you come to Plays, be humorous, look with a good ſtarch't Face, and ruffle your Brow like a new Boot, laugh at nothing but your own Jeſts, or elſe as the Noble Men laugh. That's a ſpecial grace you muſt obſerve.

Sog. I warrant you, Sir.

Car. I, and ſit o'the Stage and flout, provided you have a good Suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a Suit only for that, Sir.

Car. You muſt talk much of your Kindred and Allies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I ſhall not need to do ſo, I have Kindred i' the City to talk of: I have a Niece is a Merchants Wife; and a Nephew, my Brother *Sordido's* Son, of the Inns of Court.

Car. O, but you muſt pretend Alliance with Courtiers and great Perſons: and ever when you are to dine or ſup in any ſtrange preſence, hire a Fellow with a great Chain (though it be Copper, it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from ſuch a Noble Man, or ſuch a Knight, or ſuch a Lady, *To their worſhipful, right rare and nobly qualified Friend or Kinſman, Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*; give your ſelf ſtile enough. And there (while you intend circumſtances of News, or enquiry of their Health, or ſo) one of your familiars (whom you muſt carry about you ſtill) breaks it up (as 'twere in a jeſt) and reads it publickly at the Table: at which you muſt ſeem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your Miſtreſſes Colours, or breath'd upon her Picture; and purſue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a Challenge upon it preſently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of Challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now: I will do this: I will take occaſion of ſending one of my Suits to the Taylors to have the Pocket repaired, or ſo; and there ſuch a Letter as you talk of (broke open and all) ſhall be left: O, the Taylor will preſently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you muſt put on an extreme face of diſcontment at your Man's negligence.

Sog. O, ſo I will, and beat him too: I'll have a Man for the purpoſe.

Maci. You may, you have Land and Crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Maſs, well remembred, you muſt keep your Men gallant at the firſt, fine pyed Liveries laid with good Gold Lace; there's no loſs in it, they may rip't off and pawn it when they lack Victuals.

Sog. By'r Lady, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a Man in debt.

Car. Debt? why, that's the more for your Credit Sir: it's an excellent Policy to owe much in theſe days, if you note it.

Sog. As how, good Signior? I would fain be a Politician.

Car. O! look where you are indebted any great ſum, your Creditor obſerves you with no leſs regard, than if he were bound to you for ſome huge benefit, and will quake to give you the leaſt cauſe of offence, leſt he loſe his Mony. I aſſure you (in theſe times) no Man has his Servant more obſequious and pliant, than Gentlemen their Creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave 'em a New-years gift.

Sog. I perceive you, Sir: I will take up, and bring my ſelf in Credit ſure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with Bankrupts, or poor needy *Ludgathians*: they are impudent Creatures, turbulent ſpirits, they care not what violent Tragedies they ſtir, nor how they play faſt and looſe with a poor Gentlemans fortunes, to get their own. Marry, theſe rich Fellows (that ha' the World, or the better part of it, ſleeping in their counting Houſes) they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modeſty, reſtrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you ſhall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an' you liſt your ſelf.

Sog. No? how ſhould I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em? let them keep themſelves, they are no Sheep, are they? What? you ſhall come in Houſes, where Plate, Apparel, Jewels, and divers other pretty Commodities lie negligently ſcattered, and I would ha' thoſe *Mercuries* follow me (I trow,) ſhould remember they had not their Fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not ſo good methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept 'em a fortnight, or ſo, and ſhew'd 'em enough to the World, you may turn 'em away, and keep no more but a Boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for Boys, I'll keep Men, and I keep any; and I'll give Coats, that's my humour: but I lack a Culliſen.

Car. Why, now you ride to the City you may buy one, I'll bring you where you ſhall ha' your choiſe for Mony.

Sog. Can you, Sir?

Car. O, I: you ſhall have one take meaſure of you, and make you a *Coat of Arms* to fit you, of what faſhion you will.

Sog. By word of Mouth, I thank you, Signior: I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour i'faith, and have a moſt prodigious Coat.

Maci. Torment and death! break Head and Brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting iſſue.
Who can indure to ſee blind *Fortune* dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this duſty Turf?
This Clod? a whorſon puck-fiſt? O God, God, God, God, *&c.*
I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankneſs of her bounties, that doth breed
Such Bull-ruſhes; theſe Muſhromp Gentlemen,
That ſhoot up in a Night to Place, and Worſhip.

Car. Let him alone, ſome ſtray, ſome ſtray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, ſure.

Car. The Lord of the Soil has all weſts and ſtrays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, Sir.

Car. Faith then I pitty the poor Fellow, he's fal'n into a Fools hands.

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a Commiſſion to lye in my Lordſhip?

Maci. Your Lordſhip?

Sog. How? my Lordſhip? do you know me, Sir?

Maci. I do know you, Sir.

Car. He anſwers him like an *Eccho*.

Sog. Why, who am I, Sir?

Maci. One of thoſe that Fortune favours.

Car. The *Periphraſis* of a Fool; I'll obſerve this better.

Sog. That Fortune favours? how mean you that Friend?

Maci. I mean ſimply. That you are one that lives not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? No, Sir, I ſcorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means I tell thee, than to take ſuch baſe courſes, as to live by my wits. What, doſt thou think I live by my wits?

Maci. Methinks, Jeſter, you ſhould not reliſh this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Maci. Though yours be the worſt uſe a Man can put his wit to, of thouſands, to proſtitute it at every Tavern and Ordinary; yet (methinks) you ſhould have turn'd your broad-ſide at this, and have been ready with an *Apologie*, able to ſink this bulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.

Car. Oh! 'tis *Macilente!* Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we muſt not regard what he ſays Man, a Trout, a ſhallow Fool, he has no more Brain than a Butter-fly, a meer Stuft ſuit, he looks like a muſty Bottle new wickard, his Head's the Cork, light, light. I am glad to ſee you ſo well return'd, Signior.

Maci. You are? Gramercy, good *Janus*.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. God's precious, come away Man, what do you mean? an' you knew him as I do, you'l'd ſhun him, as you'l'd do the Plague.

Sog. Why, Sir?

Car. O, he's a black Fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholar, or a Soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mungril, he looks as if he were Chop-fal'n, with barking at other Mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries Oyl and Fire in his Pen, will ſcald where it drops: his ſpirit's like Powder, quick, violent: he'll blow a Man up with a jeſt: I fear him worſe than a rotten Wall do's the Cannon, ſhake an hour after at the report. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's ſake let's be gone, an' he be a Scholar, you know I cannot abide him. I had as lieve ſee a Cockatrice, ſpecially as Cockatrices go now.

Car. What, you'l ſtay, Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo*, and I, are to viſit the Knight *Puntarvolo*, and from thence to the City, we ſhall meet there.

Maci. I, when I cannot ſhun you, we will meet.
'Tis ſtrange! of all the Creatures I have ſeen,
I envy not this *Buffone*, for indeed
Neither his Fortunes nor his Parts deſerve it:
But I do hate him, as I hate the Devil,
Or that Braſs-viſag'd monſter *Barbariſm*.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd Cur,
That bites at all, but eats not thoſe that feed him.
A ſlave, that to your Face will (Serpent like)
Creep on the Ground, as he would eat the Duſt;

And to your Back will turn the Tail, and ſting
More deadly than a Scorpion: Stay, who's this?
Now for my Soul another minion
Of the old Lady *Chance*'s: I'll obſerve him.

Act I. Scene III.

Sordido, Macilente, Hine.

O Rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thank my Stars, I thank my Stars for it.

Maci. Said I not true? doth not his paſſion ſpeak
Out of my divination? O my ſenſes,
Why loſe you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deaded with this ſpectacle?
I know him, 'tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boar, and Brother to that Swine was here.

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wiſh, as I would wiſh.

Maci. See how the ſtrumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him ſwoun with laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not ſow my Grounds this year. Let me ſee what Harveſt ſhall we have? *June*, *July*, *Auguſt*?

Maci. What is't, a Prognoſtication raps him ſo?

Sord. The xx, xxi, xxii days, Rain and Wind, O good, good! the xxiii, and xxiv, Rain and ſome Wind, good! the xxv, Rain, good ſtill! xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, Wind and ſome Rain; would it had been Rain and ſome Wind: well 'tis good (when it can be no better,) xxix, inclining to Rain: inclining to Rain? that's not ſo good now: xxx, and xxxi, Wind and no Rain: no Rain? 'Slid ſtay; this is worſe and worſe: what ſays he of Saint *Swithins*? turn back, look, Saint *Swithins*: no Rain?

Maci. O, here's a precious durty damned Rogue.
That fats himſelf with expectation
Of rotten Weather, and unſeaſon'd Hours;
And he is rich for it, and elder Brother!
His Barns are full! his Reeks and Mows well trod!
His Garners crack with ſtore! O, 'tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A Plague conſume thee, and thy Houſe.

Sord. O, here, St. *Swithins*, the xv day, variable Weather, for the moſt part Rain, good; for the moſt part Rain: why, it ſhould Rain forty days after, now, more or leſs, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a Plough, and yet here are two days no Rain; ha? it makes me muſe. We'll ſee how the next Month begins, if that be better. *September*, firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth days, rainy and bluſtering; this is well now: fifth, ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, and ninth, rainy, with ſome Thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was falſe printed ſure: the tenth and eleventh, great ſtore of Rain; O good, good, good, good, good! the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth days, Rain; good ſtill: fifteenth, and ſixteenth, Rain; good ſtill: ſeventeenth and eighteenth, Rain, good ſtill; nineteenth and twentieth, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill! one and twentieth, ſome Rain; ſome Rain? well, we muſt be patient, and attend the Heavens pleaſure, would it were more though: the one and twentieth, two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great Tempeſts of Rain, Thunder, and Lightning.

O good again, paſt expectation good!
I thank my bleſſed Angel; never, never
Laid I Penny better out than this,
To purchaſe this dear Book: not dear for price,
And yet of me as dearly priz'd as Life,
Since in it, is contain'd the very Life,
Blood, Strength, and Sinews of my Happineſs.
Bleſt be the hour, wherein I bought this Book:
His ſtudies happy that compos'd the Book.
And the Man fortunate that ſold the Book.
Sleep with this Charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd, and confident in thee.

Maci. Ha, ha, ha? I'not this good? Is't not pleaſing this? [*The* Hinde *enters with a Paper.*
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't poſſible that ſuch a ſpacious Villain
Should live, and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid
Within the wrinckled Boſom of the World,
Where Heaven cannot ſee him? why, (methinks)
'Tis rare, and ſtrange, that he ſhould breathe, and walk,
Feed with diſgeſtion, ſleep, enjoy his Health,
And (like a boiſt'rous Whale, ſwallowing the poor)
Still ſwim in Wealth and Pleaſure! is't not ſtrange?
Unleſs his Houſe and Skin were Thunder-proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the Hectick,
Gout, Leproſie, or ſome ſuch loath'd Diſeaſe,
Might light upon him; or that Fire (from Heaven)
Might fall upon his Barns; or Mice and Rats
Eat up his Grain; or elſe that it might rot
Within the hoary Reeks, e'en as it ſtands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The Devil might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true!
Mean time he ſurfeits in Proſperity,
And thou (in envy of him) gnaw'ſt thy ſelf:
Peace, Fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed ſpirit,
"Wealth in this Age will ſcarcely look on merit.

Sord. Who brought this ſame, Sirrah?

Hine. Marry, Sir, one of the Juſtices Men, he ſays 'tis a Precept, and all their Hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them ſtick in my Fleſh,
Deeper than i'their Letters: They have ſent me
Pills wrapt in Paper here, that ſhould I take 'em,
Would poyſon all the ſweetneſs of my Book,
And turn my Honey into Hemlock-juyce.
But I am wiſer than to ſerve their Precepts,
Or follow their Preſcriptions. Here's a device,
To charge me bring my Grain unto the Markets:
I, much, when I have neither Barn nor Garner,
Nor Earth to hide it in, I'll bring it; till then,
Each Corn I ſend ſhall be as big as *Pauls*.
O, but (ſay ſome) the poor are like to ſtarve.
Why let 'em ſtarve, what's that to me? are Bees
Bound to keep life in Drones and idle Moths? no:
Why ſuch are theſe (that term themſelves the Poor,
Only becauſe they would be pitied,
But are indeed a ſort of lazy Beggars)
Licencious Rogues, and ſturdy Vagabonds,
Bred (by the ſloth of a fat plenteous Year)
Like Snakes in heat of Summer, out of Dung;
And this is all that theſe cheap times are good for:
Whereas a wholſom and penurious Dearth
Purges the Soil of ſuch vile excrements,
And kills the Vipers up. *Hine.* O, but Maſter,
Take heed they hear you not. *Sord.* Why ſo?

Hine. They will exclaim againſt you.

Sord. I, their exclaims
Move me as much, as thy Breath moves a Mountain!
Poor Worms, they hiſs at me, whilſt I at home
Can be contented to applaud my ſelf,
To ſit and clap my Hands, and laugh, and leap,
Knocking my Head againſt my Roof, with joy
To ſee how plump my Bags are, and my Barns.
Sirrah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellows,
Get all their Flayls ready again' I come.

Hine. I will, Sir.

Sord. I'll inſtantly ſet all my *Hines* to thraſhing
Of a whole reek of Corn, which I will hide
Under the Ground; and with the Straw thereof
I'll ſtuff the out-ſides of my other Mows:
That done, I'll have 'em empty all my Garners,
And i' the friendly Earth bury my ſtore,
That, when the Searchers come, they may ſuppoſe
All's ſpent, and that my Fortunes were belyed.
And to lend more opinion to my want.
And ſtop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,
(Which elſe would ſtill be baying at my Door)

Each

Each Market-day, I will be ſeen to buy
Part of the pureſt Wheat, as for my Houſhold;
Where when it comes, it ſhall increaſe my heaps,
'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,
Promis'd in this dear Book: I have caſt all.
Till then I will not ſell an Ear, I'll hang firſt.
O, I ſhall make my Prizes as I liſt,
My Houſe and I can feed on Peas and Barley;
What though a world of wretches ſtarve the while?
" He that will thrive muſt think no Courſes vile.

G R E X.

Cor. Now, Signior, how approve you this? have the Humoriſts expreſt themſelves truly or no?

Mit. Yes, (if it be well proſecuted) 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks *Macilente* went hence too ſoon, he might have been made to ſtay, and ſpeak ſomewhat in reproof of *Sordido*'s wretchedneſs now at the laſt.

Cor. O, no, that had been extreamly improper; beſides, he had continued the *Scene* too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a neceſſary Reaſon; but for propriety, the *Scene* would very well have born it in my Judgment.

Cor. O, worſt of both; why, you miſtake his Humour utterly then.

Mit. How? do I miſtake it? is't not Envy.

Cor. Yes, but you muſt underſtand, Signior, he envies him not as he is a Villain, a Woolf i' the Commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate, for the true condition of Envy, is, *Dolor alienæ fælicitatis*, to have our Eyes continually fixt upon another Mans Proſperity, that is, his chief happineſs, and to grieve at that. Whereas if we make his monſtruous and abhord Actions our Object, the Grief (we take then) comes nearer the Nature of Hate than Envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in our ſelves.

Mit. So you'll infer it had been Hate, not Envy in him, to reprehend the Humour of *Sordido*?

Cord. Right, for what a Man truly envies in another, he could always love and cheriſh in himſelf; but no Man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himſelf; therefore reprehenſion is out of his hate. And this diſtinction hath he himſelf made in a Speech there (if you markt it) where he ſays, *I envy not this* Buffon, *but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay, Sir: *I envy not this* Buffon, *but I hate him*: why might he not as well have hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No, Sir, there was ſubject for his Envy in *Sordido*, his Wealth; ſo was there not in the other. He ſtood poſſeſt of no one eminent Gift, but a moſt odious and Fiend-like Diſpoſition, that would turn Charity it ſelf into Hate, much more Envy, for the preſent.

Mit. You have ſatisfied me, Sir, O, here comes the Fool and the Jeſter again methinks.

Cor. 'Twere pitty they ſhould be parted, Sir.

Mit. What bright-ſhining Gallant's that with them? the Knight they went to?

Cor. No, Sir, this is one Monſieur *Faſtidius Briſk*, otherwiſe call'd the freſh Frenchefied Courtier.

Mit. A Humoriſt too?

Cor. As humorous as Quick-ſilver, do but obſerve him, the *Scene* is the Country ſtill, remember.

Act. II. Scene I.

Faſt. Briſk, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo.

Cinedo, watch when the Knight comes, and give us word. *Cine.* I will, Sir.

Faſt. How lik'ſt thou my Boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a Colonel of the *Pigmies* Horſe, or one of theſe Motions, in a great antique Clock: he would ſhew well upon a Habberdaſhers Stall, at a Corner Shop rarely.

Faſt. What a damn'd witty Rogue's this? how he confounds with his *Similes*?

Car. Better with *ſimiles* than ſmiles: and whether were you riding now, Signior?

Faſt. Who, I? what a ſilly jeſt's that; whether ſhould I ride but to the Court?

Car. O, Pardon me, Sir, twenty places more: your Hot-houſe, or your Whore houſe———

Faſt. By the virtue of my Soul, this Knight dwells in *Elizium* here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would flie out preſently. Theſe be our Nimble-ſpirited *Catſo*'s, that ha' their evaſions at pleaſure, will run over a Bog like your Wild *Iriſh*; no ſooner ſtarted, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a Sſquirrel, heigh! dance and do tricks i' their Diſcourſe, from Fire to Water, from Water to Air, from Air to Earth, as if their Tongues did but e'en lick the four Elements over, and away.

Faſt. Sirrah, *Carlo*, thou never ſaw'ſt my Grey-hobby yet, didſt thou?

Car. No: ha' you ſuch a one?

Faſt. The beſt in *Europe* (my good villain) thou'lt ſay, when thou ſeeſt him.

Car. But when ſhall I ſee him?

Faſt. There was a Noble Man i' the Court offered me a hundred Pound for him, by this Light; a fine little fiery ſlave, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very ſound of the Spur.

Car. How? the ſound of the Spur?

Faſt. O, it's your only humour now extant, Sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

Car. You ſhall ſee him turn Morrice dancer, he has got him Bells, a good Sute, and a Hobby-horſe.

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a Hobby-horſe, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of Angels.

Faſt. How is that, Sir?

Sog. Marry, Sir, I am telling this Gentleman of a Hobby-horſe, it was my Fathers indeed, and (though I ſay it——

Car. That ſhould not ſay it) on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard as any Man of his Degree whatſoever, being no Gentleman: I have danc't in it my ſelf too.

Car. Not ſince the humour of Gentility was upon you? did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to ſhew what a Gentleman might do in a Humour.

Car. O, very good.

G R E X.

Mit. Why, this Fellows diſcourſe were nothing but for the word Humour.

Cor. O, bear with him, an' he ſhould lack matter and words too, 'twere pittiful.

Sog. Nay, look you, Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i' the Countrey ha's the like humours, for the Hobby-horſe, as I have; I have the method for the threding of the Needle and all, the———

Car. How, the method?

Sog. I, the Leigerity for that, and the Whigh-hie, and the Daggers in the Noſe, and the Travels of the Egg from Finger to Finger, all the Humours incident to the Quality. The Horſe hangs at home in my Parlor. I'll keep it for a Monument as long as I live, ſure.

Car. Do ſo; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Trophee to hang over your Tomb.

Sog. Maſs, and I'll have a Tomb (now I think on't) 'tis but ſo much Charges.

Car. Beſt build it in your Life-time then, your Heirs hap to forget it elſe.

Sog. Nay, I mean ſo, I'll not truſt to them.

Car. No, for Heirs and Executors are grown damnably careleſs, ſpecially ſince the Ghoſts of Teſta-

tors left walking: how like you him, Signior?

Fast. 'Fore Heavens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the Court, and at my Lodging, with your refin'd choice Spirits, that it makes me clean of another Garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar Phrase, 'tis against my *genius*.

Sog. Signior *Carlo*.

GREX.

Cor. This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*: so this Gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of Affectation, Ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.

Car. Who he? a Gull, a Fool, no salt in him i' the Earth, man: he looks like a fresh Salmon kept in a Tub, he'll be spent shortly. His Brain's lighter than his Feather already, and his Tongue more subject to lye, than that's to wag: he sleeps with a Musk-cat every night, and walks all day hang'd in Pomander Chains for Penance: he has his Skin tan'd in Civet, to make his Complexion strong, and the sweetness of his Youth lasting in the Sense of his sweet Lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, Signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, Sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. Nay, *Carlo*, I am not happy i' thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy Company a little (sweet *Michief*) by this Air, I shall envy this Gentlemans place in thy Affections, if you be thus private, i'faith. How now? is the Knight arriv'd?

CINEDO.

Cin. No, Sir, but 'tis guest he will arrive presently, by his Fore-runners.

Fast. His Hounds! by *Minerva* an excellent Figure; a good Boy.

Car. You should give him a *French* Crown for it: the Boy would find two better Figures i' that, and a good Figure of your Bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the Boy wants no Crowns.

Car. No Crown: speak i' the singular Number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah (*damnation*) I have heard this Knight *Puntarvolo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour; thou know'st him: pr'y thee, how is his Disposition? I ne're was so favour'd of my Stars, as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the Hobby?

Cin. I, Sir, the Groom has set him up.

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledg of his—— Nay, good *wickedness*, his Humour, his Humour.

Car. Why, he loves Dogs, and Hawks, and his Wife: well; he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great Horse; he will taint a Staff well at Tilt: when he is mounted he looks like the Sign of the *George*, that's all I know, save, that instead of a Dragon, he will brandish against a Tree, and break his Sword as confidently upon the knotty Bark, as the other did upon the Scales of the Beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's deliver'd of him. They say he has Dialogues and Discourses between his Horse, himself, and his Dog: and that he will court his own Lady, as she were a stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. I, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning: this Gentleman has been a spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a Page: say you Sir?

[*He leaps from whispering with the Boy.*

Car. You have seen *Signior Puntarvolo* accost his Lady:

Sog. O, I Sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it pr'y thee, good Signior?

Sog. Faith Sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, Sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so) he has his Trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks— very pretty i'faith, Gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no Particulars, Signior?

Sog. O, yes Sir, first, the Gentlewoman, she looks out at the Window.

Car. After the Trumpet has summon'd a Parle, not before?

Sog. No, Sir, not before: and then says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, says he: God save you, says he: ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this Passion?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this Fellow: or else, [*A cry of Hounds within.*

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: stand by, close under this Tarras, and you shall see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my Head.

Fast. O, with-draw, with-draw, it cannot be but a most pleasing Object.

Act II. Scene II.

Puntarvolo, Huntsman, Gentlewoman. [*To the rest.*

FOrrester, give Wind to thy Horn. Enough; by this the Sound hath toucht the Ears of the inclosed: Depart, leave the Dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserv'd, the Horn, and Thanks.

Car. I, marry, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace, now above, now above!

[*The Gentlewoman appears at the Window.*

Punt. Stay: mine Eye hath (on the instant) through the bounty of the Window, receiv'd the form of a *Nymph*. I will step forward three Paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the Knee) with an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet Lady, God save you.

Gent. No, forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *Humanum est errare*.

Car. He learn'd that of his Chaplain.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the Dial of the thought, and guided by the Sun of your Beauties) are requir'd these three specials: the *gnomon*, the *puntilio's*, and the *superficies*: the *superficies*, is that we call place; the *puntilio's*, Circumstance; and the *gnomon* Ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easie and facile, and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *horizon*, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a Knight, Sir; Signior *Puntarvolo*.

Punt. Puntarvolo? O.

Carl. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the Wench know him all this while, then?

Carl.

Carl. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lyes the Syrrup of the Jeſt; it's a project, a deſignment of his own, a thing ſtudyed, and rehearſt as ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a Jig after a Play.

Sogl. I, e'en like your Jig, Sir.

Punt. 'Tis a moſt ſumptuous and ſtately Edifice! of what years is the Knight, fair Damſel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, Sir.

Punt. What Complexion or what Stature bears he?

Gent. Of your-Stature, and very near upon your Complexion.

Punt. Mine is melancholy.

Carl. So is the Dogs, juſt.

Punt. And doth argue Conſtancy, chiefly in love. What are his Endowments? Is he courteous?

Gent. O, the moſt courteous Knight in Chriſtian Land, Sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the Skin between your Brows, Sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Carl. 'Slud, he takes an Inventory of his own good Parts.

Gent. Bountiful? I, Sir, I would you ſhould know it; the Poor are ſerv'd at his Gate, early and late, Sir.

Punt. Is he Learned?

Gent. O, I Sir, he can ſpeak the *French* and *Italian*.

Punt. Then he has travail'd?

Gent. I, forſooth, he hath been beyond Seas once or twice.

Carl. As far as *Paris*, to fetch over a Faſhion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he Religious?

Gent. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but he goes to Church, I am ſure.

Faſt. 'Slid, methinks theſe anſwers ſhould offend him.

Carl. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that ſpeaks 'em.

Punt. Would I might ſee his face.

Carl. She ſhould let down a Glaſs from the Window at that word, and requeſt him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtleſs the Gentleman is moſt exact, and abſolutely qualified? doth the Caſtle contain him?

Gent. No, Sir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what, is ſhe fair? ſplendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, Sir!

Punt. Pr'ythee, dear *Nymph*, intreat her Beauties to ſhine on this ſide of the building.

Carl. That he may erect a new Dial of Complement, with his *gnomons* and his *puntilio's*. [*Gent. leaves the Window.*

Faſt. Nay, thou art ſuch another *Cynique* now, a Man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any Man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a Suit of Waneſcot on: and the Dog watching him, leſt he ſhould leap out on't.

Faſt. O, villain!

Carl. Well, and e're I meet him in the City, I'll ha' him joynted, I'll pawn him in *Eaſt-cheap*, among the Butchers elſe.

Faſt. Peace, who be theſe, *Carlo*?

Act II. Scene III.

Sordido, Fungoſo, Lady. [*To the reſt.*

YOnder's your God-father; do your Duty to him, Son.

Sog. This, Sir? a poor elder Brother of mine, Sir, a Yeoman, may diſpend ſome ſeven or eight hundred a year: that's his Son, my Nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill-come, Neighbour *Sordido*, though I have not yet ſaid, well-come: what, my God-ſon is grown a great *proficient* by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, Sir.

Faſt. What does he ſtudy? the Law?

Sog. I Sir, he is a Gentleman, though his Father be but a Yeoman.

Car. What call you your Nephew, Signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is *Fungoſo*.

Car. Fungoſo? O, he lookt ſomewhat like a Spunge in that Pinct yellow Doublet, methought: well, make much of him; I ſee he was never born to ride upon a moyl.

Gent. My Lady will come preſently, Sir. [*Return'd above.*

Sog. O, now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your ſelves a ſpace: nay, pray you, forget not the uſe of your Hat; the Air is piercing.

[Sordido *and* Fungoſo *withdraw to the other part of the Stage, while the Lady is come to the Window.*

Faſt. What? will not their Preſence prevail againſt the Current of his Humour?

Car. O, no: it's a meer Flood, a Torrent carries all afore it.

Punt. *What more than heavenly pulchritude is this?*
What magazine, or treaſury of bliſs?
Dazle, you Organs to my optique ſenſe,
To view a Creature of ſuch eminence:
O, I am Planet-ſtrook, and in yond ſpher
A brighter Star than Venus *doth appear!*

Faſt. How? in Verſe!

Car. An extaſie, an extaſie, Man,

Lady. Is your deſire to ſpeak with me, Sir Knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his Brain, nor his Body, are yet moulded for an anſwer.

Punt. Moſt debonair, and luculent Lady, I decline me low as the *baſis* of your Altitude.

GREX.

Cor. He makes Congies to his Wife in Geometrical Proportions.

Mit. Is't poſſible there ſhould be any ſuch Humouriſt?

Cor. Very eaſily poſſible, Sir, you ſee there is.

Punt. I have ſcarce collected my Spirits, but lately ſcatter'd in the admiration of your form; to which (if the Bounties of your mind be any way reſponſible) I doubt not, but my deſires ſhall find a ſmooth, and ſecure Paſſage. I am a poor Knight Errant (Lady) that hunting in the adjacent Forreſt, was by adventure in the purſuit of a Hart, brought to this place; which Hart (dear Madam) eſcaped by Enchantment: the Evening approaching (my ſelf, and Servant wearied) my ſuit is, to your fair Caſtle, and refreſh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not uſual with me (chiefly in the abſence of a Husband) to admit any entrance to Strangers, yet in the true regard of thoſe innated Vertues, and fair Parts, which ſo ſtrive to expreſs themſelves, in you; I am reſolv'd to entertain you to the beſt of my unworthy power: which I acknowledg to be nothing vallu'd with what ſo worthy a Perſon may deſerve. Pleaſe you but ſtay while I deſcend.

Punt. Moſt admir'd Lady, you aſtoniſh me!

Carl. What? with ſpeaking a Speech of your own penning? [*She departs:* Puntarvolo *falls in with* Sordido *and his Son.*

Faſt. Nay, look; pr'y thee peace.

Carl. Pox on't: I am impatient of ſuch Foppery.

Faſt. O, let's hear the reſt.

Carl. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtſhip, after Sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Guevener*? away. I marl in what dull cold Nook he found this Lady out? that (being a Woman) ſhe was bleſt with no more Copy of wit, but to ſerve his humour thus. 'Slud I think he feeds her with Porridge. I: ſhe could ne're have ſuch a thick Brain elſe.

Sogl. Why, is Porridge ſo hurtful, Signior?

Carl. O, nothing under Heaven more prejudicial to thoſe aſcending ſubtile Powers, or doth ſooner abate that which we call, *acumen ingenii*, than your groſs Fare: Why, I'll make you an Inſtance: your

City-wives, but obſerve 'em, you ha' not more perfect true Fools i' the World bred, than they are generally; and yet you ſee (by the fineneſs and delicacy of their Diet, diving into the fat Capons, drinking your rich Wines, feeding on Larks, Sparrows, Potato-pies, and ſuch good inctuous Meats) how their Wits are refin'd and rarified; and ſometimes a very Quinteſſence of Conceit flows from 'em, able to drown a weak Apprehenſion.

Faſt. Peace, here comes the Lady.

Lady. Gods me, here's Company; turn in again.

[*Lady with her Gent. deſcended, ſeeing them, turns in again.*

Faſt. 'Slight, our Preſence has cut off the Convoy of the Jeſt.

Carl. All the better, I am glad on't; for the Iſſue was very perſpicuous. Come, let's diſcover, and ſalute the Knight. [Carlo *and the other two ſtep forth.*

Punt. Stay; who be theſe that addreſs themſelves towards us? What, *Carlo?* Now, by the ſincerity of my Soul, welcome; welcome Gentlemen: And how doſt thou, thou grand Scourge, or ſecond *Untruſs* of the Time?

Carl. Faith, ſpending my Metal in this reeling World (here and there) as the ſway of my Affection carries me, and perhaps ſtumble upon a Yeoman Feuterer, as I do now; or one of Fortunes Moils, laden with Treaſure, and an empty Cloke-bag following him, gaping when a Bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you Bandog, peace: What briſk *Nymfadoro* is that in the white Virgin-Boot there?

Carl. Marry, Sir, one that I muſt entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary reſpect; Monſieur *Faſtidius.*

Punt. Sir, I could wiſh, that for the time of your vouchſaft abiding here, and more real Entertainment, this my Houſe ſtood on the *Muſes* Hill, and theſe my Orchards were thoſe of the *Heſperides.*

Faſt. I poſſeſs as much in your Wiſh, Sir, as if I were made Lord of the *Indies*; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his Faith, than to think it will be ſo corrupted.

Sog. Come, Brother, I'll bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good Fellows, ſuch as ſhall do you more grace than——

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for ſuch Acquaintance: Do you take heed, leſt——

[Carlo *is coming toward them.*

Sog. Huſht: My Brother, Sir, for want of Education, Sir, ſomwhat nodding to the Boor, the Clown; but I requeſt you, in private, Sir.

Fung. By Heaven, it is a very fine Sute of Clothes.

GREX.

Cor. Do you obſerve that, Signior? There's another Humour has now crackt the Shell.

Mit. What? he is enamour'd of the Faſhion, is he?

Cor. O, you foreſtal the Jeſt.

Fung. I mar'l what it might ſtand him in!

Sog. Nephew?

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent Sute, and as neatly becomes him. What ſaid you, Uncle?

Sog. When ſaw you my Niece?

Fung. Marry, yeſternight I ſupt there. That kind of Boot do's very rare too!

Sog. And what News hear you?

Fung. The gilt Spur and all! Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, Uncle?

Sog. Your Mind is carried away with ſomewhat elſe: I ask what News you hear?

Fung. Troth, we hear none. In good faith, I was never ſo pleas'd with a Faſhion days of my life. O (an' I might have but my wiſh) I'ld ask no more of good now, but ſuch a Sute, ſuch a Hat, ſuch a Band, ſuch a Doublet, ſuch a Hoſe, ſuch a Boot, and ſuch a——

Sog. They ſay, there's a new Motion of the City of *Nineveh*, with *Jonas* and the Whale, to be ſeen at *Fleet-bridge.* You can tell, Couſin?

Fung. Here's ſuch a world of Queſtions with him now: Yes, I think there be ſuch a thing, I ſaw the Picture. Would he would once be ſatisfied. Let me ſee, the Doublet, ſay Fifty ſhillings the Doublet, and between three or four Pound the Hoſe; then Boots, Hat, and Band; Some ten or eleven Pound will do it all, and Sute me, *'fore the Heavens.*

Sog. I'll ſee all thoſe Devices, an' I come to *London* once.

Fung. Gods 'ſlid, and I could compaſs it, 'twere rare. Hark you Uncle.

Sog. What ſays my Nephew?

Fung. Faith Uncle, I'l'd ha' deſir'd you to have made a Motion for me to my Father, in a thing that—— Walk aſide, and I'll tell you, Sir; no more but this: There's a parcel of Law-books (ſome Twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than half the Money they coſt, and I think for ſome twelve Pound, or twenty Mark, I could go near to redeem 'em; there's *Plowden, Dyar, Brooke,* and *Fitz-Herbert,* divers ſuch as I muſt have e'er long; and you know, I were as good ſave five or ſix Pound, as not, Uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will: When would you have me do it? preſently?

Fung. O I, I pray you, good Uncle: God ſend me good luck: Lord (an't be thy will) proſper it: O my Stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Faſt. Shall I tell you, Sir? By this Air, I am the moſt beholden to that Lord, of any Gentleman living; he do's uſe me the moſt honourably, and with the greateſt reſpect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any Opinion of Truth.

Punt. Then have you the Count *Gratiato.*

Faſt. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his Love: By this Hand, (I proteſt to you, Signior, I ſpeak it not glorioufly, nor out of affectation, but) there's he, and the Count *Frugale,* Signior *Illuſtre,* Signior *Luculento,* and a ſort of 'em, that (when I am at Court) they do ſhare me amongſt 'em. Happy is he can enjoy me moſt private. I do wiſh my ſelf ſometime an Ubiquitary for their Love, in good faith.

Carl. There's ne'er a one of theſe but might lie a Week on the Rack, e'er they could bring forth his Name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had ſeen 'em ſtand by the Fire i' the Preſence, or ta'n Tabacco with them over the Stage i' the Lords Room.

Punt. Then you muſt of neceſſity know our Court-ſtar there, that Planet of Wit, *Maddona Saviolina?*

Faſt. O Lord, Sir! my Miſtris.

Punt. Is ſhe your Miſtris!

Faſt. Faith here be ſome ſlight Favours of hers, Sir, that do ſpeak it, *ſhe is*; as this Scarf, Sir, or this Ribband in my Ear, or ſo; this Feather grew in her ſweet Fan ſometimes, though now it be my poor Fortune to wear it, as you ſee, Sir: ſlight, ſlight, a fooliſh Toy.

Punt. Well, ſhe is the Lady of a moſt exalted and ingenious Spirit.

Faſt. Did you ever hear any Woman ſpeak like her? or inricht with a more plentiful Diſcourſe?

Carl. O villanous! nothing but Sound, Sound, a meer Eccho; ſhe ſpeaks as ſhe goes tir'd, in Cobweb-Lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch Flies withal.

Punt. O, manage your Affections.

Faſt. Well, if thou be'ſt not plagu'd for this Blaſphemy one day——

Punt. Come, regard not a Jeſter: It is in the power of my Purſe to make him ſpeak well or ill of me.

Faſt. Sir, I affirm it to you (upon my Credit and Judgment) ſhe has the moſt harmonious and muſical ſtrain of Wit that ever tempted a true Ear; and yet to ſee, a rude

a rude Tongue would profane Heaven, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, Sir.

Faſt. Oh, it flows from her like Nectar, and ſhe doth give it that ſweet quick Grace, and Exornation in the Compoſure, that (by this good Air, as I am an honeſt Man, would I might never ſtir, Sir, but) ſhe do's obſerve as pure a Phraſe, and uſe as choice Figures in her ordinary Conferences, as any be i' the *Arcadia*.

Carl. Or rather in *Green*'s Works, whence ſhe may ſteal with more ſecurity.

Sord. Well, if Ten pound will fetch 'em, you ſhall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you pleaſe.

Sord. Do ſo; and when you have 'em, ſtudy hard.

Fung. Yes, Sir. An' I could ſtudy to get Forty ſhillings more now! Well, I will put my ſelf into the Faſhion, as far as this will go, preſently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not! The Almanack ſays, we ſhould have ſtore of Rain to day.

Punt. Why, Sir, to morrow I will aſſociate you to Court my ſelf, and from thence to the City, about a Buſineſs, a Project I have; I will expoſe it to you, Sir: *Carlo*, I am ſure, has heard of it.

Carl. What's that, Sir?

Punt. I do intend, this Year of Jubile coming on, to travel: And (becauſe I will not altogether go upon Expence) I am determined to put forth ſome Five thouſand Pound, to be paid me Five for One, upon the return of my ſelf, my Wife, and my Dog, from the *Turk*'s Court in *Conſtantinople*. If all or either of us miſcarry in the Journey, 'tis gone: If we be ſucceſsful, why, there will be Five and twenty thouſand Pound to entertain Time withal. Nay, go not, Neighbour *Sordido*, ſtay to night, and help to make our Society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: *Carlo*? what, dull now?

Carl. I was thinking on your Project, Sir, an' you call it ſo? Is this the Dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dog, Sir.

Carl. He do' not go bare-foot, does he?

Punt. Away, you Traitor, away.

Carl. Nay, afore God, I ſpeak ſimply; he may prick his Foot with a Thorn, and be as much as the whole Venture is worth. Beſides, for a Dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge Journey to *Conſtantinople*. I'll tell you now (an' he were mine) I'ld have ſome preſent Conference with a Phyſician, what Antidotes were good to give him, Preſervatives againſt Poyſon; for (aſſure you) if once your Money be out, there'll be divers Attempts made againſt the Life of the poor Animal.

Punt. Thou art ſtill dangerous.

Faſt. Is Signior *Deliro*'s Wife your Kinſwoman?

Sogl. I, Sir, ſhe is my Niece, my Brother's Daughter here, and my Nephew's Siſter.

Sord. Do you know her, Sir?

Faſt. O God, Sir, Signior *Deliro*, her Husband, is my Merchant.

Fung. I, I have ſeen this Gentleman there often.

Faſt. I cry you mercy, Sir: let me crave your Name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoſo, Sir.

Faſt. Good Signior *Fungoſo*, I ſhall requeſt to know you better, Sir.

Fung. I am her Brother, Sir.

Faſt. In fair time, Sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your Conduct.

Faſt. Nay, pray you, Sir; we ſhall meet at Signior *Deliro*'s often.

Sogl. You ſhall ha' me at the Herald's Office, Sir, for ſome Week or ſo at my firſt coming up. Come, *Carlo*.

GREX.

Mit. Methinks, *Cordatus*, he dwelt ſomewhat too long on this Scene; it hung i' the hand.

Cor. I ſee not where he could have inſiſted leſs, and t' have made the Humours perſpicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subject lies; but he might have altered the Shape of his Argument, and explicated 'em better in ſingle Scenes.

Cor. That had been ſingle indeed. Why, be they not the ſame Perſons in this, as they would have been in thoſe? And is it not an Object of more State, to behold the Scene full, and reliev'd with variety of Speakers to the end, than to ſee a vaſt empty Stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a Feather into the Eye of the Spectators?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with theſe things than I, and therefore I'll ſubſcribe to your Judgment; marry, you ſhall give me leave to make Objections.

Cor. O, what elſe? It's the ſpecial Intent of the Author you ſhould do ſo; for thereby others (that are preſent) may as well be ſatisfied, who haply would object the ſame you do.

Mit. So, Sir: But when appears *Macilente* again?

Cor. Marry, he ſtays but till our Silence give him leave: Here he comes, and with him Signior *Deliro*, a Merchant, at whoſe Houſe he is come to ſojourn: Make your own Obſervation now, only transfer your Thoughts to the City, with the Scene; where, ſuppoſe they ſpeak.

Act II. Scene IV.

Deliro, Macilente, Fido, Fallace.

I'Ll tell you by and by, Sir.
Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my Houſe,
To ſojourn at my Houſe for ever; if my beſt
Incates, and every ſort of good Intreaty
[Deliro *cenſeth. His Boy ſtrews Flowers.*
May move you ſtay with me. *Maci.* I thank you, Sir.
And yet the muffled *Fates* (had it pleas'd them)
Might have ſupply'd me from their own full Store,
Without this Word (*I thank you*) to a Fool.
I ſee no Reaſon why that Dog (call'd *Chance*)
Should fawn upon this Fellow, more than me:
I am a Man, and I have Limbs, Fleſh, Blood,
Bones, Sinews, and a Soul, as well as he:
My Parts are every way as good as his;
If I ſaid better, why, I did not lie.
Nath'leſs, his Wealth (but nodding on my Wants)
Muſt make me bow, and cry, (*I thank you, Sir.*)

Deli. Diſpatch, take heed your Miſtris ſee you not.

Fido. I warrant you, Sir, I'll ſteal by her ſoftly.

Deli. Nay, gentle Friend, be merry, raiſe your Looks
Out of your Boſom; I proteſt (by Heaven)
You are the Man moſt welcome in the World.

Maci. (I thank you, Sir.) I know my *Cue*, I think.

Fido. Where will you have 'em burn, Sir?
[*With more Perfumes and Herbs.*

Deli. Here, good *Fido*. What, ſhe did not ſee thee?

Fido. No, Sir.

Deli. That's well. Strew, ſtrew, good *Fido*, the freſheſt Flowers; ſo.

Maci. What means this, Signior *Deliro*? all this cenſing?

Deli. Caſt in more Frankincenſe, yet more; well ſaid.
O, *Macilente*, I have ſuch a Wife!
So paſſing fair! ſo paſſing fair! unkind!
But of ſuch worth, and right to be unkind,
(Since no Man can be worthy of her Kindneſs)

Maci. What can there not? *Deli.* No, that is ſure as death,
No Man alive! I do not ſay, is not,

But

But cannot poſſibly be worth her Kindneſs!
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.
How, ſaid I? do her right? as though I could,
As though this dull groſs Tongue of mine could utter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That ſit (as high as I can look) within her!
Maci. This is ſuch dotage, as was never heard.
Deli. Well, this muſt needs be granted.
Maci. Granted, quoth you?
Deli. Nay, *Macilente*, do not ſo diſcredit
The goodneſs of your judgment to deny it,
For I do ſpeak the very leaſt of her;
And I would crave, and beg no more of Heaven,
For all my Fortunes here, but to be able
To utter firſt in fit terms, what ſhe is,
And then the true Joys I conceive in her.
Maci. Is't poſſible ſhe ſhould deſerve ſo well,
As you pretend? *Deli.* I, and ſhe knows ſo well
Her own deſerts, that (when I ſtrive t' enjoy them)
She weighs the things I do, with what ſhe merits:
And (ſeeing my worth out-weigh'd ſo in her graces)
She is ſo ſolemn, ſo preciſe, ſo froward,
That no obſervance I can do to her,
Can make her kind to me: if ſhe find fault,
I mend that fault; and then ſhe ſays, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good Friend, adviſe me,
How I may temper this ſtrange Spleen in her.
Maci. You are too amorous, too obſequious,
And make her too aſſur'd, ſhe may command you.
When Women doubt moſt of their Husbands Loves,
They are moſt loving. Husbands muſt take heed
They give no gluts of Kindneſs to their Wives,
But uſe them like their Horſes; whom they feed
Not with a Manger-full of Meat together,
But half a Peck at once: and keep them ſo
Still with an Appetite to that they give them.
He that deſires to have a loving Wife,
Muſt bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
Be Kind, not Amorous; nor bewraying Kindneſs,
As if Love wrought it, but conſiderate Duty.
"Offer no Love-rites, but let Wives ſtill ſeek them,
"For when they come unſought, they ſeldom like them.
Deli. Believe me, *Macilente*, this is Goſpel.
O, that a Man were his own Man ſo much,
To rule himſelf thus. I will ſtrive i'faith,
To be more ſtrange and careleſs: yet, I hope
I have now taken ſuch a perfect courſe,
To make her kind to me, and live contended,
That I ſhall find my Kindneſs well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my Affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with every Room
Within my Houſe; one was too big (ſhe ſaid)
Another was not furniſht to her mind,
And ſo through all: all which, now, I have alter'd.
Then here, ſhe hath a place (on my back-ſide)
Wherein ſhe loves to walk; and that (ſhe ſaid)
Had ſome ill ſmells about it. Now, this walk
Have I (before ſhe knows it) thus perfum'd
With Herbs, and Flowers, and laid in divers places,
(As 'twere on Altars, conſecrate to her)
Perfumed Gloves, and delicate Chains of Amber,
To keep the Air in awe of her ſweet Noſtrils:
This have I done, and this I think will pleaſe her.
Behold ſhe comes. *Fal.* Here's a ſweet ſtink indeed:
What, ſhall I ever be thus croſt and plagu'd?
And ſick of Husband? O, my Head doth ake,
As it would cleave aſunder, with thoſe ſavours,
All my Rooms alter'd, and but one poor walk
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulſome with Perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My Brain doth ſweat ſo) I have caught the Plague.
Deli. Why, (gentle Wife) is now thy walk too ſweet?
Thou ſaid'ſt of-late, it had ſowr Airs about it,
And found'ſt much fault, that I did not correct it.
Fal. Why, an' I did find fault, Sir?
Deli. Nay, dear Wife;
I know, thou haſt ſaid, thou haſt lov'd Perfumes,
No Woman better. *Fal.* I, long ſince perhaps,
But now that Senſe is alter'd: you would have me
(Like to a Puddle, or a ſtanding Pool)
To have no motion, nor no ſpirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and ſprightly River,
That moves for ever, and yet ſtill the ſame;
Or Fire, that burns much Wood, yet ſtill one flame.
Deli. But yeſterday, I ſaw thee at our Garden,
Smelling on Roſes, and on Purple Flowers,
And ſince, I hope, the humour of thy Senſe
Is nothing chang'd.
Fal. Why, thoſe were growing Flowers,
And theſe within my walk, are cut and ſtrew'd.
Deli. But yet they have one ſcent.
Fal. I! have they ſo?
In your groſs judgment. If you make no difference
Betwixt the ſcent of growing Flowers, and cut ones,
You have a Senſe to taſte Lamp-Oil i'faith.
And with ſuch judgment have you chang'd the Chambers,
Leaving no Room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your Houſe: and now my walk, and all,
You ſmoak me from, as if I were a Fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away.
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I liſt.
Deli. What ſhall I do? O, I ſhall never pleaſe her.
Maci. Out on thee, dotard! what Star rul'd his birth?
That brought him ſuch a Star? blind *Fortune* ſtill
Beſtows her gifts on ſuch as cannot uſe them:
How long ſhall I live, e'er I be ſo happy,
To have a Wife of this exceeding form?
Deli. Away with 'em, would I had broke a joynt,
When I devis'd this, that ſhould ſo diſlike her.
Away, bear all away. [Fido *bears all away.*
Fal. I, do: for fear
Ought that is there ſhould like her. O, this Man,
How cunningly he can conceal himſelf!
As though he lov'd? nay, honour'd and ador'd?
Deli. Why, my ſweet Heart?
Fal. Sweet Heart! O! better ſtill!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking ſtrangely,
As if he were as White as Innocence.
Alas, you'r ſimple, you: you cannot change,
Look pale at pleaſure, and then red with wonder:
No, no, not you! 'tis pitty o' your naturals.
I did but caſt an amorous Eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of Gloves, that ſomewhat lik't me,
And ſtraight he noted it, and gave command,
All ſhould be ta'en away. *Deli.* Be they my bane then.
What, Sirrah, *Fido*, bring in thoſe Gloves again,
You took from hence. *Fal.* Sir, but do not,
Bring in no Gloves, to ſpite me: if you do——
Deli. Ay me, moſt wretched; how am I miſconſtru'd?
Maci. O, how ſhe tempts my Heart-ſtrings with her Eye,
To knit them to her Beauties, or to break?
What mov'd the Heavens, that they could not make
Me ſuch a Woman? but a Man, a Beaſt,
That hath no bliſs like to others. Would to Heaven
(In wreak of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To ſome fair Water-*Nymph*, that (ſet upon
The deepeſt Whirl-pit of the rav'nous Seas,)
My adamantive Eyes might head-long hale
This Iron World to me, and drown it all.

GREX.

Cor. Behold, behold, the tranſlated Gallant.
Mit. O, he is welcome.

Act II. Scene V.

Fungoſo. [*To the reſt.*

SAve you Brother and Siſter, ſave you, Sir; I have commendations for you out i' the Country: (I wonder they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Uncle *Sogliardo* is in Town. Siſter, methinks, you are melancholy: why are you ſo ſad? I think you took me for Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk* (Siſter) did you not?

Faſt. Why ſhould I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing—I was lately in Maſter *Faſtidius* his company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair Suit, Brother, 'give you joy on't.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, Brother; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I ſee the cauſe of his idle demand, was his new Suit.

Deli. Pray you, good Brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone. I'll put her out of her dumps. Siſter, how like you my Suit?

Fal. O, you are a Gallant in print now, Brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the Faſhion? it's the laſt Edition, I aſſure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it, to the deſert.

Fung. Troth, Siſter, I was fain to borrow theſe Spurs, I ha' left my Gown in gage for 'em, pray you lend me an Angel.

Fal. Now, beſhrow my Heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten Pound of my Father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the Faſhion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had Spurs of mine own before, but they were not ginglers. Monſieur *Faſtidius* will be here anon, Siſter.

Fal. You jeſt?

Fung. Never lend me Penny more (while you live then,) and that I'ld be loth to ſay, in truth.

Fal. When did you ſee him?

Fung. Yeſterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntarvolo*'s: nay, ſweet Siſter.

Maci. I fain would know of Heaven now, why yond Fool
Should wear a Suit of Sattin? he? that Rook?
That painted Jay, with ſuch a deal of out-ſide?
What is his inſide trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good Heaven, give me patience, patience, patience.
A number of theſe Popenjays there are,
Whom, if a Man confer, and but examine
Their inward merit, with ſuch Men as want;
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fal. Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O good, Siſter!

Maci. Here comes another.

Act II. Scene VI.

Faſtidius Briſk. [*To the reſt.*

SAve you, Signior *Deliro*: how do'ſt thou, ſweet Lady? Let me kiſs thee.

Fung. How? a new Suit? Ay me.

Deli. And how do's Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk?*

Faſt. Faith, live in Court, Signior *Deliro*; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble *Maſculine* and *Feminine*. I muſt ſpeak with you in private by and by.

Deli. When you pleaſe, Sir.

Fal. Why look you ſo pale, Brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this Mony is caſt away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! Well, I'll have my Suit chang'd, I'll go fetch my Taylor preſently, but firſt I'll deviſe a Letter to my Father. Ha' you any Pen and Ink, Siſter?

Fal. What would you do withall?

Fung. I would uſe it. 'Slight, an' it had come but four days ſooner, the faſhion.

Faſt. There was a Counteſs gave me her Hand to kiſs to day, i' the preſence: did me more good by that light than — and yeſternight ſent her Coach twice to my Lodging, to intreat me accompany her, and my ſweet Miſtris, with ſome two or three nameleſs Ladies more: O, I have been grac't by 'em beyond all aim of Affection: this 's her Garter my Dagger hangs in; and they do ſo commend and approve my Apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, Sir, 'tis a moſt excellent Suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Faſt. Why, I'll tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chair, which (by the Grace of God) I intend preſently to ſit in, I had three Suits in one Year made three great Ladies in love with me: I had other three, un-did three Gentlemen in imitation: and other three gat three other Gentlemen Widows of three thouſand pound a Year.

Deli. Is't poſſible?

Faſt. O, believe it, Sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your Apparel the Spells, that bring all the pleaſures of the World into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the ſweet grace of a Courtier!

Maci. Well, would my Father had left me but a good Face for my Portion yet; though I had ſhar'd the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd: I might have paſt for ſomewhat i' the World then.

Faſt. Why, aſſure you, Signior, rich Apparel has ſtrange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, eſteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the World in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of Nature, and gives luſtre to her Beauties; makes continual Holy-day where it ſhines; ſets the wits of Ladies at work, that otherwiſe would be idle: furniſheth your two Shilling Ordinary; takes poſſeſſion of your Stage at your new Play; and enricheth your Oars, as ſcorning to go with your Scull.

Maci. Pray you, Sir, add this; it gives reſpect to your Fools, makes many Thieves, as many Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrupts.

Fal. Out, out, unworthy to ſpeak where he breatheth.

Faſt. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Faſt. By Heaven, I wonder at you, Citizens, what kind of Creatures you are!

Deli. Why, Sir?

Faſt. That you can conſort your ſelves with ſuch poor Seam-rent Fellows.

Fal. He ſays true.

Deli. Sir, I will aſſure you (how ever you eſteem of him) he's a Man worthy of regard.

Faſt. Why? what has he in him of ſuch vertue to be regarded? ha?

Deli. Marry, he is a Scholar, Sir.

Faſt. Nothing elſe?

Deli. And he is well travail'd.

Faſt. He ſhould get him Clothes; I would cheriſh thoſe good parts of travail in him, and prefer him to ſome noble Man of good place.

Deli. Sir, ſuch a benefit ſhould bind me to you for ever (in my Friends right) and I doubt not, but his deſert ſhall more than anſwer my praiſe.

Faſt. Why, an' he had good Clothes, I'ld carry him to Court with me to morrow.

Deli. He ſhall not want for thoſe, Sir, if Gold and the whole City will furniſh him.

Faſt. You

Faſt. You ſay well, Sir: faith, Signior *Deliro*, I am come to have you play the *Alchymiſt* with me, and change the *ſpecies* of my Land into that Mettle you talk of.

Deli. With all my Heart, Sir, what ſum will ſerve you?

Faſt. Faith, ſome three or four hundred.

Deli. Troth, Sir, I have promis'd to meet a Gentleman this Morning in *Pauls*, but upon my return I'll diſpatch you.

Faſt. I'll accompany you thither.

Deli. As you pleaſe, Sir; but I go not thither directly.

Faſt. 'Tis no matter, I have no other deſignment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good have a quartan Fever follow me now, for I ſhall ne'er be rid of him: (bring me a Cloke there, one) ſtill, upon his grace at Court, I am ſure to be viſited; I was a Beaſt to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and—Come Signior *Macilente*, I muſt conſer with you, as we go. Nay, dear Wife, I beſeech thee, forſake theſe moods: look not like Winter thus. Here take my Keys, open my counting Houſes, ſpread all my Wealth before thee, chuſe any object that delights thee: if thou wilt eat the ſpirit of Gold, and drink diſſolv'd Pearl in Wine, 'tis for thee.

Fal. So, Sir.

Deli. Nay, my ſweet Wife.

Fal. Good Lord! how you are perfum'd! in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Deli. Come, Gentlemen.

Faſt. Adieu, ſweet Lady.

Fal. I, I! Let thy words ever ſound in mine Ears, and thy graces diſperſe contentment through all my ſenſes! O, how happy is that Lady above other Ladies, that enjoys ſo abſolute a Gentleman to her ſervant! A Counteſs give him her Hand to kiſs? ah, fooliſh Counteſs! he's a Man worthy (if a Woman may ſpeak of a Mans worth) to kiſs the Lips of an Empreſs.

Fung. What's Maſter *Faſtidius* gone, Siſter?

[*Returned with his Taylor.*

Fal. I, Brother (he has a Face like *Cherubin!*)

Fung. Gods me, what luck's this? I have fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he, Siſter? can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith (and he has a Body like an Angel!)

Fung. How long is't ſince he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? and a Tongue able to raviſh any Woman i' the Earth!)

Fung. O, for God's ſake (I'll pleaſe you for your pains:) but e'en now, ſay you? Come, good Sir: 'Slid I had forgot it too: Siſter, if any Body ask for mine Uncle *Sogliardo*, they ſhall ha' him at the *Herald's* Office yonder by *Pauls*.

Fal. Well, I will not altogether deſpair: I have heard of a Citizens Wife has been belov'd of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well I will into my private Chamber, lock the Door to me, and think over all his good parts, one after another.

GREX.

Mit. Well, I doubt, this laſt *Scene* will endure ſome grievous torture.

Cor. How? you fear 'twill be rackt by ſome hard conſtruction?

Mit. Do not you?

Cor. No, in good faith: unleſs mine Eyes could light me beyond Senſe. I ſee no reaſon why this ſhould be more liable to the rack than the reſt: you'll ſay, perhaps, the City will not take it well that the Merchant is made here to dote ſo perfectly upon his Wife; and ſhe again to be ſo *Faſtidiouſly* affected as ſhe is?

Cor. You have utter'd my thought, Sir, indeed.

Cor. Why, (by that proportion) the Court might as well take offence at him we call the Courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place tranſcends, and goes before in Dignity and Vertue; but can you imagine that any noble or true ſpirit in Court (whoſe ſnowy, and altogether un-affected graces, very worthily expreſs him a Courtier) will make any exception at the opening of ſuch an empty Trunk, as this *Briſk* is? or think his own worth empeacht, by beholding his motly inſide?

Mit. No, Sir, I do not.

Cor. No more, aſſure you, will any grave wiſe Citizen, or modeſt Matron, take the object of this folly in *Deliro*, and his Wife: but rather apply it as the foil to their own Vertues. For that were to affirm, that a Man writing of *Nero*, ſhould mean all Emperors: or ſpeaking of *Machiavel*, comprehend all States Men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmers; and ſo of the reſt: than which, nothing can be utter'd more malicious, or abſurd. Indeed, there are a ſort of theſe narrow-ey'd decypherers, I confeſs, that will extort ſtrange and abſtruſe meanings out of any ſubject, be it never ſo conſpicuous and innocently deliver'd. But to ſuch (where e'er they ſit conceal'd) let them know, the Author defies them and their Writing-Tables; and hopes no ſound or ſafe judgment will infect it ſelf with their contagious Comments, who (indeed) come here only to pervert and poyſon the ſenſe of what they hear, and for nought elſe.

Mit. Stay, what new *Mute* is this, that walks ſo ſuſpiciouſly?

Cor. O, marry this is one, for whoſe better illuſtration, we muſt deſire you to preſuppoſe the Stage, the middle Iſle in *Pauls*; and that, the Weſt end of it.

Mit. So, Sir, and what follows?

Cor. Faith, a whole Volume of humour, and worthy the unclaſping.

Mit. As how? what name do you give him firſt?

Cor. He hath ſhift of names, Sir: ſome call him *Apple John*, ſome *Signior Whiff*, marry, his main ſtanding name is *Cavalier Shift*: the reſt are but as clean Shirts to his Natures.

Mit. And what makes he in *Pauls* now?

Cor. Troth, as you ſee, for the advancement of a *Siquis*, or two; wherein he has ſo varied himſelf, that if any one of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous World a little longer.

Mit. It ſeems then he bears a very changing ſail?

Cor. O, as the Wind, Sir: here comes more.

Act III. Scene I.

Shift, Orange, Clove.

THIS is rare, I have ſet up my Bills without diſcovery.

Oran. What? *Signior Whiff!* what fortune has brought you into theſe Weſt parts?

Shift. Troth, *Signior*, nothing but your Rheum; I have been taking an Ounce of Tabacco hard by here, with a Gentleman, and I am come to ſpit private in *Pauls*. 'Save you, Sir.

Oran. Adieu, good *Signior Whiff*.

Clov. Maſter *Apple John!* you are well met: when ſhall we ſup together, and laugh, and be fat with thoſe good Wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith, Sir, I muſt now leave you, upon a few humours and occaſions: but when you pleaſe, Sir.

Clov. Farewell, ſweet *Apple John*: I wonder there are no more ſtore of Gallants here!

GREX.

GREX.

Mit. What be theſe two, *Signior?*

Cor. Marry a couple, Sir, that are meer ſtrangers to the whole ſcope of our Play; only come to walk a turn or two i' this *Scene* of *Pauls* by chance.

Orang. 'Save you, good Maſter *Clove.*

Clove. Sweet Maſter *Orange.*

GREX.

Mit. How? *Clove* and *Orange?*

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an *Orange* as ever grew: nothing but *Salutation*; and, *O God, Sir*; and, *it pleaſes you to ſay ſo, Sir*; one that can laugh at a jeſt for company with a moſt plauſible and extemporal grace; and ſome hour after, in private, ask you what it was: the other, Monſieur *Clove*, is a more ſpic't youth: he will ſit you a whole after-noon ſometimes in a Book-ſellers Shop, reading the *Greek*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*; when he underſtands not a word of either: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguiſt.

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Orang. O God, Sir.

Act III. Scene II.

Puntarvolo, Carlo.

SIrrah, take my Cloak: and you Sir Knave, follow me cloſer. If thou loſeſt my Dog, thou ſhalt dye a Dogs death; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean ſlave, he loves a Dog well, I warrant him; I ſee by his looks, I: Maſs he's ſomewhat like him. 'Slud poyſon him, make him away with a crooked Pin, or ſomewhat, Man; thou maiſt have more ſecurity of thy life: and ſo Sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole Venture yet? ha' you?

Punt. No, I do want yet ſome fifteen or ſixteen hundred Pounds; but my Lady (my Wife) is out of her humour; ſhe does not now go.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to give it out, upon the return of my Self, my Dog, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat! where is ſhe?

Punt. My Squire has her there, in the Bag: Sirrah, look to her: How lik'ſt thou my change, *Carlo?*

Car. Oh, for the better, Sir; your Cat has nine lives, and your Wife ha' but one.

Punt. Beſides, ſhe will never be Sea-ſick, which will ſave me ſo much in Conſerves: when ſaw you *Signior Sogliardo?*

Car. I came from him but now, he is at the *Heralds* Office yonder: he requeſted me to go afore, and take up a Man or two for him in *Pauls*, againſt his Cogniſance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchaſt Arms, then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many Colours as e'er you ſaw any Fools Coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' Bills, an' I can fit him with Legs to his Arms——

Punt. With Legs to his Arms! Good: I will go with you, Sir. [*They go to look upon the Bills.*

Act III. Scene III.

Faſtidius, Deliro, Macilente.

COme, let's walk in *Mediterraneo*: I aſſure you, Sir, I am not the leaſt reſpected among Ladies; but let that paſs: do you know how to go into the Preſence, Sir?

Maci. Why, on my Feet, Sir.

Faſt. No, on your Head, Sir: for 'tis that muſt bear you out, I aſſure you: as thus, Sir. You muſt firſt have an eſpecial care ſo to wear your Hat, that it oppreſs not confuſedly this your predominant, or fore-top; becauſe (when you come at the Preſence Door) you may with once or twice ſtroaking up your Fore-head thus, enter with your predominant perfect: that is ſtanding up ſtiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Faſt. I, Sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your Miſtris ſhould do, rather than Gum-water, or Whites of Eggs: is't not ſo, Sir?

Faſt. An ingenious obſervation: give me leave to crave your name, Sir.

Deli. His name is *Macilente*, Sir.

Faſt. Good *Signior Macilente*, if this Gentleman, *Signior Deliro*, furniſh you (as he ſays he will) with Clothes, I will bring you to morrow by this time, into the preſence of the moſt divine and *accute* Lady in Court: you ſhall ſee ſweet ſilent Rhetorique, and dumb Eloquence ſpeaking in her Eye; but when ſhe ſpeaks her ſelf, ſuch an Anatomy of wit, ſo ſinewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodlieſt Model of Pleaſure that ever was to behold. Oh! ſhe ſtrikes the World into admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expreſs 'em, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiration, is your ſilence, Sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, *Carlo*, this is good; let's read 'em again.

The firſt BILL.

If there be any Lady or Gentlewoman of good carriage that is deſirous to entertain (to her private uſes) a young ſtraight, and upright Gentleman, of the age of five or ſix and twenty at the moſt: who can ſerve in the nature of a Gentleman-Uſher, and hath little Legs of purpoſe, and a black Satten Sute of his own, to go before her in: which Sute (for the more ſweetning) now lies in Lavander: and can hide his Face with her Fan, if need require: or ſit in the cold at the Stair-foot for her, as well as another Gentleman: Let her ſubſcribe her name and place, and diligent reſpect ſhall be given.

Punt. This is above meaſure excellent! ha?

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine ſlave.

The ſecond BILL.

If this City, or the Suburbs of the ſame, do afford any young Gentleman, of the firſt, ſecond, or third Head, more or leſs, whoſe Friends are but lately deceaſed, and whoſe Lands are but new come into his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the beſt of our ordinary Gallants are) is affected to entertain the moſt Gentleman-like uſe of Tabacco: as firſt, to give it the moſt exquiſite Perfume: then, to know all the delicate ſweet forms for the aſſumption of it: as alſo the rare Corollary and Practice of the Cuban *Ebolition,* Euripus *and Whiff; which he ſhall receive, or take in here at* London, *and evaporate at* Uxbridge, *or farther, if it pleaſe him. If there be any ſuch generous ſpirit, that is truly enamour'd of theſe good faculties: May it pleaſe him, but (by a note of his Hand) to ſpecifie the Place or Ordinary where he uſes to eat and lie; and moſt ſweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the beſt ſort, ſhall be miniſtred:* Stet Quæſo Candide Lector.

Punt. Why this is without *parallel*, this!

Car. Well, I'll mark this Fellow for *Sogliardo*'s uſe preſently.

Punt. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his uſe.

Car. Faith either of 'em will ſerve, they are both good properties: I'll deſign the other a place too, that we may ſee him.

Punt. No better place than the *Mitre*, that we may be ſpectators with you, *Carlo.* Soft, behold who enters here: *Signior Sogliardo!* ſave you.

Act III. Scene IV.

Sogliardo. [*To them.*

SAve you, good Sir *Puntarvolo*; your Dog's in health, Sir, I ſee: how now, *Carlo?*

Carl. We have ta'ne ſimple pains, to chooſe you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither, Signior.

Clove, Monſieur *Orange*, yond' Gallants obſerve us; pr'y thee let's talk ſuſtain a little, and gull 'em: make 'em believe we are great Schollars. [*They ſhew him the Bills.*

Orange. O Lord, Sir.

Clove. Nay, pr'y thee let's, believe me, you have an excellent habit in diſcourſe.

Orange. It pleaſes you to ſay ſo, Sir.

Clove. By this Church, you ha' la: nay, come, begin: Ariſtotle *in his Dæmonologia, approves* Scaliger *for the beſt Navigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:* you underſtand the *Greek*, Sir,

Orange. O God, Sir.

Maci. For Societies ſake he does. O, here be a Couple of fine tame Parrots.

Clove. Now, Sir, whereas the *Ingenuity* of the time, and the Souls *Synderiſis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the Panch of *Eſquiline*, and the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, beſides the *Ecliptick line* being *optick*, and not *mentall*, but by the *contemplative* and *theorick* part thrreof, doth demonſtrate to us the *vegetable cicumference*, and the *ventoſity* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectual*, or *mincing capreal* (according to the *Metaphyſicks*) as you may read in *Plato's Hiſtoriomaſtix*—— You conceive me, Sir?

Orange. O Lord, Sir.

Clove. Then coming to the pretty *Animal*, as *Reaſon long ſince is fled to Animals*, you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing*, or *enamelling* or rather *diamondizing* of your *ſubject*, you ſhall percive the *Hypotheſis*, or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long ſince had their *initial inceptions* and *notions*) to be meerly *Pythagorical*, *Mathematical*, and *Ariſtocratical*—— For look you, Sir, there is ever a kind of *concinnity* and *ſpecies*— Let us turn to our former diſcourſe, for they mark us not.

Faſt. Maſs, yonder's the Knight *Puntarvolo.*

Deli. And my Couſin *Sogliard*, methinks.

Maci. I, and his Familiar that haunts him, the Devil with the ſhining face.

Deli. Let 'em alone, obſerve 'em not.

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am reſolute for that, By this Parchment Gentlemen, I have been ſo toil'd among the *Harrots* yonder, you will not believe, they do ſpeak i' the ſtrangeſt Language, and give a Man the hardeſt Terms for his Money, that ever you knew.

Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, Carlo, walks.

Car. But ha' you Arms, ha' you Arms?

Sog. Y'faith, I thank them, I can write my ſelf Gentleman now, here's my Pattent, it coſt me Thirty Pound, by this breath.

Punt. A very fair Coat, well charg'd and full of Armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of Colours in it, as you have ſeen a Coat have, how like you the Creſt, Sir?

Punt. I underſtand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, Sir, it is your Bore without a head *Rampant.*

A Bore without a Head, that's very rare!

Car. I, and Rampant too: troth, I commend the *Heralds* wit, he has decyphered him well: A Swine without a Head, without Brain, Wit, any thing indeed, ramping to Gentility. You can blazon the reſt, Signior? can you not?

Sog. O, I, I have it in writing here of purpoſe, it coſt me two Shillings the tricking.

Carl. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the moſt vile, fooliſh, abſurd, palpable, and ridiculous Eſcutcheon that ever this Eye ſurvis'd. Save you, good Monſieur *Faſtidius.*

[*They ſalute as they meet in the Walk.*

Car. Silence, good Knight: on, on.

Sog. Gyrony, of eight *peeces*; *Azure* and *Gules*, between three *Plates*; a *Chev'ron, engrailed cheekey, Or, Vert*, and *Ermins*; on a *cheefe Argent* between two *Ann'lets, ſables*; a Bores Head, *Proper.*

Car. How's that, on a *cheef Argent.*

Sog. On a *cheef Argent*, a Bores head *Proper*, between two *Ann'lets ſables.*

Car, 'Slud, it's a Hogs-cheek, and Puddings in a Pewter Field this.

[*Here they ſhift.* Faſtidius *mixes with* Puntarvolo, Carlo *and* Sogliardo, Deliro *and* Macilente, Clove *and* Orange, *four Couple.*

Sog. How like you 'em, Signior?

Punt. Let the word be, *Not without Muſtard*; your Creſt is very rare, Sir.

Car. A Frying-pan, to the Creſt, had had no fellow.

Faſt. Intreat your poor Friend to walk off a little, Signior, I will ſalute the Knight.

Car. Come, lap't up, lap't up.

Faſt. You are right well encountred, Sir, how does your fair Dog?

Punt. In reaſonable ſtate, Sir: what Citizen is that you were conſorted with? a Merchant of any worth?

Faſt. 'Tis Signior *Deliro*, Sir.

Punt. Is it he? Save you, Sir. [*Salute.*

Deli. Good Sir *Puntarvolo.*

Maci. O, what Copy of fool would this place miniſter, to one endew'd with patience, to obſerve it?

Car. Nay look you Sir, now you are a Gentleman, you muſt carry a more exalted preſence, change your Mood and Habit to a more auſtere Form, be exceeding proud, ſtand upon your Gentility, and ſcorn every Man. Speak nothing humbly, never diſcourſe under a Noble-man, though you ne're ſaw him but riding to the *Star-Chamber*, it's all one. Love no Man. Truſt no Man. Speak ill of no Man to his Face: nor well of any Man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wiſh 'em hang'd upon the turn. Spread your ſelf upon his Boſom publickly, whoſe Heart you would eat in private. Theſe be Principles, think on them, I'll come to you again preſently.

Punt. Sirrah, keep cloſe; yet not ſo cloſe: thy breath will draw my Ruff.

Sog. O, good Couſin, I am a little buſie, how does my Neece? I am to walk with a Knight, here.

Act III. Scene V.

Fungoſo, Taylor. [*To them.*

OHe is here, look you Sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tay. What, he i' the Bluſh-coloured Sattin?

Fung. I, he Sir: though his Sute bluſh, he bluſhes not, look you, that's the Sute, Sir: I would have mine ſuch a Sute without difference, ſuch Stuff, ſuch a Wing, ſuch a Sleeve, ſuch a Skirt, Belly and all; therefore, pray you obſerve it. Have you a Pair of Tables?

Faſt. Why do you ſee, Sir? they ſay I am Phantaſtical: why, true, I know it, and I purſue my Humour ſtill, in contempt of this cenſorious Age. 'Slight an' a Man ſhould do nothing, but what a ſort of ſtale Judgments about this Town will approve in him, he were a ſweet Aſs: I'ld beg him i'faith. I ne're knew any more find more fault with a Faſhion, than they that knew not how to put themſelves into't. For mine own part, ſo I pleaſe mine own Appetite, I am careleſs what the ſuſty World ſpeaks of me. Puh.

Fung.

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the Knee there?

Tay. I warrant you, Sir.

Fung. For Gods ſake do, note all: do you ſee the Coller, Sir.

Tay. Fear nothing, it ſhall not differ in a Stich, Sir.

Fung. Pray heav'n it do not, you'l make theſe Linings ſerve? and help me to a Chapman for the Out-ſide, will you?

Tay. I'll do my beſt, Sir: you'l put it off preſently?

Fung. I, go with me to my Chamber you ſhall have it—— but make haſte of it, for the love of a Cuſtomer, for I'll ſit i' my old Sute, or elſe lye a Bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

Car. O, if ever you were ſtruck with a Jeſt, Gallants, now, now, I do uſher the moſt ſtrange piece of Military profeſſion that ever was diſcover'd in *Inſula Paulina.*

Faſt. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Car. A Pimp, a Pimp, that I have obſerv'd yonder, the rareſt *ſuperfices* of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his Lungs in *Pauls* here; and offers up ſome five or ſix *Hecatombs* of Faces and Sighs and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not ſeen to note him, and we ſhall have excellent ſport.

Act III. Scene VI.

Shift. [*To them.*

Punt. S'Lid, he vented a Sigh e'ne now, I thought he would have blown up the Church.

Car. O, you ſhall have him give a number of thoſe falſe Fires e're he depart.

Faſt. See, now he is expoſtulating with his Rapier! look, look.

Car. Did you ever, in your days, obſerve better Paſſion over a Hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the Perſon of a Cutlers Boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I ſhould think it impoſſible.

Car. See again, he claps his Sword o' the head, as who ſhould ſay, well, go to.

Faſt. O violence! I wonder the Blade can contain it ſelf, being ſo provokt.

Car. *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his Breaſt,*
And rear'd his Eye to Heaven for revenge.

Sog. Troth, an' you be good Gentlemen, let's make 'em Friends, and take up the matter between his Rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you muſt lay down the matter; for this Rapier (it ſeems) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good Gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Faſt. By my faith, and 'tis to be ſuſpected, I'll ask him.

Maci. O, here's rich Stuff, for Lifes ſake, let us go.
A Man would wiſh himſelf a ſenſeleſs Pillar,
Rather than view theſe monſtrous Prodigies:
Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit——

Faſt. Signior.

Shift. At your Service.

Faſt. Will you ſell your Rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the queſtion, he looks as he had ſeen a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now fate bleſs me.

Punt. *Amen.*

Shift. You ask't me, if I would ſell my Rapier, Sir?

Faſt. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, Lord have mercy upon me.

Punt. *Amen*, I ſay ſtill.

Shift. 'Slid Sir, what ſhould you behold in my Face, Sir, that ſhould move you (as they ſay, Sir) to ask me, Sir, if I would ſell my Rapier?

Faſt. Nay (let me pray you, Sir) be not mov'd: I proteſt, I would rather have been ſilent, than any way offenſive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, Sir (for mine own part) as I am a Man that has ſerv'd in Cauſes, or ſo, ſo I am not apt to injure any Gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but (ſell my Rapier?) I will tell you, Sir, I have ſerv'd with this fooliſh Rapier, where ſome of us dare not appear in haſte; I name no Man: but let that paſs. (Sell my Rapier?) death to my Lungs. This Rapier, Sir, has travail'd by my ſide, Sir, the beſt part of *France* and the *Low Countrey*: I have ſeen *Vliſhing*, *Brill*, and the *Hague*, with this Rapier, Sir, in my Lord of *Leyſters* time: and (by Gods will) he that ſhould offer to diſrapier me now, I would——— Look you Sir, you preſume to be a Gentleman of ſort, and ſo likewiſe your Friends here, if you have any diſpoſition to travel, for the ſight of ſervice, or ſo, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you Letters, to divers Officers and Commanders in the *low Countries*, that ſhall for my cauſe do you all the good Offices, that ſhall pertain or belong to Gentlemen of your——— Pleaſe you to ſhew the bounty of your mind, Sir, to impart ſome Ten Groats, or half a Crown to our uſe, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we ſhall think our ſelf——— What, ſell my Rapier?

Sog. I pray you, what ſaid he, Signior? he's a proper Man.

Faſt. Marry he tells me, if I pleaſe to ſhew the bounty of my mind, to impart ſome ten Groats to his uſe, or ſo———

Punt. Break his head and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the *Jews* Trump, I.

Shif. My Rapier? no Sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Revenue, my Honour: (if you cannot impart, be ſecret, I beſeech you) and I will maintain it, where there is a Grain of Duſt, or a Drop of Water. (Hard is the choice when the valiant muſt eat their Arms, or clem:) Sell my Rapier? no, my dear, I will not be divorc'd from thee, yet; I have ever found thee true as Steel—— and (you cannot impart Sir?) Save you Gentlemen: (nevertheleſs if you have a fancy to it, Sir)

Faſt. Prethee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Car. Ha' you ſeen a Pimp out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him, that can diſſemble 'em ſo well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloke for it, than he has neither.

Faſt. Gods precious, what miſchievous luck is this! adieu Gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in ſuch haſte? Monſieur *Faſtidius.*

Faſt. After my Merchant, Signior *Deliro*, Sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, he may hap loſe his tide, a good Flounder i' faith.

Oran. Hark you, Signior *Whiffe*, a word with you.
[Orange *and* Clove *call* Shift *aſide.*

Car. How? Signior *Whiffe?*

Oran. What was the difference between that Gallant that's gone, and you, Sir?

Shif. No difference: he would ha' given me Five Pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

Clov. O, was't no otherwiſe? we thought you had been upon ſome Terms.

Shif. No other than you ſaw, Sir.

Clov. Adieu, good Maſter *Apple-John.*

Car. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple-John* too? Heart, what'll you ſay if this be the *Appendix*, or Label to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Reſolve us of it *Janus*, thou that look'ſt every way: or thou *Hercules*, that haſt travell'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay, *Carlo*, ſpend not time in Invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentleman desirous of your Name, Sir.

Shif. Sir, my name is *Cavalier Shift:* I am known sufficiently in this walk, Sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it,

Shif. True, Sir, it pleases the World (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to give me the Stile of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poor Esquire about the Town here, they call me Master *Apple-John.* Variety of good Names does well, Sir.

Car. I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagin yond' Bills to be yours.

Shif. Sir, if I should deny the Manuscripts, I were worthy to be banisht the middle Isle, for ever.

Car. I take your word, Sir: this Gentleman has subscrib'd to 'em, and is most desirous to become your Pupil. Marry you must use expedition. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo,* this is the Professor.

Sog. In good time, Sir; nay, good Sir, house your Head: do you profess these Slights in Tabacco?

Shif. I, do more than profess, Sir, and (if you please to be a Practitioner) I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinary, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular Assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *whiffe*, so soon?

Shif. Yes, as soon, Sir: he shall receive the first, second, and third *whiffe*, if it please him, and (upon the receipt) take his Horse, drink his three Cups of *Canary*, and expose one at *Hounslow*, a second at *Stanes*, and a third at *Bagshot.*

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not serve me, Sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.

Shif. Pardon me, Sir, I do scorn to serve any Man.

Car. Who? he serve? he! he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at *Fullam.*

Shif. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to Men of Quality. Where shall we go, Signior?

Punt. Your Miter is your best House.

Shif. I can make this Dog take as many *whiffes* as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, Fellows.

Sog. Sir, *Puntarvolo!*

Punt. Pardon me, my Dog shall not eat in his Company for a Million.

Car. Nay, be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that Stiff-neckt Gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the Dog, as we do: where shall we dine, *Carlo?* I would fain go to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

Car. So you may, were you never at any yet?

Sog. No faith, but they say there resorts your most choice Gallants,

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown Beast, brought out of *Affrick*: but that'll be help't with a good adventurous Face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when any thing's propounded above your Capacity, smile at it, make two or three Faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll think you have travail'd: though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only (now and then) give fire, discharge a good full Oath, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute: come, good Signior, there's a poor *French* Crown for your Ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least Portcullice of Coyn before.

GREX.

Mit. I travel with another objection, Signior, which I fear will be enforc'd against the Author, e're I can be deliver'd of it.

Cor. What's that, Sir?

Mit. That the argument of his *Comedy* might have been of some other nature, as of a Duke to be in love with a Countess, and that Countess to be in love with the Dukes Son, and the Son to love the Ladies Waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a Clown to their Servingman, better than to be thus near, and familliarly allied to the time.

Cor. You say well, but I would fain hear one of these *autumne* Judgements define once, *Quid sit Comedia?* if he cannot, let him content himself with *Cicero*'s definition (till he have strength to propose to himself a better) who would have a *Comedy* to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the Maker have fail'd in any Particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why—— be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the Actors.

Act III. Scene VII.

Sordido, Hine.

NAy, gods-pretious, if the Weather and Season be so respectless, that Beggers shall live as well as their Betters; and that my hunger and thirst for Riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with Poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their Hearts not broken; that my Coffers shall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry! 'Tis time, that a Cross should bear Flesh and Blood, since Flesh and Blood cannot bear this Cross. *With a Halter about his Neck.*

GREX.

Mit. What, will he hang himself?

Cor. Faith I, it seems his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.

Mit. Beshrowe me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

Sor. Tut, these Star-monger Knaves, who would trust 'em? one says, dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as Chrystal; another says, tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a Milk-bowl; here be sweet Rascals for a man to credit his whole Fortunes with: You Sky-staring Cocks-combs you, you Fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat Night-caps, and make Rug-gowns dear! You learned Men, and have not a legion of Devils, *a vostre service! a vostre service!* by Heaven, I think I shall dye a better Schollar than they! but soft, how now, Sirrah.

Hine. Here's a Letter come from your Son, Sir.

Sord, From my Son, Sir? what would my Son, Sir? some good news, no doubt.

The LETTER.

SWeet and dear Father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver) I desire you likewise to be advertised, that this Shrovetide (contrary to custom) we use always to have Revells; which is indeed dancing and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attir'd, which our Seniors note, and think the better of our Fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come up, and have any thing to do in the Law: therefore, good Father, these are (for your own sake as well as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting up of our name, in the honourable Volume of Gentility, that I may say to our Calumniators, with Tully, Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly benevolence) I humbly ask your Blessing, and pray God to bless you. Yours, if his own.

How's

How's this! *Yours, if his own?* is he not my Son, except he be his own Son? Belike this is ſome new kind of ſubſcription the Gallants uſe. Well! wherefore doſt thou ſtay Knave? Away: go. Here's a Letter indeed! Revels? and Benevolence? is this a weather to ſend Benevolence? or is this a ſeaſon to Revel in? 'Slid the Devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this Letter would never have come now elſe, now, now, when the Sun ſhines, and the Air thus clear. Soul, if this hold, we ſhall ſhortly have an excellent crop of Corn ſpring out of the high ways: the Streets, and Houſes of the Town will be hid with the rankneſs of the Fruits, that grow there in ſpight of good Husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the ſight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the ſight of it. I have this remedy, Heaven. Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little, O, nothing, nothing. Well now! ſhall my Son gain a Benevolence by my Death? or any Body be the better for my Gold, or ſo forth? No; alive I kept it from 'em, and (dead) my Ghoſt ſhall walk about it, and preſerve it; my Son and Daughter ſhall ſtarve e'er they touch it, I have hid it as deep as Hell from the ſight of Heaven, and to it I go now. [*Falls off.*

Act III. Scene VIII.

Ruſtici. [*To him*

Ruſt. 1. AY me, what pitiful ſight is this! help, help, help.

Ruſt. 2. How now? what's the matter?

Ruſt. 1. O, here's a Man has hang'd himſelf, help to get him again.

Ruſt. 2. Hang'd himſelf? 'Slid carry him afore a Juſtice, 'tis *chance-medly*, o' my word.

Ruſt. 3. How now, what's here to do?

Ruſt. 4. How comes this?

Ruſt. 2. One has executed himſelf, contrary to order of Law, and by my conſent he ſhall anſwer't.

Ruſt. 5. Would he were in caſe to anſwer it.

Ruſt. 1. Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Ruſt. 5. Maſs, 'twas well you went the foot-way, Neighbour.

Ruſt. 1. I, an' I had not cut the Halter.

Sord. How! cut the Halter? Ay me, I am undone, I am undone.

Ruſt. 2. Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare horſe-bread-eating Raſcals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you muſt cut it? and in the midſt too! Ay me.

Ruſt. 1. Out on me, 'tis the Catterpiller *Sordido!* how curſed are the Poor, that the Viper was bleſt with this good fortune?

Ruſt. 2. Nay, how accurſt art thou, that art cauſe to the curſe of the Poor?

Ruſt. 3. I, and to ſave ſo wretched a Caytiff?

Ruſt. 4. Curſt be thy Fingers that loos'd him.

Ruſt. 2. Some deſperate Fury poſſeſs thee, that thou maiſt hang thy ſelf too.

Ruſt. 5. Never maiſt thou be ſav'd, that ſav'd ſo damn'd a Monſter.

Sord. What Curſes breathe theſe Men! how have my deeds
Made my looks differ from another Mans,
That they ſhould thus deteſt, and lothe my life!
Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monſtrous in true human Eyes.
Pardon me (gentle Friends) I'll make fair mends
For my foul errors paſt, and twenty-fold
Reſtore to all Men, what with wrong I rob'd them:
My Barns and Garners ſhall ſtand open ſtill
To all the Poor that come, and my beſt Grain
Be made Alms-bread, to feed half-famiſht Mouthes.
Though hitherto amongſt you I have liv'd,
Like an unſavoury Muck-hill to my ſelf,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being ſpread abroad,
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uſes.
Bleſs then this Man, Curſe him no more for ſaving
My Life and Soul together. O, how deeply
The bitter Curſes of the Poor do pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
And witneſs my Repentance: now I prove,
"No Life is bleſt, that is not grac't with Love.

Ruſt. 2. O miracle! ſee when a Man has grace!

Ruſt. 3. Had't not been pitty, ſo good a Man ſhould have been caſt away?

Ruſt. 2. Well, I'll get our Clerk put his Converſion in the *Acts* and *Monuments*.

Ruſt. 4. Do, for I warrant him he's a *Martyr*.

Ruſt. 2. O God, how he wept, if you mark't it! did you ſee how the tears trill'd?

Ruſt. 5. Yes, believe me, like Maſter Vicars Bowles upon the Green for all the World.

3. *or* 4. O Neighbour, God's Bleſſing o'your Heart, Neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

GREX.

Cor. How now, *Mitis*? what's that you conſider ſo ſeriouſly?

Mit. Troth, that which doth eſſentially pleaſe me, the warping condition of this green and foggy Multitude; but in good faith, *Signior*, your Author hath largely out-ſtript my expectation in this *Scene*, I will liberally confeſs it. For when I ſaw *Sordido* ſo deſperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

Cor. What? you ſuppos'd he ſhould have hung himſelf indeed?

Mit. I did, and had fram'd my objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urg'd, and with ſome neceſſity: for though his purpos'd violence loſt th' effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object, was more than the nature of a *Comedie* will in any ſort admit.

Cor. I? what think you of *Plautus*, in his *Comedie*, called *Ciſtellaria*, there? where he brings in *Alceſimarchus* with a drawn Sword ready to kill himſelf, and as he is e'en fixing his Breaſt upon it, to be reſtrain'd from his reſolv'd outrage, by *Silenium* and the Bawd: is not his Authority of power to give our *Scene* approbation?

Mit. Sir, I have this only evaſion left me, to ſay, *I think it be ſo indeed, your memory is happier than mine*: but I wonder, what Engine he will uſe to bring the reſt out of their humours!

Cor. That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your imagination withall. Let your mind keep company with the *Scene* ſtill, which now removes it ſelf from the Country to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and *Signior Briſk*, freſhly ſuited, loſe not your ſelf, for now the *Epitaſis*, or buſie part of our ſubject is in act.

Act III. Scene IX.

Macilente, Briſk, Cinedo, Saviolina.

Faſt. WELL, now, *Signior Macilente*, you are not only welcome to the Court, but alſo to my Miſtris's withdrawing Chamber: But, get me ſome Tabacco, I'll but go in, and ſhew I am here, and come to you preſently, Sir.

Maci. What's that he ſaid? by Heaven, I markt him not:
My thoughts and I were of another World.
I was admiring mine own out-ſide here,
To think what Priviledge and Palm it bears

Here,

Here, in the Court! Be a Man ne'er ſo vile
In Wit, in Judgment, Manners, or what elſe;
If he can purchaſe but a Silken cover,
He ſhall not only paſs, but paſs regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er ſo richly parted, you ſhall have
A Fellow (that knows nothing but his Beef,
Or how to rince his clammy Guts in Beer)
Will take him by the Shoulders, or the Throat,
And kick him down the Stairs. Such is the ſtate
Of Vertue in bad Clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Raiment ſhould be in ſuch high requeſt!
How long ſhould I be, e'er I ſhould put off
To the Lord *Chancellor*'s Tomb, or the *Sheriffs* Poſts?
By Heaven (I think) a thouſand, thouſand Year.
His Gravity, his Wiſdom, and his Faith,
To my dread Soveraign (graces that ſurvive him)
Theſe I could well indure to reverence,
But not his Tomb: no more than I'ld commend
The Chappel Organ, for the gilt without,
Or this Baſe-Viol, for the varniſht Face.

Faſt. I fear I have made you ſtay ſomewhat long, Sir; but is my Tabacco ready Boy?

Cine. I, Sir.

Faſt. Give me, my Miſtris is upon coming, you ſhall ſee her preſently Sir, (*Tab.*) you'll ſay you never accoſted a more piercing Wit. This Tabacco is not dried Boy, or elſe the Pipe is defective. Oh, your Wits of *Italy* are nothing comparable to her! her Brain 's a very Quiver of Jeſts! and ſhe does dart them abroad with that ſweet, looſe, and judicial aim, that you would—— here ſhe comes, Sir.

[*She is ſeen, and goes in again.*

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bog'd elſe.

Savi. Give me my Fan there.

Maci. How now, *Monſieur Briſk?*

Faſt. A kind of affectionate Reverence ſtrikes me with a cold ſhivering (methinks.)

Maci. I like ſuch tempers well, as ſtand before their Miſtreſſes with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent Mountains.

Faſt. By this Hand, I'ld ſpend twenty Pound my Vaulting-horſe ſtood here now, ſhe might ſee me do but one Trick.

Maci. Why, does ſhe love activity?

Cine. Or if you had but your long Stockings on, to be dancing a Galliard, as ſhe comes by.

Faſt. I, either. O, theſe ſtirring humours make Ladies mad with deſire: ſhe comes. My good *Genius* embolden me; Boy, the Pipe quickly.

Maci. What? will he give her Muſick?

Faſt. A ſecond good morrow to my fair Miſtris.

Savi. Fair Servant, I'll thank you a Day hence, when the Date of your Salutation comes forth.

Faſt. How like you that anſwer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a ſimple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles, Sir.

Faſt. Troth, ſweet Lady, I ſhall (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to give you thanks for thoſe thanks, and (*Tab.*) ſtudy more officious, and obſequious regards (*Tab.*) to your fair Beauties. (*Tab.*) Mend the Pipe Boy.

[*He talks, and takes Tabacco between.*

Maci. I ne'er knew Tabacco taken as a *Parentheſis* before.

Faſt. 'Fore God (ſweet Lady) believe it, I do honour the meaneſt Ruſh in this Chamber for your love.

Savi. I, you need not tell me that, Sir, I do think you do prize a Ruſh before my Love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of Nations?

Faſt. O, by this Air, pardon me, I ſaid for your Love, by this Light: but it is the accuſtomed ſharpneſs of your Ingenuity, ſweet Miſtreſs, to —— Maſs your Viol's new ſtrung, methinks.

[*He takes down the Viol, and plays between.*

Maci. Ingenuity! I ſee his ignorance will not ſuffer him to ſlander her, which he had done moſt notably, if he had ſaid Wit for Ingenuity, as he meant it.

Faſt. By the ſoul of Muſick, Lady (*hum, hum.*)

Savi. Would we might hear it once.

Faſt. I do more adore and admire your (*hum, hum,*) predominant perfections, than (*hum, hum*) ever I ſhall have power and faculty to expreſs (*hum.*)

Savi. Upon the Viol *de Gambo*, you mean?

Faſt. It's miſerably out of Tune, by this Hand.

Savi. Nay, rather by the Fingers.

Maci. It makes good Harmony with her Wit.

Faſt. Sweet Lady, tune it. Boy, ſome Tabacco.

Maci. Tabacco again? he does court his Miſtreſs with very exceeding good changes.

Faſt. *Signior Macilente*, you take none, Sir? (*Tab.*)

Maci. No, unleſs I had a Miſtreſs, *Signior*, it were a great indecorum for me to take Tabacco.

Faſt. How like you her Wit? (*Tab.*)

Maci. Her Ingenuity is excellent, Sir.

Faſt. You ſee the ſubject of her ſweet Fingers there? (*Tab.*) Oh, ſhe tickles it ſo, that (*Tab.*) ſhe makes it laugh moſt divinely; (*Tab.*) I'll tell you a good jeſt now, and your ſelf ſhall ſay it's a good one: I have wiſht my ſelf to be that Inſtrument (I think) a thouſand times, and not ſo few, by Heaven (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not unlike, Sir: but how? to be cas'd up, and hung by on the Wall?

Faſt. O, no, Sir, to be in uſe I aſſure you; as your judicious Eyes may teſtifie. (*Tab.*)

Savi. Here, Servant, if you will play, come.

Faſt. Inſtantly, ſweet Lady. (*Tab.*) In good faith, here's moſt divine Tabacco!

Savi. Nay, I cannot ſtay to dance after your Pipe.

Faſt. Good! nay, dear Lady, ſtay: by this ſweet ſmoke, I think your Wit be all fire. (*Tab.*)

Maci. And he's the *Salamander* belongs to it.

Savi. Is your Tabacco perfum'd, Servant? that you ſwear by the ſweet ſmoke?

Faſt. Still more excellent! (before Heaven, and theſe bright Lights) I think (*Tab.*) you are made of Igenuity, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your diſcourſe is: O abominable!

Faſt. Will your Ladiſhip take any?

Savi. O, peace I pray you, I love not the breath of Woodcock's-head.

Faſt. Meaning my Head, Lady?

Savi. Not altogether ſo, Sir; but (as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themſelves with taking Tabacco, when they want better entertainment) you ſee your Pipe bears the true form of a Woodcock's-head.

Faſt. O admirable *ſimile!*

Savi. 'Tis beſt leaving of you in admiration, Sir.

Maci. Are theſe the admired Lady-wits, that having ſo good a plain Song, can run no better diviſion upon it? All her jeſts are of the ſtamp, (*March* was fifteen Years ago.) Is this the Comet, *Monſieur Faſtidius*, that your Gallants wonder at ſo?

Faſt. Heart of a Gentleman, to neglect me afore preſence thus! Sweet Sir, I beſeech you be ſilent in my diſgrace. By the *Muſes*, I was never in ſo vile a humour in my life, and her Wit was at the flood too. Report it not for a million, good Sir; let me be ſo far endear'd to your love.

GREX.

Mit. What follows next, *Signior Cordatus*? this Gallant's humour is almoſt ſpent, methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his Miſtreſs.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our Actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who preſents himſelf here!

Mit. What,

Mit. What, i' the old caſe?

Cor. I'faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you underſtand where the *Scene* is?

Act IV. Scene I.

Fallace, Fungoſo.

WHY are you ſo melancholy, Brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you, Siſter.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the World, and if we ſhould not be comforts one to another, God help us.

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, Siſter, but if a Man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to ſee his yeomanly Father cut his Neighbours Throats, to make his Son a Gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'em, he will ſee his Sons Throat cut too, e'er he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before Death cut his own Throat. I muſt be the firſt Head of our Houſe, and yet he will not give me the Head till I be made ſo. Is any Man term'd a Gentleman that is not always i' the faſhion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, Brother, I think I have as much cauſe to be melancholy, as any one: for I'll be ſworn, I live as little in the faſhion, as any Woman in *London*. By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (Beaſt that I am to ſay it) I ha' not one Friend i'the World beſides my Husband. When ſaw you Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk*, Brother?

Fung. But a while ſince, Siſter, I think: I know not well in truth. By this Hand, I could fight with all my Heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay good Brother, be not reſolute.

Fung. I ſent him a Letter, and he writes me no anſwer neither.

Fal. Oh, ſweet *Faſtidius Briſk!* O fine Courtier! thou art he mak'ſt me ſigh, and ſay, how bleſſed is that Woman that hath a Courtier to her Husband! and how miſerable a Dame ſhe is, that hath neither Huſband, nor Friend i' the Court! O, ſweet *Faſtidius!* O fine Courtier! How comely he bowes him in his Court'ſie! how full he hits a Woman between the Lips when he kiſſes! how upright he ſits at the Table! how daintily he Carves! how ſweetly he Talks, and tells News of this Lord, and of that Lady! how cleanly he wipes his Spoon, at every ſpoonful of any White-meat he eats! and what a neat Caſe of Pick-tooths he carries about him ſtill! O, ſweet *Faſtidius!* O, fine Courtier!

Act IV. Scene II.

Deliro, Muſicians, Macilente, Fungoſo.

SEE, yonder ſhe is, Gentlemen. Now, (as ever you'll bear the name of Muſicians) touch your Inſtruments ſweetly, ſhe has a delicate Ear, I tell you: play not a falſe note, I beſeech you.

Muſi. Fear not, *Signior Deliro.*

Deli. O, begin, begin, ſome ſprightly thing: Lord, how my imagination labours with the ſucceſs of it! Well ſaid, good i'faith! Heaven grant it pleaſe her. I'll not be ſeen, for then ſhe'll be ſure to diſlike it.

Fal. Hey—da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my Husband's dotage. I thought ſo; nay, never play boe-peep with me, I know you do nothing but ſtudy how to anger me, Sir.

Deli. Anger thee, ſweet Wife? why didſt thou not ſend for Muſicians at Supper laſt Night thy ſelf?

Fal. To Supper, Sir? now, come up to ſupper, I beſeech you: as though there were no difference between Supper-time, when Folks ſhould be merry, and this time when they ſhould be melancholy? I would never take upon me to take a Wife, if I had no more judgment to pleaſe her.

Deli. Be pleas'd, ſweet Wife, and they ſhall ha' doſe, and would to fate, my life were done, if I can never pleaſe thee.

Maci. Save you, Lady, where is Maſter *Deliro?*

Deliro. Here, Maſter *Macilente:* you are welcome from Court, Sir; no doubt you have been grac't exceedingly of Maſter *Briſk*'s Miſtriſs, and the reſt of the Ladies for his ſake.

Maci. Alas, the poor *phantaſtick!* he's ſcarce known
To any Lady there; and thoſe that know him,
Know him the ſimpleſt Man of all they know:
Deride, and play upon his amorous humours,
Though he but apiſhly doth imitate
The gallant'ſt Courtiers kiſſing Ladies Pumps.
Holding the Cloth for them, praiſing their Wits,
And ſervilely obſerving every one,
May do them pleaſure: fearful to be ſeen
With any Man (though he be ne'er ſo worthy)
That's not in grace with ſome that are the greateſt.
Thus Courtiers do, and theſe he counterfeits,
But ſets not ſuch a ſightly carriage
Upon their Vanities, as they themſelves;
And therefore they deſpiſe him: for indeed
He's like the *Zani* to a Tumbler,
That tries Tricks after him, to make Men laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful ſpiteful Wretch! the good Gentleman vouchſaft to make him his companion (becauſe my Husband put him into a few Rags) and now ſee how the unrude Raſcal back-bites him!

Deli. Is he no more grac't amongſt 'em then? ſay you?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at *Cheſs*: fills up a Room, that's all.

Fal. O monſter of Men! can the Earth bear ſuch an envious Caytiff?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e'er credited him ſo much: but (now I ſee what he is, and that his maſking Vizor is off) I'll forbear him no longer. All his Lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited: beſides, I have Bonds of his in my Hand, for the receit of now fifty Pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: ſtill, as he has had a Fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Suit. Well, I'll ſalute him by a *Serjeant*, the next time I ſee him, i'faith, I'll Sute him.

Maci. Why, you may ſoon ſee him, Sir, for he is to meet *Signior Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange*, preſently: where he means to take up, upon return—

Fal. Now, out upon thee, *Judas*; canſt thou not be content to backbite thy Friend, but thou muſt betray him? wilt thou ſeek the undoing of any Man? and of ſuch a Man too? and will you, Sir, get your living by the counſel of Traytors?

Deli. Dear Wife, have patience.

Fal. The Houſe will fall, the Ground will open and ſwallow us: I'll not bide here, for all the Gold and Silver in Heaven.

Deli. O, good *Macilente*, let's follow and appeaſe her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

Maci. Now Peaſe, and not Peace, feed that life, whoſe Head hangs ſo heavily over a Womans Manger.

Fal. Help me, Brother; 'ods body, an' you come here I'll do my ſelf a miſchief. [Deliro *follows his Wife.*

Deli. Nay, hear me, ſweet Wife, unleſs thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you ſhall ne'er ha' that vantage of me, to ſay, you are undone by me: I'll not bid you ſtay, I. Brother, ſweet Brother, here's four Angels, I'll give you towards your Sute: for the love of Gentry, and as ever you came of Chriſtian Creature, make haſte to the Water-ſide (you know where Maſter *Faſtidius* uſes to land) and give him warning of my Husbands malicious intent; and tell him of that lean Raſcal's treachery: O Heavens!

how

how my Flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet Brother, make haste: You may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuse but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good Brother; say, I sent you.

Fung. Let me see, these four Angels, and then forty Shillings more I can borrow on my Gown in *Fetter-lane*. Well, I will go presently sey on my Sute, pay as much Money as I have, and swear my self into Credit with my Taylor for the rest.

Del. O, on my soul you wrong her, *Macilente*.
Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest.

[Deliro *and* Macilente *pass over the Stage.*

Macil. Well, then have I no Judgment. Would any Woman (but one that were wild in her Affections) have broke out into that immodest and violent Passion against her Husband? or is't possible——

Del. If you love me, forbear; all the Arguments i' the World shall never wrest my Heart to believe it.

GREX.

Cor. How like you the decyphering of his Dotage?

Mit. O, strangely! and of the others Envy too, that labours so seriously to set Debate betwixt a Man and his Wife. Stay, here comes the Knight Adventurer.

Cor. I, and his Scrivener with him.

Act IV. Scene III.

Puntarvolo, Notary, Carlo, Servants.

I Wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! But *Notary*, if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will give thee thy Instructions.

Not. With all my heart, Sir; and I'll fall in hand with 'em presently.

Pun. Well then, first the Sum is to be understood.

Not. Good, Sir.

Pun. Next, our several Appellations, and Character of my Dog and Cat, must be known. Shew him the Cat, Sirrah.

Not. So, Sir.

Pun. Then, that the intended Bound is the *Turk*'s Court in *Constantinople*; the Time limited for our Return, a Year; and that if either of us miscarry, the whole Venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou? or if either of us turn *Turk*.

Not. I, Sir.

Pun. Now for Particulars: That I may make my Travels by Sea or Land, to my best liking; and that (hiring a Coach for my self) it shall be lawful for my Dog, or Cat, or both, to ride with me in the said Coach.

Not. Very good, Sir.

Pun. That I may chuse to give my Dog, or Cat, Fish, for fear of Bones; or any other Nutriment that (by the Judgment of the most authentical Physicians where I travel) shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, Sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his Money) he shall neither in his own Person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as Magick, Witchcraft, or other such exotick Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my Dog, or my Cat: Neither shall I use the help of any such Sorceries or Inchantments, as Unctions to make our Skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three-forked Charm about my Dog's Neck, secretly convey'd into his Collar, (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without Fraud or Imposture.

Not. So, Sir.

Pun. That (for testimony of the Performance) my self am to bring thence a *Turks* Mustachio, my Dog a *Grecian* Hares Lip, and my Cat the Train or Tail of a *Thracian* Rat.

Not. 'Tis done, Sir.

Pun. 'Tis said, Sir; not done, Sir: But forward; That upon my return, and Landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid Testimony, I am to receive Five for One, according to the proportion of the Sums put forth.

Not. Well, Sir.

Pun. Provided, That if before our departure, or setting forth, either my self or these be visited with Sickness, or any other casual Event, so that the whole Course of the Adventure be hindred thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated Proportion, upon fair and equal Terms.

Not. Very good, Sir; is this all?

Pun. It is all, Sir; and dispatch them, good *Notary*.

Not. As fast as is possible, Sir.

Pun. O *Carlo!* welcom: Saw you Monsieur *Brisk*?

Car. Not I: Did he appoint you to meet here?

Pun. I, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred Pounds of me in Venture, if he maintain his Promise.

Car. Is his Hour past?

Pun. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the Commandments, than his Hour; upon my Life, in such a Case trust him.

Pun. Methinks, *Carlo*, you look very smooth! ha?

Car. Why, I came but now from a Hot-house, I must needs look smooth.

Pun. From a Hot-house!

Car. I, do you make a Wonder on't? Why, it's your only Physick. Let a Man sweat once a Week in a Hot-house, and be well rubb'd, and froted, with a good plump juicy Wench, and sweet Linnen, he shall ne'er ha' the Pox.

Pun. What, the *French* Pox?

Car. The *French* Pox! Our Pox. We have 'em in as good form as they Man: what?

Pun. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! Was your new-created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo?*

Car. O Porpuse! hang him, no: he's a Leiger at *Horn*'s Ordinary yonder; his villainous *Ganymede* and he ha' been droning a Tabacco-pipe there ever sin' yesterday noon.

Pun. Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would give my Dog the Whiff?

Car. I, he. They have hir'd a Chamber and all, private, to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit reciprocal*, and a number of other Mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twenty Gallants this morning to view 'em (as you'd do a Piece of Perspective) in at a Key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chair, holding his Snowt up like a Sow under an Apple-tree, while th' other open'd his Nostrils with a Poking-stick, to give the Smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or fourscore Ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Pun. How! spit three or fourscore Ounces?

Car. I, and preserv'd it in Porrengers, as a Barber do's his Blood when he opens a Vein.

Pun. Out, *Pagan*; how dost thou open the Vein of thy Friend?

Car. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i' the World? ha? 'Slid, I ne'er relisht it yet.

Pun. Thy Humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, Signior. Tut, a Man must keep time in all; I can oyl my Tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good slick Forehead; 'twill take away all soil of Suspicion, and that's enough: What *Lyncens* can see my Heart? Pish, the Title of a Friend, it's a vain idle thing, only venerable among Fools; you shall not have one that has any opinion of Wit affect it.

Act IV. Scene IV.

To them.] *Deliro, Macilente.*

SAve you, good Sir *Puntarvolo.*

Punt. Signior *Deliro!* Welcome.

Deli. Pray you, Sir, did you ſee Maſter *Faſtidius Briſk?* I heard he was to meet your Worſhip here.

Punt. You heard no Figment, Sir; I do expect him at every Pulſe of my Watch.

Deli. In good time, Sir.

Car. There's a Fellow now looks like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*; marry, his Wit's after Ten i' the Hundred: a good Blood-hound, a cloſe-mouth'd Dog, he follows the Scent well; marry, he's at a fault now methinks.

Punt. I ſhould wonder at that Creature is free from the danger of thy Tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide theſe Limbs of Sattin, or rather Satan indeed, that'll walk (like the Children of Darkneſs) all day in a melancholy Shop, with their Pockets full of Blanks, ready to ſwallow up as many poor unthrifts, as come within the Verge.

Punt. So! and what haſt thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, (Dam me) *Immortality*! I'l not meddle with him, the pure Element of Fire, all Spirit, extraction.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha? what is he, Man?

Car. A Schollar, *Macilente*, do you not know him? a lank raw-bon'd Anatomy, he walks up and down like a charg'd Musket, no Man dares encounter him: that's his reſt there.

Punt. His reſt? why has he a forked Head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be ſuſpended, you are too quick, too apprehenſive.

Deli. Troth (now I think on't) I'll defer it till ſome other time.

Maci. Not, by any means, Signior, you ſhall not loſe this opportunity, he will be here preſently now.

Deli. Yes faith, *Macilente*, 'tis beſt. For, look you, Sir, I ſhall ſo exceedingly offend my Wife in't, that——

Maci. Your Wife? now for ſhame loſe theſe thoughts, and become the Maſter of your own Spirits. Should I (if I had a Wife) ſuffer my ſelf to be thus paſſionately carried (to and fro) with the Stream of her Humour? and neglect my deepeſt Affairs, to ſerve her Affections? 'Slight I would geld my ſelf firſt.

Deli. O but, Signior, had you ſuch a Wife as mine is, you would——

Maci. Such a Wife? Now hate me, Sir, if ever I diſcern'd any wonder in your Wife, yet, with all the ſpeculation I have: I have ſeen ſome that ha' been thought fairer than ſhe, in my time; and I have ſeen thoſe, ha' not been altogether ſo tall, eſteem'd properer Women; and I have ſeen leſs Roſes grow upon ſweeter Faces, that have done very well too, in my Judgment: but in good faith, Signior, for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pretty proud hard-favour'd thing, marry not ſo peerleſsly to be doted upon, I muſt confeſs: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, Sir, (however you pleaſe to forget your ſelf) I have not deſerv'd to be thus plai'd upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my Houſe, for I can but faintly endure the ſavour of his breath at my Table, that ſhall thus jade me for my Courteſies.

Maci. Nay, then, Signior; let me tell you, your Wife is no proper Woman, and by my Life, I ſuſpect her honeſty, that's more, which you may likewiſe ſuſpect (if you pleaſe:) do you ſee? I'll urge you to nothing, againſt your appetite, but if you pleaſe, you may ſuſpect it.

Deli. Good, Sir.

Maci. Good Sir? Now Horn upon Horn purſue thee, thou blind egregious dotard.

Car. O, you ſhall hear him ſpeak like enny. Signior *Macilente*, you ſaw Monſieur *Briſk* lately? I heard you were with him at Court.

Maci. I, *Buffone*, I was with him.

Car. And how is he reſpected there? (I know you'll deal ingenouſly with us) is he made of amongſt the ſweeter ſort of Gallants?

Maci. Faith I, his Civet and his Caſting-glaſs,
Have helpt him to a place amongſt the reſt:
And there, his *Seniors* give him good ſleight looks,
After their Garb, ſmile, and ſalute in *French*
With ſome new Complement.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why ſay, that they ſhould ſhew the frothy Fooll
Such grace as they pretend comes from the Heart,
He had a mighty Wind-fall out of doubt.
Why, all their *Graces* are not to do grace
To Vertue, or Deſert: but to ride both
With their guilt Spurs quite breathleſs, from themſelves.
'Tis now eſteem'd *Preciſianiſm* in Wit,
And a diſeaſe in Nature, to be kind
Toward Deſert, to love, or ſeek good Names.
Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving?
Who can provide Feaſt for his own Deſires,
With ſerving others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly, by our wiſeſt Worldings prov'd,
(If not to gain by love) to be belov'd.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good ſpiteful ſlave? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, ſhrewd.

Car. Dam me, I could eat his Fleſh now: divine ſweet Villain!

Maci. Nay, prethee leave: what's he there?

Car. Who? this i' the ſtarcht Beard? it's the dull ſtiff Knight *Puntarvolo*, Man; he's to travel now preſently: he has a good knotty Wit, marry he carries little on't out of the Land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his Money upon the return of a Dog, and Cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. I, this is he; a good tough Gentleman: he looks like a Shield of Brawn at *Shrovetide*, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry Poul of Ling upon *Eaſter-eve*, that has furniſht the Table all *Lent*, as he has done the City this laſt vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your ſtabbing *ſimile's*: I ſhall ha' you ayming at me with 'em by and by, but——

Car. O, renounce me then: pure, honeſt, good *Devil*, I love thee above the love of Women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! gods ſo, look here, Man; Sir *Dagonet*, and his Squire!

Act IV. Scene V.

Sogliardo, Shift. [*To them.*

SAve you, my dear *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach, good *Cavalier*: prethee (ſweet Knight) know this Gentleman, he's one that it pleaſes me to uſe as my good Friend and Companion; and therefore do him good Offices: I beſeech you, Gentiles, know him, know him all over.

Punt. Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo*'s ſake) let it ſuffice, I know you.

Sog. Why (as I am a Gentleman) I thank you, Knight, and it ſhall ſuffice. Hark you, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you'ld little think it; he's as reſolute a piece of Fleſh as any i' the World.

Punt. Indeed, Sir?

Sog. Upon my Gentility, Sir: *Carlo*, a word with you: Do you ſee that ſame fellow, there?

Car. What? *Cavalier Shift?*

Sog. O, you know him; cry you mercy: before me, I think him the talleſt Man living within the Walls of *Europe*.

Car. The Walls of *Europe*! take heed what you ſay, Signior, *Europe's* a huge thing within the Walls.

Sog. Tut, (an' 'twere as huge again) I'ld juſtifie what I ſpeak. 'Slid, he ſwagger'd e'ne now in a place where we were: I never ſaw a Man do it more reſolute.

Car. Nay, indeed ſwaggering is a good Argument of Reſolution. Do you hear this, Signior:

Maci. I, to my grief. O, that ſuch muddy Flags,
For every drunken flouriſh, ſhould archieve
The name of Manhood; whilſt true perfect Valour
(Hating to ſhew it ſelf) goes by deſpis'd!
Heart, I do know now (in a fair juſt cauſe)
I dare do more than he, a thouſand times:
Why ſhould not they take knowledg of this? ha?
And give my worth allowance before his?
Becauſe I cannot ſwagger! Now the Pox
Light on your *Pickt-hatch* proweſs.

Sog. Why, I tell you, Sir, he has been the only *Bid-ſtand* that ever kept *New-market*, *Salisbury-plain*, *Hockley* i' the hole, *Gads-Hill*; and all the high Places of any requeſt: he has had his Mares and his Geldings, he, ha' been worth Forty, Threeſcore, a Hundred Pound a Horſe, would ha' ſprung you over Hedge and Ditch like your Grey-hound: he has done Five hundred Robberies in his time, more or leſs, I aſſure you.

Punt. What? and ſcapt?

Sog. Scapt! i'faith I: he has broken the Jayl when he has been in Irons, and Irons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; Forty times, and not ſo few, he.

Maci. A fit Trumpet, to proclaim ſuch a Perſon.

Car. But can this be poſſible?

Shif. Why, 'tis nothing, Sir, when a Man gives his Affections to it.

Sog. Good *Pilades*, diſcourſe a Robbery or two, to ſatisfie theſe Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shif. Pardon me, my dear *Oreſtes*: Cauſes have their *quiddits*, and 'tis ill jeſting with Bell-ropes.

Car. How? *Pilades* and *Oreſtes*?

Sog. I, he is my *Pilades*, and I am his *Oreſtes*: how like you the Conceit?

Car. O, it's an old ſtale enterlude Device: No, I'll give you Names my ſelf, look you, he ſhall be your *Judas*, and you ſhall be his Elder Tree to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather, let him be Captain *Pod*, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but ſhew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus, you ſhall be *Holden*, and he your Camel.

Shif. You do not mean to ride, Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, Gallants: you ſhall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Reſolution*.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how ſay you, *Cavalier*, ſhal't be ſo?

Car. I, I, moſt Voices.

Shif. Faith, I am eaſily yielding to any good Impreſſions.

Sog. Then give hands, good *Reſolution*.

Car. Maſs, he cannot ſay, good *Countenance*, now (properly) to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an *Irony*.

Maci. O, Sir, the countenance of *Reſolution* ſhould, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleaſant.

Act IV. Scene VI.

To them. *Faſtidius Brisk.*

GOod hours, make muſick with your Mirth, Gentlemen, and keep time to your Humours: how now, *Carlo*?

Punt. Monſieur *Brisk*! many a long look have I extended for you, Sir.

Faſt. Good faith I muſt crave Pardon; I was invited this Morning e're I was out of my Bed, by a Bevy of Ladies, to a Banquet: whence it was almoſt one of *Hercules* labours for me, to come away, but that the reſpect of my Promiſe did ſo prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, eſpecially one, that gave me this Bracelet of her Hair but over night, and this Pearl another gave me from her Fore-head, marry, ſhe—— what? are the Writings ready?

Punt. I will ſend my Man to know. Sirrah, go you to the *Notaries*, and learn if he be ready: leave the Dog, Sir.

Faſt. And how does my rare qualified Friend, *Sogliardo*? Oh, Signior *Macilente*! by theſe Eyes, I ſaw you not, I had ſaluted you ſooner elſe, o' my troth: I hope, Sir, I may preſume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or diſgrace (indeed) Sir.

Maci. You may, Sir.

Car. He knows ſome notorious Jeſt by this Gull, that he hath him ſo obſequious.

Sog. Monſieur *Faſtidius*, do you ſee this Fellow there? does he not look like a Clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Faſt. Any thing in him? beſhrew me, I: the Fellow hath a good ingenious Face.

Sog. By this Element he is as ingenious a tall Man as ever ſwagger'd about *London*: he, and I, call *Countenance* and *Reſolution*, but his Name is *Cavalier Shift*.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the Robbery at *Harrow* o' the Hill?

Sog. Knew him, Sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the Action.

Punt. How? was it your Project, Sir?

Shif. Pardon me, *Countenance*, you do me ſome wrong to make occaſions publick, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. Gods will! here are none but Friends, *Reſolution*.

Shif. That's all one; things of conſequence muſt have their reſpects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, Sir, he ſhewed himſelf a true *Clog* in the coherence of that Affair, Sir: for, if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a Forty, or fifty ſcore of Pounds, Sir, and he himſelf might ha' liv'd (in deſpight of fates) to have fed on Wood-cocks, with the reſt: but it was his heavy fortune to ſink, poor *Clog*, and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more aiders then?

Sog. O God, Sir! I, there were ſome preſent there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him, i'faith.

Shif. I, Sir, I can ſatisfie you at more convenient Conference: but (for mine own part) I have now reconcil'd my ſelf to other courſes, and profeſs a living out of my other Qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I aſſure you) and is able to live like a Gentleman, by his Qualities. By this Dog, he has the moſt rare Gift in Tabacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this Monſter, than ever *Bankes* did with his Horſe, or the Fellow with the Elephant.

Maci. He will hang out his Picture ſhortly, in a Cloth, you ſhall ſee.

Sog. O, he does manage a Quarrel, the beſt that ever you ſaw, for Terms and Circumſtances.

Faſt. Good faith, Signior, (now you ſpeak of a Quarrel) I'll acquaint you with a difference, that happened between a Gallant, and my ſelf; Sir *Puntarvolo*, you know him if I ſhould name him, Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. Luculento! what inauſpicious chance interpos'd it ſelf to your two loves.

Faſt. Faith,

Faſt. Faith, Sir, the ſame that ſundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* Son! but let the Cauſe eſcape, Sir: He ſent me a Challenge (mixt with ſome few Braves) which I reſtor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, Sir, (I muſt tell you) he did offer at firſt very deſperately, but without Judgment: For, look you, Sir; I caſt my ſelf into this Figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his Rapier to ſtrike, I thought to have took his Arm (for he had left his whole Body to my election, and I was ſure he could not recover his Guard.) Sir, I miſt my Purpoſe in his Arm, raſht his Doublet Sleeve, ran him cloſe by the left Cheek, and through his Hair. He again lights me here, (I had on a Gold Cable Hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a Murrey *French* Hat I had) cuts my Hatband, (and yet it was maſſie Goldſmiths Work) cuts my Brims, which by good fortune (being thick embroidered with Gold Twiſt and Spangles) diſappointed the force of the Blow: Nevertheleſs, it graz'd on my Shoulder, takes me away ſix Purls of an *Italian* Cut-work Band I wore (coſt me three Pound in the Exchange but three days before.)

Punt. This was a ſtrange Encounter.

Faſt. Nay, you ſhall hear, Sir: With this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now (upon the ſecond Sign of his Aſſault) I betook me to the former manner of my Defence; he (on the other ſide) abandon'd his Body to the ſame Danger as before, and follows me ſtill with Blows: But I (being loth to take the deadly Advantage that lay before me of his left Side) made a kind of *Stramazoun*, ran him up to the Hilts through the Doublet, through the Shirt, and yet miſt the Skin. He (making a reverſe Blow) falls upon my emboſs'd Girdle, (I had thrown off the Hangers a little before) ſtrikes off a Skirt of a thick lac'd Sattin Doublet I had (lin'd with four Taffataes) cuts off two Panes embroidered with Pearl, rends through the Drawings-out of Tiſſue, enters the Linings, and skips the Fleſh.

Car. I wonder he ſpeaks not of his wrought Shirt.

Faſt. Here (in the opinion of mutual Damage) we paus'd; but (e're I proceed) I muſt tell you, Signior, that (in this laſt Encounter) not having leiſure to put off my Silver Spurs, one of the Rowels catcht hold of the Ruffle of my Boot, and (being *Spaniſh* Leather, and ſubject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of Silk Stockins, (that I put on, being ſomewhat a raw Morning, a Peach colour and another) and ſtrikes me ſome half-inch deep into the ſide of the Calf: He (ſeeing the Blood come) preſently takes Horſe, and away: I (having bound up my Wound with a piece of my wrought Shirt)——

Car. O! comes it in there?

Faſt. Rid after him, and (lighting at the Court-gate both together) embrac't, and marcht Hand in Hand up into the Preſence. Was not this Buſineſs well carried?

Maci. Well? yes, and by this we can gueſs what Apparel the Gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore Valour, it was a Deſignment begun with much Reſolution, maintain'd with as much Proweſs, and ended with more Humanity. How now, what ſays the *Notary?*

Serv. He ſays, he is ready, Sir; he ſtays but your Worſhips Pleaſure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, Monſieur. Gentlemen, ſhall we entreat you to be Witneſſes?

Sog. You ſhall entreat me, Sir. Come, *Reſolution.*

Shift. I follow you, good *Countenance.*

Car. Come, Signior, come, come.

Maci. O that there ſhould be Fortune
To clothe theſe Men ſo naked in Deſert!
And that the juſt Storm of a wretched Life
Beats 'em not ragged, for their wretched Souls,
And ſince as fruitleſs, even as black as Coals!

GREX.

Mit. Why, but Signior, how comes it that *Fungoſo* appear'd not with his his Siſters Intelligence to *Briſk?*

Cor. Marry, long of the evil Angels that ſhe gave him, who have indeed tempted the good ſimple Youth to follow the Tail of the Faſhion, and neglect the Impoſition of his Friends. Behold, here he comes, very worſhipfully attended, and with good Variety.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Fungoſo, Taylor, Shoe-maker, Haberdaſher.

GRamercy, good Shoe-maker, I'll put Strings to my ſelf. Now, Sir, let me ſee, what muſt you have for this Hat?

Habe. Here's the Bill, Sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tay. Excellent, Sir, as ever you had any Hat in your Life.

Fung. Nay, you'll ſay ſo all.

Habe. In faith, Sir, the Hat's as good as any Man i' this Town can ſerve you, and will maintain Faſhion as long; ne'er truſt me for a Groat elſe.

Fung. Do's it apply well to my Sute?

Tay. Exceeding well, Sir.

Fung. How lik'ſt thou my Sute, Haberdaſher?

Habe. By my troth, Sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never ſaw a Sute ſit better, I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we have no Art to pleaſe our Friends, we.

Fung. Here, Haberdaſher, tell this ſame.

Habe. Good faith, Sir, it makes you have an excellent Body.

Fung. Nay (believe me) I think I have as good a Body in Clothes as another.

Tay. You lack Points to bring your Apparel together, Sir.

Fung. I'll have Points anon: How now? is't right?

Habe. Faith, Sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes—Good morrow to you, Sir.

Fung. Farewell, good Haberdaſher. Well, now Maſter *Snip*, let me ſee your Bill.

GREX.

Mit. Methinks he diſcharges his Followers too thick.

Cor. O, therein he ſaucily imitates ſome Great Man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this Taylor, in place of a Page, to follow him ſtill.

Fung. This Bill is very reaſonable, in faith. (Hark you, Maſter *Snip*) Troth, Sir, I am not altogether ſo well furniſht at this preſent, as I could wiſh I were; but—— If you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you ſhall have all I have, by this Hand——

Tay. Sir——

Fung. And but give me Credit for the reſt, till the beginning of the next Term.

Tay. O Lord, Sir——

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this Light, I'll pay you to the utmoſt, and acknowledge my ſelf very deeply ingag'd to you by the Courteſie.

Tay. Why, how much have you there, Sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four Angels, and fifteen Shillings of white Money; it's all I have, as I hope to be bleſt.

Tay. You will not fail me at the next Term with the reſt?

Fung. No, an' I do, pray Heaven I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal Stage, as the Philoſopher calls it. By this Air, (and as I am a Gentleman) I'll hold.

GREX.

Cord. He were an Iron-hearted Fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit upon his Volley of Oaths.

Tay. Well, Sir, I'll not ſtick with any Gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis, remains?

Fung. I, Sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate! how happy am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'll go ſeek out Monſieur *Briſk*. 'Ods ſo, I have forgot Ribband for my Shooes, and Points. 'Slid, what luck's this! how ſhall I do? Maſter *Snip*, pray let me reduct ſome two or three Shillings for Points and Ribbands: as I am an honeſt Man, I have utterly diſfurniſht my ſelf, in the default of Memory, pray le' me be beholding to you, it ſhall come home i' the Bill, believe me.

Tay. Faith, Sir, I can hardly depart with ready Money, but I'll take up, and ſend you ſome by my Boy, preſently. What colour'd Ribband would you have?

Fung. What you ſhall think meet i' your Judgement, Sir, to my Sute.

Tay. Well, I'll ſend you ſome preſently.

Fung. And points too, Sir?

Tay. And points too, Sir.

Fung. Good Lord! how ſhall I ſtudy to deſerve this kindneſs of you Sir? Pray let your Youth make haſte, for I ſhould have done a buſineſs an hour ſince, that I doubt I ſhall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my Sute.

GREX.

Cor. Do you obſerve the plunges, that this poor Gallant is put to (Signior) to purchaſe the faſhion?

Mit. I, and to be ſtill a Faſhion behind with the World, that's the ſport.

Cor. Stay: O here they come from *ſeal'd and deliver'd.*

Act IV. Scene VIII.

Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Briſk, Servants, Carlo, Sogliardo, Macilente, Shift, Fungoſo. [*To them.*

WEll, now my whole venture is forth, I will reſolve to depart ſhortly.

Faſt. Faith, Sir *Puntarvolo*, go to the Court, and take leave of the Ladies firſt.

Punt. I care not, if it be this Afternoons labour. Where is *Carlo*?

Faſt. Here he comes.

Car. Faith, Gallants, I am Perſwading this Gentleman to turn Courtier. He is a Man of fair Revenue, and his Eſtate will bear the charge well. Beſides, for his other gifts of the Mind, or ſo, why, they are as nature lent him 'em, pure, ſimple, without any artificial drug or mixture of theſe two thred bare beggerly Qualities, learning, and knowledg, and therefore the more accomodate and genuine. Now, for the Life it ſelf——

Faſt. O, the moſt Celeſtial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagin'd, Signior, beyond all thought and apprehenſion of pleaſure! A Man lives there, in that divine Rapture, that he will think himſelf i' the Ninth Heaven for the time, and loſe all ſenſe of Mortality whatſoever, when he ſhall behold ſuch Glorious (and almoſt Immortal) Beauties, hear ſuch Angelical and Harmonious Voices, diſcourſe with ſuch flowing and *Ambroſian* Spirits, whoſe Wits are as ſudden as Lightning, and humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a Man all *quinteſſence* and *flame*, and lifts him up (in a Moment) to the very Cryſtal Crown of the Sky, where (hovering in the ſtrength of his Imagination) he ſhall behold all the Delights of the *Heſperides*, the *Inſulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* Gardens, *Tempe* or what elſe (confin'd within the ampleſt verge of *poeſie*) to be meer *Umbræ*, and imperfect Figures, confer'd with the moſt eſſential felicity of your Court.

Maci. Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Beſides, Sir, you ſhall never need to go to a Hothouſe, you ſhall ſweat there with courting your Miſtreſs, or loſing your Money at *primero*, as well as in all the Stoves in *Sweden*. Marry this, Sir, you muſt ever be ſure to carry a good ſtrong Perfume about you, that your Miſtreſſes Dog may ſmell you out amongſt the reſt; and (in making love to her) never fear to be out: for you may have a Pipe of Tabacco, or a Baſe Viol ſhall hang o' the Wall, of purpoſe, will put you in preſently. The tricks your *Reſolution* has taught you in Tabacco, (the *whiffe*, and thoſe ſleights) will ſtand you in very good Ornament there.

Faſt. I, to ſome perhaps: but, an' he ſhould come to my Miſtreſs with Tabacco (this Gentleman knows) ſhe'ld reply upon him, i' faith. O, (by this bright Sun) ſhe has the moſt acute, ready, and facetious Wit, that—tut there's no Spirit able to ſtand her. You can report it, Signior, you have ſeen her?

Punt. Then can he report no leſs, out of his Judgment, I aſſure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but ſhe's too Self-conceited, methinks.

Faſt. I indeed, ſhe's a little too Self-conceited, an' 'twere not for that Humour, ſhe were the Moſt-to-be-admir'd Lady in the World.

Punt. Indeed, it is a Humour that takes from her other Excellencies.

Maci. Why, it may eaſily be made to forſake her, in my thought.

Faſt. Eaſily, Sir? then are all impoſſibilities eaſie.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, Signior; what will you ſay, if I make it ſo perſpicuouſly appear now, that your ſelf ſhall confeſs nothing more poſſible?

Faſt. Marry, I will ſay, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will ſecond him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll ſhew you, Gentlemen. *Carlo*, come hither. [*They whiſper.*

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the Court: what thinks my *Reſolution*? ſhall I adventure?

Shif. Troth, *Countenance*, as you pleaſe; the Place is a place of good Reputation and Capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in Tabacco (as *Carlo* ſays) will ſhew excellent there.

Shif. Why, you may go with theſe Gentlemen now, and ſee Faſhions: and after, as you ſhall ſee Correſpondence.

Sog. You ſay true. You will go with me, *Reſolution*?

Shif. I will meet you, *Countenance*, about three or four a Clock; but, to ſay to go with you, I cannot, for (as I am *Apple-John*) I am to go before the *Cockatrice* you ſaw this Morning, and therefore pray, preſent me excus'd, good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewell, good *Reſolution*, but fail not to meet.

Shif. As I live.

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but perſwade *Sogliardo* to Court, there's all now.

Car. O let me alone, that's my task.

Faſt. Now, by wit, *Macilente*, it's above meaſure excellent: 'twill be the only Court-exploit that ever prov'd Courtier ingenious,

Punt. Upon my Soul, it puts the Lady quite out of her Humour, and we ſhall laugh with Judgment.

Car. Come, the Gentleman was of himſelf reſolv'd to go with you, afore I mov'd it.

Maci. Why then, Gallants, you two, and *Carlo*, go afore to prepare the Jeſt: *Sogliardo* and I will come ſome while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true: *Carlo* comes not at Court, indeed. Well, you ſhall leave it to the faculty of Monſieur *Briſk*, and my ſelf; upon our Lives we will manage it happily

Carlo.

Carlo ſhall beſpeak Supper at the Mitre, againſt we come back: where we will meet, and dimple our Cheeks with laughter at the ſucceſs.

Car. I, but will you all promiſe to come?

Punt. My ſelf ſhall undertake for them: he that fails, let his Reputation lie under the laſh of thy Tongue.

Car. Gods ſo, look who comes here!

Sog. What, Nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God ſave you; did you ſee a Gentleman, one Monſieur *Brisk*? a Courtier, he goes in ſuch a Sute as I do.

Sog. Here is the Gentleman, Nephew, but not in ſuch a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute! [*He ſwoons.*

Sog. How now, Nephew?

Faſt. Would you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Car. I, when he has recovered himſelf, poor Poll.

Punt. Some *Roſa ſolis.*

Maci. How now, Signior?

Fung. I am not well, Sir.

Maci. Why, this it is, to dodg the Faſhion.

Car. Nay, come Gentlemen remember your Affairs; his Diſeaſe is nothing but the *flux* of Apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the Lodging, keep the Cat ſafe: I'll be the Dogs *Guardian* my ſelf.

Sog. Nephew, will you go to Court with us? theſe Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay, be not ſo melancholy.

Fung. By Gods lid, I think no Man in Chriſtendom has that Raſcally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your Sute is well enough, Signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I proteſt, but I had an Errand to Monſieur *Faſtidius*, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to Court with us, and remember it, come Gentlemen, you three take one Boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we ſhall be there inſtantly.

Faſt. Content: good Sir, vouchſafe us your pleaſance.

Punt. Farewell, *Carlo*; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kemps* Shooes to throw after you.

Punt. Good *Fortune* will cloſe the Eyes of our Jeſt, fear not: and we ſhall frollick.

G R E X.

Mit. This *Macilente*, Signior, begins to be more ſociable on a ſudden, methinks, than he was before: there's ſome portent in't, I believe.

Cor. O, he's a Fellow of a ſtrange nature. Now does he (in this calm of his Humour) Plot, and ſtore up a World of malicious Thoughts in his Brain, till he is ſo full with 'em, that you ſhall ſee the very Torrent of his Envy break forth like a Land-flood: and, againſt the courſe of all their Affections oppoſe it ſelf ſo violently, that you will almoſt have wonder to think, how 'tis poſſible the Current of their Diſpoſitions ſhall receive ſo quick and ſtrong an alteration.

Mit. I marry, Sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I muſt tell you, Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the *Scene*) yet I made it a queſtion in mine own private diſcourſe, how he ſhould properly call it, *Every man out of his Humour*, when I ſaw all his Actors ſo ſtrongly purſue, and continue their Humors?

Cor. Why, therein his Art appears moſt full of luſtre, and approacheth neareſt the Life: eſpecially, when in the flame and height of their Humours, they are laid flat, it fills the Eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a ſight were it to behold a proud exalted Tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be feld in a Moment? and to ſet the Ax to it before it came to that pride and fulneſs, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I ſhall long till I ſee this fall, you talk of.

Cor. To help your longing, Signior, let your Imagination be ſwifter than a pair of Oars: and by this, ſuppoſe *Puntarvolo*, *Brisk*, *Fungoſo*, and the Dog arriv'd at the Court gate, and going up to the great Chamber. *Macilente*, and *Sogliardo*, we'll leave them on the Water, till poſſibility and natural means may land 'em. Here come the Gallants, now prepare your expectation.

Act V. Scene I.

Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Brisk, Fungoſo, Groom, Macilente, Sogliardo.

COme, Gentile, Signior, you are ſufficiently inſtructed.

Faſt. Who, I, Sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But ſtay, I take thought how to beſtow my Dog, he is no competent attendant for the Preſence.

Faſt. Maſs, that's true indeed, Knight, you muſt not carry him into the Preſence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull Beaſt) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

Faſt. Why, you're beſt leave him at the Porters Lodg.

Punt. Not ſo: his worth is too well known amongſt them, to be forth-coming.

Faſt. 'Slight how'll you do then?

Punt. I muſt leave him with one, that is ignorant of his Quality, if I will have him to be ſafe. And ſee! Here comes one that will carry Coals, *ergo* will hold my Dog. My honeſt Friend, may I commit the tuition of this Dog to thy prudent care?

Groo. You may, if you pleaſe, Sir

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return: it ſhall not be long, till I will eaſe thee of thy Employment, and pleaſe thee. Forth, Gentiles.

Faſt. Why, but will you leave him with ſo ſlight command, and infuſe no more charge upon the Fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no Policy in that: that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, and ſo, to tempt frail Nature againſt her Diſpoſition. No, pray thee let thy honeſty be ſweet, as it ſhall be ſhort.

Groo. Yes, Sir.

Punt. But hark you Gallants, and chiefly Monſieur *Brisk*. When we come in Eye-ſhot, or preſence of this Lady, let not other matters carry us from our Project: but (if we can) ſingle her forth to ſome place——

Faſt. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too ſudden, but let the Device induce it ſelf with good Circumſtance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine Hangings.

Groo. Honeſty ſweet, and ſhort? marry it ſhall, Sir, doubt you not; for even at this Inſtant if one would give me Twenty Pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the Sweet; but now, if any man come offer me but two Pence, he ſhall have him; there's for the Short now. 'Slid, what a mad humorous Gentleman is this to leave his Dog with me? I could run away with him now, an' he were worth any thing.

Maci. Come on, Signior, now prepare to court this All-wited Lady, moſt naturally, and like your ſelf.

Sog. Faith, an' you ſay the word, I'll begin to her in Tabacco.

Maci. O, fie on't: no: you ſhall begin with, *How does my ſweet Lady*, or, *Why are you ſo melancholy, Madam?* though ſhe be very merry, it's all one: be ſure to kiſs your Hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how, *more than moſt fair* ſhe is. Screw your Face at' one ſide thus, und proteſt; let her ſneer, and look a ſcew, and hide her Teeth with her Fan, when ſhe laughs a Fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing:

thing: you muſt talk forward (though it be without ſenſe, ſo it be without bluſhing) 'tis moſt Court-like, and well.

Sog. But ſhall I not uſe Tabacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means, 'twill but make your Breath ſuſpected, and that you uſe it only to confound the rankneſs of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advis'd, Sir, by my Friends.

Maci. God's my life, ſee where Sir *Puntar*'s Dog is.

Groo. I would the Gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his Fortunes elſe.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jeſt in the World to poyſon him now: ha? by this Hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the Fellow. *Signior Sogliardo*, walk aſide, and think upon ſome device to entertain the Lady with.

Sog. So I do, Sir.

Maci. How now, mine honeſt Friend? whoſe Dog-keeper art thou?

Groo. Dog-keeper, Sir? I hope I ſcorn that i'faith.

Maci. Why? doſt thou not keep a Dog?

Groo. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: I think this be ſweet and ſhort. Make me his Dog keeper!

[*He throws off the Dog.*

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, ſtay, Sir, you'ld be travelling; but I'll give you a dram ſhall ſhorten your Voyage, here. So Sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the *Turks* Court in the Devils name, for you ſhall never go o' God's name. *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't i'faith now, will ſting it.

Maci. Take heed you leeſe it not, *Signior*, e'er you come there: preſerve it.

GREX.

Cor. How like you this firſt exploit of his?

Mit. O, a piece of true envy: but I expect the iſſue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appear.

Act V. Scene II.

To them. *Saviolina, Puntarvolo, Faſtidius Briſk, Fungoſo, Macilente, Sogliardo.*

WHY, I thought, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

Punt. Dear, and moſt amiable Lady, your divine Beauties do bind me to thoſe offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Savi. 'Tis moſt Court-like ſpoken, Sir: but how might we do to have a ſight of your Dog and Cat?

Faſt. His Dog is in the Court, Lady.

Savi. And not your Cat? how dare you truſt her behind you, Sir?

Punt. Troth, Madam, ſhe hath ſore Eyes, and ſhe doth keep her Chamber: marry I have left her under ſufficient Guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Savi. I'll give you ſome Water for her Eyes: when do you go, Sir?

Punt. Certes, ſweet Lady, I know not.

Faſt. He doth ſtay the rather, Madam, to preſent your acute judgment with ſo Courtly and well-parted a Gentleman as yet your Ladiſhip hath never ſeen.

Savi. What's he, gentle *Monſieur Briſk*? not that Gentleman?

Faſt. No Lady, this is a Kinſman to Juſtice *Silence*.

Punt. Pray, Sir, give leave to report him: he's a Gentleman (Lady) of that rare and admirable faculty, as (I proteſt) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, and excellent Scholar, and ſo exactly travel'd, that he is able, in diſcourſe, to deliver you a Model of any Princes Court in the World: ſpeaks the Languages with that purity of Phraſe, and facility of Accent, that it breeds aſtoniſhment: his Wit, the moſt exuberant, and (above wonder) pleaſant, of all that ever entred the concave of this Ear.

Faſt. 'Tis moſt true, Lady: marry he is no ſuch excellent proper Man.

Punt. His Travels have chang'd his Complexion, Madam.

Savi. O, Sir *Puntarvolo*, you muſt think every Man was not born to have my Servant *Briſk*'s Feature.

Punt. But that which tranſcends all, Lady; he doth ſo peerleſly imitate any manner of Perſon for Geſture, Action, Paſſion, or what ever ——

Faſt. I, eſpecially a Ruſtick, or a Clown, Madam, that it is not poſſible for the ſharpeſt ſighted Wit (in the World) to diſcern any ſparks of the Gentleman in him, when he does it.

Savi. O, *Monſieur Briſk*, be not ſo tyrannous to confine all Wits within the compaſs of your own: not find the ſparks of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fung. No in truth (ſweet Lady) I believe you cannot.

Savi. Do you believe ſo? why, I can find ſparks of a Gentleman in you, Sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman, Madam, and a Reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have ſeen your Ladiſhip at our Revels.

Savi. Like enough, Sir: but would I might ſee this wonder you talk of:-may one have a ſight of him, for any reaſonable Sum?

Punt. Yes, Madam, he will arrive preſently.

Savi. What, and ſhall we ſee him Clown it?

Faſt. I'faith (ſweet Lady) that you ſhall: ſee, here he comes.

Punt. This is he! pray obſerve him, Lady.

Savi. Beſhrew me, he Clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his Courtſhip.

Sog. How does my ſweet Lady? hot and moiſt? beautiful and luſty? ha?

Savi. Beautiful, an' it pleaſe you, Sir, but not luſty.

Sog. O ho, Lady; it pleaſes you to ſay ſo in truth: and how does my ſweet Lady? in health? *Bona roba, quæſo, quæ novelles? quæ novelles?* ſweet Creature!

Savi. O excellent! why Gallants, is this he that cannot be decipher'd? they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not diſcern the Gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earneſt, Lady?

Savi. Do I Sir? why, if you had any true Court-judgment in the carriage of his Eye, and that inward power that forms his Countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the Noon-day: Alas—— Nay, if you would have tried my Wit, indeed, you ſhould never have told me he was a Gentleman, but preſented him for a true Clown indeed; and then have ſeen if I could have decipher'd him.

Faſt. 'Fore God, her Ladiſhip ſays true (Knight) but does he not affect the Clown moſt naturally, Miſtreſs?

Punt. O, ſhe cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Savi. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownery.

Faſt. 'Tis ſtrange, in truth, her Ladiſhip ſhould ſee ſo far into him!

Punt. I, is't not?

Savi. Faith, as eaſily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good ſadneſs, I wonder at it!

Maci. Why, has ſhe decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O, moſt miraculouſly, and beyond admiration!

Maci. Is't poſſible?

Faſt. She

Faſt. She hath gather'd moſt infallible ſigns of the Gentleman in him, that's certain.

Savi. Why Gallants, let me laugh at you, a little: was this your device, to try my judgment in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay, Lady, do not ſcorn us, though you have this gift of perſpicacy above others: What if he ſhould be no Gentleman now, but a Clown indeed, Lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your Ladiſhip be out of your humour?

Faſt. O, but ſhe knows it is not ſo.

Savi. What if he were not a Man, ye may as well ſay? nay, if your Worſhips could gull me ſo, indeed, you were wiſer than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, Lady, he is a very perfect Clown, both by Father and Mother: that I'll aſſure you.

Savi. O, Sir, you are very pleaſurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his Hand, and that ſhall reſolve you: look you, Lady, what a Palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the Plough.

Maci. The Plough! did you diſcern any ſuch thing in him, Madam?

Faſt. Faith no, ſhe ſaw the Gentleman as bright as at Noon day, ſhe: ſhe deciphér'd him at firſt.

Maci. Troth, I am ſorry your Ladiſhips ſight ſhould be ſo ſuddenly ſtruck.

Savi. O, you'r goodly Beagles!

Faſt. What, is ſhe gone?

Sog. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Lady, *que novelles? que novelles?*

Savi. Out, you Fool, you.

Fung. She's out of her humour i'faith.

Faſt. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we ſhall make her bluſh in the preſence: my Spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a Child of a feeble life, I believe, Sir. Come *Signior*, your looks are too dejected, methinks: why mix you not mirth with the reſt?

Fung. By God's Will, this Sute frets me at the Soul. I'll have it alter'd to morrow, ſure.

Act V. Scene III.

To him.] *Shift.*

Faſtidius, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, Fungoſo, Macilente.

I Am come to the Court, to meet with my Countenance *Sogliardo*: poor Men muſt be glad of ſuch countenance, when they can get no better. Well, need may inſult upon a Man, but it ſhall never make him deſpair of conſequence. The World will ſay, 'tis baſe: tuſh, baſe! 'tis baſe to live under the Earth, not baſe to live above it, by any means.

Faſt. The poor Lady is moſt miſerably out of her humour, i'faith.

Punt. There was never ſo witty a jeſt broken, at the Tilt of all the Court-wits chriſten'd.

Maci. O, this applauſe taints it foully.

Sog. I think I did my part in courting. O! *Reſolution!*

Punt. Ay me, my Dog.

Maci. Where is he?

Faſt. God's precious, go ſeek for the Fellow, good *Signior.* [*He ſends away* Fungoſo.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Faſt. Did you ſee Sir *Puntarvolo*'s Dog here, *Cavalier*, ſince you came?

Shift. His Dog Sir? he may look his Dog, Sir. I ſaw none of his Dog, Sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has ſtol'n your Dog, Sir, and been hir'd to it by ſome that have ventur'd with you: you may gueſs by his peremptory anſwers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confeſſion. Sirrah, where is my Dog?

Shift. Charge me with your Dog, Sir? I ha' none of your Dog, Sir.

Punt. Villain, thou lyeſt.

Shift. Lye, Sir? y' are but a Man, Sir.

Punt. Rogue, and Thief, reſtore him.

Sog. Take heed, Sir *Puntarvolo*, what you do: he'll bear no Coals, I can tell you (o' my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he ſtabs you not: by this Light, he hath ſtab'd forty, for forty times leſs matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee ſtoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him ſtoop, Sir! Gentlemen, pacifie him or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he ſo tall a Man?

Sog. Tall a Man? if you love his life, ſtand betwixt 'em: make him ſtoop!

Punt. My Dog, Villain, or I will hang thee: thou haſt confeſt Robberies, and other fellonious acts, to this Gentleman thy *Countenance* ——

Sog. I'll bear no witneſs.

Punt. And, without my Dog, I will hang thee, for them.

Sog. What? kneel to thine Enemies? [Shift *kneels.*

Shift. Pardon me, good Sir; God is my witneſs, I never did Robbery in all my life.

Fung. O, Sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giving up the Ghoſt in the Wood-yard. [Fungo *return'd.*

Maci. Heart! is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dog, born to diſaſtrous fortune! pray you conduct me, Sir.

Sog. How? did you never do any Robbery in your life?

Maci. O, this is good: ſo he ſwore, Sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you ſwear true, Sir?

Shift. I, (as I hope to be forgiven, Sir) I ne'er rob'd any Man, I never ſtood by the high-way ſide, Sir, but only ſaid ſo, becauſe I would get my ſelf a name, and be counted a tall Man.

Sog. Now out, baſe *viliaco*: thou my *Reſolution?* I thy *Countenance?* By this Light, Gentlemen, he hath confeſt to me the moſt inexorable company of Robberies, and damn'd himſelf that he did 'em; you never heard the like: out Skoundrel, out follow me no more, I command thee: out of my ſight, go, hence, ſpeak not: I will not hear thee: away *Camouccio.*

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat my ſelf! here were a couple unexpectedly diſhumour'd: well, by this time, I hope, Sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of humour to travel. Nay, Gentlemen, why do you not ſeek out the Knight, and comfort him? our Supper at the *Mitre* muſt of neceſſity hold to Night, if you love your Reputations.

Faſt. 'Fore God, I am ſo melancholy for his Dogs diſaſter, but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know, I ſhall be ſo melancholy.

Maci. Tuſh, melancholy? you muſt forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a *Fury*: *Carlo* will rack your Sinews aſunder, and rail you to duſt, if you come not.

GREX.

Mit. O, then their fear of *Carlo*, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. I, here he comes: conceive him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

Act V. Scene IV.

Carlo, Drawer, George.

HOlla: where be theſe Shot-ſharks?

Draw. By and by: you're welcome, good Maſter *Buffone.*

Car. Where's *George*? call me *George* hither, quickly.

Draw. What Wine pleaſe you have, Sir: I'll draw you that's neat, Maſter *Buffone.*

Car. Away *Neophite*, do as I bid thee, bring my dear *George* to me: Maſs, here he comes.

Georg. Welcome, Maſter *Carlo.*

Car. What! is Supper ready, *George*?

Geor. I, Sir, almoſt: will you have the Cloth laid, Maſter *Carlo*?

Car. O, what elſe? are none of the Gallants come yet?

Geor. None yet, Sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, *George*: let me have a good fat Loin of Pork laid to the Fire, preſently.

Geor. It ſhall, Sir.

Car. And withal, hear you? draw me the biggeſt Shaft you have, out of the Butt you wot of: away, you know my meaning, *George*, quick.

Geor. Done, Sir.

Car. I never hungred ſo much for thing in my life, as I do to know our Gallants ſucceſs at Court: now is that lean Bald-rib *Macilente*, that ſalt Villain, plotting ſome miſchievous Device, and lyes a ſoaking in their frothy Humours like a dry Cruſt, till he has drunk 'em all up: could the Pummiſe but hold up his Eyes at other Mens Happineſs, in any reaſonable proportion: 'Slid, the Slave were to be lov'd next Heaven, above Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparel, Wenches, all the Delights of the Belly and the Groin, whatever.

Geor. Here, Maſter *Carlo.*

Car. Is't right, Boy?

Geor. I, Sir, I aſſure you 'tis right.

Car. Well ſaid, my dear *George*, depart: Come, my ſmall Gimblet, you in the falſe Scabberd, away, ſo. Now to you, Sir *Burgomaſter*, let's taſte of your Bounty.

[*He puts forth the Drawers, and ſhuts the Door.*

G R E X.

Mit. What, will he deal upon ſuch quantities of Wine, alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, Sir.

Car. I marry, Sir, here's Purity: O, *George*, I could bite off his Noſe for this, now: Sweet Rogue he has drawn *Nectar*, the very Soul of the Grape! I'll waſh my Temples with ſome on't preſently, and drink ſome half a ſcore draughts; 'twill heat the Brain, kindle my Imagination, I ſhall talk nothing but Crackers and Fire-works to night. So, Sir! pleaſe you to be here, Sir, and I here: So.

[*He ſets the two Cups aſunder, and firſt drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.*

G R E X.

Cor. This is worth the obſervation, Signior.

Car. 1. *Cup.* Now, Sir; here's to you; and I preſent you with ſo much of my love.

2. *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, Sir, and will return you the like Proportion: but withal, Sir, remembring the merry night we had at the Counteſſes, you know where, Sir.

1. By Heaven, you put me in mind now of a very neceſſary Office, which I will propoſe in your pledge, Sir: the health of that honourable Counteſs, and the ſweet Lady that ſate by her, Sir.

2. I do vail to it with reverence. And now, Signior, with theſe Ladies, I'll be bold to mix the Health of your divine Miſtreſs.

1. Do you know her, Sir?

2. O Lord, Sir, I; and in the reſpectful Memory and mention of her, I could wiſh this Wine were the moſt precious Drug in the World.

1. Good faith, Sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly.

G R E X.

Mit. Whom ſhould he perſonate in this, Signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, Sir; obſerve, obſerve him.

2. If it were the baſeſt filth, or mud that runs in the Channel, I am bound to pledg it, reſpectively, Sir. And now, Sir, here is a repleniſht Bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the Health of the Count *Frugale.*

1. The Count *Frugale*'s Health, Sir? I'll pledg it on my Knees, by this Light.

2. Will you, Sir? I'll drink it on my Knee, then, by the Light.

G R E X.

Mit. Why this is ſtrange!

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken Dialogue?

2. Nay, do me right, Sir.

1. So I do, in good faith.

2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, believe me, it was not.

2. Believe me it was: and you do lye.

1. Lye, Sir?

2. I, Sir.

1. 'Swounds!

2. O, come, ſtab if you have a mind to it.

1. Stab? doſt thou think I dare not?

Car. Nay, I beſeech you Gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for ſhame reſpect your Reputations.

[*Speaks in his own Perſon, and over-turns Wine, Pot, Cups and all.*

Act V. Scene V.

Macilente, Carlo, George.

WHy, how now *Carlo*! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good *Miſchief!* art thou come? where are the reſt? where are the reſt?

Maci. Faith, three of our Ordinance are burſt.

Car. Burſt? how comes that?

Maci. Faith, over-charg'd, over-charg'd.

Car. But did not the Train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor Lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the Munition is miſcarried? ha?

Maci. Inprimis, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and *Reſolution.*

Car. How? how for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the *Reſolution* is prov'd recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his Copy: and the paſſionate Knight is ſhedding funeral Tears over his departed Dog.

Car. What's his Dog dead?

Maci. Poyſon'd, 'tis thought: marry, how, or by whom, that's left for ſome cunning Woman here o' the *Bank-ſide* to reſolve. For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy Supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old Sack here: but will they come, will they come?

Maci.

Maci. They will aſſuredly come: marry, *Carlo*, (as thou lov'ſt me) run over 'em all freely to night, and eſpecially the Knight; ſpare no ſulphurous Jeſt that may come out of that ſweaty forge of thine: but ply 'em with all manner of Shot, Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear Caſe of Petrionels, ſo I ſtand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt ſecond me.

Maci. Why, my good *German* Tapſter, I will.

Carl. What, *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* [*He danceth.*

Geor. Did you call, Maſter *Carlo?*

Carl. More *Nectar*, *George*: *Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your Meat's ready, Sir, an' your Company were come.

Carl. Is the Loin of Pork enough?

Geor. I, Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Pork? heart, what doſt thou with ſuch a greaſie Diſh? I think thou doſt varniſh thy Face with the Fat on't, it looks ſo like a Glew-Pot.

Carl. True, my Raw bon'd-rogue, and if thou would'ſt farce thy lean Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged Laths) rub out ſo many Doublets as they do: but thou know'ſt not a good Diſh, thou. O, it's the only nouriſhing Meat in the World. No marvel though that ſaucy, ſtubborn Generation, the *Jewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat Pork, that durſt murmur at their Maker out of Garlick and Onions. 'Slight, fed with it, the Whorſon ſtrummel, patcht, goggle ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' *Gigantomachiz'd*. Well ſaid, my ſweet *George*, fill, fill.

G R E X.

Mit: This ſavours too much of prophanation.

Cor. O ſervetur ad imum, qualis ab incæpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet. The neceſſity of his vain compels a Toleration, for bar this, and daſh him out of humour before his time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome* in natural Philoſophy, *What comes neareſt the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nouriſhment, and doth ſooner eſſentiate.* Now nothing in Fleſh and Entrails, aſſimilates or reſembles Man more, than a Hog or Swine———

Maci. True; and he (to requite their Courteſie) oftentimes d'offeth his own Nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churliſh as a Hog, or as drunk as a Sow: but to your concluſion.

Carl. Marry, I ſay, nothing reſembling Man more than a Swine, it follows, nothing can be more nouriſhing: for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice Nature) if we fed one upon another, we ſhould ſhoot up a great deal faſter, and thrive much better: I refer me to your uſurous *Cannibals*, or ſuch like: but ſince it is ſo contrary, Pork, Pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your Devil be of the ſame Diet; he would ne're ha' deſir'd to been incorporated into Swine elſe. O, here comes the melancholy Meſs: upon 'em *Carlo*, charge, charge.

Carl. 'Fore God, Sir *Puntarvolo*, I am ſorry for your heavineſs: body a me, a ſhrewd miſchance! why, had you no Unicorns Horn, nor Bezoars Stone about you? ha?

Act V. Scene VI.

Puntarvolo, Carlo, Macilente, Faſt. Briſk, Sogliardo, Fungoſo.

SIr, I would requeſt you be ſilent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Carl. Take comfort, good Knight, if your Cat ha' recovered her Catarh, fear nothing; your Dogs miſchance may be holpen.

Faſt. Say how (ſweet *Carlo*) for ſo God mend me, the poor Knights Moans draw me into fellowſhip of his Misfortunes. But be not diſcourag'd, good Sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your adventure ſhall be perform'd upon your Cat.

Maci. I believe you, Muſk-Cod, I believe you, for rather than thou would'ſt make preſent repayment, thou would'ſt take it upon his own bare return from *Calice.*

Carl. Nay, 'ds life, he'ld be content (ſo he were well rid out of his Company) to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in *Pauls.* But for your Dog, Sir *Puntar.* if he be not out-right dead, there is a Friend of mine, a *Quack-ſalver*, ſhall put Life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious, Knight, will you ſuffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a Candle and hard Wax, preſently.

Sogl. I, and bring up Supper; for I am ſo melancholy.

Carl. O, Signior, where's your *Reſolution?*

Sogl. Reſolution! hang him Raſcal: O, *Carlo*, if you love me, do not mention him.

Carl. Why, how, how ſo?

Sogl. O, the arrant'ſt Crocodile that ever Chriſtian was acquainted with. By my Gentry, I ſhall think the worſe of Tobacco while I live, for his ſake: I did think him to be as tall a Man———

Maci. Nay, *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Carl, 'Slud, he looks like an Image carv'd out of Box, full of knots: his Face is (for all the World) like a *Dutch* Purſe, with the Mouth downward, his Beard the Taſſels: and he walks (let me ſee) as melancholy as one o' the Maſters ſide in the *Counter.* Do you hear, Sir *Puntar?*

Punt. Sir, I do intreat you no more, but enjoyn you to ſilence, as you affect your Peace.

Carl. Nay, but dear Knight, underſtand (here are none but Friends, and ſuch as wiſh you well) I would ha' you do this now; flea me your Dog preſently) but in any caſe keep the Head) and ſtuff his Skin well with Straw, as you ſee theſe dead Monſters at *Bartholomew* Fair.

Punt. I ſhall be ſudden, I tell you.

Carl. Or if you like not that, Sir, get me ſomewhat a leſs Dog, and clap into the Skin; here's a Slave about the Town here, a *Jew*, one *Yoban*; or a fellow that makes Perrukes, will glew it on artificially, it ſhall ne're be diſcern'd; beſides, 'twill be ſo much the warmer for the Hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, death, can you be ſo patient?

Car. Or thus, Sir: you may have (as you come through *Germany*) a Familiar for little or nothing, ſhall turn it ſelf into the ſhape of your Dog, or any thing (what you will) for certain hours— 'ods my Life, Knight what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold. *The Knight beats him.*

Punt. 'Sdeath, you Slave, you Ban-dog, you.

Car. As you love wit, ſtay the enraged Knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my Knighthood, he that ſtirs in his reſcue, dyes. Drawer, be gone.

Car. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I, are you howling, you Wolf? Gentlemen, as you tender your Lives, ſuffer no Man to enter, till my Revenge be perfect. Sirrah, *Buffone*, lie down; make no Exclamations, but down: down, you Cur, or I will make thy Blood flow on my Rapier Hilts.

Car. Sweet Knight hold in thy fury, and 'fore Heaven I'll honour thee more than the *Turk* does *Mahomet.*

Punt. Down (I ſay.) Who's there? [*Within.*

Cons. Here's the Conſtable, open the Doors.

Car. Good *Macilente*———

Punt. Open no Door, if the *Adalantado* of *Spain* were here he ſhould not enter: One help me with the Light, Gentlemen: you knock in vain, Sir Officer.

Car. Et tu Brute!

Punt. Sirrah, cloſe your Lips, or I will drop it in thine Eyes by Heaven.

Car. O, O. [*He ſeals up his Lips.*

Cons. Open the Door, or I wil break it open.

Maci. Nay, good Conſtable, have patience a little, you ſhall come in preſently, we have almoſt done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your Humour, Sir? Shift, Gentlemen. [*They all draw and diſperſe.*

Act V. Scene VII.

Conſtable, Officers, Drawers. [*To them.*

LAy hold upon this Gallant, and purſue the reſt.

Faſt. Lay hold on me, Sir! for what?

Conſ. Marry, for your Riot here, Sir, with the reſt of your Companions.

Faſt. My Riot! Maſter Conſtable, take heed what you do. *Carlo*, did I offer any violence?

Conſ. O, Sir, you ſee he is not in caſe to anſwer you, and that makes you ſo peremptory.

Faſt. Peremptory? s'life I appeal to the Drawers, if I did him any hard meaſure.

Geor. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Conſ. Well, Sir, you are like to anſwer till the reſt can be found out.

Faſt. 'Slid, I appeal to *George*, here.

Conſ. Tut, *George* was not here: away with him to the *Counter*, Sirs. Come, Sir, you were beſt get your ſelf dreſt ſomewhere.

Geor. Good Lord, that Maſter *Carlo* could not take heed, and knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angry.

Draw. A Pox on 'em, they have left all the Meat on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Maci. What, are they gone, Sirs?

[Macilente *comes back.*

Geor. O, here's Maſter *Macilente.*

Maci. Sirrah, *George*, do you ſee that concealment there? that Napkin under the Table?

Geor. Gods ſo, Signior *Fungoſo!*

Maci. He's good Pawn for the Reckoning; be ſure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to diſcharge all: I'll return preſently.

Geor. Sirrah, we have a Pawn for the Reckoning.

Draw. What? of *Macilente?*

Geor. No, look under the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now: if I can get but forth of this Street, I care not; Maſters, I pray you tell me, is the Conſtable gone? [*He looks out under the Table.*

Geor. What? Maſter *Fungoſo?*

Fung. Was't not a good device this ſame of me, Sirs.

Geor. Yes faith; ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God, I: good Sir, look an' the Coaſt be clear, I'ld fain be going.

Geor. All's clear, Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you muſt clear, and pay before you go, I aſſure you.

Fung. I pay? 'Slight, I eat not a bit ſince I came into the Houſe, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you pleaſe, 'tis all ready below that was beſpoken.

Fung. Beſpoken? not by me, I hope?

Geor. By you, Sir? I know not that: but 'twas for you and your Company, I am ſure.

Fung. My Company? 'Slid, I was an invited Gueſt, ſo I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, Sir, they're all gone but you, and we muſt be anſwer'd; that's the ſhort and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Maſters, than would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my Belly, if I have a Croſs about me.

Geor. What, and have ſuch Apparel? do not ſay ſo, Signior, that mightily diſcredits your Cloths.

Fung. As I am an honeſt Man, my Taylor had all my Money this Morning, and yet I muſt be fain to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me go, 'tis *Friday* night, and in good truth I have no ſtomach in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter, ſo you pay, Sir.

Fung. Gods light, with what Conſcience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

Geor. Yes, Sir, I did ſee you drink once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is Silver) but you did not, you do me infinite wrong, I look't in the Pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, Sir, if you can ſatisfie our Maſter, it ſhall be all one to us. (By and by.)

G R E X.

Cor. Loſe not you ſelf now Signior.

Act V. Scene VIII.

Macilente, Deliro, Fallace.

TUt, Sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my love to you moſt tranſparent, in ſpight of any duſt of ſuſpition that may be raiſed to cloud it: and henceforth, ſince I ſee it is ſo againſt your Humour, I will never labour to perſwade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, Signior, but what's that you tell me may concern my peace ſo much?

Maci. Faith, Sir, 'tis thus. Your Wives Brother, Signior *Fungoſo*, being at Supper to night at a Tavern, with a ſort of Gallants, there happened ſome diviſion amongſt 'em, and he is left in Pawn for the Reckoning: now, if ever you look that time ſhall preſent you with an happy occaſion to do your Wife ſome gracious and acceptable Service, take hold of this opportunity, and preſently go, and redeem him; for, being her Brother, and his Credit ſo amply engag'd as now it is, when ſhe ſhall hear (as he cannot himſelf, but he muſt out of extremity report it) that you came, and offered your ſelf ſo kindly, and with that reſpect of his Reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your Affections.

Deli. Now, by Heaven, *Macilente*, I acknowledg my ſelf exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love; and I am ſorry to remember that I was ever ſo rude, to neglect a Friend of your importance: bring me Shooes and a Cloke there, I was going to Bed, if you had not come; what Tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, Sir.

Deli. O, why *Fido*, my Shooes. Good faith it cannot but pleaſe her exceedingly.

Fal. Come, I mar'l what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a Cloke, and your Shooes! what, is this your Pandar?

Deli. O, ſweet Wife, ſpeak lower, I would not he ſhould hear thee for a World——

Fall. Hang him Raſcall, I cannot abide him for his Treachery, with his wild quick-ſet Beard there. Whither go you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him, dear Wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will return inſtantly. Good *Macilente*, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come ſo much the more accepted, frame ſome other anſwer. I'll come back immediately.

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthy to know whither you go, ſtay till I take knowledg of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, Miſtreſs *Deliro.*

Fall. So Sir, and what ſay you?

Maci. Faith Lady, my intents will not deſerve this ſlight reſpect, when you ſhall know 'em.

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intents be, for Gods ſake?

Maci.

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumſtance, Lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your Husband hence, and beſtow him ſecurely, whilſt (with more conveniency) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monſieur *Briſk*—— nay comfort, ſweet Lady. This night (being at Supper) a ſort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your Husband, and other Creditors ſhould but have knowledg of him, the poor Gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ay me! that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can think upon any preſent means for his delivery, do not foreſlow it. A bribe to the Officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O God, Sir, he ſhall not want for a Bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and ſay I'll viſit him preſently.

Maci. No, Lady, I ſhall do you better Service, in protracting your Husbands return, that you may go with more ſafety.

Fal. Good truth, ſo you may: farewel, good Sir. Lord, how a Woman may be miſtaken in a Man? I would have ſworn upon all the Teſtaments in the World he had not lov'd Maſter *Briſk*. Bring me my Keys there Maid. Alas, good Gentleman, if all I have i' this Earthly World, will pleaſure him, it ſhall be at his Service.

G R E X.

Mit. How *Macilente* ſweats i' this buſineſs, if you mark him.

Cor. I, you ſhall ſee the true Picture of ſpight anon: here comes the Pawn, and his Redeemer.

Act V Scene IX.

Deliro, Fungoſo, Drawers, Macilente.

COme, Brother, be not diſcourag'd for this, man; what?

Fung. No truly, I am not diſcourag'd, but I proteſt to you Brother, I have done imitating any more Gallants either in Purſe or Apparel, but as ſhall become a Gentleman, for good carriage, or ſo.

Deli. You ſay well. This is all i' the Bill here? is't not?

Geor. I, Sir.

Deli. There's your Money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I met with ſo good occaſion to ſhew my love to you.

Fung. I will ſtudy to deſerve it in good truth, an' I live.

Deli. What, is't right?

Geor. I, Sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a Capons Leg ſav'd, now the Reckoning is paid.

Geor. You ſhall, Sir.

Maci. Where's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, *Macilente*.

Maci. Hark you, Sir, ha' you diſpatcht this ſame?

Deli. I marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, *Briſk* is i' the *Counter*.

Deli. I' the *Counter*?

Maci. 'Tis true, Sir, committed for the ſtir here to night. Now would I have you ſend your Brother home afore, with the report of this your kindneſs done him, to his Siſter, which will ſo pleaſingly poſſeſs her, and out of his Mouth too, that i' the mean time you may clap your Action on *Briſk*, and your Wife (being in ſo happy a mood) cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Deli. 'Tis very true, ſhe cannot indeed, I think.

Maci. Think? why 'tis paſt thought, you ſhall never meet the like opportunity, I aſſure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother, pray you go home (afore this Gentleman and I have ſome private buſineſs) and tell my ſweet Wife, I'll come preſently.

Fung. I will, Brother.

Maci. And, Signior, acquaint your Siſter, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your Brother has us'd you. (Do you ſee?) made you a Man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were poſſeſt of, Credit; gave you as Gentleman-like Terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the Faſhion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of thoſe humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your diſtance, and be not made a Shot-clog any more. Come, Signior, let's make haſte.

Act V. Scene X.

Fallace, Faſt. Briſk.

O Maſter *Faſtidius*, what pity is't to ſee ſo ſweet a Man as you are, in ſo ſowre a Place?

G R E X.

Cor. As upon her Lips does ſhe mean?

Mit. O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Faſt. Troth, fair Lady, 'tis firſt the pleaſure of the *Fates*, and next of the Conſtable, to have it ſo: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind viſit.

Fal. Nay, you ſhall be comforted in me more than this, if you pleaſe, Sir. I ſent you word by my Brother, Sir, that my Husband laid to reſt you this Morning, I know not whether you receiv'd it, or no.

Faſt. No believe it, ſweet Creature, your Brother gave me no ſuch intelligence.

Fal. O, the Lord!

Faſt. But has your Husband any ſuch purpoſe?

Fal. O ſweet Maſter *Briſk*, yes: and therefore be preſently diſcharg'd, for if he come with his Actions upon you (Lord deliver you) you are in for one half a ſcore year; he kept a poor man in *Ludgate* once Twelve year for Sixteen Shillings. Where's your Keeper? for loves ſake call him, let him take a Bribe, and diſpatch you. Lord, how my Heart trembles! here are no Spies? are there?

Faſt. No, ſweet Miſtreſs, why are you in this Paſſion?

Fal. O Lord, Maſter *Faſtidius*, if you knew how I took up my Husband to day, when he ſaid he would Arreſt you; and how I rail'd at him that perſwaded him to't, the Schollar there, (who on my Conſcience loves you now) and what care I took to ſend you intelligence by my Brother; and how I gave him four Soveraigns for his pains: and now, how I came running out hither without Man or Boy with me, ſo ſoon as I heard on't; you'ld ſay I were in a paſſion indeed: your Keeper, for Gods ſake. O, Maſter *Briſk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choiſe, when one is compelled either by ſilence to dye with grief, or by ſpeaking to live with ſhame.*

Faſt. Fair Lady, I conceive you, and may this kiſs aſſure you, that where Adverſity hath (as it were) contracted, Proſperity ſhall not——Gods me! your Husband.

Fal. O me!

Act V. Scene XI.

Deliro, Macilente, Fallace, Faſtidius Briſk.

I? is't thus!

Maci. Why, how now, Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolf ſeen you? ha? hath *Gorgon*'s Head made Marble of you?

Deli. Some *Planet* ſtrike me dead.

Maci. Why, look you, Sir, I told you, you might have ſuſpected this long afore, had you pleas'd, and ha' ſav'd this labour of Admiration now, and Paſſion, and ſuch Extremities as this frail Lump of Fleſh is ſubject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, Signior? Methinks you ſhould ſay it were ſome Enchantment, *deceptio viſus*, or ſo, ha? If you could perſuade your ſelf it were a Dream now, 'twere excellent: Faith, try what you can do, Signior; it may be your Imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impoſſible.

Fal. Sweet Husband.

Deli. Out laſcivious Strumpet.

Maci. What? Did you ſee how ill that ſtale Vein became him afore, of Sweet Wife, and Dear Heart? And are you faln juſt into the ſame now, with Sweet Huſband? Away, follow him, go, keep ſtate; what? Remember you are a Woman, turn impudent; gi' him not the Head, though you gi' him the Horns. Away. And yet methinks you ſhould take your leave of *Enfans-perdus* here, your Forlorn-hope. How now, Monſieur *Brisk*? what? *Friday*-night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta*? your delicate Morſels? I perceive, the Affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen purſues you whereſoever you go, Monſieur.

Faſt. Now in good faith (and as I am gentile) there could not have come a thing i' this World to have diſtracted me more, than the wrinkled Fortunes of this poor Spinſter.

Maci. O yes, Sir; I can tell you a thing will diſtract you much better, believe it. Signior *Deliro* has entred Three Actions againſt you, Three Actions, Monſieur; marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but Three thouſand, and the other two, ſome Five thouſand apiece: Trifles, trifles.

Faſt. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether ſo, Sir; the Knight muſt have his hundred Pound repaid, that'll help too; and then Six-ſcore Pounds for a Diamond, you know where. Theſe be things will weigh, Monſieur, they will weigh.

Faſt. O Heaven!

Maci. What, do you ſigh? This it is to kiſs the Hand of a Counteſs, to have her Coach ſent for you, to hang Poinards in Ladies Garters, to wear Bracelets of their Hair, and for every one of theſe great Favours to give ſome ſlight Jewel of Five hundred Crowns, or ſo, why 'tis nothing. Now, Monſieur, you ſee the Plague that treads o' the Heels o' your Foppery: Well, go your ways in, remove your ſelf to the Two-penny Ward quickly, to ſave Charges, and there ſet up your reſt to ſpend Sir *Puntar*'s hundred Pound for him. Away, good Pomander, go.

Why, here's a Change! Now is my Soul at peace:
I am as empty of all Envy now,
As they of Merit to be envied at.
My Humour (like a Flame) no longer laſts
Than it hath Stuff to feed it; and their Folly
Being now rak't up in their repentant Aſhes,
Affords no ampler Subject to my Spleen.
I am ſo far from malicing their States,
That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me
To think they have a being. I could wiſh
They might turn wiſe upon it, and be ſav'd now,
So Heav'n were pleas'd; but let them vaniſh, Vapors.
Gentlemen, how like you it? Has't not been tedious?

GREX.

Cor. Nay, we ha' done cenſuring now.
Mit. Yes, faith.
Maci. How ſo?
Cor. Marry, becauſe we'll imitate your Actors, and be out of our Humours. Beſides, here are thoſe (round about you) of more ability in Cenſure than we, whoſe Judgments can give it a more ſatisfying Allowance; we'll refer you to them.
Maci. I? is't e'en ſo? Well, Gentlemen, I ſhould have gone in, and return'd to you as I was *Aſper* at the firſt; but (by reaſon the Shift would have been ſomewhat long, and we are loth to draw your Patience farther) we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may ſee I will be out of Humour for company) I ſtand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (indeed) am nothing ſo peremptory as I was in the beginning: Marry, I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphytrio*, for all this (*Summi Jovis cauſa, Plaudite:*) beg a *Plaudite* for God's ſake; but if you (out of the Bounty of your Good-liking) will beſtow it, why, you may (in time) make lean *Macilente* as fat as Sir *John Falſtaff*.

THE

EPILOGUE

At the PRESENTATION before QUEEN *ELIZABETH.*

By MACILENTE.

NEver till now did Object greet mine Eyes
With any light Content: But in her Graces
All my malicious Powers have loſt their Stings.
Envy is fled my Soul at ſight of her,
And ſhe hath chas'd all black Thoughts from my Boſom,
Like as the Sun doth Darkneſs from the World.
My Stream of Humour is run out of me.
And as our Cities Torrent (bent t' infect
The hallow'd Bowels of the Silver Thames)
Is checkt by Strength and Clearneſs of the River,
Till it hath ſpent it ſelf e'en at the Shore;
So in the ample and unmeaſur'd Flood
Of her Perfections, are my Paſſions drown'd;
And I have now a Spirit as ſweet and clear
As the moſt rareſi'd and ſubtil Air:
With which, and with a Heart as pure as Fire,
(Yet humble as the Earth) do I implore,
O Heaven, that ſhe (whoſe Preſence hath effected
This Change in me) may ſuffer moſt late Change
In her admir'd and happy Government:
May ſtill this Iſland *be call'd* Fortunate,
And rugged Treaſon tremble at the Sound,
When Fame *ſhall ſpeak it with an* Emphaſis.
Let Foreign Polity be dull as Lead,
And pale Invaſion come with half a Heart,
When he but looks upon her bleſſed Soil.
The Throat of War be ſtopt within her Land,
And Turtle-footed Peace dance Fairie *Rings*
About her Court; where never may there come
Suſpect or Danger, but all Truſt and Safety.
Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind
In her dread Preſence; Death himſelf admire her:
And may her Vertues make him to forget
The Uſe of his inevitable Hand.
Fly from her, Age; ſleep Time before her Throne;
Our ſtrongeſt Wall falls down, when ſhe is gone.

THE END.

CYNTHIA's

CYNTHIA'S REVELS,

OR,

The Fountain of Self-Love.

A COMICAL SATYR.

First Acted in the Year 1600. By the then CHILDREN of QUEEN *ELIZABETH*'s CHAPPEL.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

Nasutum volo, nolo polypoſum. Mart.

TO THE

SPECIAL FOUNTAIN of MANNERS,

The Court.

THOu art a *Bountiful* and *Brave Spring*, and *watereſt all the Noble Plants of this* Iſland. *In thee the whole Kingdom dreſſeth it ſelf, and is ambitious to uſe thee as her Glaſs. Beware then thou render Mens Figures truly, and teach them no leſs to hate their Deformities, than to love their Forms: For, to Grace, there ſhould come Reverence; and no Man can call that Lovely, which is not alſo Venerable. It is not Powdring, Perfuming, and every day ſmelling of the Taylor, that converteth to a Beautiful Object: but a Mind ſhining through any Sute, which needs no Falſe Light, either of Riches or Honours, to help it. Such ſhalt thou find ſome here, even in the Reign of* CYNTHIA, *(a* CRITES *and an* ARETE.) *Now, under thy* PHŒBUS, *it will be thy Province to make more: Except thou deſireſt to have thy Source mix with the* Spring of Self-love, *and ſo wilt draw upon thee as welcom a Diſcovery of thy Days, as was then made of her Nights.*

Thy Servant, but not Slave,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

CYNTHIA.

MERCURY.	CUPID.
HESPERUS.	ECCHO.
CRITES.	ARETE.
AMORPHUS.	PHANTASTE.
ASOTUS.	ARGURION.
HEDON.	PHILAUTIA.
ANAIDES.	MORIA.
MORPHIDES.	COS.
PROSAITES.	GELAIA.
MORUS.	

PHRONESIS, THAUMA, TIME, } Mutes.

The SCENE

GARGAPHIE.

The Principal COMŒDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.	*JOH. UNDERWOOD.*
SAL. PAVY.	*ROB. BAXTER.*
THO. DAY.	*JOH. FROST.*

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

After the ſecond ſounding.

INDUCTION.

By Three of the Children.

PRay you away; why Fellows? Gods ſo? what do you mean?

2. Marry that you ſhall not ſpeak the *Prologue*, Sir.

3. Why? do you hope to ſpeak it?

2. I, and I think I have moſt right to it: I am ſure I ſtudied it firſt.

3. That's all one, if the Author think I can ſpeak it better.

1. I plead Poſſeſſion of the Cloke: Gentiles, your ſuffrages I pray you.

¶ Why *Children*, are you not aſham'd? come in there. [*Within.*

3. 'Slid, I'll play nothing i' the Play, unleſs I ſpeak it.

1. Why, will you ſtand to moſt Voices of the Gentlemen? let that decide it.

3. O no, Sir Gallant; you preſume to have the ſtart of us there, and that makes you offer ſo prodigally.

1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any ſuch thought: try it by Lots either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.

3. Well ſaid, Reſolute *Jack*, I am content too: ſo we draw firſt. Make the Cuts.

1. But will you not ſnatch my Cloke, while I am ſtooping?

3. No, we ſcorn Treachery.

2. Which Cut ſhall ſpeak it?

3. The ſhorteſt.

1. Agreed. Draw. The ſhorteſt is come to the ſhorteſt. *Fortune* was not altogether blind in this. Now, Sir, I hope I ſhall go forward without your Envy.

2. A ſpite of all miſchievous luck! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, *Jack*: 'Slid, I'll do ſomewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge my ſelf on the Author: ſince I ſpeak not his *Prologue*. I'll go tell all the Argument of his Play afore-hand, and ſo ſtale his Invention to the Auditory before it come forth.

1. O, do not ſo.

2. By no means.

At the breaches in this Speech following, the other two interrupt him ſtill.

3. Firſt, the Title of his Play is *Cynthia's Revels*, as any Man (that hath hope to be ſaved by his Book) can witneſs; the *Scene Gargaphie*: which I do vehemently ſuſpect for ſome fuſtian Country; but let that vaniſh. Here is the Court of *Cynthia*, whither he brings *Cupid* (travelling on foot) reſolv'd to turn Page. By the way, *Cupid* meets with *Mercury*, (as that's a thing to be noted, take any of our Play-Books without a *Cupid*, or a *Mercury* in it, and burn it for an Heretick in *Poetry*)—— Pray thee let me alone. *Mercury*, he (in the nature of a Conjurer) raiſes up *Eccho*, who weeps over her Love, or Daffodil, *Narciſſus*, a little; ſings; curſes the Spring wherein the pretty fooliſh Gentleman melted himſelf away: and there's an end of her.——— Now I am to inform you, that *Cupid* and *Mercury* do both become Pages. *Cupid* attends on *Philautia* or *Self-love*, a Court Lady: *Mercury* follows *Hedon*, the *Voluptuous*, and a Courtier; one that ranks himſelf even with *Anaides*, or the *Impudent*, a Gallant, (and that's my part:) one that keeps *laughter*, *Gelaia* the Daughter of *Folly*, (a Wench in Boys attire) to wait on him——— Theſe in the Court meet with *Amorphus*, or the *deformed*, a Traveller that hath drunk of the Fountain, and there tells the wonders of the Water. They preſently diſpatch away their Pages with Bottles to fetch of it, and themſelves go to viſit the Ladies. But I ſhould have told you—— (Look, theſe Emets put me out here) that with this *Amorphus*, there comes along a Citizens Heir, *Aſotus*, or the *Prodigal*, who (in imitation of the Traveller, who hath the *Whetſtone* following him) entertains the *Begger*, to be his Attendant.——— Now, the *Nymphs* who are Miſtreſſes to theſe Gallants, are *Philautia*, *Self-Love*; *Phantaſte*, *a light Wittyneſs*; *Argurion Money*; and their *Guardian*, Mother *Maria* or Miſtreſs *Folly*.———

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There *Cupid* ſtrikes *Money* in love with the *Prodigal*, makes her dote upon him, give him Jewels, Braceletts, Carkenets, &c. all which he moſt ingeniouſly departs withal to be made known to the other Ladies and Gallants; and in the heat of this, increaſes his Train with the *Fooll* to follow him, as well as the *Begger*——— By this time, your *Begger* begins to wait cloſe, who is return'd with the reſt of his Fellow Bottle-men.——— There they all drink, ſave *Argurion*, who is faln into a ſudden Apoplexy.———

1. Stop his Mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired Shollar there, you would not wiſh a thing to be better contemn'd of, a Society of Gallants, than it is: and he applies his Service (good Gentleman) to the Lady *Arete*, or *Vertue*, a poor *Nymph* of *Cynthia*'s Train, that's ſcarce able to buy her ſelf a Gown, you ſhall ſee her play in a black Robe anon: A Creature that (I aſſure you) is no leſs ſcorn'd than himſelf. Where am I now? at a ſtand?

2. Come, leave at laſt, yet.

3. O, the Night is come, ('twas ſomewhat dark, me thought) and *Cynthia* intends to come forth: (That helps it a little yet.) All the Courtiers muſt provide for *Revels*; they conclude upon a *Maſque*, the device of which, is—— (what, will you raviſh me?) that each of theſe Vices, being to appear before *Cynthia*, would ſeem other than indeed they are: and therefore aſſume the moſt neighbouring Vertues as their maſking Habits.—— (I'd cry a Rape, but that you are Children.)

2. Come,

2. Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation: to give them the Inventory of their Cates aforehand, were the diſcipline of a Tavern, and not fitting this Preſence.

1. Tut, this was but to ſhew us the happineſs of his Memory. I thought at firſt he would have plaid the ignorant Critique with every thing, along as he had gone; I expected ſome ſuch device.

3. O, you ſhall ſee me do that, rarely; lend me my Cloke.

1. Soft, Sir, you'll ſpeak my *Prologue* in it.

3. No, would I might never ſtir then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well, you have ſworn.

3. I have. Now, Sir, ſuppoſe I am one of your gentile Auditors, that am come in (having paid my Money at the Door, with much ado) and here I take my Place and ſit down: I have my three ſorts of Tabacco in my Pocket, my Light by me, and thus I begin. By this light, I wonder that any Man is ſo mad, to come to ſee theſe raſcally *Tits* play here— They do act like ſo many *Wrens* or *Piſmires*— not the fifth part of a good Face amongſt them all.— And then their *Muſick* is abominable— able to ſtretch a Mans Ears worſe than Pillories, and their Ditties— moſt lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them— Poets. By this Vapour, an 'twere not for Tabacco— I think— the very ſtench of 'em would poiſon me, I ſhould not dare to come in at their Gates— A Man were better viſit fifteen Jayls,— or a dozen or two of Hoſpitals— than once adventure to come near them. How is't? Well?

At the breaches he takes his Tabacco.

1. Excellent: give me my Cloke.

3. Stay; you ſhall ſee me do another now: but a more ſober, or better-gather'd Gallant; that is (as it may be thought) ſome Friend, or well-wiſher to the Houſe: And here I enter.

1. What? upon the Stage, too?

2. Yes: and I ſtep forth like one of the Children, and ask you, Would you have a Stool, Sir?

3. A Stool, Boy?

2. I, Sir, if you'll give me ſix Pence I'll fetch you one.

3. For what I pray thee? what ſhall I do with it?

2. O Lord, Sir! will you betray your ignorance ſo much? why throne your ſelf in ſtate on the Stage, as other Gentlemen uſe, Sir.

3. Away, Wag; what, would'ſt thou make an Implement of me? 'Slid the Boy takes me for a piece of *Perſpective* (I hold my Life) or ſome Silk Curtain, come to hang the Stage here! Sir Crack, I am none of your freſh Pictures, that uſe to beautifie the decaied dead Arras in a publick Theatre.

2. 'Tis a ſign, Sir, you put not that confidence in your good Cloaths, and your better Face, that a Gentleman ſhould do, Sir. But I pray you Sir, let me be a ſuter to you, that you will quit our Stage then, and take a Place, the Play is inſtantly to begin.

3. Moſt willingly, my good wag: but I would ſpeak with your Author, where's he?

2. Not this way, I aſſure you, Sir: we are not ſo officiouſly befriended by him, as to have his preſence in the Tyring-houſe, to prompt us aloud, ſtamp at the Book-holder, ſwear for our Properties, curſe the poor Tire-man, rail the Muſick out of tune, and ſweat for every venial Treſpaſs we commit, as ſome Author would, if he had ſuch fine Engles as we. Well, 'tis but our hard fortune.

3. Nay, crack, be not diſheartned.

2. Not I, Sir; but if you pleaſe to confer with our Author, by Atturny, you may, Sir: our proper ſelf here, ſtands for him.

3. Troth, I have no ſuch ſerious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very ſafely be turn'd upon thy Truſt. It is in the general behalf of this fair Society here that I am to ſpeak, at leaſt the more judicious part of it, which ſeems much diſtaſted with the immodeſt and obſcene writing of many in their Plays. Beſides, they could wiſh, your *Poets* would leave to be Promoters of other Mens Jeſts, and to way-lay all the ſtale *Apothegms*, or old Books, they can hear of (in print, or otherwiſe) to farce their *Scenes* withal. That they would not ſo penuriouſly glean Wit from every Laundreſs or Hackney-man, or derive their beſt Grace (with ſervile imitation) from common Stages, or obſervation of the Company they converſe with; as if their Invention liv'd wholly upon another Mans Trencher. Again, that feeding their Friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice Cook'd, they ſhould not wantonly give out, how ſoon they had dreſt it; nor how many Coaches came to carry away the Broken-meat, beſides Hobby-horſes, and Foot-cloth Nags.

2. So, Sir, this is all the reformation you ſeek?

3. It is: do not you think it neceſſary to be practis'd, my little Wag?

2. Yes, where any ſuch ill habited Cuſtom is receiv'd.

3. O (I had almoſt forgot it too) they ſay, the *umbræ*, or Ghoſts of ſome three or four Plays, departed a dozen years ſince, have been ſeen walking on your Stage here: take heed, Boy, if your Houſe be haunted with ſuch *Hob-goblins*, 'twill fright away all your Spectators quickly.

2. Good, Sir; but what will you ſay now, if a *Poet* (untoucht with any breath of this diſeaſe) find the Tokens upon you, that are of the Auditory? As ſome one Civet-wit among you, that knows no other Learning, than the price of Sattin and Velvets; nor other perfection, than the wearing of a neat Sute; and yet will cenſure as deſperately as the moſt profeſs'd *Critique* in the Houſe: preſuming his Clothes ſhould bear him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd Nature to furniſh with more Beard, than Brain) prunes his Muſtaccio, liſps, and (with ſome ſcore of affected Oaths) ſwears down all that ſit about him; *That the old Hieronimo*, as it was firſt acted) *was the only beſt, and judiciouſly pend play of Europe.* A third great-bellied Juggler talks of twenty years ſince, and when *Monſieur* was here, and would enforce all Wits to be of that faſhion, becauſe his Doublet is ſtill ſo. A fourth miſcalls all by the name of fuſtian, that his grounded Capacity cannot aſpire to. A fifth, only ſhakes his Bottle-head, and out of his corky Brain, ſqueezeth out a Pittiful-learned Face, and is ſilent.

3. By my faith, *Jack*, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Here, take your Cloke, and promiſe ſome ſatisfaction in your *Prologue*, or (I'll be ſworn) we have marr'd all.

2. Tut, fear not, Child, this will never diſtaſte a true Sence: Be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadſt ſome Sugar-candied to ſweeten thy Mouth.

The Third ſounding.

PROLOGUE.

IF gracious ſilence, ſweet attention,
Quick ſight, and quicker apprehenſion,
(The lights of Judgments throne) ſhine any where;
Our doubtful Author hopes this is their Sphere.
And therefore opens he himſelf to thoſe;
To other weaker Beams his labours cloſe:
As loth to proſtitute their Virgin ſtrain,
To ev'ry vulgar and adult'rate Brain,
In this alone, his Muſe *her ſweetneſs hath,*
She ſhuns the print of any beaten Path;

And

And proves new ways to come to learned Ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor, fears.
Nor hunts she after popular Applause,
Or fomy praise, that drops from common Jaws:
The Garland that she wears, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: Then cast those piercing Rays,
Round as a Crown, instead of honour'd Bays,
About his Poesie; *which (he knows) affords*
Words, above action: matter, above words.

Act I. Scene I.

Cupid, Mercury.

WHo goes there?

Mer. 'Tis I, blind Archer.

Cup. Who? *Mercury?*

Mer. I

Cup. Farewel.

Mer. Stay, *Cupid.*

Cup. Not in your company, *Hermes*, except your hands were rivetted at your Back.

Mer. Why so my little Rover?

Cup. Becaufe I know, you ha' not a Finger, but is as long as my Quiver (Couſin *Mercury*) when you pleaſe to extend it.

Mer. Whence derive you this Speech, Boy?

Cup. O! 'tis your beſt Polity to be ignorant. You did never ſteal *Mars* his Sword out of the Sheath, you? nor *Neptune*'s Trident? nor *Apollo*'s Bow? no, not you? Alas, your Palms (*Jupiter* knows) they are as tender as the Foot of a foundred Nag, or a Ladies Face new *mercuried*, they'll touch nothing.

Mer. Go too (Infant) you'll be daring ſtill.

Cup. Daring? O *Janus!* what a word is there? why, my light Feather-heel'd Couz, what are you? any more than my Uncle *Joves* Pandar, a Lackquey that runs on Errands for him, and can whiſper a light Meſſage to a looſe Wench with ſome round volubility, wait mannerly at a Table with a Trencher, and warble upon a Crowd a little, fill out *Nectar*, when *Ganimed's* away, one that ſweeps the *Gods* Drinking-room every Morning, and ſets the Cuſhions in order again, which they threw one at anothers Head over-night, can bruſh the Carpets, call the Stools again to their places, play the Cryer of the Court with an audible Voice, and take ſtate of a *Preſident* upon you at Wreſtlings, Pleadings, Negotiations, &c. Here's the Catalogue o' your Imployments now, O no, I err, you have the marſhaling of all the Ghoſts too that paſs the *Stygian* Ferry, and I ſuſpect you for a a ſhare with the old Scuffler there, if the truth were known; but let that ſcape. One other peculiar vertue you poſſeſs, in lifting, or *lieger-du-main*, (which few of the Houſe of Heav'n have elſe beſides) I muſt confeſs. But (methinks) that ſhould not make you put that extream diſtance 'twixt your ſelf and others, that we ſhould be ſaid to over-dare in ſpeaking to your nimble *Deity*? So *Hercules*, might challenge Priority of us both, becauſe he can throw the Bar farther, or lift more joyn'd Stooles at the Arms end, than we. If this might carry it, then we who have made the whole Body of Divinity tremble at the twang of our Bow, and enforc'd *Saturnius* himſelf to lay by his curl'd Front, Thunder, and Three-fork'd Fires, and put on a masking Sute, too light for a Reveller of Eighteen, to be ſeen in———

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo ſexto*! charm your skipping Tongue, or I'll———

Cup. What? uſe the vertue of your ſnaky Tip-ſtaff there upon us?

Mer. No, Boy, but the ſmart vigour of my Palm about your Ears. You have forgot ſince I took your Heels up into Air (on the very hour I was born) in ſight of all the Bench of *Deities*, when the Silver Roof of the *Olympyan* Palace rung again with applauſe of the Fact.

Cup. O no, I remember it freſhly, and by a particular Inſtance; for my Mother *Venus* (at the ſame time) but ſtoopt to imbrace you, and (to ſpeak by *metaphore*) you borrowed a Girdle of hers, as you did *Joves* Scepter (while he was laughing) and would have done his Thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching Fingers.

Mer. 'Tis well, Sir.

Cup. I heard, you but look't in at *Vulcans* Forge the other day, and intreated a pair of his new Tongs along with you for company: Tis joy on you (y'faith) that you will keep your hook'd Talſons in practice with any thing. 'Slight, now you are on Earth, we ſhall have you filch Spoons and Candleſticks rather than fail: Pray *Jove* the perfum'd Courtiers keep their Caſting-bottles, Pick-tooths, and Shittle-cocks from you; or our more ordinary Gallants their Tabacco boxes, for I am ſtrangely jealous of your Nails.

Mer. Ne're truſt me, *Cupid*, but you are turn'd a moſt acute Gallant of late, the Edg of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and ſubtile ſtroke of your thin ground Tongue, you fight with too poinant a Phraſe, for me to deal with.

Cup. O *Hermes*, your Craft cannot make me confident. I know my own Steel to be almoſt ſpent, and therefore intreat my Peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to Encounter at length, and I think it my ſafeſt Ward to cloſe.

Mer. Well, for once, I'll ſuffer you to win upon me, wag, but uſe not the ſtrains too often, they'll ſtretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

Cup. Faith (to recover thy good Thoughts) I'll diſcover my whole Project. The Huntreſs and Queen of theſe Groves, *Diana* (in regard of ſome black and envious ſlanders hourly breath'd againſt her, for her divine Juſtice on *Acteon*, as ſhe pretends) hath here in the Vale of *Gargaphy*, proclaim'd a ſolemn Revels, which (her God-head put off) ſhe will deſcend to grace, with the full and royal expence of one of her cleareſt Moons: In which time, it ſhall be lawful for all ſorts of ingenuous Perſons, to viſit her Palace, to court her *Nymphs*, to exerciſe all variety of generous and noble Paſtimes, as well to intimate how far ſhe treads ſuch malitious Imputations beneath her, as alſo to ſhew how clear her Beauties are from the leaſt wrinckle of Auſterity they may be charg'd with.

Mer. But, what is all this to *Cupid?*

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the Title of a God, and take the Habit of a Page, in which diſguiſe (during the *interim* of theſe Revels) I will get to follow ſome one of *Diana's* Maids, where (if my Bow hold, and my Shafts fly but with half the willingneſs, and aim they are directed) I doubt not, but I ſhall really redeem the Minutes I have loſt, by their ſo long and overnice Proſcription of my *Deity* from their Court.

Mer. Purſue it (divine *Cupid*) it will be rare.

Cup. But will *Hermes* ſecond me?

Mer. I am now to put in act an eſpecial deſignment from my Father *Jove*, but that perform'd, I am for any freſh action that offers it ſelf.

Cup. Well, then we part.

Mer. Farewel, good wagg.

Now, to my charge, *Eccho*, fair *Eccho*, ſpeak,
'Tis *Mercury* that calls thee, ſorrowful *Nymph.*
Salute me with thy repercuſſive Voice,
That I may know what Cavern of the Earth
Contains thy airy Spirit, how, or where
I may direct my Speech, that thou maiſt hear.

Act I. Scene II.

Eccho, Mercury.

HEar.
Mer. So nigh?
Ecc. I.
Mer. Know (gentle Soul) then, I am ſent from *Jove*,
Who (pitying the ſad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words,
To vent thy paſſion for *Narciſſus* death)
Commands, that now (after Three thouſand years,
Which have been exercis'd in *Juno's* ſpight)
Thou take a Corporal Figure, and aſcend,
Enricht with vocal and articulate power.
Make haſte, ſad *Nymph*, thrice ſhall my winged Rod
Strike th' obſequious Earth, to give thee way.
Ariſe, and ſpeak thy Sorrows, *Eccho*, riſe,
Here, by this Fountain, where thy Love did pine,
Whoſe memory lives freſh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow Flower, that bears his Name.
Ecc. His name revives, and lifts me up from Earth.
O, which way ſhall I firſt convert my ſelf?
Or in what mood ſhall I eſſay to ſpeak,
That (in a Moment) I may be delivered
Of the prodigious grief I go withal?
See, ſee, the mourning Fount, whoſe Springs weep yet
Th' untimely fate of that too beautious Boy,
That Trophee of Self-love, and Spoyle of Nature,
Who (now transform'd into this drooping flower)
Hangs the Repentant Head, back from the Stream,
As if it wiſht, would I had never look'd
In ſuch a flatt'ring mirrour. O *Narciſſus*,
Thou that waſt once (and yet art) my *Narciſſus*;
Had *Eccho* but been private with thy thoughts,
She would have dropt away her ſelf in Tears,
Till ſhe had all turn'd Water, that in her,
(As in a truer Glaſs) thou mightſt have gaz'd,
And ſeen thy Beauties by more kind reflection.
But Self-love never yet could look on Truth,
But with bleard Beams; ſlick Flattery and ſhe
Are twin-born Siſters, and ſo mix their Eyes,
As if you ſever one, the other dyes.
Why did the Gods give thee a heav'nly form,
And earthly thoughts, to make thee proud of it?
Why, do I ask? 'Tis now the known Diſeaſe
That Beauty hath, to bear too deep a ſenſe
Of her own Self-conceived Excellence.
O, hadſt thou known the worth of Heav'ns rich gift,
Thou wouldſt have turn'd it to a truer uſe,
And not (with ſtarv'd, and covetous ignorance)
Pin'd in continual eyeing that bright Gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more,
Than to thy famiſht Mind the wide Worlds ſtore:
"So wretched is it to be meerly rich.
Witneſs thy youths dear Sweets, here ſpent untaſted,
Like a fair Taper, with his own Flame waſted.
Mer. Eccho, be brief, *Saturnia* is abroad,
And if ſhe hear, ſhe'll ſtorm at *Joves* high Will.
Ecc. I will (kind *Mercury*) be brief as Time.
Vouchſafe me, I may do him theſe laſt Rites,
But kiſs his flowr, and ſing ſome mourning ſtrain
Over his watry Hearſe. *Mer.* Thou doſt obtain.
I were no Son to *Jove*, ſhould I deny thee.
Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning Voice)
The humorous Air ſhall mix her ſolemn Tunes,
With thy ſad words: ſtrike Muſick from the Sphears,
And with your Golden Raptures ſwell our Ears.

SONG.

SLow, ſlow, freſh Fount, keep time with my ſalt Tears;
Yet ſlower, yet, O faintly gentle ſprings:
Liſt to the heavy part the muſick bears,
" Woe weeps out her diviſion, when ſhe ſings.
Droop herbs and flowres;
Fall grief in ſhowres;
" Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could ſtill
(Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill,
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

Mer. Now, ha' you done?
Ecc. Done preſently (good *Hermes*) bide a little,
Suffer thy thirſty Eye to gaze a while,
But e'en to taſte the place, and I am vaniſht.
Mer. Forgo thy uſe, and liberty of Tongue,
And thou maiſt dwell on Earth, and ſport thee there.
Ecc. Here young *Acteon* fell, purſu'd, and torn
by *Cynthia's* wrath (more eager than his Hounds)
And here (ay me, the place is fatal) ſee
The weeping *Niobe*, tranſlated hither
From *Phrygian* Mountains: and by *Phœbe* rear'd,
As the proud Trophæ of her ſharp revenge.
Mer. Nay, but hear.
Ecc. But here, O here, the *Fountain* of *Self-love*,
In which *Latona*, and her careleſs *Nymphs*,
(Regardleſs of my ſorrows) bathe themſelves
In hourly Pleaſures. *Mer.* Stint thy babling Tongue;
Fond *Eccho*, thou prophan'ſt the grace is done thee:
So idle Worldlings (meerly made of voice)
Cenſure the Powers above them. Come, away,
Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no ſtay.
Ecc. O, ſtay: I have but one poor Thought to clothe
In airy Garments, and then (faith) I go.
Henceforth, thou treacherous and murthering Spring,
Be ever call'd the *Fountain* of *Self-love*:
And with thy Water let this Curſe remain,
(As an inſeparate Plague) that who but taſtes
A drop thereof, may, with the inſtant touch,
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themſelves.
Now, *Hermes*, I have finiſht. *Mer.* Then thy Speech,
Muſt here forſake thee, *Eccho*, and thy Voice
(As it was wont) rebound but the laſt words.
Farewel. *Ecc.* Well.
Mer. Now, *Cupid*, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leave the Earth.

Act I. Scene III.

Amorphus, Eccho, Mercury.

DEar ſpark of Beauty, make not ſo faſt away.
Ecc. Away.
Mer. Stay, let me obſerve this Portent yet.
Amo. I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor your *Satyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your meer Traveler, believe me.
Ecc. Leave me.
Mer. I gueſs'd it ſhould be ſome travelling motion purſu'd *Eccho* ſo.
Amo. Know you from whom you flye? or whence?
Ecc. Hence.
Amo. This is ſomewhat above ſtrange! a *Nymph* of her Feature and Lineament, to be ſo prepoſterouſly rude! well, I will but cool my ſelf at yon' Spring, and follow her.
Mer. Nay, then I am familiar with the iſſue: I'll leave you too.
Amo. I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a Creature of her *ſymmetry*, could have dar'd ſo improportionable, and abrupt a digreſſion. Liberal, and divine Fount,

ſuffer

ſuffer my prophane hand to take of thy Bounties. By the Purity of my taſte, here is moſt *ambroſiack* Water; I will ſup of it again. By thy favour, ſweet fount. See, the Water (a more running, ſubtile, and humorous *Nymph* than ſhe) permits me to touch, and handle her. What ſhould I infer? If my Behaviours had been of a cheap or cuſtomary garb; my Accent or Phraſe vulgar; my Garments trite; my Countenance illiterate, or unpractis'd in the incounter of a beautiful and brave attir'd Piece; then I might (with ſome change of colour) have ſuſpected my Faculties: but knowing my ſelf an eſſence ſo ſublimated, and refin'd by travel; of ſo ſtudied, and well exercis'd a Geſture; ſo alone in Faſhion; able to render the face of any Stateſman living; and to ſpeak the meer extraction of Language; one that hath now made the ſixth return upon ventuer; and was your firſt that ever inricht his Countrey with the true Laws of the *duello*; whoſe *optiques* have drunk the ſpirit of Beauty, in ſome Eight ſcore and eighteen Princes Courts, where I have reſided, and been there fortunate in the *amours* of Three hundred forty and five Ladies (all Nobly, if not Princely deſcended) whoſe names I have in Catalogue; to conclude, in all ſo happy, as even Admiration her ſelf doth ſeem to faſten her kiſſes upon me: Certes, I do neither ſee, nor feel, nor taſte, nor ſavour the leaſt ſteam, or fume of a reaſon, that ſhould invite this fooliſh faſtidious *Nymph*, ſo peeviſhly to abandon me. Well, let the Memory of her fleet into Air; my thoughts and I am for this other Element, Water.

Act I. Scene IV.

Crites, Aſotus, Amorphus.

WHat! the well-dieted *Amorphus* become a Water-drinker? I ſee he means not to write Verſes then.

Aſo. No, *Crites*? why?

Cri. Becauſe—— *Nec placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt, quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Amo. What ſay you to your *Helicon*?

Cri. O, the *Muſes* well! that's ever excepted.

Amo. Sir, your *Muſes* haye no ſuch Water, I aſſure you; your *Nectar*, or the juyce of your *Nepenthe* is nothing to it; 'tis above your *Metheglin*, believe it.

Aſo. Metheglin! what's that, Sir? may I be ſo audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of *Greek* Wine I have met with, Sir, in my Travels; it is the ſame that *Demoſthenes* uſually drunk, in the compoſure of all his exquiſite and melliſluous Orations.

Cri. That's to be argued (*Amorphus*) if we may credit *Lucian*, who in his *Encomio Demoſthenis* affirms, he never drunk but Water in any of his compoſitions.

Amo. Lucian is abſurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own Travels, before all the *Lucians* of *Europe*. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leaſins.

Cri. Indeed (I think) next a Traveller, he do's prettily well.

Amo. I aſſure you it was Wine, I have taſted it, and from the hand of an *Italian Antiquary*, who derives it authentically from the Duke of *Ferrara's* Bottles. How name you the Gentleman you are in rank with there, Sir?

Cri. 'Tis *Aſotus*, Son to the late deceas'd *Philargyrus* the Citizen.

Amo. Was his Father of any eminent place, or means?

Cri. He was to have been *Prætor* next year.

Amo. Ha! A pretty formal young gallant, in good ſooth: pitty, he is not more gentilely propagated. Hark you, *Crites*, you may ſay to him, what I am, if you pleaſe: though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to ſtand out to any, whom you ſhall vouchſafe to call Friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your ſufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or miſplacing ſome one; your ſelf can beſt enform him of your ſelf, Sir: except you had ſome catalogue, or liſt of your Faculties ready drawn, which you would requeſt me to ſhew him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This *Crites* is ſowre: I will think, Sir.

Cri. Do ſo, Sir. O heaven! that any thing (in the likeneſs of Man) ſhould ſuffer theſe rackt extremities, for the uttering of his ſophiſticate good Parts.

Aſo. Crites, I have a ſute to you; but you muſt not deny me: pray you make this Gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! Why? is there any difference between you?

Aſo. No, I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phraſe was without me before.

Aſo. In good faith, he's a moſt excellent rare Man, I warrant him!

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamour'd by this time!

Aſo. Will you, ſweet *Crites*?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Aſo. Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is't a thing of ſuch preſent neceſſity, that it requires ſo violent a diſpatch?

Aſo. No, but (would I might never ſtir) he's a moſt raviſhing man! good *Crites*, you ſhall endear me to you, in good faith-law.

Cri. Well, your longing ſhall be ſatisfied, Sir.

Aſo. And withal, you may tell him what my Father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his Heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Aſo. Nay, I know you can better marſhal theſe Affairs than I can—— O Gods! I'd give all the world (if I had it) for abundance of ſuch acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous Circumſtance might I deviſe now, to beſtow this reciprocal brace of Butter-flies one upon another?

Amo. Since I trode on this ſide the *Alpes*, I was not ſo frozen in my Invention. Let me ſee: to accoſt him with ſome choice remnant of *Spaniſh*, or *Italian*? that would indifferently expreſs my languages now: marry then, if he ſhould fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harſh. How elſe? ſtep into ſome *ragioni del ſtato*, and ſo make my induction? that were above him too; and out of his Element, I fear. Feign to have ſeen him in *Venice* or *Padua*? or ſome face neer his in ſimilitude? 'tis too-pointed, and open. No, it muſt be a more quaint, and collateral device. As—— ſtay: to frame ſome *encomiaſtick* Speech upon this our *Metropolis*, or the wiſe Magiſtrates thereof, in which politick number, 'tis odds, but his Father fill'd up a Room? deſcend into a particular admiration of their Juſtice, for the due meaſuring of Coals, burning of Cans, and ſuch like? as alſo their Religion, in pulling down a ſuperſtitious Croſs, and advancing a *Venus*, or *Priapus*, in place of it? ha? 'twill do well. Or to talk of ſome Hoſpital, whoſe Walls record his Father a *Benefactor*? or of ſo many Buckets beſtow'd on his Pariſh-church, in his life time, with his name at length (for want of Arms) trickt upon them? Any of theſe? Or to praiſe the cleanneſs of the Street, wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his Poſts againſt he ſhould have been *Prætor*? Or (leaving his Parent) come to ſome ſpecial Ornament about himſelf, as his Rapier, or ſome other of his Accoutrements? I have it; Thanks, gracious *Minerva*.

Aſo. Would I had but once ſpoke to him, and then—— He comes to me.

Amo. 'Tis a moſt curious, and neatly-wrought Band, this ſame, as I have ſeen Sir.

Aſo. O God, Sir.

Amo, You forgive the humour of mine Eye, in obſerving it.

Cri. His Eye waters after it, it ſeems.

Aſo. O Lord, Sir, there needs no ſuch Apology, I aſſure you.

Cri. I am anticipated: they'll make a ſolemn deed of gift of themſelves, you ſhall ſee.

Amo. Your Ribband too do's moſt gracefully, in troth.

Aſo. 'Tis the moſt gentile, and receiv'd wear now, Sir.

Amo. Believe me, Sir, (I ſpeak it not to humour you) I have not ſeen a young Gentleman (generally) put on his Cloaths with more judgment.

Aſo. O, 'tis your pleaſure to ſay ſo, Sir.

Amo. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether untravel'd) it ſtrikes me into wonder.

Aſo, I do purpoſe to travel, Sir, at ſpring.

Amo. I think I ſhall affect you, Sir. This laſt ſpeech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Aſo. O God, Sir, I would there were any thing in me, Sir, that might appear worthy the leaſt worthineſs of your worth, Sir. I proteſt, Sir, I ſhould endeavour to ſhew it, Sir, with more than common regard, Sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motley, Sir.

Amo. Both your deſert, and your endeavours are plentiful, ſuſpect them not: but your ſweet diſpoſition to travel (I aſſure you) hath made you another *my-ſelf* in mine Eye, and ſtruck me inamour'd on your Beauties.

Aſo. I would I were the faireſt Lady of *France* for your ſake, Sir, and yet I would travel too.

Amo. O, you ſhould digreſs from your ſelf elſe: for (believe it) your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the *Italian* ſays) *vi rendi pronto all' attioni, makes you fit for action.*

Aſo. I think it be great charge though, Sir.

Amo. Charge? why 'tis nothing for a Gentleman that goes private, as your ſelf, or ſo; my intelligence ſhall quit my charge at all times. Good faith, this Hat that hath poſſeſt mine Eye exceedingly; 'tis ſo pretty, and fantaſtick: what? is't a Beaver?

Aſo. I, Sir, I'll aſſure you 'tis a Beaver, it coſt me eight Crowns but this Morning.

Amo. After your *French* account?

Aſo. Yes Sir.

Cri. And ſo near his head? beſhrow me, dangerous.

Amo. A very pretty faſhion (believe me) and a moſt novel kind of trim: your Band is conceited too!

Aſo. Sir, it is all at your ſervice.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Aſo. I beſeech you, Sir, if you pleaſe to wear it, you ſhall do me a moſt infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be prais'd out of his Cloaths?

Aſo. By Heaven, Sir, I do not offer it you after the *Italian* manner; I would you ſhould conceive ſo of me.

Amo. Sir, I ſhall fear to appear rude in denying your courteſies, eſpecially, being invited by ſo proper a diſtinction: may I pray your Name Sir?

Aſo. My name is *Aſotus*, Sir.

Amo. I take your love (gentle *Aſotus*) but let me win you to receive this, in exchange——

Crit. They'll change Doublets anon.

Amo. And (from this time) eſteem your ſelf, in the firſt Rank, of thoſe few, whom I profeſs to love. What make you in company of this Schollar, here? I will bring you known to Gallants, as *Anaides* of the Ordinary, *Hedon* the Courtier, and others, whoſe Society ſhall render you grac'd and reſpected: this is a trivial Fellow, too mean, too cheap, too courſe for you to converſe with.

Aſo. 'Slid, this is not worth a Crown, and mine coſt me Eight but this Morning.

Cri. I lookt when he would repent him, he has begun to be ſad a good while.

Amo. Sir, ſhall I ſay to you for that Hat? be not ſo ſad, be not ſo ſad: it is a Relick I could not ſo eaſily have departed with, but as the *Hieroglyphick* of my affection; you ſhall alter it to what form you pleaſe, it will take any block; I have receiv'd it varied (on Record) to the Three thouſandth time, and not ſo few: It hath theſe vertues beſide; your Head ſhall not ake under it; nor your Brain leave you, without licence; It will preſerve your Complexion to Eternity; for no Beam of the Sun (ſhould you wear it under *Zona torrida*) hath power to approach it by two Ells. It is Proof againſt Thunder, and Inchantment: and was given me by a great Man (in *Ruſſia*) as an eſpecial priz'd Preſent; and conſtantly affirm'd to be the Hat that accompanied the Politick *Ulyſſes* in his tedious and ten years Travels.

Aſo. By *Jove*, I will not depart withal, whoſoever would give me a Million.

Act I. Scene V.

Cos, Crites, Amorphus, Aſotus, Proſaites.

SAve you, ſweet Bloods: do's any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

Cri. Beſhrew me, a fine blunt Slave!

Amo. A page of good Timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him firſt, though I caſheer him again in private: how art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos, Sir, *Cos.*

Cri. Cos? How happily hath fortune furniſht him with a *whetſtone?*

Amo. I do entertain you, *Cos*, conceal your Quality till we be private; if your Parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you: Gentiles, ſhall we go?

Aſo. Stay, Sir; I'll but entertain this other Fellow, and then—— I have a great humour to taſte of this Water too, but I'll come again alone for that—— mark the Place. What's your Name, youth?

Proſ. Proſaites, Sir.

Aſo. Proſaites? A very fine name, *Crites?* is't not?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, Sir, the *begger.*

Aſo. Follow me, good *Proſaites*: Let's talk.

Cri. He will rank even with you (er't be long)
If you hold on your courſe. O vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light, and empty Idots! how purſu'd
With open and extended Appetite!
How they do ſweat, and run themſelves from breath,
Rais'd on their Toes, to catch thy airy Forms,
Still turning giddy, till they reel like Drunkards,
That buy the merry madneſs of one hour,
With the long irkſomneſs of following time!
O how deſpis'd and baſe a thing is a Man,
If he not ſtrive t'erect his groveling Thoughts
Above the ſtrain of Fleſh! But how more cheap,
When, even his beſt and underſtanding Part,
(The crown and ſtrength of all his Faculties)
Floats like a dead drownd Body, on the Stream
Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'ſt dregs?
I ſuffer for their Guilt now, and my Soul
(Like one that looks on ill affected Eyes)
Is hurt with mere intention on their Follies.
Why will I view them then? my ſenſe might ask me:
Or is't a rarity, or ſome new object,
That ſtrains my ſtrict obſervance to this Point?
O would it were, therein I could afford
My Spirit ſhould draw a little neer to theirs,

To

To gaze on novelties: ſo Vice were one.
Tut, ſhe is ſtale, rank, foul, and were it not
That thoſe (that woo her) greet her with lockt Eyes,
(In ſpight of all the impoſtures, paintings, drugs,
Which her Bawd cuſtom dawbs her Cheeks withal)
She would betray her loath'd and leprous Face,
And fright th' enamour'd dotards from themſelves:
But ſuch is the perverſeneſs of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
(How antick and ridiculous ſo ere
It ſute with us) yet will our muffled thought
Chooſe rather not to ſee it, than avoid it:
And if we can but baniſh our own ſenſe,
We act our mimick tricks with that free licenſe,
That luſt, that pleaſure, that ſecurity,
As if we practis'd in a Paſte-boad Caſe,
And no one ſaw the motion, but the motion.
Well, check thy paſſion, leſt it grow too lowd:
" While fools are pittied, they wax fat and proud.

Act II. Scene I.

Cupid, Mercury.

WHy, this was moſt unexpectedly followed (my divine delicate *Mercury*) by the Beard of *Jove*, thou are a precious *Deity*.

Mer. Nay, *Cupid*, leave to ſpeak improperly, ſince we are turn'd Cracks, let's ſtudy to be like Cracks; practiſe their Language and Behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: act freely, careleſly, and capriciouſly, as if our Veins ran with Quick-ſilver, and not utter a Phraſe, but what ſhall come forth ſteept in the very Brine of Conceit, and ſparkle like Salt in Fire.

Cup. That's not every ones happineſs (*Hermes*) though you can preſume upon the eaſineſs and dexterity of your wit, you ſhall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine: and not deſperately to hazard it after your capring humour.

Mer. Nay, then, *Cupid*, I think we muſt have you hood-winkt again, for you are grown too provident, ſince your Eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not ſo (*Mercury*) I am ſtill blind *Cupid* to thee.

Mer. And what to the Lady *Nymph* you ſerve;

Cup. Troth, Page, Boy, and Sirrah: theſe are all my Titles.

Mer. Then thou haſt not altered thy Name, with thy diſguiſe?

Cup. O, no, that had been ſupererogation; you ſhall never hear your Courtier call but by one of theſe three.

Mer. Faith, then both our Fortunes are the ſame.

Cup. Why? what parcel of man haſt thou lighted on for a Maſter?

Mer. Such a one (as before I begin to decypher him) I dare not affirm to be any thing leſs than a Courtier. So much he is, during this open time of Revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him ſhortly after. His name is *Hedon*, a Gallant wholy conſecrated to his Pleaſures.———

Cup. Hedon? he uſes much to my Ladies Chamber, I think.

Mer. How is ſhe call'd, and then I can ſhew thee?

Cup. Madam *Philautia*.

Mer. O I, he affects her very particularly indeed. Theſe are his Graces. He doth (beſides me) keep a Barber and a Monky: He has a rich wrought Waſtcoat to entertain his Viſitants in, with a Cap almoſt ſutable. His Curtains and Bedding are thought to be his own: his Bathing-tub is not ſuſpected. He loves to have a Fencer, a Pedant, and a Muſician ſeen in his Lodging a-mornings.

Cup. And not a Poet?

Mer. Fie no: himſelf is a Rimer, and that's thought better than a Poet. He is not lightly within to his Mercer, no, though he come when he takes Phyſick, which is commonly after his play. He beats a Taylor very well, but a Stocking-ſeller admirably: and ſo conſequently any one he owes Money to, that dares not reſiſt him. He never makes general invitement, but againſt the publiſhing of a new Sute; marry then you ſhall have more drawn to his Lodging, than come to the lanching of ſome three Ships; eſpecially if he be furniſh'd with Supplies for the retyring of his old Wardrobe from pawn: if not, he do's hire a ſtock of Apparrel, and ſome forty or fifty Pound in Gold, for that Forenoon to ſhew. He's thought a very neceſſary perfume for the Preſence, and for that only cauſe welcom thither: ſix Milleners Shops afford you not the like ſent. He courts Ladies with how many great Horſe he hath rid that Morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or the half *pommado* in a Seven-night before: and ſometime ventures ſo far upon the vertue of his Pomander, that he dares tell 'em, how many Shirts he has ſweat at *Tennis* that Week, but wiſely conceals ſo many dozen of Balls he is on the Score. Here he comes, that is all this.

Act II. Scene II.

Hedon, Mercury, Anaides, Gelaia, Cupid.

BOy.

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the Ladyes in the preſence?

Mer. None yet, Sir.

Hed. Give me ſome Gold, more.

Ana. Is that thy Boy, *Hedon*?

Hed. I, what think'ſt thou of him?

Ana. I'ld geld him; I warrant he has the Philoſophers Stone.

Hed. Well ſaid, my good melancholy Devil: Sirrah, I have devis'd one or two of the prettieſt Oaths (this morning in my Bed,) as ever thou heard'ſt, to proteſt withal in the Preſence.

Ana. Prythee, let's hear 'em.

Hed. Soft, thou'lt uſe 'em afore me.

Ana. No (dam' me then) I have more Oaths than I know how to utter, by this Air.

Hed. Faith, one is, *by the tip of your Ear, ſweet Lady.* Is't not pretty, and gentile?

Ana. Yes, for the Perſon 'tis applyed to, a Lady. It ſhould be light, and——

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther fet too. *By the white valley that lies between the* Alpine *hills of your boſom, I proteſt*——*&c.*

Ana. Well, you travel'd for that, *Hedon*.

Mer. I, in a Map, where his Eyes were but blind guides to his Underſtanding, it ſeems.

Hed. And then I have a ſalutation will nick all, by this Caper: hay!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I call Madam *Philautia*, my *Honour*; and ſhe calls me her *Ambition*. Now, (when I meet her in the Preſence anon) I will come to her, and ſay, *ſweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my Senſe with the lillies of your hand, but now I will taſte the roſes of your lip*; and (withal) kiſs her: to which ſhe cannot but bluſhing anſwer, *nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then do I reply; *I cannot be too ambitious of Honour, ſweet lady.* Wil't not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O, aſſure your Soul.

Hed. By Heaven, I think 'twill be excellent, and a very politick atcheivement of a kiſs.

Ana. I have thought upon one for *Maria*, of a ſudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't my dear Invention?

Ana.

Ana. Marry, I will come to her, (and ſhe always wears a Muff, if you be remembred) and I will tell her, *Madam, your whole ſelf cannot but be perfectly wiſe: for your hands have wit enough to keep themſelves warm.*

Hed. Now (before *Jove*) admirable! look, thy Page takes it too; by *Phœbus*, my ſweet facetious Raſcal, I could eat Water-gruel with thee a Month, for this jeſt, my dear Rogue.

Ana. O, (by *Hercules*) 'tis your only Diſh, above all your Potato's, or Oyſter-pyes in the World.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a moſt rare wiſh too, and the Propheſie to it, but I'll have ſome friend to be the Prophet; as thus: *I do wiſh my ſelf one of my Miſtreſſe's* cioppini. Another demands, *Why would he be one of his Miſtreſſe's* cioppini? A third anſwers, *Becauſe he would make her higher.* A fourth ſhall ſay, *That will make her proud.* And a fifth ſhall conclude: *Then do I propheſie pride will have a fall, and he ſhall give it her.*

Ana. I'll be your Prophet. By Gods ſo, it will be moſt exquiſite; thou art a fine inventious Rogue, Sirrah.

Hed. Nay, an' I have *poeſies* for Rings too, and *riddles* that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to ſleep on 'em, time enough: but were thy devices never in the Preſence yet, *Hedon*?

Hed. O, no, I diſdain that.

Ana. 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they ſhall act, leſt the ſtrangeneſs of it put them out of countenance, when they ſhould come forth.

Cup. Is that a Courtier too?

Mer. Troth no; he has two eſſential parts of the Courtier, Pride, and Ignorance; marry, the reſt come ſomewhat after the ordinary Gallant. 'Tis *Impudence* it ſelf, *Anaides*; one that ſpeaks all that comes in his Cheeks, and will bluſh no more than a ſackbut. He lightly occupies the Jeſters room at the Table, and keeps *Laughter*, *Gelaia* (a Wench in Pages attire) following him in place of a Squire, whom he now and then tickles with ſome ſtrange ridiculous ſtuff, utter'd (as his Land came to him) by chance. He will cenſure or diſcourſe of any thing, but as abſurdly as you would wiſh. His faſhion is not to take knowledg of him that is beneath him in Cloaths. He never drinks below the ſalt. He do's naturally admire his Wit that wears Gold lace, or Tiſſue. Stabs any Man that ſpeaks more contemptibly of the Schollar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal Sciences, as cheating, drinking, ſwaggering, whoring, and ſuch like: never kneels but to pledg Healths, nor prays but for a Pipe of Pudding-tabacco. He will blaſpheme in his Shirt. The Oaths which he vomits at one Supper, would maintain a Town of Garriſon in good ſwearing a Twelve-month. One other genuine quality he has, which Crowns all theſe, and that is this: to a Friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a ſodred Groat, leſt the World might cenſure him Prodigal, or report him a Gull: marry, to his *Cockatrice*, or *Punquetto*, half a dozen Taffata Gowns, or Sattin Kirtles, in a pair or two of Months, why they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my Clients.

Act II. Scene III.

Amorphus, Aſotus, Cos, Proſaites, Cupid. Mercury.

COme Sir. You are now within regard of the Preſence, and ſee, the privacy of this Room, how ſweetly it offers it ſelf to our retir'd intendments. Page, caſt a vigilant, and enquiring Eye about, that we be not rudely ſurpriz'd, by the approach of ſome ruder ſtranger.

Cos. I warrant you, Sir. I'll tell you when the Wolf enters, fear nothing.

Mer. O, what a maſs of benefit ſhall we poſſeſs, in being the inviſible Spectators of this ſtrange Show now to be acted.

Amo. Plant your ſelf there, Sir: and obſerve me. You ſhall now, as well be the Ocular, as the Ear-witneſs, how clearly I can refel that *paradox*, or rather *pſeudodox*, of thoſe, which hold the Face to be the Index of the mind, which (I aſſure you) is not ſo, in any politick Creature: for inſtance; I will now give you the particular, and diſtinct face of every your moſt noted *ſpecies* of Perſons, as your Merchant, your Schollar, your Soldier, your Lawyer, Courtier, &c. and each of theſe ſo truly, as you would ſwear, but that your Eye ſhall ſee the variation of the Lineament, it were my moſt proper and genuine aſpect. Firſt, for your Merchant, or City-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding Face, ſtill looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this Face. Then have you your Students, or *academique* Face, which is here, an honeſt, ſimple, and methodical Face: but ſomewhat more ſpred than the former. The third is your Soldiers Face, a menacing, and aſtounding Face, that looks broad, and big: the grace of this Face conſiſteth much in a Beard. The *anti-face*, to this, is your Lawyers Face, a contracted, ſubtile, and intricate Face, full of quirks, and turnings, a *labyrinthean* Face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aſpected. Next is your ſtatiſt's Face, a ſerious, ſolemn, and ſupercilious Face, full of formal, and ſquare Gravity, the Eye (for the moſt part) deeply and artificially ſhadow'd: there is great judgment required in the making of this Face. But now, to come to your Face of Faces, or Courtiers Face, 'tis of three ſorts, according to our ſubdiviſion of a Courtier, Elementary, Practick, and Theorick. Your Courtier Theorick, is he, that hath arriv'd to his fartheſt, and doth now know the Court, rather by ſpeculation, than practice; and this is his Face: a faſtidious and oblick Face, that looks, as it went with a Vice, and were ſcrew'd thus. Your Courtier Practick, is he, that is yet in his Path, his courſe, his way, and hath not toucht the *puntilio*, or point of his hopes; his Face is here: a moſt promiſing, open, ſmooth, and over-flowing Face, that ſeems as it would run, and pour it ſelf into you. Somewhat a northerly Face. Your Courtier Elementary, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the *alphabet*, or *ut-re-mi-fa-ſol-la* of Courtſhip. Note well this Face, for it is this you muſt practice.

Aſo. I'll practice 'em all, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Amo. I, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful ſtudy. For, let your Soul be aſſur'd of this (in any rank, or profeſſion whatever) the more general, or *major* part of Opinion goes with the Face, and (ſimply) reſpects nothing elſe. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiouſly, exquiſitely, thorowly, it is enough: But (for the preſent) you ſhall only apply your ſelf to this Face of the Elementary Courtier, a light, revelling, and proteſting Face, now bluſhing, now ſmiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your Head, thus, (a Feather will teach you) or with kiſſing your Finger that hath the Ruby, or playing with ſome String of your Band, which is a moſt quaint kind of melancholy beſides: or (if among Ladies) laughing lowd, and crying up your own Wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiſs. Where is your Page? call for your Caſting-bottle, and place your mirrour in your Hat, as I told you: ſo. Come, look not pale, obſerve me, ſet your face, and enter.

Mer. O, for ſome excellent Painter, to have tane the Copy of all theſe Faces!

Aſo. Proſaites.

Amo. Fie, I premoniſh you of that: In the Court, Boy, Lacquey, or Sirrah.

Cos. Maſter, *Lupus* in——— O, 'tis *Proſaites.*

Aſo.

Aſo. Sirrah prepare my Caſting-bottle, I think I muſt be enforc'd to purchaſe me another Page, you ſee how at hand *Cos* waits here.

Mer. So will he too, in time.

Cup. What's he, *Mercury*?

Mer. A notable Smelt. One, that hath newly entertain'd the Begger to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis *Aſotus*, the Heir of *Philargyrus*; but firſt I'll give ye the others Character, which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is *Amorphus* a Traveller, one ſo made out of the mixture and ſhreds of forms, that himſelf is truly deform'd. He walks moſt commonly with a Clove or Pick-tooth in his Mouth, he is the very mint of Complement, all his Behaviours are printed, his Face is another Volume of *Eſſayes*; and his Beard an *Ariſtarchus*. He ſpeaks all Cream skim'd, and more affected than a dozen of waiting Women. He is his own Promoter in every place. The Wife of the Ordinary gives him his Diet to maintain her Table in diſcourſe, which (indeed) is a meer Tyranny over her other Gueſts, for he will uſurp all the talk: Ten Conſtables are not ſo tedious. He is no great ſhifter, once a year his Apparel is ready to revolt. He doth uſe much to arbitrate Quarrels, and fights himſelf, exceeding well (out at a Window.) He will lye cheaper than any Begger, and lowder than moſt Clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the *Whetſtone*, his Page. The other Gallant is his *Zani*, and doth moſt of theſe Tricks after him; ſweats to imitate him in every thing (to a Hair) except a Beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make ſtrange Sauces, to eat *Anchovies*, *Maccaroni*, *Bovoli*, *Fagioli*, and *Caviare*, becauſe he loves 'em; ſpeaks as he ſpeaks, looks, walks, goes ſo in Cloaths and Faſhion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry (before they met) he had other very pretty ſufficiencies, which yet he retains ſome light impreſſion of; as frequenting a dancing School, and grievouſly torturing ſtrangers with Inquiſition after his grace in his Galliard. He buys a a freſh acquaintance at any rate. His Eyes and his Raiment confer much together as he goes in the Street. He treads nicely like the Fellow that walks upon Ropes; eſpecially the firſt *Sunday* of his Silk-ſtockings; and when he is moſt neat and new, you ſhall ſtrip him with Commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

Mer. I, but one of another ſtrain, *Cupid*: This Fellow weighs ſomewhat. [*Crites paſſeth by.*

Cup. His name, *Hermes*?

Mer. Crites. A Creature of a moſt perfect and divine Temper: One, in whom the Humours and Elements are peaceably met, without emulation of Precedency; he is neither too phantaſtickly Melancholy, too ſlowly Phlegmatick, too lightly Sanguine, or too raſhly Cholerick, but in all, ſo compos'd and order'd, as it is clear, *Nature* went about ſome full work, ſhe did more than make a Man when ſhe made him. His Diſcourſe is like his Behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleaſing; he is prodigal of neither. He ſtrives rather to be that which Men call Judicious, than to be thought ſo; and is ſo truly Learned, that he affects not to ſhew it. He will think, and ſpeak his thought both freely; but as diſtant from depraving another Mans Merit, as proclaiming his own. For his Valour, 'tis ſuch, that he dares as little to offer an Injury as receive one. In ſum, he hath a moſt ingenuous and ſweet Spirit, a ſharp and ſeaſon'd Wit, a ſtraight Judgment, and a ſtrong Mind. *Fortune* could never break him, nor make him leſs. He counts it his Pleaſure to deſpiſe Pleaſures, and is more delighted with good Deeds than Goods. It is a competency to him that he can be Vertuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reaſon to do either; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than *Mercury* commends him.

Mer. O, *Cupid*, 'tis beyond my *Deity* to give him his due Praiſes: I could leave my place in Heaven to live among Mortals, ſo I were ſure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your Minion, you ſeem to be ſo raviſht with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted againſt, willingly.

Cup. No, but a ſtraight ſhaft in his Boſom, I'll promiſe him, if I am *Citherea's* Son.

Mer. Shall we go, *Cupid*?

Cup. Stay, and ſee the Ladies now: they'll come preſently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What! lay Colour upon Colour? that affords but an ill *blazon*.

Mer. Here comes Mettal to help it, the Lady *Argurion*. [Argurion *paſſeth by.*

Mer. Money, Money.

Cup. The ſame. A *Nymph* of a moſt wandring and giddy Diſpoſition, humorous as the Air, ſhe'll run from Gallant to Gallant (as they ſit at *primero* in the Preſence) moſt ſtrangely, and ſeldom ſtays with any. She ſpreads as ſhe goes. To day you ſhall have her look as clear and freſh as the Morning, and to morrow as melancholick as Mid night. She takes ſpecial pleaſure in a cloſe obſcure Lodging, and, for that cauſe, viſits the City ſo often, where ſhe has many ſecret true concealing Favourites. When ſhe comes abroad, ſhe's more looſe and ſcattering than Duſt, and will fly from place to place, as ſhe were rapt with a Whirl-wind. Your young Student (for the moſt part) ſhe affects not, only ſalutes him, and away: a *Poet*, nor a *Philoſopher*, ſhe is hardly brought to take any notice of, no, though he be ſome part of an *Alchemiſt*. She loves a *Player* well, and a *Lawyer* infinitely: but your Fool above all. She can do much in Court for the obtaining of any Sute whatſoever, no Door but flies open to her, her Preſence is above a Charm. The worſt in her is want of keeping State, and too much deſcending into inferior and baſe Offices, ſhe's for any courſe Employment you will put upon her, as to be your Procurer, or Pandar.

Mer. Peace, *Cupid*, here comes more work for you, another Character or two.

Act II. Scene IV.

Phantaſte, Moria, Philautia, Mercury, Cupid.

STay, ſweet *Philautia*, I'll but change my Fan, and go preſently.

Mor. Now (in very good ſerious) Ladies, I will have this Order reverſt, the preſence muſt be better maintain'd from you: a Quarter paſt Eleven, and ne're a *Nymph* in *proſpective*? beſhrew my hand, there muſt be a reform'd diſcipline. Is that your new Ruff, ſweet Lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis moſt intricately rare.

Mer. Good *Jove*, what Reverend Gentlewoman in years might this be.

Cup. 'Tis, Madam *Moria*, Guardian of the *Nymphs*. One that is not now to be perſwaded of her Wit, ſhe will think her ſelf wiſe againſt all the Judgments that come. A Lady made all of Voice and Air, talks any thing of any thing. She is like one of your ignorant *Poetaſters* of the time, who when they have got acquainted with a ſtrange word, never reſt till they have wrong it in, though it looſen the whole Fabrick of their Senſe.

Mer. That was pretty and ſharply noted, *Cupid*.

Cup. She will tell you, *Philoſophy* was a fine Reveller, when ſhe was young, and a Gallant, and that then (though ſhe ſay it) ſhe was thought to be the Dame-*Dido*, and *Helen* of the Court: As alſo, what a ſweet Dog ſhe had this time four years, and how it was call'd *Fortune*, and that (if the Fates had not cut his thred) he had been a Dog to have given entertainment to any Gal-

lant

lant in this Kingdom: and unleſs ſhe had whelpt it her ſelf, ſhe could not have lov'd a thing better i' this World.

Mer. O, I prithee no more, I am full of her.

Cup. Yes (I muſt needs tell you) ſhe compoſes a Sack-poſſet well; and would court a young Page ſweetly, but that her breath is againſt it.

Mer. Now, her Breath (or ſomething more ſtrong) protect me from her: th'other, th'other, *Cupid.*

Cup. O, that's my Lady and Miſtreſs, Madam *Philautia.* She admires not her ſelf for any one particularity, but for all: ſhe is fair, and ſhe knows it; ſhe has a pretty light wit too, and ſhe knows it: ſhe can dance, and ſhe knows that too: play at Shittle-cock, and that too: no quality ſhe has, but ſhe ſhall take a very particular knowledg of, and moſt Lady-like commend it to you. You ſhall have her at any time read you the Hiſtory of her ſelf, and very ſubtilly run over another Ladies ſufficiencies, to come to her own. She has a good ſuperficial Judgment in Painting; and would ſeem to have ſo in *Poetry.* A moſt compleat Lady in the Opinion of ſome three beſide her ſelf.

Phi. Faith, how lik'd you my quippe to *Hedon*, about the Garter? was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did ſo aggravate the Jeſt withal.

Phi. And did I not dance movingly the laſt night?

Mor. Movingly? out of meaſure (in troth) ſweet *Charge.*

Mer. A happy commendation, to dance out of meaſure.

Mor. Save only you wanted the *ſwim* i' the turn: O! when I was at Fourteen——

Phi. Nay, that's mine own from any *Nymph* in the Court (I am ſure on't) therefore you miſtake me in that, *Guardian:* both the *ſwim* and the *trip*, are properly mine, every body will affirm it, that has any judgment in dancing: I aſſure you.

Pha. Come now, *Philautia*, I am for you, ſhall we go?

Phi. I, good *Phantaſte*: What! have you chang'd your Head-tire?

Pha. Yes faith, th'other was ſo near the Common: it had no extraordinary grace; beſides, I had worn it almoſt a day, in good troth.

Phi. I'll be ſworn, this is moſt excellent for the device, and rare. 'Tis after the *Italian* print, we look'd on t'other night.

Pha. 'Tis ſo: By this Fan, I cannot abide any thing that ſavours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I muſt have variety, I: this mixing in faſhion, I hate it worſe than to burn Juniper in my Chamber, I proteſt.

Phi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar Court-tire, but theſe *Retainers* will have it; theſe *Suburb-ſunday-waiters*; theſe Courtjers for *high days*; I know not what I ſhould call 'em——

Pha. O, I, they do moſt pitifully imitate, but I have a Tire a coming (y' faith) ſhall——

Mor. In good certain, Madam, it makes you look moſt Heavenly; but (lay your hand on your Heart) you never ſkin'd a new Beauty more proſperouſly in your life, nor more metaphyſically: look, good Lady, ſweet Lady, look.

Phi. 'Tis very clear, and well, believe me. But if you had ſeen mine yeſterday, when 'twas young, you would have—— who's your Doctor, *Phantaſte?*

Pha. Nay, that's counſel, *Philautia*, you ſhall pardon me: yet (I'll aſſure you) he's the moſt dainty, ſweet, abſolute, rare Man of the whole Colledge. O! his very looks, his diſcourſe, his behaviour, all he does is Phyſick, I proteſt.

Phi. For Heavens ſake, his name; good, dear *Phantaſte*——

Pha. No, no, no, no, no, no, (believe me) not for a Million of Heavens: I will not make him cheap. Fie——

Cup. There is a *Nymph* too, of a moſt curious and elaborate ſtrain, light, all motion, an *ubiquitary*, ſhe is every where, *Phantaſte*——

Mer. Her very name ſpeaks her, let her paſs. But are theſe (*Cupid*) the Stars of *Cynthia*'s Court? do theſe *Nymphs* attend upon *Diana?*

Cup. They are in her Court (*Mercury*) but not as Stars, theſe never come in the Preſence of *Cynthia.* The *Nymphs* that make her Train, are, the Divine *Arete*, *Time*, *Phroneſis*, *Thauma*, and others of that high ſort. Theſe are privately brought in by *Moria* in this licentious time, againſt her knowledg: and (like ſo many Meteors) will vaniſh, when ſhe appears.

Act II. Scene V.

Proſaites, Gelaia, Cos, Mercury, Cupid.

SONG.

COme follow me, my wags, and ſay as I ſay.
There's no riches but in rags; hey day, hey day.
You that profeſs this Art, come away, come away,
And help to bear a part. Hey day; hey day, &c.

Mer. What! thoſe that were our fellow Pages but now, ſo ſoon preferr'd to be Yeomen of the Bottles? the Myſtery, the Myſtery, good wags?

Cup. Some Diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, Sir, we are going in queſt of a ſtrange Fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom?

Cos. My Maſter, or the great diſcoverer, *Amorphus.*

Mer. Thou haſt well intitled him, *Cos*, for he will diſcover all he knows.

Gel. I, and a little more too, when the Spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling Gentleman yonder has caus'd ſuch a drought i' the Preſence, with reporting the wonders of this new Water; that all the Ladies, and Gallants, lye languiſhing upon the Ruſhes, like ſo many pounded Cattle i' the the midſt of Harveſt, ſighing one to another, and gaſping, as if each of them expected a Cock from the Fountain, to be brought into his Mouth: and (without we return quickly) they are all (as a youth would ſay) no better than a few Trowts caſt a-ſhore, or a Diſh of Eeles in a Sand-bag.

Mer. Well then, you were beſt diſpatch, and have a care of them. Come *Cupid*, thou and I'll go peruſe this dry wonder.

Act III. Scene I.

Amorphus, Aſotus.

SIr, let not this diſ-countenance, or diſ-gallant you a whit: you muſt not ſink under the firſt diſaſter. It is with your young *Grammatical* Courtier, as with your *Neophyte* Player, a thing uſual to be daunted at the firſt Preſence, or Enter-view: you ſaw, there was *Hedon*, and *Anaides*, (far more practis'd Gallants than your ſelf) who were both out, to comfort you. It is no diſgrace, no more, than for your adventrous Reveller, to fall by ſome inauſpicious chance in his Galliard, or for ſome ſubtil *politick*, to undertake the Baſtinado, that the State might think worthily of him, and reſpect him as a Man well beaten to the World. What! hath your Tayſor provided the Property (we ſpake of) at your Chamber, or no?

Aſo. I think he has.

Amo.

Amo. Nay (I intreat you) be not ſo flat and melancholick. Erect your mind: you ſhall redeem this with the Courtſhip I will teach you againſt Afternoon. Where eat you to day?

Aſo. Where you pleaſe, Sir, any where, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taſte ſome light Dinner, a Diſh of ſlic'd *caviare*, or ſo, and after, you ſhall practiſe an hour at your Lodging ſome few Forms that I have recall'd. If you had but ſo far gathered your Spirits to you, as to have taken up a Ruſh (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or clens'd your Teeth with't: or but turn'd aſide, and fain'd ſome buſineſs to whiſper with your Page, till you had recover'd your ſelf, or but found ſome ſlight ſtain in your Stocking, or any other pretty Invention (ſo it had been ſudden,) you might have come off with a moſt clear and courtly grace.

Aſo. A poyſon of all, I think I was foreſpoke, I.

Amo. No, I muſt tell you, you are not audacious enough, you muſt frequent Ordinaries, a Month more, to initiate your ſelf: In which time, it will not be amiſs, if (in private) you keep good your acquaintance with *Crites*, or ſome other of his poor Coat; viſit his Lodging ſecretly and often; become an earneſt ſuter to hear ſome of his Labours.

Aſo. O *Jove*! Sir, I could never get him to read a Line to me.

Amo. You muſt then wiſely mix your ſelf in Rank with ſuch as you know can: and, as your Ears do meet with a new Phraſe, or an acute Jeſt, take it in: a quick nimble Memory will lift it away, and, at your next publick Meal it is your own.

Aſo. But I ſhall never utter it perfectly, Sir.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you ſhall play it away, as you do your light Crowns at *primero*: It will paſs.

Aſo. I ſhall attempt, Sir.

Amo. Do. It is your ſhifting age for wit, and I aſſure you, Men muſt be Prudent. After this, you may to court, and there fall in, firſt with the Waiting-woman, then with the Lady. Put caſe they do retain you there, as a fit Property, to hire Coaches ſome pair of Months, or ſo; or to read them aſleep in Afternoons upon ſome pretty Pamphlet to breath you; why, it ſhall in time imbolden you to ſome farther Atchievment: In the *interim*, you may faſhion your ſelf to be careleſs and impudent.——

Aſo. How if they would have me to make Verſes? I heard *Hedon* ſpoke to for ſome.

Amo. Why, you muſt prove the aptitude of your *Genius*; if you find none, you muſt harken out a *Vein*, and buy; provided you pay for the ſilence as for the work; then you may ſecurely call it your own.

Aſo. Yes, and I'll give out my Acquaintance with all the beſt Writers, to countenance me the more.

Amo. Rather ſeem not to know 'em, it is your beſt. I. Be wiſe, that you never ſo much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offer'd to you in diſcourſe, ſhake your light Head, make between a ſad and a ſmiling Face, pitty ſome, rail at all, and commend your ſelf: 'tis your only ſafe, and unſuſpected courſe. Come, you ſhall look back upon the Court again to day, and be reſtor'd to your Colours: I do now partly aim at the cauſe of your repulſe—— (which was ominous indeed) for as you enter at the Door, there is oppos'd to you the frame of a Woolf in the Hangings, which (ſurprizing your eye ſuddenly) gave a falſe alarm to the Heart; and that was it call'd your Blood out of your Face, and ſo rowted the whole rank of your Spirits: I beſeech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) *Hedon*, and *Anaides*.

Act III. Scene II.

Hedon, Anaides.

HEart, was there ever ſo proſperous an invention thus unluckily perverted, and ſpoyl'd by a Whore-ſon, Book-worm, a Candle-waſter?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, *Hedon*.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogran-raſcal, prithee think not of him: I'll ſend for him to my Lodging, and have him blanketted when thou wilt, Man.

Hed. By Gods ſo; I would thou could'ſt. Look, here he comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha.

[Crites *paſſeth by.*

Ana. Fough, he ſmells all Lamp-oyl with ſtudying by Candle-light.

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and careleſly! never mov'd! nor ſtirr'd at any thing! did you obſerve him?

Ana. I, a pox on him, let him go, Dormouſe: he is in a dream now. He has no other time to ſleep, but thus when he walks abroad to take the Air.

Hed. Gods precious, this afflicts me more than all the reſt, that we ſhould ſo particularly direct our hate and contempt againſt him, and he to carry it thus without wound or paſſion! 'tis inſufferable.

Ana. 'Slid, (my dear *Envy*) if thou but ſaiſt the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, ſweet *Anaides*?

Ana. Marry half a ſcore of us get him in (one night) and make him pawn his Wit for a Supper.

Hed. Away, thou haſt ſuch unſeaſonable Jeſts. By this Heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our Gentlemen-uſhers, that will ſuffer a piece of *Serge*, or *Perpetuana* to come into the Preſence: methinks they ſhould (out of their experience) better diſtinguiſh the ſilken Diſpoſition of Courtiers, than to let ſuch terrible courſe Rags mix with us, able to fret any ſmooth or gentle Society to the Threds with their rubbing Devices.

Ana. Unleſs 'twere *Lent*, *Ember-weeks*, or *Faſting-days*, when the place is moſt penuriouſly empty of all other good out-ſides. Dam me, if I ſhould adventure on his Company once more, without a Sute of Buff to defend my Wit; he does nothing but ſtab the ſlave: how miſchievouſly he croſs'd thy device of the *propheſie* there? And *Moria*, ſhe comes without her Muff too, and there my invention was loſt.

Hed. Well, I am reſolv'd what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good ſpirituous Spark?

Hed. Marry, ſpeak all the Venom I can of him; and poyſon his Reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore God, moſt courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be preſent where any queſtion is made of his ſufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private or publick, I'll cenſure it ſlightly and ridiculouſly.——

Ana. At any hand beware of that, ſo thou maiſt draw thine own Judgment in ſuſpect. No, I'll inſtruct thee what thou ſhalt do, and by a ſafer means: Approve any thing thou heareſt of his, to the receiv'd Opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to ſome other whom thou more particularly affect'ſt; that's the way to plague him, and he ſhall never come to defend himſelf. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other Men, and ſwear it too (if thou'lt ha' me) and that I know the time and place where he ſtole it, though my Soul be guilty of no ſuch thing; and that I think, out of my Heart, he hates ſuch barren ſhifts: yet to do thee a pleaſure, and him a diſgrace, I'll dam my ſelf, or do any thing.

Hed. Gramercy, my dear *Devil*: we'll put it ſeriouſly in practice, y' faith.

Act III. Scene III.

Crites.

DO, good *Detraction*, do, and I the while
Shall ſhake thy ſpight off with a careleſs ſmile.
Poor pittious Gallants! What lean idle ſleights
Their thoughts ſuggeſt to flatter their ſtarv'd hopes?
As if I knew not how to entertain
Theſe Straw-devices: but, of force, muſt yield
To the weak ſtroke of their calumnious Tongues.
What ſhould I care what every dor doth buz
In credulous Ears? it is a Crown to me,
That the beſt judgments can report me wrong'd;
Them lyars; and their ſlanders impudent.
Perhaps (upon the rumour of their Speeches)
Some grieved Friend will whiſper to me; *Crites*,
Men ſpeak ill of thee. So they be ill Men;
If they ſpake worſe, 'twere better: for of ſuch
To be diſprais'd, is the moſt perfect praiſe.
What can his cenſure hurt me, whom the World
Hath cenſur'd vile before me? If good *Chreſtus*,
Euthus, or *Phronimus*, had ſpoke the words,
They could have mov'd me, and I ſhould have call'd
My Thoughts, and Actions, to a ſtrict accompt
Upon the hearing: But when I remember,
'Tis *Hedon* and *Anaides*: alas, then,
I think but what they are, and am not ſtirr'd.
The one, a light voluptuous Reveller,
The other a ſtrange arrogating Puff,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;
That talk (as they are wont) not as I merit:
Traduce by cuſtom, as moſt Dogs do bark,
Do nothing out of judgment, but diſeaſe,
Speak ill, becauſe they never could ſpeak well.
And who'ld be angry with this Race of Creatures?
What wiſe Phyſician have we ever ſeen
Mov'd with a frantick Man? the ſame affects
That he doth bear to his ſick Patient,
Should a right mind carry to ſuch as theſe:
And I do count it a moſt rare revenge,
That I can thus (with ſuch a ſweet neglect)
Pluck from them all the pleaſure of their malice.
For that's the Mark of all their inginous drifts,
To wound my patience, howſoe're they ſeem
To aim at other objects: which if miſs'd
Their envy's like an Arrow, ſhot upright,
That, in the fall, indangers their own Heads.

Act III. Scene IV.

Arete, Crites.

WHat, *Crites*! where have you drawn forth the day?
You have not viſited your jealous Friends?
Cri. Where I have ſeen (moſt honour'd *Arete*,)
The ſtrangeſt pageant, faſhion'd like a Court,
(At leaſt I dream't I ſaw it) ſo diffus'd,
So painted, pyed, and full of Rainbow ſtrains,
As never yet (either by time, or place)
Was made the Food to my diſtaſted ſenſe:
Nor can my weak imperfect Memory
Now render half the forms unto my Tongue,
That were convolv'd within this thrifty room.
Here, ſtalks me by a proud and ſpangled Sir,
That looks three hand-fulls higher than his Foretop;
Savours himſelf alone, is only kind
And loving to himſelf: one that will ſpeak
More dark, and doubtful than ſix *Oracles*;
Salutes a Friend, as if he had a ſtich,
Is his own *Chronicle*, and ſcarce can eat
For regiſtring himſelf: is waited on
By Mimicks, Jeſters, Pandars, Paraſites,
And other ſuch like Prodigies of Men.
He paſt, appears ſome mincing Marmoſet
Made all of Clothes, and Face; his Limbs ſo ſet
As if they had ſome voluntary act
Without Mans motion, and muſt move juſt ſo
In ſpite of their Creation: one that weighs
His Breath between his Teeth, and dares not ſmile
Beyond a point, for fear t'unſtarch his look;
Hath travel'd to make Legs, and ſeen the Cringe
Of ſeveral Courts, and Courtiers; knows the time
Of giving Titles, and of taking Walls;
Hath read Court-common-places; made them his:
Studied the *Grammar* of ſtate, and all the Rules
Each formal Uſher in that politick School
Can teach a Man. A third comes giving nods
To his repenting Creditors, proteſts
To weeping Sutors, takes the coming Gold
Of inſolent, and baſe Ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy Palms:
Which grip't, like burning Coals, he hurls away
Into the Laps of Bawds, and Buffoons Mouths.
With him there meets ſome ſubtile *Proteus*, one
Can change, and vary with all forms he ſees;
Be any thing but honeſt; ſerves the time;
Hovers betwixt two Factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which (with croſs Face) he bereas
To the divided Heads, and is receiv'd
With mutual grace of either: one that dares
Do deeds worthy the Hurdle, or the Wheel,
To be thought ſome body; and is (in ſooth)
Such as the *Satyriſt* points truly forth,
That only to his Crimes owes all his worth.
Are. You tell us wonders, *Crites*.
Cri. This is nothing.
There ſtands a *Neophyte* glazing of his Face,
Pruning his Clothes, perfuming of his Hair,
Againſt his Idol enters; and repeats
(Like an unperfect *Prologue*, at third Muſick)
His part of Speeches, and confederate Jeſts,
In paſſion to himſelf. Another ſwears
His *Scene* of Courtſhip over; bids, believe him,
Twenty times e're they will; anon, doth ſeem
As he would kiſs away his Hand in kindneſs;
Then walks as melancholick, and ſtands wreath'd,
As he were pinn'd up to the Arras, thus.
A third is moſt in action, ſwims, and friſks,
Plays with his Miſtreſſes Paps, ſalutes her Pumps,
Adores her Hems, her Skirts, her Knots, her Curls,
Will ſpend his Patrimony for a Garter,
Or the leaſt Feather in her bounteous Fan.
A fourth, he only comes in for a *mute*:
Divides the *Act* with a dumb ſhew, and *Exit*.
Then muſt the Ladies laugh, ſtrait comes their *Scene*,
A ſixth times worſe confuſion than the reſt.
Where you ſhall hear one talk of this Mans Eye;
Another, of his Lip; a third, his Noſe;
A fourth commend his Leg; a fifth his Foot;
A ſixt his hand; and every one a Limb:
That you would think the poor diſtorted Gallant
Muſt there expire. Then fall they in diſcourſe
Of Tires and Faſhions, how they muſt take place,
Where they may kiſs, and whom, when to ſit down,
And with what grace to riſe; if they ſalute,
What curteſie they muſt uſe: ſuch Cob-web ſtuff,
As would enforce the common'ſt ſenſe abhor
Th' *Arachnean* workers.
Are. Patience, gentle *Crites*.
This knot of Spiders will be ſoon diſſolv'd,
And all their Webs ſwept out of *Cynthia's* Court,
When once her glorious *Deity* appears,
And but preſents it ſelf in her full light:
Till when, go in, and ſpend your hours with us
Your honour'd Friends, *Time* and *Phroneſis*,
In Contemplation of our Goddeſs Name.

Think

Think on ſome ſweet and choice invention, now,
Worthy her ſerious and illuſtrious Eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Deſir'd occaſion to prefer your worth,
And make your ſervice known to *Cynthia.*
It is the pride of *Arete* to grace
Her ſtudious lovers; and (in ſcorn of Time,
Envy, and Ignorance) to lift their ſtate
Above a vulgar height. True happineſs
Conſiſts not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choice. Nor would I have
Vertue a popular regard purſue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.
Cri. I kiſs thy hands, divineſt *Arete,*
And vow my ſelf to thee, and *Cynthia.*

Act III. Scene V.

Amorphus, Aſotus.

A Little more forward: So, Sir. Now go in, diſcloke your ſelf, and come forth. Taylor, beſtow thy abſence upon us; and be not prodigal of this ſecret, but to a dear Cuſtomer. 'Tis well enter'd, Sir, Stay, you come on too faſt; your pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the *palace* of your *pleaſure,* or place where your Lady is pleas'd to be ſeen. Firſt, you preſent your ſelf, thus: and ſpying her, you fall off, and walk ſome two turns; in which time, it is to be ſuppos'd, your paſſion hath ſufficiently whited your Face: then (ſtifling a ſigh or two, and cloſing your Lips) with a trembling boldneſs, and bold terrour, you advance your ſelf forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aſo. Yes, Sir, (pray *Jove* I can light on it.) Here, I come in, you ſay, and preſent my ſelf?

Amo. Good.

Aſo. And then I ſpy her, and walk off?

Amo. Very good.

Aſo. Now, Sir, I ſtifle, and advance forward?

Amo. Trembling.

Aſo. Yes, Sir, trembling: I ſhall do it better when I come to it. And what muſt I ſpeak now?

Amo. Marry, you ſhall ſay: Dear beauty, or, ſweet honour (or by what other Title you pleaſe to remember her) methinks you are melancholy. This is, if ſhe be alone now, and diſcompanied.

Aſo. Well, Sir, I'll enter again; her Title ſhall be, My dear *Lindabrides.*

Amo. Lindabrides?

Aſo. I, Sir, the Emperor *Alicandroes* Daughter, and the Prince *Meridians* Siſter (in the *Knight of the Sun*) ſhe ſhould have been married to him, but that the Princeſs *Claridiana* ———

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Aſo. Nay, Sir, I have read Hiſtory, I am a little *humanitian.* Interrupt me not, good Sir. My dear *Lindabrides,* My dear *Lindabrides,* My dear *Lindabrides,* methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. I, and take her by the Roſie-finger'd hand.

Aſo. Muſt I ſo? O, my dear *Lindabrides,* methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. Or thus, Sir. All variety of divine Pleaſures, choice Sports, ſweet Muſick, rich Fare, brave Attire, ſoft Beds, and ſilken Thoughts, attend this dear Beauty.

Aſo. Believe me, that's pretty. All variety of divine Pleaſures, choice Sports, ſweet Muſick, rich Fare, brave Attires, ſoft Beds, and ſilken Thoughts, attend this dear Beauty.

Amo. And then, offering to kiſs her Hand, if ſhe ſhall coyly recoil, and ſignifie your Repulſe; you are to reenforce your ſelf, with, More than moſt fair Lady, let not the rigour of your juſt diſdain thus courſly cenſure of your Servants zeal; and withal, proteſt her to be the only and abſolute unparalell'd Creature you do adore, and admire, and reſpect, and reverence, in this Court, corner of the World, or Kingdom.

Aſo. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again.

Amo. Do ſo, and I will act it for your Lady.

Aſo. Will you vouchſafe, Sir? All variety of divine Pleaſures, choice Sports, ſweet Muſick, rich Fare, brave Attire, ſoft Beds, and ſilken Thoughts attend this dear Beauty.

Amo. So, Sir, pray you away.

Aſo. More than moſt fair Lady, let not the Rigour of your juſt diſdain, thus courſly cenſure of your Servants zeal, I proteſt, you are the only, and abſolute, unapparelled ———

Amo. Unparalell'd.

Aſo. Unparalell'd Creature, I do adore, and admire, and reſpect, and reverence, in this Court, corner of the World, or Kingdom.

Amo. This is, if ſhe abide you. But now, put the Caſe ſhe ſhould be *paſſant* when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your Gate thereafter, and call upon her, Lady, *Nymph,* ſweet refuge, Star of our Court. Then if ſhe be *guardant,* hear: you are to come on, and (laterally diſpoſing your ſelf) ſwear, by her bluſhing and well coloured Cheek, the bright dye of her Hair, her Ivory Teeth (though they be Ebony) or ſome ſuch white and innocent Oath, to induce you. If *reguardant,* then maintain your Station, brisk, and irpe, ſhew the ſupple motion of your pliant Body, but (in chief) of your Knee, and Hand, which cannot but arride her proud Humour exceedingly.

Aſo. I conceive you, Sir, I ſhall perform all theſe things in good time, I doubt not, they do ſo hit me.

Amo. Well, Sir, I am your Lady; make uſe of any of theſe beginnings, or ſome other out of your own invention; and prove, how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, ſay.

Aſo. Yes, Sir, my dear *Lindabrides.* ———

Amo. No, you affect that *Lindabrides* too much. And (let me tell you) it is not ſo courtly. Your *Pedant* ſhould provide you ſome Parcels of *French,* or ſome pretty Commodity of *Italian* to commence with, if you would be exotick and exquiſite.

Aſo. Yes, Sir, he was at my Lodging t'other Morning, I gave him a Doublet.

Amo. Double your Benevolence, and give him the Hoſe too, clothe you his Body, he will help to apparel your Mind. But now, ſee what your proper *Genius* can perform alone, without adjection of any other *Minerva.*

Aſo. I comprehend you, Sir.

Amo. I do ſtand you, Sir: fall back to your firſt place. Good, paſſing well: Very properly purſu'd.

Aſo. Beautiful, ambiguous, and ſufficient Lady, what! are you all alone?

Amo. We would be, Sir, if you would leave us.

Aſo. I am at your Beauties appointment, bright Angel; but ———

Amo. What but?

Aſo. No harm, more than moſt fair Feature.

Amo. That touch reliſhed well.

Aſo. But, I proteſt ———

Amo. And why ſhould you proteſt?

Aſo. For good will (dear eſteem'd Madam) and I hope, your Ladyſhip will ſo conceive of it:
And will, in time, return from your diſdain,
And rue the ſuffrance of our friendly pain.

Amo. O, that Piece was excellent! if you could pick out more of theſe *Play-particles,* and (as occaſion ſhall ſalute you) embroider, or damask your diſcourſe with them, perſwade your Soul, it would moſt judiciouſly commend you. Come, this was a well diſcharg'd, and auſpicious bout. Prove the ſecond.

Aſo. Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

Amo. Why, if you can revel it in white, Sir, 'tis ſufficient.

Aſo. Say you ſo, ſweet Lady? *Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante, &c.* No (in good faith) Madam, whoſoever told your Ladyſhip ſo, abus'd you; but I would be glad to meet your Ladyſhip in a meaſure.

Amo. Me, Sir? belike you meaſure me by your ſelf, then?

Aſo. Would I might, fair Feature.

Amo. And what were you the better, if you might?

Aſo. The better it pleaſe you to ask, fair Lady.

Amo. Why, this was raviſhing, and moſt acutely continu'd. Well, ſpend not your humour too much, you have now competently exerciſed your conceit: This (once or twice a day) will render you an accompliſht elaborate, and well levelled Gallant. Convey in your Courting-ſtock, we will (in the heat of this) go viſit the *Nymphs* Chamber.

Act IV. Scene I.

Phantaſte, Philautia, Argurion, Moria, Cupid.

I Would this Water would arrive once, our travelling Friend ſo commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travel with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray *Jove*, I never riſe from this Couch, if ever I thirſted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a Courtier.

Phi. Nor I, I'll be ſworn: The very mention of it ſets my Lips in a worſe heat, than if he had ſprinkled them with *Mercury*. Reach me the Glaſs, Sirrah.

Cup. Here, Lady.

Mor. They do not peel, ſweet *Charge*, do they?

Phi. Yes, a little, *Guardian*.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good ſign. Ever when my Lips do ſo, I am ſure to have ſome delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us Ladies: for (it ſeems) 'tis far fet by their ſtay.

Mor. My Palate for yours (dear *Honor*) it ſhall prove moſt Elegant, I warrant you: O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeaſurable ſtrain.

Pha. Pray thee ſit down, *Philautia*, that Rebatu becomes thee ſingularly.

Phi. Is't not quaint?

Pha. Yes faith. Methinks, thy Servant *Hedon* is nothing ſo obſequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, he's grown out of his Garb a late, he's wrapt.

Mor. In trueneſs, and ſo methinks too; he's much converted.

Phi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an *animal* I dream not of. This tire (methinks) makes me look very ingeniouſly, quick, and ſpirited, I ſhould be ſome *Laura*, or ſome *Delia*, methinks.

Mor. As I am wiſe (fair *Honors*) that Title ſhe gave him, to be her *Ambition*, ſpoil'd him: Before, he was the moſt propitious and obſervant young Novice——

Pha. No, no, you are the whole Heaven awry, *Guardian*: 'tis the ſwaggering Coach horſe *Anaides*, draws with him there, has been the diverter of him.

Phi. For *Cupid*'s ſake, ſpeak no more of him; would I might never dare to look in a Mirror again, if I reſpect e're a Marmaſet of 'em all, otherwiſe than I would a Feather, or my Shittle-cock, to make ſport with now and then.

Pha. Come, ſit down; troth (an' you be good *Beauties*) let's run over 'em all now: Which is the proper'ſt Man amongſt them! I ſay, the Traveller, *Amorphus*.

Phi. O, fie on him, he looks like a *Venetian* Trumpeter, i' the Battel of *Lepanto*, in the Gallery yonder; and ſpeaks to the Tune of a Country Lady, that comes ever i' the rereward, or train of a Faſhion.

Mor. I ſhould have judgment in a Feature, ſweet *Beauties*.

Pha. A body would think ſo, at theſe years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a Million at leaſt.

Pha. Who might that be, *Guardian*?

Mor. Marry (fair *Charge*) *Anaides*.

Pha. Anaides! you talk't of a Tune *Philautia*, there's one ſpeaks in a Key; like the opening of ſome Juſtices Gate, or a Poſt-boys Horn, as if his Voyce fear'd an arreſt for ſome ill words it ſhould give, and were loth to come forth.

Phi. I, and he has a very imperfect Face.

Pha. Like a Sea-monſter, that were to raviſh *Andromeda* from the Rock.

Phi. His Hand's too great too, by at leaſt a ſtraws breadth.

Pha. Nay, he has a worſe fault than that, too.

Phi. A long Heel?

Pha. That were a fault in a Lady, rather than him: No, they ſay, he puts off the Calves of his Legs, with his Stockings every night.

Phi. Out upon him: turn to another of the Pictures, for loves ſake. What ſays *Argurion*? whom do's ſhe commend, afore the reſt?

Cup. I hope, I have inſtructed her ſufficiently for an anſwer.

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her Ladiſhip for one to day, i' the Preſence, but it appear'd ſhe was other ways furniſht before: She would none.

Pha. Who was that, *Argurion*?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain Gentleman, i' the black, there.

Pha. Who, *Crites*?

Arg. I, I, he. A fellow, that no body ſo much as look't upon, or regarded, and ſhe would have had me done him particular grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of your ſelf, *Moria*, to perſwade *Argurion* to affect the Schollar.

Arg. Tut, but ſhe ſhall be no chuſer for me. In good faith, I like the Citizens Son there, *Aſotus*; methinks, none of them all come near him.

Pha. Not *Hedon*?

Arg. Hedon? in troth no. *Hedon*'s a pretty ſlight Courtier, and he wears his Clothes well, and ſometimes in faſhion; Marry, his Face is but indifferent, and he has no ſuch excellent Body. No, th'other is a moſt delicate Youth, a ſweet Face, a ſtraight Body, a well proportion'd Leg and Foot, a white Hand, a tender Voyce.

Phi. How now, *Argurion*?

Pha. O, you ſhould have let her alone, ſhe was beſtowing a Copy of him upon us. Such a Noſe were enough to make me love a Man, now.

Phi. And then his ſeveral Colours, he wears; wherein he flouriſheth changeably, every day.

Pha. O, but his ſhort Hair, and his narrow Eyes!

Phi. Why, ſhe dotes more palpably upon him, than e're his Father did upon her.

Pha. Believe me, the young Gentleman deſerves it. If ſhe could dote more, 'twere not amiſs. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a moſt neat Barber-ſurgion, if he had been put to it in time.

Phi. Say you ſo? methinks he looks like a Taylor already.

Pha. I, that had ſayed on one of his Cuſtomers Sutes. His Face is like a ſqueez'd Orange, or——

Arg. Well, Ladies, jeſt on: the beſt of you both would be glad of ſuch a Servant.

Mor. I, I'll be ſworn would they, though he be a little ſhame-fac'd.

Pha. Shame-fac'd, *Moria*! out upon him. Your ſhame-fac'd Servant is your only Gull.

Mor. Go to, *Beauties*, make much of Time, and Place, and Occaſion, and Opportunity, and Favourites, and things

things that belong to 'em, for I'll enſure you, they will all relinquiſh; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience: and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a Reveller my ſelf, and though I ſpeak it (as mine own Trumpet) I was then eſteem'd——

Phi. The very March-bane of the Court, I warrant you?

Pha. And all the Gallants came about you like flyes, did they not?

Mor. Go to, they did ſomewhat, that's no matter now.

Pha. Nay, good *Moria*, be not angry. Put caſe that we four now had the grant from *Juno*, to wiſh our ſelves into what happy Eſtate we could? what would you wiſh to be, *Moria*?

Mor. Who I? Let me ſee now. I would wiſh to be a Wiſe-woman, and know all the ſecrets of Court, City, and Country. I would know what were done behind the Arras, what upon the Stairs, what i' the Garden, what i' the *Nymphs* Chamber, what by Barge, and by what Coach. I would tell you which Courtier were ſcabbed, and which not; which Lady had her own Face to lye with her a nights, and which not; who put off their Teeth with their Clothes in Court, who their Hair, who their Complexion; and in which Box they put it. There ſhould not a *Nymph*, or a Widdow be got with Child i' the Verge, but I would gueſs (within one or two,) who was the right Father: and in what Month it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which Madam lov'd a Monſieur, which a Player, which a Page; who ſlept with her Husband, who with her Friend, who with her Gentleman-uſher, who with her Horſe-keeper, who with her Monkey, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the Cock too.

Pha. Fye, you'ld tell all, *Moria*. If I ſhould wiſh now, it ſhould be too have your Tongue out. But what ſays *Philautia*? who would ſhe be?

Phi. Troth, the very ſame I am. Only I would wiſh my ſelf a little more Command and Soveraignty; that all the Court were ſubject to my abſolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other Heaven, but in my ſmile, nor other Hell, but in my frown; that I might ſend for any Man I liſt, and have his Head cut off, when I have done with him; or made an *Eunuch*, if he denyed me: and if I ſaw a better Face than mine own, I might have my Doctor to poyſon it. What would you wiſh, *Phantaſte*?

Pha. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: But (methinks) I ſhould wiſh my ſelf all manner of Creatures. Now, I would be an Empreſs; and by and by a Dutcheſs; then a great Lady of State; then one of your *miſcellany* Madams; then a Waiting-woman; then your Citizens Wife; then a courſe Country Gentlewoman; than a Deyry-maid; then a Shepherds Laſs; then an Empreſs again, or the Queen of *Fayries*: And thus I would prove the viciſſitudes and whirl of Pleaſures, about, and again. As I were a Shepherdeſs, I would be pip'd and ſung to; as a Country Gentlewoman, keep a good Houſe, and come up to Term, to ſee motions; As a Citizens Wife, be troubled with a jealous Husband, and put to my ſhifts; (others miſeries ſhould be my Pleaſures.) As a Waiting-woman, I would taſte my Ladies delights to her: As a *miſcellany* Madam invent new Tyres, and go viſit Courtiers: As a great Lady, lye a Bed, and have Courtiers viſit me: As a Dutcheſs, I would keep my State; and as an Empreſs I'ld do any thing. And, in all theſe ſhapes, I would ever be follow'd with th' affections of all that ſee me. Marry, I my ſelf would affect none; or if I did, it ſhould not be heartily, but ſo as I might ſave my ſelf in 'em ſtill, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, (now I think on't) I would, for one year, wiſh my ſelf one Woman, but the richeſt, faireſt, and dilicateſt in a Kingdom, the very center of Wealth, and Beauty, wherein all lines of Love ſhould meet; and in that Perſon I would prove all manner of ſuters, of all Humours, and of all Complexions, and never have any two of a ſort: I would ſee how *Love* (by the power of his Object) could work inwardly alike, in a Cholerick Man, and a Sanguine; in a Melancholick, and a Phlegmatick; in a Fool, and a Wiſe Man; in a Clown and a Courtier; in a Valiant Man and a Coward: and how he could vary outward, by letting this Gallant expreſs himſelf in dumb gaze; another with ſighing, and rubbing his Fingers; a third, with play-ends, and pittiful Verſes; a fourth, with ſtabbing himſelf, and drinking Healths, or writing languiſhing Letters in his Blood; a fifth, in colour'd Ribbands, and good Clothes; with this Lord to ſmile, and that Lord to Court, and the t'other Lord to dote, and one Lord to hang himſelf. And then, I to have a Book made of all this, which I would call the Book of Humours, and every night read a little Piece, e're I ſlept, and laugh at it. Here comes *Hedon*.

Act IV. Scene II.

Hedon, Anaides, Mercury, Phantaſte, Philautia, Moria, Argurion, Cupid.

SAve you, ſweet and clear Beauties: By the Spirit that moves in me, you are all moſt pleaſingly beſtow'd, Ladies. Only I can take it for no good *omen*, to find mine *Honor* ſo dejected.

Phi. You need not fear, Sir, I did of purpoſe humble my ſelf againſt your coming, to decline the pride of my *Ambition*.

Hed. Fair *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not ſtoop; but if it be your ſweet pleaſure, I ſhall loſe that Title I will (as I am *Hedon*) apply my ſelf to your Bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to diſtitle my ſelf of *Honor*. O, no, rather be ſtill *Ambitious*, I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you pleaſe, whilſt it pleaſeth you to be your ſelf, Lady. Sweet *Phantaſte*, dear *Moria*, moſt beautiful *Argurion*——

Ana. Farewel, *Hedon*.

Hed. Anaides, ſtay, whither go you?

Ana. 'Slight, what ſhould I do here? an' you engroſs 'em all for your own uſe, 'tis time for me to ſeek out.

Hed. I engroſs 'em? Away, miſchief this is one of your extravagant Jeſts now, becauſe I began to ſalute 'em by their Names——

Ana. Faith, you might have ſpar'd us Madam *Prudence*, the *Guardian* there, though you had more covetouſly aim'd at the reſt.

Hed. 'Sheart, take 'em all, Man: what ſpeak you to me of aiming or covetous?

Ana. I, ſay you ſo? nay, then, have at 'em: Ladies, here's one hath diſtinguiſh'd you by your names already. It ſhall only become me, to ask how you do?

Hed. Gods ſo, was this the deſign you travell'd with?

Pha. Who anſwers the brazen Head? it ſpoke to ſome body.

Ana. Lady *Wiſdom*, do you interpret for theſe Puppets.

Mor. In truth, and ſadneſs (*Honors*) you are in great offence for this: go too: the Gentleman (I'll under-take with him) is a Man of fair Living, and able to maintain a Lady in her two Carreches a day, beſides Pages, Munkeys and Parachitoes, with ſuch Attendants as ſhe ſhall think meet for her turn; and therefore there is more reſpect requirable, howſoere you ſeem to connive. Hark you, Sir, let me diſcourſe a ſyllable with you. I am to

ſay

ſay to you, theſe Ladies are not of that cloſe, and open behaviour, as haply you may ſuſpend; their carriage is well known, to be ſuch as it ſhould be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

Act IV. Scene III.

Amorphus, Aſotus, Hedon, Anaides, Mercury, Cupid, Morus, Phantaſte, Philautia, Argurion, Moria.

THat was your Fathers Love, the Nymph *Argurion*. I would have you direct all your Courtſhip thither; if you could but endear your ſelf to her affection, you were eternally en-gallanted.

Aſo. In truth, ſir? pray *Phœbus* I prove favourſome in her fair Eyes.

Amo. All divine mixture, and increaſe of Beauty to this bright Bevy of Ladies; and to the Male-Courtiers, Complement, and Courteſie.

Hed. In the behalf of the Males, I gratifie you, *Amorphus*.

Pha. And I of the Females.

Amo. Succinctly return'd. I do vail to both your thanks, and kiſs them: but primarily to yours, moſt ingenious, acute, and polite Lady.

Phi. Gods my life, how he doe's all to bequalifie her! ingenious, acute, and polite! as if there were not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite, as ſhe.

Hed. Yes, but you muſt know, Lady, he cannot ſpeak out of a *Dictionary* method.

Pha. Sit down, ſweet *Amorphus*: When will this Water come, think you?

Amo. It cannot now be long, fair Lady.

Cup. Now obſerve, *Mercury*.

Aſo. How! moſt ambiguous Beauty? love you? that I will by this Handkercher.

Mer. 'Slid he draws his Oaths out of his Pocket.

Arg. But, will you be conſtant?

Aſo. Conſtant Madam? I will not ſay for Conſtantneſs, but by this Purſe (which I would be loth to ſwear by, unleſs it were embroider'd) I proteſt (more than moſt fair Lady) you are the only, abſolute, and unparalell'd Creature, I do adore, and admire, and reſpect, and reverence in this Court, corner of the World, or Kingdom: Methinks you are Melancholy.

Arg. Do's your Heart ſpeak all this?

Aſo. Say you?——

Mer. O, he is groping for another Oath.

Aſo. Now, by this Watch (I marle how forward the Day is) I do unfeignedly vow my ſelf (s'light 'tis deeper than I took it, paſt five) yours entirely addicted Madam.

Arg. I require no more, deareſt *Aſotus*, henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchſafe to wear this Chain, and this Diamond.

Aſo. O God, ſweet Lady!

Cup. There are new Oaths for him: what? doth *Hermes* taſte no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou haſt ſtrook *Argurion* inamour'd on *Aſotus*, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am no body, I, I can do nothing in this diſguiſe.

Mer. But thou haſt not wounded any of the reſt, *Cupid*.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun ſo proſperouſly.

Arg. Nay, theſe are nothing to the Gems I will hourly beſtow upon thee: be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richeſt Bounties: behold, here my Bracelets, from mine Arms.

Aſo. Not ſo, good Lady, by this Diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em: my Jewels, chain of Pearl, Pendants, all I have.

Aſo. Nay then, by this Pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall not ſhe not anſwer for this, to maintain him thus in ſwearing?

Mer. O, no, there is a way to wean him from this, the Gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup. I, if you had the airing of his Apparel, Couz, I think.

Aſo. Loving? 'twere pity I ſhould be living elſe, believe me. Save you Sir. Save you ſweet Lady. Save you Monſieur *Anaides*. Save you dear Madam.

Ana. Do'ſt thou know him that ſaluted thee, *Hedon*.

Hed. No, ſome idle *Fungoſo*, that hath got above the Cup-board ſince yeſterday,

Ana. 'Slud, I never ſaw him till this Morning, and he ſalutes me as familiarly as if we had known together ſince the Deluge, or the firſt year of *Troy*-action.

Amo. A moſt right-handed and auſpicious Encounter. Confine your ſelf to your fortunes.

Phi. For ſports ſake, let's have ſome *Riddles*, or *Propoſes*; hough.

Pha. No faith, your *Prophecies* are beſt, the t'other are ſtale.

Phi. Prophecies? we cannot all ſit in at them; we ſhall make a confuſion. No; what call'd you that we had in the Forenoon?

Pha. Subſtantives, and *Adjectives*. Is't not *Hedon*.

Phi. I, that, who begins?

Pha. I have thought; ſpeak your *Adjectives*, ſirs.

Phi. But do not you change then.

Pha. Not I. Who ſays?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-liver'd.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, Signior.

Aſo. What muſt I do, ſir?

Amo. Give forth your *Adjective*, with the reſt; as, proſperous, good, fair, ſweet, well.——

Hed. Any thing, that hath not been ſpoken.

Aſo. Yes, ſir, well-ſpoken, ſhall be mine.

Pha. What? ha' you all done?

All. I.

Pha. Then the *Subſtantive* is Breeches. Why odoriferous Breeches, *Guardian*?

Mor. Odoriferous, becauſe odoriferous; that which contains moſt variety of ſavour, and ſmell, we ſay, is moſt odoriferous: now Breeches, I preſume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous Breeches.

Pha. Well, we muſt take it howſoever, who's next? *Philautia*?

Phi. Popular.

Pha. Why popular Breeches?

Phi. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in Court, but will preſs forth on common Stages, and Brokers Stalls, to the publick view of the World.

Pha. Good. Why humble Breeches, *Argurion*?

Arg. Humble, becauſe they uſe to be ſate upon; beſides, if you tie 'em not up, their Property is to fall down about your Heels.

Mer. She has worn the Breeches, it ſeems, which have done ſo.

Pha. But why white-liver'd?

Ana. Why? are not their Linings white? beſides when they come in ſwaggering Company, and will pocket up any thing, may they not properly be ſaid to be white-liver'd?

Pha. O, yes, we muſt not deny it. And why barbarous, *Hedon*?

Hed. Barbarous, becauſe commonly, when you have worn your Breeches ſufficiently, you give them to your Barber.

Amo. That's good, but how *Pythagorical*?

Phi. I, *Amorphus*. Why *Pythagorical* Breeches?

Amo. O moſt kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my Brain for. *Pha.* How

Pha. How is't, exquiſite *Amorphus?*

Amo. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis ſo fit, ſo proper, ſo happy.——

Phi. Nay do not rack us thus?

Amo. I never truly reliſht my ſelf before. Give me your Ears. Breeches *Pythagorical*, by reaſon of their tranſmigration into ſeveral ſhapes.

Mor. Moſt rare, in ſweet troth. Marry, this young Gentleman, for his well-ſpoken——

Pha. I, why well-ſpoken Breeches?

Aſo. Well-ſpoken? marry, well-ſpoken, becauſe—— whatſoever they ſpeak is well taken; and whatſoever is well taken, is well ſpoken.

Mor. Excellent! believe me.

Aſo. Not ſo Ladies, neither.

Hed. But why Breeches, now?

Pha. Breeches, *quaſi* bear-riches; when a Gallant bears all his Riches in his Breeches.

Amo. Moſt fortunately *etymologiz'd*.

Pha. Nay, we have another ſport afore this, of *A thing done*, and *Who did it*, &c.

Phi. I, good *Phantaſte* let's have that: Diſtribute the *places*.

Pha. Why, I imagine, *A thing done*; *Hedon* thinks, *Who did it*: *Moria*, *With what it was done*; *Anaides*, *Where it was done*; *Argurion*, *When it was done*; *Amorphus*, *For what cauſe it was done*; you *Philautia*, *What followed upon the doing of it*; and this Gentleman, *Who would have done it better*. What? is't conceiv'd about?

All. Yes, yes.

Pha. Then ſpeak you, Sir, *Who would have done it better?*

Aſo. How! do's it begin at me?

Pha. Yes, Sir: This Play is called the *Crab*, it goes backward.

Aſo. May I not name my ſelf?

Pha. If you pleaſe, Sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Aſo. Then, I would have done it better, what ever it is.

Pha. No doubt on't, Sir: a good confidence. *What followed upon the Act*, Philautia.

Phi. A few heat drops, and a months mirth.

Pha. For what cauſe, Amorphus?

Amo. For the delight of Ladies.

Pha. When, Argurion?

Arg. Laſt Progreſs.

Pha. Where, Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a pair of pain'd Slops.

Pha. With what, Moria?

Mor. With a Glyſter.

Pha. Who, Hedon?

Hed. A Traveller,

Pha. Then, *The thing done* was, An Oration was made. Rehearſe. An Oration was made.

Hed. By a Traveller.

Mor. With a Glyſter.

Ana. In a pair of pain'd Slops.

Arg. Laſt Progreſs.

Amo. For the delight of Ladies.

Phi. A few heat drops, and a Months mirth followed.

Pha. And, this ſilent Gentleman would have done it better.

Aſo. This was not ſo good, now.

Phi. In good faith, theſe unhappy Pages would be whipt for ſtaying thus.

Mor. Beſhrew my hand, and my heart elſe.

Amo. I do wonder at their Protraction!

Ana. Pray *Venus* my Whore have not diſcover'd her ſelf to the raſcally Boys, and that be the cauſe of their ſtay.

Aſo. I muſt ſute my ſelf with another Page: this idle *Proſaites* will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a Kinſman I could willingly wiſh to your Service, if you will deign to accept of him.

Aſo. And I ſhall be glad (moſt ſweet Lady) to embrace him: where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him, Sir, but I would be loth to make you turn away your other Page.

Aſo. You ſhall not, moſt ſufficient Lady, I will keep both: pray you let's go ſee him.

Arg. Whither goes my Love?

Aſo. I'le return preſently, I go but to ſee a Page, with this Lady.

Ana. As ſure as Fate, 'tis ſo; ſhe has opened all: A pox of all *Cockatrices*. Dam' me, if ſhe have play'd looſe with me, I'le cut her Throat, within a Hairs breadth, ſo it may be heal'd again.

Mer. What, is he jealous of his *Hermaphrodite?*

Cup. O, I, this will be excellent ſport.

Phi. Phantaſte! Argurion! what? you are ſuddenly ſtruck, methinks! for Loves ſake let's have ſome Muſick till they come. *Ambition*, reach the *Lyra*, I pray you.

Hed. Any thing to which my *Honour* ſhall direct me.

Phi. Come, *Amorphus*, chear up *Phantaſte*.

Amo. It ſhall be my pride, fair Lady, to attempt all that is in my Power. But here is an Inſtrument that (alone) is able to infuſe Soul into the moſt Melancholick, and dull diſpos'd creature upon Earth. O! let me kiſs thy fair Knees. Beauteous Ears attend it.

Hed. Will you have the Kiſs, *Honour?*

Phi. I, good *Ambition*.

SONG.

O, *That Joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſte!*
or ſo ſweet a Bliſs
as a Kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt!
So ſugred, ſo melting, ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The Dew that lyes on Roſes,
When the Morn her ſelf diſcloſes,
is not ſo precious.
O rather than I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte ſuch another;
It ſhould be my wiſhing
That I might die kiſſing.

Hed. I made this Ditty, and the Note to it, upon a Kiſs that my *Honour* gave me; how like you it, Sir.

Amo. A pretty Air; in general, I like it well: but in particular, your long die note did arride me moſt, but it was ſomewhat too long. I can ſhew one almoſt of the ſame Nature, but much before it, and not ſo long, in a Compoſition of mine own. I think I have both the Note and Ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, Sir, ſee.

Amo. Yes, there is the Note; and all the parts, if I miſ-think not. I will read the Ditty to your Beauties here; but firſt I am to make you familiar with the occaſion, which preſents it ſelf thus. Upon a time going to take my leave of the Emperor, and kiſs his great Hands; there being then preſent, the Kings of *France*, and *Arragon*, the Dukes of *Savoy*, *Florence*, *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunſwick*, the *Lantgrave*, *Count Palatine*, all which had ſeverally feaſted me; beſides, infinite more of inferiour Perſons, as Counts and others: it was my chance (the Emperor detain'd by ſome exorbitant Affair) to wait him the fifth part of an Hour, or much near it. In which time (retiring my ſelf into a Bay-window) the beauteous Lady *Annabel*, Niece to the Empreſs, and Siſter to the King of *Arragen*, who having never before eyed me, (but only heard the common report of my Vertue, Learning, and Travel) fell into that extremity of Paſſion, for my love, that ſhe there immediately ſwooned: Phyſicians were ſent for, ſhe had to her Chamber, ſo to her Bed; where (languiſhing ſome few Days) after many times calling upon me, with my Name in her Lips, ſhe expir'd. As that (I muſt mourn-

ingly

ingly ſay) is the only Fault of my Fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be ſued to, by all Ladies, and Beauties, where I have come; ſo, I never yet ſojourn'd, or reſted in that place, or part of the World, where ſome high-born, admirable, fair Feature died not for my Love.

Mer. O, the ſweet power of travel! are you guiltly of this, *Cupid?*

Cup. No, *Mercury*, and that his Page (*Cos*) knows if he were here preſent to be ſworn.

Phi. But, how doth this draw on the Ditty, Sir?

Mer. O, ſhe is too quick with him; he hath not devis'd that yet.

Amo. Marry, ſome hour before ſhe departed, ſhe bequeath'd to me this *Glove:* which *golden Legacy*, the Emperor himſelf took care to ſend after me, in ſix Coaches, cover'd all with black Velvet, attended by the State of his Empire; all which he freely preſented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the ſame Bounty) gave to the Lords that brought it: only reſerving the Gift of the deceas'd Lady, upon which I compos'd this *Ode*, and ſet it to my moſt affected Inſtrument, the *Lyra.*

SONG.

THou more than moſt ſweet Glove,
Unto my more ſweet Love,
Suffer me to ſtore with Kiſſes
This empty Lodging that now miſſes.
The pure roſie hand, that wear thee,
Whiter then the Kid that bare thee.
Thou art ſoft, but that was ſofter;
Cupid's ſelf hath kiſt it ofter,
Than e're he did his Mothers Doves,
Suppoſing her the Queen of Loves,
That was thy Miſtreſs,
Beſt of Gloves.

Mer. Blaſphemy, Blaſphemy, *Cupid.*

Cup. I, I'll revenge it time enough, *Hermes.*

Phi. Good *Amorphus*, let's hear it ſung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, ſince it pleaſeth *Philautia* to requeſt it.

Hed. Here, Sir. [*After ſhe hath ſung.*

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you, you do well, you do well—— How like you it, Sir?

Hed. Very well in troth.

Amo. But very well? O, you are a meer *Mammothrept* in Judgment, then. Why, do you not obſerve how excellently the Ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a Word of ſhort quantity to a long note? nor an aſcending Syllable to a deſcending Tone? Beſides, upon the word (*beſt*) there, you ſee how I do enter with an odd *minnum*, and drive it through the *brief*, which no intelligent Muſician (I know) but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleaſing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a Lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will ſwallow any thing.

Pha. Pray you, let me have a Copy of it *Amorphus.*

Phi. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Amo. I have denied it to Princes, nevertheleſs to you (the true female Twins of perfection) I am won to depart with all.

Hed. I hope, I ſhall have my *Honors* Copy.

Pha. You are *Ambitious* in that, *Hedon.*

Amo. How now, *Anaides*! what is it hath conjur'd up this diſtemperature in the circle of your Face?

[*Who is return'd from ſeeking his Page.*

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A Pox upo' your filthy travelling Face, hold your Tongue.

Hed. Nay, do'ſt hear, *Miſchief?*

Ana. Away, Musk-cat.

Amo. I ſay to thee, thou art rude, debaucht, impudent, courſe, impoliſht, a frapler, and baſe.

Hed. Heart of my Father, what a ſtrange alteration has half a years haunting of Ordinaries wrought in this Fellow! that came with a *tuff-taffata* Jerkin to Town but the other day, and a pair pennyleſs Hoſe, and now he is turn'd *Hercules*, he wants but a Club.

Ana. Sir, you with the Pencil on your Chin; I will garter my Hoſe with your Guts, and that ſhall be all.

Mer. 'Slid, what rare Fire-works be here? flaſh, flaſh.

Pha. What's the matter *Hedon?* can you tell?

Hed. Nothing, but that he lacks Crowns, and thinks wee'll lend him ſome to be Friends.

Aſo. Come ſweet Lady, in good truth I'll have it, you ſhall not deny me. *Morus*, perſwade your Aunt I may have her Picture, by any means.

[*Aſotus returns with* Moria *and* Morus.

Mo. Yea, Sir: good Aunt now, let him have it, he will uſe me the better; if you love me, do good Aunt.

Mor. Well, tell him he ſhall have it.

Mo. Maſter, you ſhall have it, ſhe ſays.

Aſo. Shall I? thank her, good Page.

Cup. What, has he entertain'd the *Fool?*

Mer. I, hee'll wait cloſe, you ſhall ſee, though the *Begger* hang off a while.

Mo. Aunt, my Maſter thanks you.

Mor. Call him hither.

Mo. Yes, Maſter.

Mor. Yes, in verity, and gave me this Purſe, and he has promis'd me a moſt fine Dog; which he will have drawn with my Picture, he ſaies: and deſires moſt vehemently to be known to your Ladiſhips.

Pha. Call him hither, 'tis good groping ſuch a Gull.

Mo. Maſter *Aſotus*, Maſter *Aſotus.*

Aſo. For loves ſake, let me go: you ſee, I am call'd to the Ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forſake me then?

Aſo. God ſo, what would you have me do?

Mor. Come hither, Maſter *Aſotus.* I do enſure your Ladyſhips, he is a Gentleman of a very worthy deſert: and of a moſt bountiful nature. You muſt ſhew and inſinuate your ſelf reſponſible, and equivalent now to my Commendment. Good *Honors* grace him.

Aſo. I proteſt (more than moſt fair Ladies) I do wiſh all variety of divine Pleaſures, choice Sport, ſweet Muſick, rich Fare, brave attire, ſoft Beds, and ſilken Thoughts, attend theſe fair Beauties. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip to wear this Chain of Pearl, and this Diamond, for my ſake?

Arg. O.

Aſo. And you, Madam, this Jewel, and Pendants.

Arg. O.

Pha. We know not how to deſerve theſe Bounties, out of ſo ſlight merit, *Aſotus.*

Phi. No, in faith, but there's my Glove for a favour.

Pha. And ſoon after the Revels, I will beſtow a Garter on you.

Aſo. O Lord, Ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hop'd, but that it pleaſeth your Ladyſhips to extend. I proteſt, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my-- if your Ladyſhips want embroider'd Gowns, Tyres of any Faſhion, Rebatues, Jewels, or Carkanets, any thing whatſoever, if you vouchſafe to accept.——

Cup. And for it they will help you to Shooe-ties, and Devices.

Aſo. I cannot utter my ſelf (dear Beauties) but, you can conceive——

Arg. O.

Pha. Sir, we will acknowledge your Service, doubt not: henceforth, you ſhall be no more *Aſotus* to us, but our *Gold-finch*, and we your *Cages.*

Aſo. O *Venus*, Madams! how ſhall I deſerve this? if I were but made acquainted with *Hedon*, now, I'll try: pray you away.

Mer. How he prays *Money* to go away from him!

Aſo. Amor-

Aſo. Amorphus, a word with you: here's a Watch I would beſtow upon you, pray you make me known to that Gallant.

Amo. That I will, Sir. Monſieur *Hedon*, I muſt entreat you to exchange knowledge with this Gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing (next to the Water we expect) I thirſt after, Sir. Good Monſieur *Aſotus*.

Aſo. Good Monſieur *Hedon*, I would be glad to be lov'd of Men of your Rank and Spirit, I proteſt. Pleaſe you to accept this pair of Bracelets, ſir: they are not worth the beſtowing——

Mer. O, *Hercules*, how the Gentleman purchaſes! this muſt needs bring *Argurion* to a Conſumption.

Hed. Sir, I ſhall never ſtand in the merit of ſuch Bounty, I fear.

Aſo. O *Venus*, Sir; your acquaintance ſhall be ſufficient. And if at any time you need my Bill, or my Bond——

Arg. O, O. [*Argurion ſwoons.*

Amo. Help the Lady there.

Mor. Gods dear, *Argurion*! Madam, how do you?

Ara. Sick.

Pha. Have her forth, and give her Air.

Aſo. I come again ſtrait Ladies.

Mer. Well, I doubt, all the Phyſick he has will ſcarce recover her: ſhe's too far ſpent.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Philautia, Gelaia, Anaides, Cos, Proſaites, Phantaſte, Moria, Amorphus, Hedon.

O Here's the Water come: fetch Glaſſes, Page.

Gel. Heart of my Body, here's a coil indeed, with your jealous Humours: Nothing but Whore and Bitch, and all the villainous ſwaggering Names you can think on? 'Slid, take your Bottle, and put it in your Guts for me, I'll ſee you poxt ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good Punk, ſweet Raſcal? dam' me if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true indeed; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter, there?

Gel. 'Slight he has me upon Interrogatories, (nay, my Mother ſhall know how you uſe me) where I have been? and, why I ſhould ſtay ſo long? and, how is't poſſible? and withal calls me at his pleaſure, I know not how many Cockatrices, and things.

Mor. In truth and fadneſs, theſe are no good *Epitaphs*, *Anaides*, to beſtow upon any Gentlewoman; and I'll (enſure you) if I had known you would have dealt thus with my Daughter, ſhe ſhould never have fancied you ſo deeply as ſhe has done. Go too.

Ana. Why, do you hear, Mother *Moria*. Heart!

Mor. Nay, I pray you, Sir, do not ſwear.

Ana. Swear? why? I have ſworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your Daughter miſtake me. I have not honour'd *Arete*, that is held the worthieſt Lady in Court (next to *Cynthia*) with half that obſervance and reſpect, as I have done her in private, howſoever outwardly I have carried my ſelf careleſs, and negligent. Come, you are a fooliſh *Punk*, and know not when you are well employ'd. Kiſs me, come on; do it I ſay.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I muſt confeſs, ſhe is apt to miſpriſion. But I muſt have you leave it Minion.

Amo. How now, *Aſotus*? how do's the Lady.

Aſo. Faith, ill. I have left my Page with her, at her Lodging.

Hed. O here's the rareſt Water that ever was taſted: fill him ſome.

Pro. What! has my Maſter a new Page?

Mer. Yes, a Kinſman, of the Lady *Moria*'s: you muſt wait better now, or you are caſhier'd *Proſaites*.

Ana. Come Gallants you muſt pardon my fooliſh humour: when I am angry, that any thing croſſes me, I grow impatient ſtrait. Here, I drink to you.

Phi. O, that we had five or ſix Bottles more of this Liquor.

Pha. Now I commend your Judgment, *Amorphus*; who's that knocks? Look, Page.

Mor. O, moſt delicious, a little of this would make *Argurion* well.

Pha. O, no, give her no cold drink, by any means.

Ana. This Water is the ſpirit of Wine, I'll be hang'd elſe.

Cos. Here's the Lady *Arete*, Madam.

Act IV. Scene V.

Arete, Moria, Phantaſte, Philautia, Anaides, Gelaia, Cos, Proſaites, Amorphus, Aſotus, Hedon, Mercury, Cupid.

WHat at your Bever, Gallants?

Mor. Will't pleaſe your Ladyſhip to drink? 'tis of the new Fountain Water.

Are. Not I, *Moria*, I thank you. Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar Delights; *Cynthia* will have no Sports: when ſhe is pleas'd to come forth, you ſhall have knowledge. In the the mean time, I could wiſh you did provide for ſolemn Revels, and ſome unlookt for device of wit, to entertain her, againſt ſhe ſhould vouchſafe to grace your Paſtimes with her preſence.

Amo. What ſay you to a *Maſk*?

Hed. Nothing better if the Project were new, and rare.

Are. Why, I'll ſend for *Crites*, and have his advice; be you ready in your endeavours: He ſhall diſcharge you of the Inventive part.

Pha. But, will not your Ladyſhip ſtay?

Are. Not now, *Phantaſte*.

Phi. Let her go, I pray you, good Lady *Sobriety*, I am glad we are rid of her.

Pha. What a ſet Face the Gentlewoman has, as ſhe were ſtill going to a ſacrifice?

Phi. O, ſhe is the extraction of a dozen of *Puritans*, for a look.

Mor. Of all *Nymphs* in i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the courſeſt thing——

Phi. I wonder how *Cynthia* can affect her ſo above the reſt! Here be they are every way as fair as ſhe, and a thought fairer, I trow.

Pha. I, and as ingenious and conceited as ſhe.

Mor. I, and as politick as ſhe, for all ſhe ſets ſuch a fore-head on't.

Phi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be *Cynthia*.

Pha. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Amo. And there's her Minion *Crites*! why his advice more than *Amorphus*? have not I invention afore him? Learning, to better that invention above him? and infanted with pleaſant Travel——

Ana. Death, what talk you of his Learning? he underſtands no more than a School-boy; I have put him down my ſelf a thouſand times (by this Air) and yet I never talkt with him but twice, in my life: you never ſaw his like. I could never get him to argue with me, but once, and then, becauſe I could not conſtrue an Author I quoted at firſt ſight, he went away, and laught at me. By *Hercules*, I ſcorn him, as I do the ſodden *Nymph*, that was here e'en now, his Miſtreſs *Arete*: And I love my ſelf for nothing elſe.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himſelf, being thus ſcorn'd, and contemn'd of us that are held the moſt accompliſht Society of Gallants!

Mer. By your ſelves, none elſe.

Hed. I proteſt, if I had no Muſick in me, no Courtſhip, that I were not a Reveller and could dance, or had not thoſe excellent Qualities that give a Man Life and Perfection,

fection, but a meer poor Scholar as he is, I think I ſhould make ſome deſperate way with my ſelf, whereas now (would I might never breath more) if I do know that Creature in this Kingdom, with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellent well, I muſt alter all this ſoon.

Mer. Look you do, *Cupid*. The Bottles have wrought, it ſeems.

Aſo. O, I am ſorry the Revels are croſt. I ſhould ha' tickled it ſoon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatlieſt-made Gallant i' the Company, and have the beſt preſence; and my dancing—well, I know what our Uſher ſaid to me, laſt time I was at the School: would I might have led *Philautia* in the meaſures, an' it had been the Gods will. I am moſt worthy, I am ſure.

Morus. Maſter, I can tell you news, the Lady kiſt me yonder, and plaid with me, and ſays ſhe lov'd you once, as well as ſhe do's me, but that you caſt her off.

Aſo. Peace, my moſt eſteemed Page.

Morus. Yes.

Aſo. What luck is this, that our Revels are daſht? Now was I beginning to gliſter, i' the very high-way of Preferment. And *Cynthia* had but ſeen me dance a ſtrain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in Court, I ſhould never have needed to look towards my Friends agen.

Amo. Contain your ſelf, You were a fortunate young Man, if you knew your own good: which I have now projected, and will preſently multiply upon you. *Beauties*, and *Valours*, your vouchſaf'd applauſe to a motion. The humorous *Cynthia* hath, for this night, with-drawn the light of your de-light——

Pha. 'Tis true *Amorphus*, what may we do to redeem it?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new Flame, is in our Power. Here is a Gentleman, my Scholar, whom (for ſome private Reaſons me ſpecially moving) I am covetous to gratifie with title of Maſter, in the noble, and ſubtile Science of *Courtſhip*: For which Grace, he ſhall this night in Court, and in the long Gallery, hold his publick *Act*, by open challenge, to all *Maſters* of the Myſtery whatſoever, to play at the four choice and principal Weapons thereof, *viz.* the *bare Acceſt*, the *better Regard*, the *ſolemn Addreſs*, and the *perfect Cloſe*. What ſay you?

All. Excellent, excellent, *Amorphus*,

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the fore-head: I will inſtantly have Bills drawn, and advanc'd in every Angle of the Court. Sir, betray not your too much joy. *Anaides*, we muſt mix this Gentleman with you in acquaintance, Monſieur *Aſotus*.

Ana. I am eaſily entreated to grace any of your Friends, *Amorphus*.

Aſo. Sir, and his Friends ſhall likewiſe grace you, Sir. Nay, I begin to know my ſelf, now.

Amo. O, you muſt continue your Bounties.

Aſo. Muſt I? why, I'll give him this Ruby on my Finger. Do you hear, Sir? I do heartily wiſh your acquaintance, and I partly know my ſelf worthy of it; pleaſe you, Sir, to accept this poor Ruby, in a Ring, Sir. The *Poeſie* is of my own device, *Let this bluſh for me*, Sir.

Ana. So it muſt be for me, too. For I am not aſham'd to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! by my troth, Maſter, I love you, will you love me too? for my Aunts ſake? I'll wait well, you ſhall ſee. I'll ſtill be here. Would I might never ſtir, but you are a fine Man in theſe Clothes, Maſter, ſhall I have 'em, when you have done with them.

Aſo. As for that, *Morus*, thou ſhalt ſee more hereafter: in the mean time, by this Air, or by this Feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any Gallant ſhall do for his Page, whatſoever, in this Court, corner of the World, or Kingdom.

Mer. I wonder this Gentleman ſhould affect to keep a Fool! methinks, he makes ſport enough with himſelf.

Cup. Well, *Proſaites*, 'twere good you did wait cloſer.

Pro. I, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Coſ. The Revels would have been moſt ſumptuous to night, if they had gone forward.

Mer. They muſt needs, when all the choiſeſt ſingularities of the Court were up in Pantofles; ne're a one of them, but was able to make a whole ſhew of it ſelf.

Aſo. Sirrah, a torch, a torch. [*within.*

Pro. O, what a call is there! I will have a *Canzonet* made, with nothing in it but *Sirrah*; and the burthen ſhall be, I *come*.

Mer. How now, *Cupid*, how do you like this change?

Cup. Faith, the thred of my device is crackt, I may go ſleep till the revelling Muſick awake me.

Mer. And then too, *Cupid*, without you had prevented the *Fountain*. Alas, poor God, that remembers not *Self-Love*, to be proof againſt the violence of his Quiver! Well, I have a Plot upon theſe Prizers, for which I muſt preſently find out *Crites*, and with his aſſiſtance, purſue it to a high ſtrain of Laughter, or *Mercury* hath loſt of his Mettal.

Act V. Scene I.

Mercury, Crites.

IT is reſolv'd on, *Crites*, you muſt do it.

Cri. The Grace divineſt *Mercury* hath done me,
In this vouchſafed diſcovery of himſelf,
Binds my obſervance in the utmoſt terme
Of ſatisfaction, to his godly Will:
Though I profeſs (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd, and form'd auſterity)
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With ſo unequal Natures. *Mer.* We believe it.
But for our ſake, and to inflict juſt pains
On their prodigious Follies, aid us now:
No man is, preſently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the Sea, ſhould ſtill maintain
Their noble taſte, in midſt of all freſh humours,
That flow about them, to corrupt their Streams,
Bearing no ſeaſon, much leſs ſalt of goodneſs.
It is our purpoſe, *Crites*, to correct,
And puniſh, with our laughter, this nights ſport.
Which our Court-*Dors* ſo heartily intend:
And by that worthy ſcorn, to make them know
How far beneath the dignity of Man
Their ſerious, and moſt practis'd Actions are.

Cri. I, but though *Mercury* can warrant out
His Undertakings, and make all things good,
Out of the Powers of his *Divinity*,
Th' offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a Creature ſo deſpis'd, and poor;
When the whole Court ſhall take it ſelf abus'd
By our *Ironical* Confederacy.

Mer. You are deceiv'd. The better Race in Court
That have the true Nobility call'd Vertue,
Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
Done to their ſeparate merit: and approve
The fit rebuke of ſo ridiculous Heads,
Who with their apiſh Cuſtoms, and forc'd Garbs,
Would bring the name of Courtier in contempt,
Did it not live unblemiſht in ſome few,
Whom equal *Jove* hath lov'd, and *Phœbus* form'd
Of better Metal, and in better mould.

Cri. Well, ſince my leader on is *Mercury*,
I ſhall not fear to follow. If I fall,
My proper Vertue ſhall be my relief,
That follow'd ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a chief.

Act V. Scene II.

Asotus, Amorphus.

NO more, if you love me, good Master, you are incompatible to live withal: Send me for the Ladies.

Amo. Nay, but intend me.

Aso. Fear me not, I warrant you, Sir.

Amo. Render not your self a refractary, on the sudden. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily (and to the most) of your own Endowments; it gives you forth to the World the more assur'd: but with reservation of an Eye, to be always turn'd dutifully back upon your Teacher.

Aso. Nay, good Sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the Points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find Wit to perform the *Science*, as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an aped and docible Humour. Yet there are certain *puntilioes*, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certain intrinsecate strokes, and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted. As your *gentile dor* in Colours. For supposition, your Mistress appears here in *prize*, Ribbanded with *green* and *yellow*; now it is the part of every obsequious Servant, to be sure to have daily about him Copy, and variety of Colours, to be presently answerable to any hourly or half hourly change in his Mistresses Revolution.——

Aso. (I know it, Sir.

Amo. Give leave, I pray you) which if your *Antagonist*, or Player-against-you, shall ignorantly be without, and your self can produce; you give him the *dor*.

Aso. I, I, Sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your opposite, that the *green* your Mistress wears, is her rejoycing or exultation in his Service; the *yellow*, suspicion of his truth, (from her height of affection:) and that he (greenly credulous) shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his Pocket (to displace her jealous Conceit) steal into his Hat the Colour, whose *blueness* doth express trueness, (she being nor so, nor so affected) you give him the *dor*.

Aso. Do not I know it, Sir?

Amo. Nay, good—— swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third *dor* in Colours.

Aso. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too? what is it? Make good your knowledg.

Aso. Why it is—— no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pœne of the *dor*.

Aso. Why; what is't, say you?

Amo. Lo, you have given your self the *dor*. But I will remonstrate to you the third *dor*; which is not, as the two former *dors*, indicative, but deliberative: As how? As thus. Your *Rivalis*, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his Bed, meditating how to observe his Mistress, dispatcheth his Lacquey to the Chamber, early, to know what her Colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: You lay wait before, Preoccupy the Chamber-maid, Corrupt her, to return false Colours; He follows the fallacy; comes out accoutred to his believ'd Instructions; your Mistress smiles; and you give him the *dor*.

Aso. Why, so I told you, Sir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too much redoundeth.

Aso. Why, Sir, what, do you think you know more?

Amo. I know that a Cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your *Passages* and *imbroccata's* in *Courtship*; as the *bitter Bob* in Wit; the *Reverse* in Face or Wry-mouth; and these more subtil and secure Offenders. I will example unto you; your Opponent makes entry, as you are ingag'd with your Mistress. You seeing him, close in her Ear with this whisper (here comes your *Babion*, disgrace him) and withal, stepping off, fall on his Bosom, and turning to her, politickly, aloud say, Lady, regard this Noble Gentleman, a Man rarely parted, second to none in this Court; and then, stooping over his Shoulder, your Hand on his Brest, your Mouth on his Backside, you give him the *Reverse* stroke, with this *Samma*, or Storks-bill, which makes up your Wits *Bob* most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for Heavens sake, teach me no more. I know all as well—— 'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse me? why did the Ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other Gallants. But me of all the rest? by that light, and as I am a Courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the Lord the Ladies would come once.

Act V. Scene III.

Morphides, Amorphus, Asotus, Hedon, Anaides, the Throng, Ladies, Citizen, Wife, Pages, Taylor, Mercer, Perfumer, Jeweller, &c.

SIgnior, the Gallants and Ladies are at hand. Are you ready, Sir?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your Attire: Cousin *Morphides*, assist me, to make good the Door with your officious Tyranny.

Cit. By your leave my Masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pag. You by? why should you come by more than we?

Wif. Why, Sir? Because he is my Brother that plays the *Prizes*.

Mor. Your Brother?

Cit. I, her Brother, Sir, and we must come in.

Tay. Why, what are you?

Cit. I am her Husband, Sir.

Tay. Then thrust forward your Head.

Amo. What Tumult is there?

Mor. Who's there? bear back there. Stand from the Door.

Amo. Enter none but the Ladies, and their Hangbies; welcom *Beauties* and your kind *Shadows*.

Hed. This Country Lady, my Friend, good Signior *Amorphus*.

Ana. And my *Cockatrice* here.

Amo. She is welcom.

Mor. Knock those same Pages there; and Goodman Cockscom the Citizen, who would you speak withal?

Amo. With whom? your Brother?

Mor. Who is your Brother?

Amo. Master *Asotus*? Is he your Brother? He is taken up with great Persons. He is not to know you to night.

Aso. O *Jove*, Master! an' there come e're a Citizen Gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you. It is my Sister.

Wif. Brother.

Cit. Brother, Master *Asotus*.

Aso. Who's there?

Wif. 'Tis I, Brother.

Aso. Gods me! There she is, good Master, intrude her.

Mor. Make place. Bear back there.

Amo. Knock that simple Fellow there.

Wif. Nay, good Sir; It is my Husband.

Mor. The simpler Fellow he. Away, back with your Head, Sir.

Aso. Brother, you must pardon your *Non-entry*: Husbands are not allow'd here in truth. I'll come home

ſoon with my Siſter, pray you meet us with a Lanthorn, Brother. Be merry, Siſter: I ſhall make you laugh anon.

Pha. Your *Prizer* is not ready *Amorphus.*

Amo. Apprehend your places, he ſhall be ſoon; and at all points.

Ana. Is there any body come to anſwer him? Shall we have any ſport?

Amo. Sport of importance; howſoever, give me the Gloves.

Hed. Gloves! why Gloves, *Signior?*

Phi. What's the Ceremony? [*He diſtributes Gloves.*

Amo. Beſide their receiv'd fitneſs, at all *Prizes*, they are here properly accommodate to the Nuptials of my *Schollars* 'haviour to the Lady *Courtſhip.* Pleaſe you apparel your hands. *Madam Phantaſte, Madam Philautia, Guardian, Signior Hedon, Signior Anaides*, Gentlemen all, Ladies.

All. Thanks, good *Amorphus.*

Amo. I will now call forth my *Provoſt*, and preſent him.

Ana. Heart! why ſhould not we be Maſters, as well as he?

Hed. That's true, and play our Maſters *prizes*, as well as the t'other?

Mor. In ſadneſs, for uſing your Court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pha. Nay, but why ſhould not we Ladies play our *Prizes*, I pray? I ſee no reaſon, but we ſhould take 'em down at their own Weapons.

Phi. Troth, and ſo we may, if we handle 'em well.

Wif. I indeed, forſooth, Madam, if 'twere i' the City, we would think foul ſcorn, but we would, forſooth.

Pha. Pray you, what ſhould we call your name?

Wif. My name is *Downfal.*

Hed. Good Miſtreſs *Downfal!* I am ſorry your Husband could not get in.

Wif. 'Tis no matter for him, Sir.

Ana. No, no, ſhe has the more liberty for her ſelf.

Pha. Peace, peace: They come. [*A flouriſh.*

Amo. So, Keep up your Ruff: the Tincture of your Neck is not all ſo pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your ſprig upright; your Cloke on your half-ſhoulder falling; So: I will read your Bill, advance it, and preſent you. Silence.

The CHALLENGE.

BE it known to all that profeſs Courtſhip, by theſe Preſents (from the white ſattin Reveller, to the Cloth of Tiſſue and Bodkin,) that we, Ulyſſes-Politropus-Amorphus, *Maſter of the noble and ſubtil Science of Courtſhip, do give leave and licenſe to our* Provoſt, Acolaſtus-Polypragmon-Aſotus, *to play his Maſters Prize, againſt all Maſters whatſoever in this ſubtile Myſtery, at theſe four, the choice and moſt cunning Weapons of* Court complement, *viz. the* bare Accoſt; *the* better Reguard; *the* ſolemn Addreſs; *and the* perfect Cloſe. *Theſe are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the ſaid* Acolaſtus-Polypragmon-Aſotus, *is here preſent (by the help of his Mercer, Taylor, Millener, Sempſter, and ſo forth) at his deſigned hour, in this fair Gallery, the preſent day of this preſent month, to perform and do his uttermoſt for the atchievement and bearing away of the Prizes, which are theſe:* viz. *For the* bare Accoſt, *two* Wall-eyes, *in a* face forced: *For the* better Reguard, *a* Face favourably ſimpring, *with a* Fan waving: *For the* ſolemn Addreſs, *two* Lips wagging, *and never a wiſe word: For the* perfect Cloſe, *a* Wring by the hand, *with a* Banquet *in a corner. And* Phœbus *ſave* Cynthia.

Appeareth no Man yet, to anſwer the *Prizer?* No voyce? Muſick, give them their Summons.

[*Muſick ſounds.*

Pha. The ſolemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence. Well, I perceive your name is their Terror; and keepeth them back.

Aſo. I faith, Maſter, let's go: no body comes. *Victus, victa, victum; Victi, victæ, victi*—— Let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were diſpunct to the Ladies. Rather, our ſelf ſhall be your Encounter. Take your ſtate up to the Wall: And, Lady, may we implore you to ſtand forth, as firſt term or bound to our Courtſhip.

Hed. 'Fore Heaven, 'twill ſhew rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge. [*A Charge.*

Ana. A pox on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent, now: by that Candle they'll ne're conceit it.

Pha. Excellent well! admirable!

Phi. Peace.

Hed. Moſt faſhionably, believe it. *They all their Accoſt ſeverally to the Lady that ſtands forth.*

Phi. O, he is a well-ſpoken Gentleman.

Pha. Now the other.

Phi. Very good.

Hed. For a Schollar, *Honor.*

Ana. O, 'tis too *dutch.* He reels too much.

Hed. This Weapon is done. [*A flouriſh.*

Amo. No, we have our two bouts, at every Weapon, expect.

Act V. Scene IV.

Crites, Mercury. [*To them.*

WHere be theſe Gallants, and their brave *Prizer* here?

Mor. Who's there? bear back: Keep the Door.

Amo. What are you, Sir?

Cri. By your Licenſe, Grand-maſter. Come forward, Sir.

Ana. Heart! who let in that Rag there, amongſt us? put him out, an impecunious Creature.

Hed. Out with him.

Mor. Come, Sir.

Amo. You muſt be retrograde.

Cri. Soft, Sir, I am *Truchman*, and do flouriſh before this *Monſieur*, or *French*-behav'd Gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your *Chartels*, advanced in Court, to prove his fortune with your *Prizer*, ſo he may have fair play ſhewn him, and the liberty to chooſe his ſtickler.

Amo. Is he a Maſter?

Cri. That, Sir, he has to ſhew here; and, confirmed under the hands of the moſt skilful and cunning *Complementaries* alive: pleaſe you read, Sir.

Amo. What ſhall we do?

Ana. Death, diſgrace this fellow i' the black-ſtuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the ſtranger.

Hed. That's no matter. He is our own Countryman.

Ana. I, and he is a Schollar beſides. You may diſgrace him here with Authority.

Amo. Well, ſee theſe firſt.

Aſo. Now ſhall I be obſerv'd by yon'd Schollar, till I ſweat again; I would to *Jove* it were over.

Cri. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the Encounter. A Gentleman of ſo pleaſing and ridiculous a Carriage; as, even ſtanding, carries Meat in the Mouth, you ſee; and I aſſure you, although no bred *courtling*, yet a moſt particular Man, of goodly havings, well faſhion'd 'haviour, and of as hard'ned and excellent a Bark, as the moſt naturally-qualified amongſt them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his original Cityciſm; by this *Elixir*, or meer *Magazine* of Man. And, for your Spectators, you behold them what they are: The moſt choice particulars in Court: This tells Tales well; This provides Coaches; This repeats Jeſts; This preſents Gifts; This holds up the Arras; This takes down from Horſe; This proteſts by this Light; This ſwears by that Candle; This Delighteth;

lighteth; This Adoreth. Yet all but three Men. Then for your Ladies, the moſt proud witty Creatures, all things apprehending, nothing underſtanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of Fools, Mercers, and Minſtrels, coſtly to be kept, miſerably keeping, all diſdaining, but their Painter, and Apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciprock Commerce, their Beauties maintain their Painters, and their Painters their Beauties.

Mer. Sir, you have plaid the Painter your ſelf, and limb'd them to the Life. I deſire to deſerve before 'em.

Amo. This is *Authentick*. We muſt reſolve to entertain the *Monſieur*, howſoever we neglect him.

[*Having read the Certificate.*

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and ſalute him.

Ana. Content, and not look o' the other.

Amo. Well devis'd: and a moſt puniſhing diſgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monſieur. We muſt not ſo much betray our ſelves to *diſcourtſhip*, as to ſuffer you to be longer unſaluted: Pleaſe you to uſe the State, ordain'd for the *Opponent*; in which nature, without Envy we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, Sir.

Phi. Believe it, he is a Man of excellent ſilence.

Pha. He keeps all his Wit for Action.

Ana. This hath diſcountenanc'd our *ſcholaris*, moſt richly.

Hed. Out of all *emphaſis*. The *Monſieur* ſees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on: make it known how bitter a thing it is, not to be lookt on in Court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet? do's not *Monſieur* perceive our diſgrace?

Ana. Heart! he is a Fool, I ſee. We have done our ſelves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an Aſs was I to embrace him?

Cri. Illuſtrous and fearful Judges——

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the ſute of the ſtrange Opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your Tails, and whoſe Noſes I muſt follow) that he may have the Juſtice, before he encounter his reſpected Adverſary, to ſee ſome light ſtroke of his Play, commenc'd with ſome other.

Hed. Anſwer not him, but the ſtranger, we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him my ſelf.

Cri. O dreadful diſgrace, if a Man were ſo fooliſh to feel it!

Amo. Is it your ſuit, *Monſieur*, to ſee ſome *prælude* of my Schollar? Now, ſure the *Monſieur* wants Language!

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accompliſh't? 'Slight, that's a good Jeſt: would we could take him with that *nullity*. *Non ſapette voi parlar' Italiano?*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the Carp has no Tongue.

Cri. Signior, in Courtſhip, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and ſatisfie the *Monſieurs* requeſt.

Amo. Well, I will ſtrike him more ſilent, with admiration, and terrifie his daring hither. He ſhall behold my own play, with my Schollar. Lady, with the touch of your white Hand, let me re-enſtate you. *Provoſt*, begin to me, at the *bare Accoſt*. Now, for the honour of my diſcipline. [*A Charge.*

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect: what means he by that mouthed wave?

Cri. He is in ſome diſtaſte of your Fellow-diſciple.

Mer. Signior, your Schollar might have plaid well ſtill, if he could have kept his ſeat longer: I have enough of him, now. He is a meer piece of Glaſs, I ſee through him, by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the ſcorn, *Monſieur?*

Mer. Nor to be frighted with a Face. *Signior*! I have ſeen the Lyons. You muſt pardon me. I ſhall be loth to hazard a Reputation with one that has not a Reptation to loſe.

Amo. How!

Cri. Meaning your *Pupil*, Sir.

Ana. This is that black Devil there.

Amo. You do offer a ſtrange affront, *Monſieur*.

Cri. Sir, he ſhall yield you all the honour of a competent Adverſary, if you pleaſe to undertake him——

Mer. I am preſt for the Encounter.

Amo. Me? challenge me?

Aſo. What! my Maſter, Sir? 'Slight, *Monſieur*, meddle with me, do you hear? but do not meddle with my Maſter.

Mer. Peace, good ſquib, go out.

Cri. And ſtink, he bids you.

Aſo. Maſter?

Amo. Silence, I do accept him. Sit you down, and obſerve. Me? He never profeſt a thing at more Charges. Prepare your ſelf, Sir. Challenge me? I will proſecute what diſgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a Travellers ſpleen is? compariſon, to Men, that deſerve leaſt, is ever moſt offenſive.

Amo. You are inſtructed in our *Chartell*, and know our Weapons?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, Sir.

Aſo. But muſt I loſe the *Prizes*, *Maſter?*

Amo. I will win them for you, be patient. Lady, vouchſafe the Tenure of this Enſign. Who ſhall be your ſtickler?

Mer. Behold him.

Amo. I would not wiſh you a weaker. Sound Muſicks. I provoke you, at the *bare Accoſt*. [*A Charge.*

Pha. Excellent comely!

Cri. And worthily ſtudied. This is th' *exalted Foretop*.

Hed. O, his Leg was too much produc'd.

Ana. And his Hat was carried skirvily.

Phi. Peace; Let's ſee the *Monſieur's Accoſt*: Rare!

Pha. Sprightly, and ſhort.

Ana. True, it is the *French courteau*: He lacks but to have his Noſe ſlit.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

Amo. The ſecond bout, to conclude this Weapon.

[*A flouriſh.*

Pha. Good, Believe it! [*A Charge.*

Phi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is call'd the *ſolemn hand-ſtring*.

Hed. Foh, that Cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a Face like a ſtab'd *Lucrece*.

Aſo. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me ſit ſtill here, like a *Babioun* as I am.

Cri. Making villanous Faces.

Phi. See, the *French* prepares it richly.

Cri. I, this is ycleped the *ſerious triſle*.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the *horſe-ſtart out o' the brown ſtudy*.

Cri. Rather the *Bird-ey'd ſtroke*, Sir. Your obſervance is too blunt, Sir.

Amo. Judges, award the *Prize*. Take breath, Sir. This bout hath been laborious. [*A flouriſh.*

Aſo. And yet your *Critick*, or your *Beſſo'gno*, will think theſe things foppery, and eaſie, now.

Cri. Or rather meer *Lunacy*. For would any reaſonable Creature make theſe his ſerious Studies and Perfections? Much leſs, only live to theſe ends? to be the falſe Pleaſure of a few, the true Love of none, and the juſt laughter of all?

Hed. We muſt prefer the *Monſieur*, we Courtiers muſt be partial.

Ana. Speak, *Guardian*. Name the *Prize*, at the *bare Accoſt*.

Mer. A pair of *Wall-eyes* in a *face forced*.

Ana. Give the *Monſieur*. *Amorphus* hath loſt his Eyes.

Amo.

Amo. I! is the Palate of your Judgment down? Gentiles, I do appeal.

Aſo. Yes, Maſter, to me. The Judges be Fools.

Ana. How now, Sir? Tye up your Tongue, Mungril. He cannot appeal.

Aſo. Say you, Sir?

Ana. Sit you ſtill, Sir.

Aſo. Why, ſo I do. Do not I, I pray you?

Mer. *Remercy, Madam*, and theſe honourable Cenſors.

Amo. Well, to the ſecond Weapon, The *better Reguard*: I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet *Honour*.

Phi. What ſays my good *Ambition*?

Hed. Which take you at this next Weapon? I lay a *diſcretion*, with you, on *Amorphus*'s Head.

Phi. Why, I take the *French*-behav'd Gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a *diſcretion*.

Cri. A *diſcretion*? A pretty Court-wager! would any diſcreet perſon hazard his Wit, ſo?

Pha. I'll lay a *diſcretion* with you, *Anaides*.

Ana. Hang 'em. I'll not venture a doit of *diſcretion* on either of their Heads——

Cri. No, he ſhould venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their Plays.

Hed. See, ſee, this is ſtrange play! [*A Charge.*

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. Tis call'd your *Court ſtaggers*, Sir.

Hed. That ſame fellow talks ſo, now he has a Place.

Ana. Hang him, neglect him.

Mer. *Your good Ladiſhips affectioned.*

Wif. Gods ſo! they ſpeak at this Weapon, Brother!

Aſo. They muſt do ſo, Siſter, how ſhould it be the *better Reguard*, elſe?

Pha. Methinks he did not this reſpectively enough.

Phi. Why, the *Monſieur* but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies? 'Slight ſee, he'll put him too't, in earneſt. Well done *Amorphus*.

Ana. That puff was good indeed.

Cri. Gods me! This is deſperate play. He hits himſelf o' the Shins.

Hed. An' he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he diſplays his Feet, rarely.

Hed. See, ſee: He does the *reſpective Leere* damnably well.

Amo. *The true idolater of your Beauties, ſhall never paſs their Deities unadored: I reſt your poor Knight.*

Hed. See, now the *oblique Leere*, or the *Janus*: He ſatisfies all with that aſpect moſt nobly.

Cri. And moſt terribly he comes off: like your *Rodomantada*. [*A flouriſh.*

Pha. How like you this Play *Anaides*?

Ana. Good play; but 'tis too rough and boiſterous.

Amo. I will ſecond it with a ſtroke eaſier, wherein I will prove his Language.

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now. [*A Charge.*

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary Play. We muſt not diſgrace our own *camerade*, too much.

Amo. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per ye favore reſcinto da lei; che veramente deſſidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: & ſicuratve ſignora mea cara, chè ioſera ſempre pronto à ſervirla, & honorarla. Baſcio le mane de vo' ſignoria.*

Cri. The *Venetian Dop* this.

Pha. Moſt unexſpectedly excellent! The *French* goes down certain.

Aſo. *As Buckets are put down into a Well:*
Or as a ſchool-boy——

Cri. Truſs up your *ſimile*, *Yack daw*, and obſerve.

Hed. Now the *Monſieur* is mov'd.

Ana. Boe peep.

Hed. O, moſt antick.

Cri. The *French Quirk*, this Sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her!

Mer. *Madamoyſelle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monſtrer mon affection, mais je ſuis tant mal heureuſe, ci froid, ci layd, ci—— Je ne ſcay qui di dire—— excuſe moy, Je ſuis tout voſtre.* [*A flouriſh.*

Phi. O brave, and ſpirited! He's a right *Jovialiſt*.

Pha. No, no: *Amorphus*'s Gravity outways it.

Cri. And yet your Lady, or your Feather would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the *Prize*, Lady, at this *better Reguard*?

Mor. *A Face favourably ſimpring*, and *a Fan waving*.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the *favourable Face* to the *Signior*, and the *Light wave* to the *Monſieur*.

Amo. You become the *Simper* well, Lady.

Mer. And the *Wag*, better.

Amo. Now, to our *ſolemn Addreſs*. Pleaſe the Well-grac'd *Philautia* to relieve the Lady *Sentinel*; ſhe hath ſtood long.

Phi. With all my Heart; come *Guardian*; reſign your Place.

Amo. *Monſieur*, furniſh your ſelf with what ſolemnity of Ornament you think fit for this third Weapon; at which you are to ſhew all the cunning of ſtroke your Devotion can poſſibly deviſe.

Mer. Let me alone, Sir. I'll ſufficiently decypher your amorous Solemnities. *Crites*, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practick obſervance, with which they Lime-twigs, to catch their phantaſtick Lady-birds.

Cri. I, but you ſhould do more charitably, to do it more openly: that they might diſcover themſelves mockt in theſe monſtrous Affections.

Mer. *Lacquey*, where's the Taylor? [*A Charge.*

Tay. Here, Sir.

Hed. See, they have their Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Millener, Jeweller, Feather-maker, all in common!

Ana. I, this is pretty.

Amo. Here is a Hair too much, take it off. Where are thy *Mullets*?

[*They make themſelves ready on the Stage.*

Mer. Is this Pink of equal proportion to this cut, ſtanding of this diſtance from it?

Tay. That it is, Sir.

Mer. Is it ſo, Sir, you impudent *Poultroun*? you Slave, you Liſt, you Shreds, you——

Hed. Excellent. This was the beſt, yet.

Ana. Why, we muſt uſe our Taylors thus. This is our true Magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to: put on. We muſt bear with you, for the times ſake.

Amo. Is the Perfume rich, in this Jerkin?

Per. Taſt, ſmell; I aſſure you Sir, pure *Beniamin*, the only ſpirited ſcent, that ever awak't a *Neapolitane* Noſtril. You would wiſh your ſelf all Noſe, for the love on't. I frotted a Jerkin, for a new-revenu'd Gentleman, yielded me Threeſcore Crowns, but this Morning, and the ſame Titillation.

Amo. I ſavour no *ſampſuchine*, in it,

Per. I am a *nulli-fidian*, if there be not three thirds of a ſcruple more of *ſampſuchinum*, in this Confection, than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the Ingredients, Sir.

Amo. You ſhall be ſimple to diſcover your *ſimples*.

Per. Simple? why Sir? what reck' I to whom I diſcover? I have in it *Muſk*, *Civit*, *Amber*, *Phœnicobalanus*, the Decoction of *Turmerick*, *Seſana*, *Nard*, *Spikenard*, *Calamus odoratus*, *Stacte*, *Opobalſamum*, *Amomum*, *Storax*, *Ladanum*, *Aſpalathum*, *Opopanax*, *Oenanthe*. And what of all theſe now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the ſorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempring, and the ſearching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation, and the ſuffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, Sir.

Hed. An excellent Confection.

Cri.

Cri. And moſt worthy a true Voluptary. *Jove*! what a Coyl theſe Muſk-Worms take, to purchaſe anothers delight? for, themſelves, who bear the Odors, have ever the leaſt ſence of them. Yet, I do like better the prodigality of Jewels, and Clothes, whereof one paſſeth to a Mans Heirs; the other, at leaſt wears out time. This preſently expires, and without continual riot in reparation is loſt: which whoſo ſtrives to keep, it is one ſpecial argument to me, that (affecting to ſmell better than other Men) he doth indeed ſmell far worſe.

Mer. I know, you will ſay it fits well, Sir.

Tay. Good faith, if it do not, Sir, let your Miſtreſs be Judge.

Mer. By Heaven, if my Miſtreſs do not like it, I'll make no more Conſcience to undo thee, than to undo an Oyſter.

Tay. Believe it, there's ne'ere a Miſtreſs i'the World can miſlike it.

Mer. No, not Goodwife Taylor, your Miſtreſs; that has only the Judgment to heat your Preſſing-tool. But for a *Court*-Miſtreſs, that ſtudies theſe *Decorums*, and knows the proportion of every cut, to a hair, knows why ſuch a Colour is cut upon ſuch a Colour, and, when a Satten is cut upon ſix Taffataes, will look that we ſhould dive into the depth of the cut—— Give me my Scarfe. Shew ſome Ribbands, ſirrah. Ha'you the Feather.

Fet. I, Sir.

Mer. Ha' you the Jewel?

Jew. Yes, Sir.

Mer. What muſt I give for the hire on't?

Jew. You'll give me ſix Crowns, Sir?

Mer. Six Crowns! By Heaven twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to ſhew: and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your Worſhip will not do ſo Sir.

Mer. By *Jove*, Sir, there be ſuch tricks ſtirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting Knaves, that live by theſe *Court-decorums*, and yet—— What's your Jewel worth I pray.

Jew. A hundred Crowns, Sir.

Mer. A hundred Crowns? And ſix for the loan on't an hour? What's that i'the hundred for the year? Theſe Impoſtors would not be hang'd? your Thief is not comparable to 'em, by *Hercules*; well, put it in, and the Feather; you will ha't and you ſhall; and the Pox give you good on't.

Amo. Give me my Confects, my *Moſcardini*, and place thoſe Colours in my Hat.

Mer. Theſe are *Bolognian* Ribbands, I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, Sir: if they be not right *Granado* Silk—

Mer. A Pox on you, you'll all ſay ſo.

Mil. You give me not a Penny, Sir.

Mer. Come Sir, perfume my *Devant*; May it aſcend, like ſolemn Sacrifice, into the Noſtrils of the *Queen of Love*.

Hed. Your *French Ceremonies* are the beſt.

Ana. Monſieur, Signior, your *ſolemn Addreſs* is too long. The Ladies long to have you come on.

Amo. Soft, Sir, our coming on is not ſo eaſily prepared Signior *Fig*.

Per. I, Sir.

Amo. Can you help my Complexion, here?

Per. O yes, Sir, I have an excellent *mineral Fucus* for the purpoſe. The Gloves are right, Sir, you ſhall bury 'em in a Muck-hill, a draught, ſeven years, and take 'em out, and waſh 'em, they ſhall ſtill retain their firſt ſcent, true *Spaniſh*. There's *Ambre* i'the *Umbre*.

Mer. Your Price, ſweet *Fig*:

Per. Give me what you will, Sir: The *Signior* pays me two Crowns a pair; you ſhall give me your Love, Sir.

Mer. My Love? with a Pox to you, Goodman *Saſafras*.

Per. I come, Sir. There's an excellent *Diapaſm* in a Chain too, if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the Ingredients to your *Fucus*?

Per. Nought but *Sublimate*, and *crude Mercury*, Sir, well prepar'd and dulcified, with the Jaw-bones of a Sow, burnt, beaten, and ſearced.

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your Chain of *Pomander*, ſirrah; what's your price?

Per. Wee'll agree, *Monſieur*; I'll aſſure you, it was both decocted and dryed, where no Sun came, and kept in an *Onyx* ever ſince it was ball'd.

Mer. Come, invert my *Muſtachio*, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold ſtill I pray you, Sir.

Per. Nay the *Fucus* is exorbitant, Sir.

Mer. Death! doſt thou burn me, Harlot?

Bar. I beſeech you, Sir.

Mer. Begger, Varlet, *Poultroun*?

Hed. Excellent, excellent! [*A flouriſh.*

Ana. Your *French* Beat is the moſt natural Beat of the World.

Aſo. O that I had plaid at this Weapon.

Pha. Peace, now they come on; the ſecond part.

[*A Charge.*

Amo. Madam, your Beauties being ſo attractive, I muſe you are left thus alone.

Phi. Better be alone, Sir, than ill-accompanied.

Amo. Nought can be ill, Lady, that can come near your Goodneſs.

Mer. Sweet Madam, on what part of you ſoever a man caſts his Eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively Image of *Venus*, throughout; all the *Graces* ſmile in your Cheeks; your Beauty nouriſhes, as well as delights; you have a Tongue ſteept in Honey; and a Breath like a Panthar: your Breaſts and Forehead are whiter than Goats Milk, or *May*-bloſſoms; a Cloud is not ſo ſoft as your Skin.——

Hed. Well ſtrook, *Monſieur*: he charges like a *Frenchman* indeed, thick, and hotly.

Mer. Your Cheeks are *Cupids* Baths, wherein he uſes to ſteep himſelf in Milk and *Nectar*: He do's light all his Torches at your Eyes, and inſtructs you how to ſhoot, and wound, with their Beams. Yet I love nothing, in you, more than your innocence; you retain ſo native a ſimplicity, ſo unblam'd a behaviour. Methinks, with ſuch a Love, I ſhould find no Head, nor Foot of my pleaſure: You are the very Spirit of a Lady.

Ana. Fair play, *Monſieur* you are too hot on the Quarry. Give your Competitor Audience.

Amo. Lady, how ſtirring ſoever the *Monſieurs* Tongue is, he will lie by your ſide, more dull than your *Eunuch*.

Ana. A good ſtroke; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. You are fair, Lady——

Cri. You offer foul, *Signior*, to cloſe, keep your diſtance; for all your *bravo rampant* here.

Amo. I ſay you are fair, Lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair.

Mer. I ſay, Ladies do never believe they are fair, till ſome Fool begins to dote upon 'em.

Phi. You play too rough, Gentlemen. [*A Flouriſh*

Amo. Your *Frenchified* Fool is your only Fool, Lady: I do yield to this honourable *Monſieur*, in all civil, and human Courteſie.

Mer. Buz.

Ana. Admirable. Give him the *Prize*. Give him the *Prize*; that mouth, again, was moſt courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I ſhould paſs upon him with the *bitter Bib*.

Hed. O, but the *Reverſe* was ſingular.

Pha. It was moſt ſubtile, *Amorphus*.

Aſo. If I had don't, it ſhould have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, *Crites*!

Cri. You ſuffer 'em too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge inſtantly.

Ana. Name the *Prize*, at the *ſolemn Addreſs*.

Phi. Two

Phi. Two *Lips wagging.*

Cri. And never a wiſe Word; I take it.

Ana. Give to *Amorphus.* And, upon him again; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks fair Deliverer, and my honourable Judges; Madam *Phantaſte*, you are our worthy object at this next Weapon.

Pha. Moſt covetingly ready, *Amorphus.*

Hed. Your *Monſieur* is creſt-faln.

Ana. So are moſt of 'em once a year.

Amo. You will ſee, I ſhall now give him the gentle *dor*, preſently, he forgetting to ſhift the Colours, which are now chang'd with alteration of the Miſtreſs. At your laſt Weapon, Sir. The *perfect Cloſe.* Set forward, intend your approach, *Monſieur.* [*A Charge*

Mer. 'Tis yours *Signior.*

Amo. With your example, Sir.

Mer. Not I, Sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no poſſible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am Noble——

Amo. As I am Virtuous——

Mer. Pardon me, Sir.

Amo. I will die firſt.

Mer. You are a Tyrant in Courteſie.

Amo. He is remov'd—— Judges, bear witneſs. [Amorphus *ſtays the other on his moving.*

Mer. What of that, Sir?

Amo. You are remov'd, Sir.

Mer. Well.

Amo. I challenge you; you have receiv'd the *Dor.* Give me the *Prize.*

Mer. Soft, Sir. How the *Dor?*

Amo. The common Miſtreſs, you ſee is changed.

Mer. Right, Sir.

Amo. And you have ſtill in your Hat the former Colours.

Mer. You lye, Sir, I have none: I have pull'd 'em out: I meant to play diſcolour'd.

Cri. The *Dor*, the *Dor*, the *Dor*, the *Dor*, the *Dor*! the palpable *Dor.* [*A Flouriſh.*

Ana. Heart of my Blood, *Amorphus*, what ha' you done? ſtuck a diſgrace upon us all, and at your laſt Weapon?

Aſo. I could have done no more.

Hed. By Heaven, it was moſt unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck! by that Candle, it was meer raſhneſs, and overſight; would any Man have ventured to play ſo open and forſake his Ward? Dam' me if he have not eternally undone himſelf, in Court; and diſcountenanc'd us, that were his main countenance, by it.

Amo. Forgive it now. It was the *Soleciſm* of my Stars.

Cri. The *Wring by the Hand*, and the *Banquet*, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a *Lady feels* like a Wench of the firſt year; you would think her Hand did melt in your touch; and the Bones of her fingers ran out at length, when you preſt 'em, they are ſo gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiſs on theſe Lips, ſhould taſte Wine, and Roſe leaves. O, ſhe kiſſes as cloſe as a Cockle. Let's take 'em down, as deep as our Hearts, Wench, till our very Souls mix. Adieu, *Signior*: Good faith I ſhall drink to you at Supper, Sir.

Ana. Stay, *Monſieur.* Who awards you the *Prize.*

Cri. Why, his proper merit, Sir: you ſee he has plaid down your grand Garb-maſter, here.

Ana. That's not in your *Logick* to determine, Sir: you are no Courtier. This is none of your ſeven, or nine beggerly *Sciences*, but a certain myſtery above 'em wherein we that have Skill muſt pronounce, and not ſuch freſhmen as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I muſt declare my ſelf to you no profeſt Courtling; nor to have any excellent ſtroke, at your ſubtil Weapons: yet if you pleaſe, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, Sir *Dagonet*, here.

Ana. With me?

Cri. Yes, Sir.

Ana. Heart, I ſhall never have ſuch a fortune to ſave my ſelf in a fellow again, and your two Reputations, Gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and ſwinge him ſoundly, good *Anaides.*

Ana. Let me alone, I'll play other manner of play, than has been ſeen yet. I would the *Prize* lay on't.

Mer. It ſhall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you ſo confident? what's your Weapon?

Cri. At any, I, Sir.

Mer. The *perfect cloſe*, that's now the beſt.

Ana. Content I'll pay your ſcholarity. Who offers?

Cri. Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare? Well, look to your *liberal* Skonce.

Amo. Make your play ſtill, upon the anſwer, Sir.

Ana. Hold your Peace, you are a Hobby-horſe.

Aſo. Sit by me, Maſter.

Mer. Now *Crites* ſtrike home.

Cri. You ſhall ſee me undo the aſſur'd Swaggerer with a trick, inſtantly: I will play all his own Play before him; court the Wench in his Garb, in his Phraſe, with his Face; leave him not ſo much as a Look, an Eye, a Stalk, or an imperfect Oath, to expreſs himſelf by, after me. [*A Charge.*

Mer. Excellent, *Crites.*

Ana. When begin you, Sir? Have you conſulted?

Cri. To your coſt, Sir; which is the *Piece* ſtands forth to be courted? O, are you ſhe? Well, Madam, or ſweet Lady, it is ſo, I do love you in ſome ſort, do you conceive? and though I am no *Monſieur*, nor no *Signior*, and do want (as they ſay) *Logick* and *Sophiſtry*, and good Words, to tell you why it is ſo; yet by this Hand, and by that Candle it is ſo: And though I be no Bookworm, nor one that deals by Art, to give you *Rhetorick* and Cauſes, why it ſhould be ſo, or make it good it is ſo. yet dam me, but I know it is ſo, and am aſſur'd it is ſo, and I and my Sword ſhall make it appear it is ſo; and give you reaſon ſufficient how it can be no otherwiſe, but ſo——

Hed. 'Slight *Anaides*, you are mockt; and ſo we are all.

Mer. How now, Signior! What ſuffer your ſelf to be couzen'd of your Courtſhip, before your Face?

Hed. This is plain Confederacy, to diſgrace us: Let's be gone, and plot ſome revenge.

Amo. When men diſgraces ſhare,
The leſſer is the care.

Cri. Nay, ſtay, my dear *Ambition*, I can do you over too You that tell your Miſtreſs, Her Beauty is all compos'd. of theft: her Hair ſtole from *Apollo's* Goldy-locks; her White and Red, Lillies and Roſes ſtoln out of Paradiſe; her Eyes two Stars, pluckt from the Sky; her Noſe the *Gnomon* of *Loves* Dial, that tells you how the Clock of your Heart goes: And for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'em, they are ſo many; ſo you cannot recount them, they are ſo manifeſt. Yours, if his own, unfortunate *Hoyden*, in ſtead of *Hedon.*

Aſo. Siſter come away, I cannot endure 'em longer. [*A Flouriſh.*

Mer. Go *Dors*, and you, my Madam *Courting ſtocks*,
Follow your ſcorned, and derided Mates;
Tell to your guilty Breaſts, what meer gilt Blocks
You are, and how unworthy humane ſtates.

Cri. Now, Sacred God of Wit, if you can make
Thoſe, whom our ſports tax in theſe apiſh Graces,
Kiſs (like the fighting Snakes) your Peaceful Rod;
Theſe times ſhall canonize you for a God.

Mer. Why *Crites*, think you any noble Spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a Man,
Will be incens'd to ſee the inchanted Vails
Of Self-conceit, and ſervile Flattery,
(Wrapt in ſo many Folds, by time and cuſtom)
Drawn from his wronged, and bewitched Eyes?
Who ſees not now their ſhape, and nakedneſs,

Is

Is blinder than the Son of Earth, the Mole;
Crown'd with no more Humanity, nor Soul.
Cri. Though they may ſee it, yet the huge Eſtate
Phanſie, and Form, and ſenſual Pride have gotten,
Will make them bluſh for anger, not for ſhame,
And turn ſhewn Nakedneſs to Impudence.
Humour is now the Teſt we try things in:
All Power is juſt: Nought that delights is Sin.
And yet the Zeal of every knowing Man
(Oppreſt with Hills of Tyranny, caſt on Vertue
By the light Phant'ſies of Fools, thus tranſported)
Cannot but vent the *Ætna* of his Fires,
T'enflame beſt Boſoms with much worthier Love
Than of theſe outward and effeminate Shades;
That theſe vain Joys, in which their Wills conſume
Such Powers of Wit and Soul as are of force
To raiſe their Beings to Eternity,
May be converted on Works fitting Men:
And, for the practice of a forced Look,
An antick Geſture, or a fuſtian Phraſe,
Study the native frame of a true Heart,
An inward Comlineſs of Bounty, Knowledge,
And Spirit, that may conform them actually
To Gods high Figures, which they have in power;
Which to neglect for a ſelf loving neatneſs,
Is Sacrilege of an unpardon'd greatneſs.
Mer. Then let the Truth of theſe things ſtrengthen thee,
In thy exempt, and only Man-like Courſe;
Like it the more, the leſs it is reſpected:
Though Men fail, Vertue is by Gods protected.
See, here comes *Arete*, I'll withdraw my ſelf.

Act V. Scene V.

Arete, Crites.

CRites, you muſt provide ſtrait for a Mask,
'Tis *Cynthia*'s pleaſure. *Cri.* How, bright *Arete!*
Why, 'twere a Labour more for *Hercules*;
Better and ſooner durſt I undertake
To make the different Seaſons of the Year,
The Winds, or Elements, to ſympathize,
Than their unmeaſurable Vanity
Dance truly in a Meaſure. They agree?
What though all Concord's born of Contraries?
So many Follies will Confuſion prove,
And like a ſort of jarring Inſtruments,
All out of tune; becauſe (indeed) we ſee
There is not that Analogy 'twixt Diſcords,
As between things but meerly oppoſite.
Are. There is your Error: For as *Hermes* Wand
Charms the Diſorders of tumultuous Ghoſts;
And as the Strife of *Chaos* then did ceaſe,
When better Light than Nature's did arrive:
So, what could never in it ſelf agree,
Forgetteth the Eccentrick Property,
And at her ſight turns forthwith Regular,
Whoſe Scepter guides the flowing Ocean:
And though it did not, yet the moſt of them
(Being either Courtiers, or not wholly rude)
Reſpect of Majeſty, the Place, and Preſence,
Will keep then within Ring, eſpecially
When they are not preſented as themſelves,
But mask'd like others: For (in troth) not ſo
T'incorporate them, could be nothing elſe,
Than like a State ungovern'd, without Laws,
Or Body made of nothing but Diſeaſes:
The one, through Impotency poor and wretched;
The other, for the Anarchy abſurd.
Cri. But, Lady, for the Revellers themſelves,
It would be better (in my poor conceit)
That others were employ'd; for ſuch as are
Unfit to be in *Cynthia*'s Court, can ſeem
No leſs unfit to be in *Cynthia*'s Sports.
Are. That, *Crites*, is not purpoſed without
Particular knowledge of the Goddeſs Mind,
(Who holding true Intelligence, what Follies
Had crept into her Palace) ſhe reſolv'd
Of Sports and Triumphs, under that pretext
To have them muſter in their Pomp and Fulneſs,
That ſo ſhe might more ſtrictly, and to root,
Effect the Reformation ſhe intends.
Cri. I now conceive her Heavenly drift in all,
And will apply my Spirits to ſerve her Will.
O thou, the very Power by which I am,
And but for which, it were in vain to be,
Chief next *Diana*, Virgin, Heavenly fair,
Admired *Arete*, (of them admir'd
Who Souls are not enkindled by the Senſe)
Diſdain not my chaſte Fire, but feed the Flame
Devoted truly to thy gracious Name.
Are. Leave to ſuſpect us: *Crites* well ſhall find
As we are now moſt dear, we'll prove moſt kind.
Heark, I am call'd. *Cri.* I follow inſtantly.
Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient Rites,
And due Devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate *Pæans* on thy golden Shrine,
Or ſung thy Triumphs in a lofty Strain,
Fit for a Theatre of Gods to hear;
And thou, the other Son of mighty *Jove*,
Cyllenian Mercury (ſweet *Maia*'s Joy)
If in the buſie Tumults of the Mind,
My Path thou ever haſt illumined,
For which thine Altars I have oft perfum'd,
And deckt thy Statues with diſcolour'd Flowers:
Now thrive Invention in this glorious Court,
That not of Bounty only, but of Right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it Life by ſight.

Act V. Scene VI.

Heſperus, Cynthia, Arete, Time, Phroneſis, Thauma.

The HYMN.

QUeen, and Huntreſs, chaſte and fair,
Now the Sun is laid to ſleep,
Seated in thy Silver Chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Heſperus *entreats thy Light,*
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious Shade
Dare it ſelf to interpoſe;
Cynthia's *ſhining Orb was made*
Heaven to clear, when Day did cloſe:
Bleſs us then with wiſhed Sight,
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Lay thy Bow of Pearl apart,
And thy Cryſtal ſhining Quiver;
Give unto the flying Hart
Space to breath, how ſhort ſoever:
Thou that mak'ſt a Day of Night,
Goddeſs excellently bright.

Cyn. When hath *Diana*, like an envious Wretch,
That glitters only to his ſoothed ſelf,
Denying to the World the precious Uſe
Of hoarded Wealth, with held her friendly Aid?
Monthly we ſpend our ſtill-repaired Shine,
And not forbid our Virgin-waxen Torch
To burn and blaze, while Nutriment doth laſt:
That once conſum'd, out of *Jove*'s Treaſury
A new we take, and ſtick it in our Sphere,
To give the mutinous kind of wanting Men
Their lookt-for Light. Yet what is their Deſert?
" Bounty is wrong'd, interpreted as due;

" Mortals can challenge not a Ray, by right,
" Yet do expect the whole of *Cynthia*'s Light.
But if that Deities withdrew their Gifts
For humane Follies, what could Men deſerve
But Death and Darkneſs? It behoves the High,
For their own ſakes, to do things worthily.
Are. Moſt true, moſt ſacred Goddeſs; for the Heavens
Receive no good of all the good they do:
Nor *Jove*, nor you, nor other Heavenly Powers,
Are fed with Fumes which do from Incenſe riſe,
Or Sacrifices reeking in their Gore;
Yet, for the Care which you of Mortals have,
(Whoſe proper good it is that they be ſo)
You well are pleas'd with Odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the Race of Men,
Which ſtill complains, not knowing why, or when.
Cyn. Elſe, Noble *Arete*, they would not blame,
And tax, or for unjuſt, or for as proud,
Thy *Cynthia*, in the things which are indeed
The greateſt Glories in our Starry Crown;
Such is our Chaſtity, which ſafely ſcorns
(Not *Love*, for who more fervently doth love
Immortal Honour, and divine Renown?
But) giddy *Cupid*, *Venus* frantick Son.
Yet, *Arete*, if by this veiled Light
We but diſcover'd (what we not diſcern)
Any the leaſt of Imputations ſtand
Ready to ſprinkle our unſpotted Fame
With note of Lightneſs, from theſe Revels near;
Not, for the Empire of the Univerſe,
Should Night, or Court, this whatſoever ſhine,
Or Grace of ours unhappily enjoy.
" Place and Occaſion are two privy Thieves,
" And from poor innocent Ladies often ſteal
" (The beſt of things) an honourable Name:
" To ſtay with Follies, or where Faults may be,
" Infers a Crime, although the Party free.
Are. How *Cynthian-ly* (that is, how worthily
And like her ſelf) the matchleſs *Cynthia* ſpeaks!
Infinite Jealouſies, infinite Regards,
Do watch about the true Virginity:
But *Phœbe* lives from all, not only Fault,
But as from Thought, ſo from Suſpicion free.
" Thy Preſence Broad-ſeals our Delights for pure;
" What's done in *Cynthia*'s ſight, is done ſecure.
Cyn. That then ſo anſwer'd (deareſt *Arete*)
What th' Argument, or of what ſort our Sports
Are like to be this night, I not demand.
Nothing which Duty, and deſire to pleaſe
Bears written in the Forehead, comes amiſs.
But unto whoſe Invention muſt we owe
The Complement of this Nights Furniture?
Are. Excellent Goddeſs, to a Man's, whoſe Worth
(Without *Hyperbole*) I thus may praiſe;
One (at leaſt) ſtudious of deſerving well,
And (to ſpeak truth) indeed deſerving well.
" Potential Merit ſtands for actual,
" Where only Opportunity doth want,
" Not Will, nor Power; both which in him abound.
One whom the *Muſes* and *Minerva* love.
For whom ſhould they, than *Crites*, more eſteem,
Whom *Phœbus* (though not *Fortune*) holdeth dear?
And (which convinceth Excellence in him)
A principal Admirer of your ſelf.
Even through th' ungentle Injuries of *Fate*,
And Difficulties, which do Vertue choak,
Thus much of him appears. What other things
Of farther note do lie unborn in him,
Them I do leave for cheriſhment to ſhew,
And for a Goddeſs graciouſly to judge.
Cyn. We have already judg'd him, *Arete*;
Nor are we ignorant, how noble Minds
Suffer too much through thoſe Indignities
Which Times and vicious Perſons caſt on them.
Our ſelf have ever vowed to eſteem
(As Vertue for it ſelf, ſo) Fortune baſe;
Who's firſt in Worth, the ſame be firſt in Place.
Nor farther notice (*Arete*) we crave
Than thine Approvals, ſovereign Warranty:
Let't be thy Care to make us known to him;
" *Cynthia* ſhall brighten what the World made dim.

Act V. Scene VII.

The Firſt Maſque.

Cupid, like *Anteros*. [*To them.*

CLear Pearl of Heaven, and, not to be farther ambitious in Titles, *Cynthia*: The Fame of this illuſtrious Night, among others, hath alſo drawn theſe four fair Virgins from the Palace of their Queen *Perfection*, (a Word which makes no ſufficient difference 'twixt hers and thine) to viſit thy Imperial Court: For ſhe, their Sovereign, not finding where to dwell among Men, before her return to Heaven, adviſed them wholly to conſecrate themſelves to thy Celeſtial Service, as in whoſe clear Spirit (the proper Element and Sphere of Vertue) they ſhould behold not her alone, (their ever-honour'd Miſtriſs) but themſelves (more truly themſelves) to live inthroniz'd. Her ſelf would have commended them unto thy Favour more particularly, but that ſhe knows no Commendation is more available with thee, than that of proper Vertue. Nevertheleſs, ſhe will'd them to preſent this Cryſtal *Mound*, a Note of Monarchy, and Symbol of Perfection, to thy more worthy *Deity*; which, as here by me they moſt humbly do, ſo amongſt the Rarities thereof, that is the chief, to ſhew whatſoever the World hath excellent, howſoever remote and various. But your irradiate Judgment will ſoon diſcover the Secrets of this little Cryſtal World. Themſelves (to appear more plainly) becauſe they know nothing more odious than falſe Pretexts, have choſen to expreſs their ſeveral Qualities thus in ſeveral Colours.

The firſt, in Citron Colour, is *Natural Affection*, which given us to procure our Good, is ſometime called *Storge*; and as every one is neareſt to himſelf, ſo this Handmaid of Reaſon, allowable Self-love, as it is without harm, ſo are none without it: Her Place in the Court of Perfection was to quicken Minds in the purſuit of Honour. Her Device is a Perpendicular Level, upon a Cube or Square; the Word, *Se ſuo Modulo*; alluding to that true Meaſure of ones ſelf, which as every one ought to make, ſo is it moſt conſpicuous in thy divine Example.

The ſecond, in Green, is *Aglaia*, *delectable and pleaſant Converſation*, whoſe Property is to move a kindly Delight, and ſometime not without Laughter: Her Office, to entertain Aſſemblies, and keep Societies together with fair Familiarity. Her Device, *within a Ring of Clouds, a Heart with Shine about it*; the Word, *Curarum Nubila Pello*; An Allegory of *Cynthia*'s Light, which no leſs clears the Sky than her fair Mirth the Heart.

The third, in the diſcolour'd Mantle ſpangled all over, is *Euphantaſie*, *a well-conceited Wittineſs*, and employ'd in honouring the Court with the Riches of her pure Invention. Her Device, upon a *Petaſus* or *Mercurial Hat*, a *Creſcent*; the Word, *Sic Laus Ingenii*; inferring, that the praiſe and glory of Wit doth ever increaſe, as doth thy growing Moon.

The fourth, in White, is *Apheleia*, a *Nymph* as pure and ſimple as the Soul, or as an Abraſe Table, and is therefore called *Simplicity*; without Folds, without Pleights, without Colour, without Counterfeit; and (to ſpeak plainly) *Plainneſs* it ſelf. Her Device is no Device. The Word under her Silver Shield, *Omnis abeſt Fucus*; alluding to thy ſpotleſs ſelf, who art as far from Impurity as from Mortality.

My

My ſelf (Celeſtial Goddeſs) more fit for the Court of *Cynthia* than the Arbors of *Cytheree*, am call'd *Anteros*, or *Loves Enemy*; the more welcome therefore to thy Court, and the fitter to conduct this *Quaternion*, who as they are thy profeſſed Votaries, and for that cauſe adverſaries to *Love*, yet thee (perpetual *Virgin*) they both love, and vow to love eternally.

Act V. Scene VIII.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites.

NOr without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine Eyes have view'd (in Contemplations depth)
This work of Wit, divine and excellent:
What ſhape, what ſubſtance, or what unknown power
In Virgins habit, crown'd with Lawrel Leaves,
And Olive Branches woven in between,
On Sea-girt Rocks, like to a Goddeſs ſhines?
O Front! O Face! O all Cæleſtial ſure,
And more than mortal! *Arete*, behold
Another *Cynthia*, and another Queen,
Whoſe glory (like a laſting *Plenilune*)
Seems ignorant of what it is to warſe.
Nor under Heaven an object could be found
More fit to pleaſe. Let *Crites* make approach.
Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with ſtay,
Or to defer our favour, after view:
" The time of grace is, when the cauſe is new.

Are. Lo, here the Man (Celeſtial *Delia*)
Who (like a Circle bounded in it ſelf)
Contains as much as Man in fulneſs may.
Lo, here the Man, who not of uſual Earth,
But of that nobler and more precious mould
Which *Phœbus* ſelf doth temper, is compos'd;
And, who (though all were wanting to reward)
Yet, to himſelf he would not wanting be:
Thy favours gain is his ambitions moſt,
And labours beſt; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed ſilent in thy glorious ſight.

Cyn. With no leſs pleaſure, than we have beheld
This precious Cryſtal work of rareſt wit,
Our Eye doth read thee (now enſtil'd) our *Crites*;
Whom learning, vertue, and our favour laſt,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
" With common Eye the Supreme ſhould not ſee.
Hence-forth be Ours, the more thy ſelf to be.

Cri. Heav'ns pureſt light, whoſe Orb may be eclips'd,
But not thy Praiſe; (divineſt *Cynthia*)
How much too narrow for ſo high a grace,
Thine (ſave therein) the moſt unworthy *Crites*
Doth find himſelf! For ever ſhine thy fame;
Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do;
In me they muſt, my dark Worlds chiefeſt Lights,
By whoſe propitious Beams my powers are rais'd
To hope ſome part of thoſe moſt lofty Points,
Which bleſſed *Arete* hath pleas'd to name,
As marks, to which my 'ndeavours ſteps ſhould bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee muſt end.

Act V. Scene IX.

The Second Maſque.

Mercury, as a Page.

SIſter of *Phœbus*, to whoſe bright Orb we owe, that we not complain of his abſence; Theſe four Brethren (for they are Brethren, and Sons of *Eutaxia*, a Lady known, and highly belov'd of your reſplendent Deity) not able to be abſent, when *Cynthia* held a Solemnity, officiouſly inſinuate themſelves into thy preſence: For, as there are four Cardinal Vertues, upon which the whole Frame of the Court doth move, ſo are theſe the four Cardinal properties, without which, the body of Complement moveth not. With theſe four Silver Javelins (which they bear in their Hands) they ſupport in Princes Courts the ſtate of the Preſence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may ſeem ſuperfluous, yet for honours ſake, they thus preſume to viſit thee, having alſo been employ'd in the Palace of Queen *Perfection*. And though to them that would make themſelves gracious to a Goddeſs, Sacrifices were fitter than Preſents, or Impreſſes, yet they both hope thy Favour, and (in place of either) uſe ſeveral Symbols, containing the Titles of thy Imperial Dignity.

Firſt, the hithermoſt, in the changeable blue and green Robe, is the commendably-faſhion'd Gallant, *Euco∫mos*; whoſe Courtly Habit is the grace of the Preſence, and delight of the ſurveying Eye: whom Ladies underſtand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His Symbol is *Divæ Virgini*, in which he would expreſs thy Deities principal Glory, which hath ever been Virginity.

The Second, in the rich Accoutrement, and Robe of Purple, empaled with Gold, is *Eupathes*; who entertains his mind with an harmleſs, but not incurious variety: All the objects of his Senſes are Sumptuous, himſelf a Gallant, that, without exceſs, can make uſe of ſuperfluity, go richly in Embroideries, Jewels, and what not? without vanity, and fare delicately, without gluttony: and therefore (not without cauſe) is univerſally thought to be of fine humour. His Symbol is, *Divæ Optimæ*; an Attribute to expreſs thy Goodneſs, in which thou ſo reſembleſt *Jove* thy Father.

The Third, in the bluſh-colour'd Suit, is *Eutolmos*, as duly reſpecting others, as never neglecting himſelf; commonly known by the Title of *good Audacity*: to Courts, and courtly Aſſemblies, a Gueſt moſt acceptable. His Symbol is, *Divæ Viragini*; to expreſs thy hardy courage, in chaſe of ſavage Beaſts, which harbour in Woods and Wilderneſſes.

The Fourth, in watchet Tinſel, is the kind and truly benifique *Euclos*; who imparteth not without reſpect, but yet without difficulty; and hath the happineſs to make every kindneſs ſeem double, by the timely and freely beſtowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who (by the vulgar) are ſaid to be of *good nature*. His Symbol is, *Divæ Maximæ*; an Adjunct to ſignifie thy Greatneſs, which in Heaven, Earth, and Hell is formidable.

Act V. Scene X.

The Maſques joyn, and they dance.

Cupid, Mercury.

IS not that *Amorphus*, the traveller?

Mer. As though it were not! do you not ſee how his Legs are in travel with a meaſure?

Cup. Hedon, thy Maſter is next.

Mer. What, will *Cupid* turn *Nomenclator*, and cry them?

Cup. No faith, but I have a *Comœdy* toward, that would not be loſt for a Kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for *Cupid* will prove the *Comœdy*.

Cup. Mercury, I am ſtudying how to match them.

Mer. How to miſ-match them were harder.

Cup. They are the *Nymphs* muſt do it; I ſhall ſport my ſelf with their Paſſions above meaſure.

Mer. Thoſe *Nymphs* would be tam'd a little, indeed; but I fear thou haſt not Arrows for the purpoſe.

Cup. O, yes, here be of all ſorts, Flights, Rovers, and But ſhafts. But I can wound with a Brandiſh, and never draw Bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my inviſible Archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

Cup. It behoves me to be ſomewhat circumſpect, *Mercury*; for if *Cynthia* hear the twang of my Bow, ſhe'll go neer to whip me with the ſtring: therefore, to prevent that, I thus diſcharge a brandiſh upon—— it makes no matter which of the couples. *Phantaſte*, and *Amorphus*, at you.

Mer. Will the ſhaking of a Shaft ſtrike 'em into ſuch a Fever of Affection?

Cup. As well as the winck of an Eye: but I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee. Marry, all that I fear, is *Cynthia*'s preſence; which, with the cold of her Chaſtity, caſteth ſuch an *Antiperiſtaſis* about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the Patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the *Antiperiſtaſis* will keep it in.

Mer. I long to ſee the experiment.

Cup. Why, their Marrow boils already, or they are all turn'd Eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, and't be ſo, I'll give over ſpeaking, and be a ſpectator only. [*The firſt ſtrain done.*

Amo. Cynthia (by my bright Soul) is a right exquiſite, and ſplendidious Lady; yet *Amorphus*, I think, hath ſeen more Faſhions, I am ſure more Countries: but whether I have, or not, whether need we gaze on *Cynthia*, that have our ſelf to admire?

Pha. O, excellent *Cynthia!* yet if *Phantaſte* ſate where ſhe does, and had ſuch Attire on her Head (for Attire can do much) I ſay no more —— but Goddeſſes are Goddeſſes, and *Phantaſte* is as ſhe is! I would the Revels were done once, I might go to my School of Glaſs again, and learn to do my ſelf right after all this ruffling.

Mer. How now, *Cupid*? here's a wonderful change with your brandiſh: do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What Prodigie is this? no word of Love? no mention? no motion?

Mer. Not a word, my little *Ignis fatue*, not a word.

Cup. Are my Darts inchanted? Is their vigour gone? is their Vertue ——

Mer. What? *Cupid* turn'd jealous of himſelf? ha, ha, ha.

Cup. Laughs *Mercury*?

Mer. Is *Cupid* angry?

Cup. Hath he not cauſe, when his purpoſe is ſo deluded?

Mer. A rare *Comædie*, it ſhall be intituled, *Cupids.*

Cup. Do not ſcorn us, *Hermes.*

Mer. Choler, and *Cupid*, are two fiery things; I ſcorn 'em not. But I ſee that come to paſs, which I preſag'd in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the Phyſick will not work ſo ſoon upon ſome, as upon others. It may be, the reſt are not ſo reſty.

Mer. Ex ungue; you know the old *adage*, as theſe, ſo are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try: this is the ſame Shaft with which I wounded *Argurion.*

Mer. I, but let me ſave you a labour, *Cupid*; there were certain Bottles of Water fetcht, and drunk off (ſince that time) by theſe Gallants.

Cup. Jove, ſtrike me into Earth: the *Fountain* of *ſelf-Love!*

Mer. Nay, faint not, *Cupid.*

Cup. I remembred it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of *Anteros* upon you, you know not what Charm or Inchantment lies in the word: you ſaw, I durſt not venture upon any device, in our preſentment, but was content to be no other than a ſimple Page. Your Arrows properties (to keep *decorum*) *Cupid*, are ſuted (it ſhould ſeem) to the nature of him you perſonate.

Cup. Indignity not to be born.

Mer. Nay rather, an attempt to have been forborn.

Cup. How might I revenge my ſelf on this inſulting *Mercury*? there's *Crites*, his minion, he has not taſted of this Water. It ſhall be ſo. Is *Crites* turn'd dotard on himſelf too? [*The ſecond Strain.*

Mer. That follows not, becauſe the Venome of your Shafts cannot pierce him, *Cupid.*

Cup. As though there were one Antidote for theſe; and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not; or as if one effect might not ariſe of divers cauſes? What ſay you to *Cynthia*, *Arete*, *Phronesis*, *Time*, and others there?

Cup. They are Divine.

Mer. And *Crites* aſpires to be ſo.

Cup. But that ſhall not ſerve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But *Cupid* is grown too covetous, that will not ſpare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude. [*The third ſtrain.*

Mer. Aretes favour makes any one Shot-proof againſt thee, *Cupid.* I pray thee, light Hony-bee, remember thou art not now in *Adonis* Garden, but in *Cynthia's* preſence, where Thorns lie in Garriſon about the Roſes. Soft *Cynthia* ſpeaks.

Act V. Scene XI.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites, Maſquers.

LAdies, and Gallants of our Court, to end,
And give a timely period to our Sports,
Let us conclude them with declining Night;
Our Empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompence
For your fair pains, t'have earn'd *Diana's* thanks;
Diana grants them: and beſtows their Crown
To gratifie your acceptable Zeal.
For you are they, that not (as ſome have done)
Do cenſure us, as too ſevere and ſowre,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the prophane, perhaps indeed auſtere:
For ſo *Actæon*, by preſuming far,
Did (to our grief) incur a fatal doom;
And ſo, ſwoln *Niobe* (comparing more
Than he preſum'd) was trophæed into Stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seems it no crime, to enter ſacred Bowers,
And hallowed Places, with impure aſpect,
Moſt lewdly to pollute? Seems it no crime,
To brave a Deity? Let Mortals learn
To make Religion of offending Heaven;
And not at all to cenſure Powers Divine.
To Men, this argument ſhould ſtand for firm,
'A Goddeſs did it, therefore it was good:
'We are not cruel, nor delight in Blood.
But what have ſerious repetitions
To do with Revels, and the Sports of Court?
We not intend to ſowre your late delights
With harſh expoſtulation. Let't ſuffice,
That we take notice, and can take revenge
Of theſe calumnious, and lewd Blaſphemies.
For we are no leſs *Cynthia*, than we were,
Nor is our Power (but as our ſelf) the ſame:
Though we have now put on no tire of ſhine,
But mortal Eyes undaz'led may endure.
'Years are beneath the Spheres: and time makes weak
'Things under Heaven, not Powers which govern Heaven.
And though our ſelf be, in our ſelf ſecure,
Yet let not Mortals challenge to themſelves
Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all:
'Honour hath ſtore of Spleen, but wanteth Gall.
Once more, we caſt the ſlumber of our thanks
On your ta'n toil, which here let take an end.
And that we not miſtake your ſeveral worths,
Nor you our favour, from your ſelves remove

What

What makes you not your ſelves, thoſe Clouds of Mask:
" Particular Pains, particular Thanks do ask. [*They unmask.*
How! let me view you. Ha! are we contemn'd?
Is there ſo little awe of our Diſdain,
That any (under truſt of their Diſguiſe)
Should mix themſelves with others of the Court,
And (without Forehead) boldly preſs ſo far,
As farther none? How apt is Lenity
To be abus'd? Severity to be loath'd?
And yet, how much more doth the ſeeming Face
Of Neighbour-Vertues, and their borrowed Names,
Add of lewd Boldneſs to looſe Vanities?
Who would have thought that *Philautia* durſt
Or have uſurped Noble *Storges* Name,
Or with that Theft have ventur'd on our Eyes?
Who would have thought, that all of them ſhould hope
So much of our Continence, as to come
To grace themſelves with Titles not their own?
In ſtead of Med'cins, have we Maladies?
And ſuch Impoſthumes as *Phantaſte* is,
Grow in our Palace? We muſt lance theſe Sores,
Or all will putrifie. Nor are theſe all,
For we ſuſpect a farther Fraud than this:
Take off our Vail, that Shadows may depart,
And Shapes appear: Beloved *Arete!* ——So,
Another Face of Things preſents it ſelf,
Than did of late. What! feather'd *Cupid* mask'd,
And mask'd like *Anteros*? And ſtay! more ſtrange!
Dear *Mercury*, our Brother, like a Page,
To countenance the Ambuſh of the Boy?
Nor endeth our Diſcovery as yet:
Gelaia, like a *Nymph*, that but e're-while
(In male Attire) did ſerve *Anaides*?
Cupid came hither to find Sport and Game,
Who heretofore hath been to converſant
Among our Train, but never felt Revenge;
And *Mercury* bare *Cupid* company.
Cupid, we muſt confeſs, this time of Mirth
(Proclaim'd by us) gave opportunity
To thy Attempts, although no Privilege;
Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
Thy Preſence longer; vaniſh hence, away.
You, *Mercury*, we muſt entreat to ſtay,
And hear what we determine of the reſt;
For in this Plot we well perceive your Hand.
But (for we mean not a *Cenſorian* Task,
And yet to lance theſe Ulcers grown ſo ripe)
Dear *Arete*, and *Crites*, to you two
We give the Charge; impoſe what Pains you pleaſe:
Th' incurable cut off, the reſt reform,
Remembring ever what we firſt decreed,
Since Revels were proclaim'd, let now none bleed.
Are. How well *Diana* can diſtinguiſh Times,
And ſort her Cenſures, keeping to her ſelf
The Doom of Gods, leaving the reſt to us?
Come, cite them, *Crites*, firſt, and then proceed.
Cri. Firſt, *Philautia*, (for ſhe was the firſt)
Then light *Gelaia*, in *Aglaias* Name;
Thirdly, *Phantaſte*, and *Moria* next,
Main Follies all, and of the Female Crew:
Amorphus, or *Eucoſmos* Counterfeit,
Voluptuous *Hedon*, ta'ne for *Eupathes*,
Brazen *Anaides*, and *Aſotus* laſt,
With his two Pages, *Morus* and *Proſaites*;
And thou, the Traveller's Evil, *Cos*, approach,
Impoſtors all, and Male Deformities——
Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my Power,
And will that at thy Mercy they do ſtand,
Whom they ſo oft, ſo plainly ſcorn'd before.
" 'Tis Vertue which they want, and wanting it,
" Honour no Garment to their Backs can fit.
Then, *Crites*, practiſe thy Diſcretion.
Cri. Adored *Cynthia*, and bright *Arete*,
Another might ſeem fitter for this Task,
Than *Crites* far, but that you judge not ſo:
For I (not to appear vindicative,
Or mindful of Contempts, which I contemn'd,
As done of impotence) muſt be remiſs;
Who, as I was the Author, in ſome ſort,
To work their Knowledge into *Cynthia's* ſight,
So ſhould be much ſeverer to revenge
Th' Indignity hence iſſuing to her Name:
But there's not one of theſe who are unpain'd,
Or by themſelves unpuniſhed; for Vice
Is like a Fury to the vicious Mind,
And turns Delight it ſelf to Puniſhment.
But we muſt forward, to deſign their Doom.
You are Offenders, that muſt be confeſt;
Do you confeſs it? *All.* We do.
Cri. And that you merit ſharp Correction? *All.* Yes.
Cri. Then we (reſerving unto *Delia's* Grace
Her farther Pleaſure, and to *Arete*
What *Delia* granteth) thus do ſentence you.
That from this Place (for Penance known of all,
Since you have drunk ſo deeply of ſelf-love)
You (two and two) ſinging a *Palinode*,
March to your ſeveral Homes by *Niobe's* Stone,
And offer up two Tears apiece thereon,
That it may change the Name, as you muſt change,
And of a Stone be called *Weeping-Croſs*,
Becauſe it ſtandeth croſs of *Cynthia's* way,
One of whoſe Names is Sacred *Trivia*.
And, after Penance thus perform'd, you paſs
In like ſet Order, not as *Midas* did,
To waſh his Gold off into *Tagus* Stream;
But to the Well of Knowledge, *Helicon*;
Where purged of your preſent Maladies,
(Which are not few, nor ſlender) you become
Such as you fain would ſeem, and then return,
Offering your Service to great *Cynthia*.
This is your Sentence, if the Goddeſs pleaſe
To ratifie it with her high Conſent.
" The ſcope of wiſe Mirth unto Fruit is bent.
Cyn. We do approve thy Cenſure, belov'd *Crites*;
Which *Mercury*, thy true propitious Friend,
(A Deity next *Jove* belov'd of us)
Will undertake to ſee exactly done.
And for this Service of Diſcovery,
Perform'd by thee, in honour of our Name,
We vow to guerdon it with ſuch due Grace
As ſhall become our Bounty, and thy Place.
" Princes that would their People ſhould do well,
" Muſt at themſelves begin, as at the Head;
" For Men, by their Example, pattern out
" Their Imitations, and regard of Laws:
" A vertuous Court a World to Vertue draws.

PALINODE.

Amo. *From* Spaniſh *Shrugs*, French *Faces, Smirks, Irps, and all affected Humours,*
Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Pha. *From ſecret Friends, ſweet Servants, Loves Doves, and ſuch fantaſtick Humours,*
Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Amo. *From ſtabbing of Arms, Flap-dragons, Healths, Whiffs, and all ſuch ſwaggering Humours,*
Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Pha. *From waving Fans, coy Glances, Glicks, Cringes, and all ſuch ſimpring Humours,*
Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Amo. *From making Love by Attorney, courting of Puppets, and paying for new Acquaintance,*
Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.
Pha. *From*

Pha. *From perfum'd Dogs, Monkeys, Sparrows, Dildoes, and Parachitoes,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Amo. *From wearing Bracelets of Hair, Shoe-ties, Gloves, Garters, and Rings with Poesies,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Pha. *From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivel'd Faces,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Amo. *From Squiring to Tilt-yards, Play houses, Pageants, and all such Publick Places,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Pha. *From entertaining one Gallant to gull another, and making Fools of either,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

Amo. *From belying Ladys Favours, Noblemens Countenance, coyning counterfeit Employments, vain glorious taking to them other Mens Services, and all* self-loving *Humours,*

Chorus. Good *Mercury* defend us.

SONG.

NOw each one dry his weeping Eyes,
And to the Well of Knowledge haste;
Where purged of your Maladies,
You may of sweeter Waters taste,
And, with refined Voice, report
The Grace of Cynthia, *and her Court.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

GEnteels, be't known to you, since I went in,
I am turn'd Rimer, and do thus begin:
The Author (jealous how your Sense doth take
His Travels) hath enjoyned me to make
Some short and ceremonious Epilogue;
But if I yet know what, I am a Rogue:
He ties me to such Laws as quite distract
My Thoughts, and would a Tear of Time exact:
I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry,
Sowr, serious, confident, nor peremptory;
But betwixt these. Let's see, to lay the blame
Upon the Childrens Action, that were lame.
To crave your favour, with a begging Knee,
Were to distrust the Writer's Faculty.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues Disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The Play, might tax the Maker of Self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
By —— 'tis good, and if you like't, you may.

THE END.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

POETASTER:

OR,

His Arraignment.

A COMICAL SATYR.

First Acted in the Year 1601. By the then CHILDREN of QUEEN *ELIZABETH*'s CHAPPEL.

With the Allowance of the Maſter of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet. Mart.

TO THE

VERTUOUS and my WORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. Richard Martin.

SIR,

A Thankful Man owes a Courteſie ever: the unthankful, but when he needs it. To make mine own mark appear, and ſhew by which of theſe Seals I am known, I ſend you this Piece of what may live of mine; for whoſe Innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a Noble and Timely Undertaker, to the greateſt Juſtice of this Kingdom. Enjoy now the delight of your Goodneſs; which is to ſee that proſper, you preſerv'd: and Poſterity to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your Name, which ſo much Ignorance, and Malice of the Times, then conſpir'd to have ſuppreſt.

Your true Lover,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
MECOENAS.
MARC. OVID.
COR. GALLUS.
PROPERTIUS.
FUS. ARISTUS.
PUB. OVID.
VIRGIL.
HORACE.
TREBATIUS.

LUPUS.
TUCCA.
CRISPINUS.
HERMOGENES.
DE. FANNIUS.
ALBIUS.
MINOS.
HISTRIO.
PVRGUS.
LICTORS.

JULIA.
CYTHERIS.
PLAUTIA.
CHLOE.
MAIDS.

The SCENE

ROME.

The Principal COMŒDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.
SAL. PAVY.
THO. DAY.

JOH. UNDERWOOD.
WILL. OSTLER.
THO. MARTON.

POETASTER.

After the ſecond Sounding.

Envy. [*Ariſing in the midſt of the Stage.*

LIght, I ſalute thee, but with wounded Nerves:
Wiſhing thy Golden ſplendor, pitchy darkneſs.
What's here? *th' Arraignment?* I: This, this is it.
That our ſunk Eyes have wak't for all this while:
Here will be ſubject for my Snakes, and me.
Cling to my Neck, and Wriſts, my loving Worms,
And caſt you round in ſoft and amorous foulds,
Till I do bid, uncurl: Then break your Knots,
Shoot out your ſelves at length, as your forc't Stings
Would hide themſelves within his malic't ſides,
To whom I ſhall apply you. Stay! the ſhine
Of this Aſſembly here offends my ſight,
I'll darken that firſt, and Out-face their Grace.
Wonder not, if I ſtare: theſe Fifteen Weeks
(So long as ſince the Plot was but an *Embrion*)
Have I, with burning Lights mixt vigilant Thoughts,
In expectation of this hated Play;
To which (at laſt) I am arriv'd as *Prologue*.
Nor would I, you ſhould look for other Looks,
Geſture, or Complement from me, than what
Th' infected bulk of *Envy* can afford:
For I am riſs here with a covetous hope,
To blaſt your Pleaſures and deſtroy your Sports,
With Wreſtings, Comments, Applications,
Spy-like Suggeſtions, privy Whiſperings,
And thouſand ſuch promooting ſleights as theſe.
Mark, how I will begin: The *Scene* is, ha!
Rome? *Rome*? and *Rome*? Crack Eye-ſtrings, and your (Balls
Drop into Earth; let me be ever blind.
I am prevented; all my hopes are croſt,
Check't, and abated; fie, a freezing ſweat
Flows forth at all my Pores, my Entrails burn:
What ſhould I do? *Rome*? *Rome*? O my vext Soul,
How might I force this to the preſent ſtate?
Are there no Players here? no Poet-apes,
That come with Baſilisks Eyes, whoſe forked Tongues
Are ſteept in venom, as their Hearts in Gall?
Either of theſe would help me; they could wreſt,
Pervert, and poyſon all they hear, or ſee,
With ſenſeleſs Gloſſes, and Alluſions.
Now if you be good Devils, fly me not.
You know what dear and ample Faculties
I have endow'd you with: I'll lend you more.
Here, take my Snakes among you, come, and eat,
And while the ſqueez'd juice flows in your black Jaws,
Help me to dam the Author. Spit it forth
Upon his Lines, and ſhew your ruſty Teeth
At every Word, or Accent: or elſe chooſe
Out of my longeſt Vipers, to ſtick down
In your deep Throats; and let the Heads come forth
At your ranck Mouths; that he may ſee you arm'd
With triple Malice, to hiſs, ſting, and tear
His work and him; to forge, and then declaim,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforce, ſuggeſt:
O, theſe are gifts wherein your Souls are bleſt.
What? do you hide your ſelves? will none appear?
None anſwer? what, doth this calm Troop affright you?
Nay, then I do deſpair? down, ſink again.
This travail is all loſt with my dead hopes.
If in ſuch Boſoms Spight have left to dwell,
Envy is not on Earth, nor ſcarſe in Hell.

The third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

STay Monſter, ere thou ſink, thus on thy Head
Set we our bolder Foot; with which we tread
Thy Malice into Earth: So ſpight ſhould dye,
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by noble Induſtry.
If any muſe why I ſalute the Stage,
An armed *Prologue*; know, 'tis a dangerous Age:
Wherein, who writes, had need preſent his *Scenes*
Forty-fold proof againſt the conjuring means
Of baſe Detractors, and illiterate Apes,
That fill up Rooms in fair and formal ſhapes.
'Gainſt theſe, have we put on this forc't defence:
Whereof the *Allegory* and hid ſenſe
Is, that a well erected Confidence
Can fright their Pride, and laugh their Folly hence.
Here now, put caſe our Author ſhould, once more,
Swear that his Play were good; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of Arrogance:
How e're that common Spawn of Ignorance,
Our fry of Writers may beſlime his Fame,
And give his Action that adulterate Name.
Such full-blown vanity he more doth loath,
Than baſe dejection: There's a mean 'twixt both.
Which with a conſtant firmneſs he purſues,
As one that knows the ſtrength of his own *Muſe*.
And this he hopes all free Souls will allow;
Others, that take it with a rugged brow,
Their Moods he rather pitties than envies:
His Mind it is above their Iujuries.

Act I. Scene I.

Ovid, Luſcus.

THen, when this Body falls in Funeral Fire,
My name ſhall live, and my beſt part aſpire.
It ſhall go ſo.

Luſc. Young Maſter, Maſter *Ovid*, do you hear? Gods a me! away with your *Songs*, and *Sonnets*; and on with your Gown and Cap, quickly: here, here, your Father will be a Man of this room preſently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. Theſe Verſes too, a poyſon on 'em, I cannot abide 'em, they make me ready to caſt by the Banks of *Helicon*.* Nay look, what a raſcally untoward thing this *Poetry* is; I could tear 'em now.

Ovid. Give me, how neer's my Father?

Luſc. Heart a Man: get a Law-book in your hand, I will not anſwer you elſe. Why ſo: now there's ſome formality in you. By *Jove*, and three or four of the Gods more, I am right of mine old Maſters humour for that; this villanous *Poetry* will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, haſt thou Buskins on, *Luſcus*, that thou ſwear'ſt ſo tragically and high?

Luſc. No, but I have Boots on, Sir, and ſo has your Father too by this time: for he call'd for 'em e're I came from the Lodging.

Ovid. Why? was he no readier?

Luſc. O no; and there was the mad ſkeldring Captain, with the Velvet Arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that preſſes every Man he meets, with an Oath, to lend him Money, and cries, (Thou muſt do't, old Boy, as thou art a Man, a Man of Worſhip.)

Ovid. Who? *Pantilius Tucca?*

Luſc. I, he; and I met little Maſter *Lupus*, the *Tribune*, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an' he be under their Arreſt, I may (with ſafety enough) read over my *Elegy* before he come.

Luſc. Gods a me! What'll you do? why, young Maſter, you are not *Caſtalian* Mad, Lunatick, Frantick, Deſperate? ha?

Ovid. What aileſt thou, *Luſcus*?

Luſc. God be with you, Sir, I'll leave you to your *Poetical* Fancies, and *Furies*. I'll not be guilty, I.

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:
For thus alone, our Ear ſhall better judge
The haſty Errours of our Moning *Muſe*.

Ovid. Lib. 1. Amo. Ele. 15.

Envy, why twit'ſt thou me, my time's ſpent ill?
And call'ſt my Verſe, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the Line from whence I ſprung)
Wars duſty Honours I purſue not young?
Or that I ſtudy not the tedious Laws;
And proſtitute my voyce in every Cauſe?
Thy ſcope is mortal; mine, eternal fame:
Which through the World ſhall ever chaunt my Name.
Homer *will live, whil'ſt* Tenedos *ſtands, and* Ide,
Or, to the Sea, fleet Simois *doth ſlide:*
And ſo ſhall Heſiod *too, while Vines do bear,*
Or crooked Sickles crop the ripened Ear.
Callimachus, *though in invention low,*
Shall ſtill be ſung, ſince he in art doth flow.
No loſs ſhall come to Sophocles *proud vein;*
With Sun and Moon Aratus *ſhall remain.*
Whil'ſt Slaves be falſe, Fathers hard, and Bawds be whoriſh,
Whil'ſt Harlots flatter, ſhall Menander *flouriſh.*
Ennius, *though rude, and* Accius *high-rear'd ſtrain,*
A freſh applauſe in every Age ſhall gain.
Of Varro's *name, what Ear ſhall not be told?*
Of Jaſon's Argo *and the Fleece of Gold?*
Then ſhall Lucretius *lofty numbers dye,*
When Earth and Seas in Fire and Flames ſhall fry.
Tytirus, *Tillage,* Æneе *ſholl be read,*
Whilſt Rome *of all the Conquer'd World is Head.*
Till Cupid's *Fires be out, and his Bow broken,*
Thy Verſes (neat Tibullus*) ſhall be ſpoken.*
Our Gallus *ſhall be known from Eaſt to Weſt:*
So ſhall Lycoris, *whom he now loves beſt.*
The ſuffering Plough-ſhare or the Flint may wear:
But Heavenly Poeſie *no death can fear.*
Kings ſhall give place to it, and kingly ſhows,
The Banks o're which Gold-bearing Tagus *flows.*
Kneell Hinds to traſh: me let bright Phœbus *ſwell*
With Cups full flowing from the Muſes *Well.*
Froſt-fearing Myrtle ſhall impale my Head,
And of ſad Lovers I'll be often read.
" *Envy, the Living, not the Dead, doth bite:*
" *For after death all Men receive their right.*
Then, when this Body falls in Funeral Fire,
My Name ſhall live, and my beſt part aſpire.

Act I. Scene II.

Ovid Senior, *Ovid* Junior, *Luſcus*, *Tucca*, *Lupus*, *Pyrgus*.

YOur Name ſhall live indeed, Sir; you ſay true: but how infamouſly, how ſcorn'd and contemn'd in the Eyes and Ears of the beſt and graveſt *Romans*, that you think not on: you never ſo much as dream of that. Are theſe the Fruits of all my travel and expences? is this the Scope and Aim of thy Studies? are theſe the hopeful Courſes, wherewith I have ſo long flattered my expectation from thee? Verſes? *Poetry? Ovid*, whom I thought to ſee the Pleader, become *Ovid* the Playmaker?

Ovid. ju. No, Sir.

Ovid. ſe. Yes, Sir. I hear of a *Tragedy* of yours coming forth for the common Players there, call'd *Medea*. By my Houſhold-gods, if I come to the Acting of it, I'll add one Tragick Part more than is yet expected, to it; believe me when I promiſe it. What? ſhall I have my Son a Stager now? an Enghle for Players? a Gull? a Rook? a Shot clog? to make Suppers, and be laught at? *Publius*, I will ſet thee on the Funeral Pile firſt.

Ovid. ju. Sir, I beſeech you to have patience.

Luſc. Nay, this 'tis to have your Ears dam'd up to good Counſel. I did augure all this to him before-hand, without poring into an Oxes Panch for the matter, and yet he would not be ſcrupulous.

Tuc. How now, Goodman Slave? what *rowly powly?* all Rivals, Raſcal? Why my Maſter of worſhip, doſt hear? Are theſe thy beſt Projects? is this thy Deſigns and thy Diſcipline, to ſuffer Knaves to be competitors with Commanders and Gentlemen? are we *Parallels*, Raſcal? are we *Parallels?*

Ovid. ſe. Sirrah, go get my Horſes ready. You'll ſtill be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual Stinkard, do, go; talk to Tapſters and Oſtlers, you Slave, they are i' your Element, go; here be the Emperors Captains, you Raggamuffin Raſcal, and not your *Cam'rades*.

Lup. Indeed, *Marcus Ovid*, theſe Players are an idle Generation, and do much harm in a State, corrupt young Gentry very much, I know it: I have not been a *Tribune* thus long and obſerv'd nothing: Beſides, they will rob us, us, that are Magiſtrates, of our reſpect, bring us upon their Stages, and make us ridiculous to the Plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wiſeſt Men they can come by ſtill, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Th'art in the right, my venerable Cropſhin, they will indeed: the Tongue of the Oracle never twang'd truer. Your Courtier cannot kiſs his Miſtreſſes Slippers in quiet for 'em: nor your white innocent Gallant pawn his Revelling Sute to make his Punk a Supper. An honeſt decayed Commander cannot Skelder, Cheat, nor be ſeen in a Bawdy-houſe, but he ſhall be ſtrait in one of their Worm-wood *Comedies*. They are grown licentious, the Rogues; Libertines, flat Libertines. They forget they are i' the *Statute*, the Raſcals, they are *blazon'd* there, there they are trickt, they and their Pedigrees; they need no other *Heralds*, I wiſs.

Ovid. ſe. Methinks, if nothing elſe, yet this alone, the very reading of the Publick *Edicts*, ſhould fright thee from Commerce with them, and give thee diſtaſte enough of their Actions. But this betrays what a Student you are: this argues your Proficiency in the *Law*.

Ovid. ju. They wrong me, Sir, and do abuſe you more,
That blow your Ears with theſe untrue Reports.
I am not known unto the open Stage,
Nor do I Traffick in their *Theaters*.
Indeed, I do acknowledg, at requeſt

Of

Of ſome meer Friends, and honourable *Romans*,
I have begun a *Poem* of that nature.

Ovid. ſe. You have, Sir, a *Poem*? and where is't? that's the *Law* you ſtudy.

Ovid. ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid. ſe. Cornelius Gallus? There's another Gallant, too, hath drunk of the ſame Poyſon: and *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*. But theſe are Gentlemen of Means and Reveneues now. Thou art a younger Brother, and haſt nothing but thy bare exhibition: which I proteſt ſhall be bare indeed, if thou forſake not theſe unprofitable By-courſes, and that timely too. Name me a profeſt *Poet*, that his *Poetry* did ever afford him ſo much as a Competency. I, your God of *Poets* there (whom all of you admire and reverence ſo much) *Homer*, he whoſe Worm-eaten Statue muſt not be ſpew'd againſt, but with hallowed Lips, and groveling Adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old Swaggerer; He was a poor, blind, riming Raſcal, that liv'd obſcurely up and down in Booths, and Tap-houſes, and ſcarce ever made a good Meal in his ſleep, the Whorſon hungry begger.

Ovid. ſe. He ſays well: Nay, I know this nettles you now, but anſwer me; Is't not true? you'll tell me his name ſhall live; and that (now being dead) his works have eternis'd him, and made him Divine. But could this Divinity feed him, while he liv'd? could his name feaſt him?

Tuc. Or purchaſe him a *Senators* Revenue? could it?

Ovid. ſe. I, or give him Place in the Commonwealth? Worſhip, or Attendants? make him be carried in his Litter?

Tuc. Thou ſpeakeſt Sentences, old *Bias*.

Lup. All this the *Law* will do, young Sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid. ſe. If he be mine, he ſhall follow and obſerve, what I will apt him to, or, I profeſs here openly, and utterly to diſclaim him.

Ovid. ju. Sir, let me crave you will forgo theſe Moods;
I will be any thing, or ſtudy any thing:
I'll prove the unfaſhion'd Body of the *Law*
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'ſt ſtrains
Run ſmoothly, as *Propertius Elegies*.

Ovid. ſe. Propertius Elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, *Marcus*.

Ovid. ſe. Why, he cannot ſpeak, he cannot think out of *Poetry*, he is bewicht with it.

Lup. Come, do not miſprize him.

Ovid. ſe. Miſprize? I, marry, I would have him uſe ſome ſuch words now: They have ſome touch, ſome taſte of the *Law*. He ſhould make himſelf a ſtile out of theſe, and let his *Propertius Elegies* go by.

Lup. Indeed, young *Publius*, he that will now hit the Mark, muſt ſhoot through the *Law*; we have no other *Planet* Reigns, and in that Sphear, you may ſit and ſing with Angels. Why, the *Law* makes a Man happy, without reſpecting any other Merit: a ſimple Schollar, or none at all, may be a Lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble *Neophyte*; my little *Grammaticaſter*, he do's: It ſhall never put thee to thy *Mathematicks*, *Metaphyſicks*, *Philoſophy*, and I know not what ſuppos'd ſufficiencies; if thou canſt but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noiſe enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three Books will furniſh you.

Tuc. And the leſs Art, the better: Beſides, when it ſhall be in the power of thy Chevril Conſcience, to do right, or wrong, at thy pleaſure, my pretty *Alcibiades*.

Lup. I, and to have better Men than himſelf, by many thouſand degrees, to obſerve him, and ſtand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himſelf proud, and ſtately, and have the Law on his ſide for't, old Boy.

Ovid. ſe. Well, the day grows old, Gentlemen, and I muſt leave you. *Publius*, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon theſe idle fruitleſs Studies that ſo bewitch thee. Send *Janus* home his Back-face again, and look only forward to the *Law*: Intend that. I will allow thee what ſhall ſute thee in the Rank of Gentlemen, and maintain thy Society with the beſt: and under theſe Conditions, I leave thee. My bleſſings light upon thee, if thou reſpect them: if not, mine Eyes may drop for thee, but thine own Heart will ake for it ſelf; and ſo farewel. What, are my Horſes come?

Luſ. Yes, Sir, they are at the Gate without.

Ovid. ſe. That's well. *Aſinius Lupus*, a word. Captain, I ſhall take my leave of you?

Tuc. No, my little old Boy, diſpatch with *Cotburnus* there: I'll attend thee, I——

Luſ. To borrow ſome ten Drachmes, I know his Project.

Ovid. ſe. Sir, you ſhall make me beholding to you. Now Captain *Tucca*, what ſay you?

Tuc. Why, what ſhould I ſay? or what can I ſay, my flower o' the Order? Should I ſay, thou art Rich? or that thou art Honourable? or Wiſe? or Valiant? or Learned? or Liberal? Why, thou art all theſe, and thou knoweſt it (my noble *Lucullus*) thou knoweſt it: come, be not aſhamed of thy Vertues, old Stump. Honours a good brooch to wear in a Mans Hat, at all times. Thou art the *Man of Wars Mecænas*, old Boy. Why ſhouldſt not thou be grac't then by them, as well as he is by his *Poets*? How now, my Carrier, what News.

Luſ. The Boy has ſtaied within for his *Cue*, this half hour.

Tuc. Come, do not whiſper to me, but ſpeak it out: what? it is no Treaſon againſt the State, I hope, is't?

Luſ. Yes, againſt the State of my Maſters Purſe.

Pyr. Sir, *Agrippa* deſires you to forbear him till the next Week: his Moils are not yet come up.

Tuc. His Moils, now the *Bots*, the *Spawin*, and the *Glanders*, and ſome dozen Diſeaſes more, light on him and his Moils. What ha' they the *yellows*, his Moils, that they come no faſter? or are they foundred? ha? his Moils ha' the *Staggers* belike: ha' they?

Pyr. O no, Sir: then your Tongue might be ſuſpected for one of his Moils.

Tuc. He owes me almoſt a Talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his Moils, does he? Sirrah, you, Nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I muſt ha' Money, I: I cannot eat Stones and Turfs, ſay. What, will he clem me and my Followers? Ask him an' he will clem me; do, go. He would have me fry my Jerkin, would he? Away, Setter, away. Yet, ſtay my little Tumbler; this old Boy ſhall ſupply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I: I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, Sir, no; you are the moſt maidenly bluſhing Creature upon the Earth.

Tuc. Doſt thou hear, my little *ſix and fifty*, or thereabouts? Thou art not to learn the Humours and Tricks of that old bald Cheater Time: thou haſt not this Chain for nothing. Men of worth have their *Chymera's*, as well as other Creatures: and they do ſee Monſters, ſometimes: they do, they do, brave Boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he ſhall ſee you, I warrant him.

Tuc. Thou muſt let me have ſix, ſix Drachmes, I mean, old Boy; thou ſhalt do it: I tell thee, old Boy, thou ſhalt, and in private too, doſt thou ſee? Go, walk off: there, there. Six is the Sum. Thy Son's a Gallant Spark, and muſt not be put out of a ſudden: come hither, *Callimachus*, thy Father tells me thou art too Poetical, Boy; thou muſt not be ſo, thou muſt leave them, young Novice, thou muſt; they are a ſort of poor ſtarv'd Raſcals; that are ever wrapt up in ſoul Linnen; and can boaſt of nothing but a lean Viſage, peering out of a Seam-rent Sute; the very *Emblems* of Beggery. No, doſt hear? turn Lawyer, Thou ſhalt be my Solicitor. 'Tis right, old Boy, iſt?

Ovid. ſe. You were beſt tell it, Captain.

Tuc. No: fare thou well mine honeſt Horſe-man, and thou old Bever. Pray thee *Roman*, when thou comeſt to Town, ſee me at my Lodging, viſit me ſometimes: thou ſhalt be welcom, old Boy. Do not balk me, good Swaggerer. *Jove* keep thy Chain from pawning, go thy ways, if thou lack Money, I'll lend thee ſome: I'll leave thee to thy Horſe now. Adieu.

Ovid. ſe. Farewel, good Captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a ſhare now, Boy.

Ovid. ſe. 'Tis a ſtrange boldneſs that accompanies this Fellow: Come.

Ovid. ju. I'll give attendance on you to your Horſe, Sir, pleaſe you——

Ovid. ſe. No: keep your Chamber, and fall to your Studies; do ſo: the Gods of *Rome* bleſs thee.

Ovid. ju. And give me ſtomak to digeſt this *Law*.
That ſhould have followed ſure, had I been he.
O ſacred *Poeſie*, thou Spirit of *Roman* Arts,
The Soul of Science, and the Queen of Souls;
What prophane Violence, almoſt Sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy Divinities!
That thine own guiltleſs Poverty ſhould arm
Prodigious Ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence is all their force of Argument
Drawn forth againſt thee; or from the abuſe
Of thy great powers in adult'rate Brains:
When, would Men learn but to diſtinguiſh Spirits,
And ſet true difference 'twixt thoſe jaded Wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high Raptures of a happy *Muſe*,
Borne on the Wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at Earth with a diſdainful Heel,
And beats at Heaven Gates with her bright Hoofs;
They would not then with ſuch diſtorted Faces,
And deſp'rate Cenſures, ſtab at *Poeſie*.
They would admire bright Knowledg and their Minds
Should ne're deſcend on ſo unworthy Objects
As Gold, or Titles: they would dread far more,
To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.
'The time was once, when Wit drown'd Wealth: but now,
'Your only Barbariſm is t' have Wit, and want.
'No matter now in Vertue who excels,
'He that hath Coin, hath all perfection elſe.

Act I. Scene III.

Tibullus, Ovid.

O*Vid?* *Ovid.* Who's there? Gome in. *Tib.* Good morrow, Lawyer.

Ovid. Good morrow (dear *Tibullus*) welcom: ſit down.

Tib. Not I. What, ſo hard at it? Let's ſee, what's here? Nay, I will ſee it—— *Ovid.* Prithee away——

Tib. If thrice in Field, a man vanquiſh his Foe,
'Tis after in his choice to ſerve, or no.

How now *Ovid*! *Law* Caſes in Verſe?

Ovid. In troth, I know not: they run from my Pen Unwittingly, if they be Verſe. What's the news abroad?

Tib. Off with this Gown, I come to have thee walk.

Ovid. No, good *Tibullus*, I'm not now in Caſe, Pray' let me alone. *Tib.* How? not in caſe!
'Slight thou'rt in too much caſe, by all this *Law*.

Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dreſs the *Law*, In ſprightly *Poeſies* habillaments.

Tib. The Hell thou wilt. What, turn *Law* into Verſe? Thy Father has ſchool'd thee, I ſee. Here, read that ſame. There's ſubject for you: and if I miſtake not, A *Superſedeas* to your melancholy.

Ovid. How! ſubſcrib'd *Julia*! O, my Life, my Heaven!

Tib. Is the Mood chang'd?

Ovid. Muſick of Wit! Note for th' harmonious Sphears!
Celeſtial Accents, how you raviſh me!

Tibu. What is it, *Ovid*?

Ovid. That I muſt meet my *Julia*, the Princeſs *Julia*.

Tibu. Where?

Ovid. Why, at—— Heart, I have forgot: my Paſſion ſo tranſports me.

Tibu. I'll ſave your pains: it is at *Albius* Houſe, The Jewellers, where the fair *Lycoris* lyes.

Ovid. Who? *Cytheris*, *Cornelius Gallus* Love?

Tibu. I, he'll be there too, and my *Plautia*.

Ovid. And why not your *Delia*?

Tibu. Yes, and your *Corinna*.

Ovid. True, but my ſweet *Tibullus*, keep that ſecret: I would not, for all *Rome*, it ſhould be thought,
I vail bright *Julia* underneath that name:
Julia the Gem and Jewel of my Soul,
That takes her Honours from the golden Sky,
As Beauty doth all luſtre from her Eye.
The Air reſpires the pure *Elyzian* Sweets
In which ſhe breaths, and from her Looks deſcend
The Glories of the Summer. Heaven ſhe is,
Prais'd in her ſelf above all praiſe: and he
Which hears her ſpeak, would ſwear the tuneful Orbes
Turn'd in his *Zenith* only. *Tibu. Publius*, thou'lt loſe thy ſelf.

Ovid. O, in no Labyrinth can I ſafelier err,
Than when I loſe my ſelf in praiſing her.
Hence *Law*, and welcom *Muſes*; though not rich,
Yet are you pleaſing: let's be reconcil'd,
And now made one. Henceforth, I promiſe faith,
And all my ſerious hours to ſpend with you:
With you, whoſe Muſick ſtriketh on my Heart,
And with bewitching tones ſteals forth my Spirit,
In *Julia*'s name; fair *Julia*: *Julia*'s Love
Shall be a Law, and that ſweet Law I'll ſtudy,
The Law, and art of ſacred *Julia*'s Love:
All other Objects will but Abjects prove.

Tibu. Come, we ſhall have thee as paſſionate as *Propertius*, anon.

Ovid. O, how does my *Sextus*?

Tibu. Faith, full of ſorrow for his *Cynthia*'s death.

Ovid. What, ſtill?

Tibu. Still, and ſtill more, his Griefs do grow upon him, As do his hours. Never did I know
An underſtanding Spirit ſo take to heart
The common work of *Fate*. *Ovid.* O my *Tibullus*,
Let us not blame him: for, againſt ſuch chances,
The heartieſt ſtrife of Vertue is not proof.
We may read Conſtancy and Fortitude
To other Souls: but had our ſelves been ſtruck
With the like *Planet*, had our Loves (like his)
Been raviſht from us by injurious Death,
And in the height, and heat of our beſt days,
It would have crackt our Sinnews, ſhrunk our Veins,
And made our very Heart-ſtrings jar, like his.
Come, let's go take him forth, and prove, if mirth
Or Company will but abate his Paſſion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the Gods it may.

Act II. Scene I.

Albius, Criſpinus, Chloe, Maids, Cytheris.

MAſter *Criſpinus*, you are welcom: Pray' uſe a Stool, Sir. Your Couſin *Cytheris* will come down preſently. We are ſo buſie for the receiving of theſe Courtiers here, that I can ſcarce be a Minute with my ſelf, for thinking of them: Pray you ſit, Sir: Pray you ſit, Sir.

Criſ. I am very well, Sir. Ne're truſt me, but you are moſt delicately ſeated here, full of ſweet delight and blandiſhment! an excellent Air, an excellent Air!

Albi.

Albi. I, Sir, 'tis a pretty air. Theſe Courtiers run in my mind ſtill; I muſt look out: for *Jupiters* ſake, ſit, Sir. Or pleaſe you walk into the Garden? There's a Garden on the back-ſide.

Criſ. I am moſt ſtrenuouſly well, I thank you, Sir.

Albi. Much good do you, Sir.

Chlo. Come, bring thoſe Perfumes forward a little, and ſtrew ſome Roſes and Violets here; Fie, here be Rooms ſavour the moſt pitifully rank that ever I felt: I cry the Gods Mercy, my Husband's in the wind of us.

Albi. Why this is good, excellent, excellent: well ſaid, my ſweet *Chloe:* Trim up your Houſe moſt obſequiouſly.

Chlo. For *Vulcan*'s ſake, breath ſomewhere elſe: in troth you overcome our Perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

Albi. Hear but my opinion, ſweet Wife.

Chlo. A Pin for your opinion. In ſincerity, if you be thus fullſome to me in every thing, I'll be divorced; Gods my Body? you know what you were before I married you; I was a Gentlewoman born, I; I loſt all my Friends to be a Citizens Wife, becauſe I heard indeed, they kept their Wives as fine as Ladies; and that we might rule our Husbands like Ladies, and do what we liſted; do you think I would have married you elſe?

Albi. I acknowledge, ſweet Wife, ſhe ſpeaks the beſt of any Woman in *Italy*, and moves as mightily: which makes me, I had rather ſhe ſhould make Bumps on my Head, as big as my two Fingers, than I would offend her. But ſweet Wife——

Chlo. Yet again? Is't not grace enough for you, that I call you Husband, and you call me Wife: but you muſt ſtill be poking me, againſt my will, to things?

Albi. But you know, Wife, here are the greateſt Ladies, and Gallanteſt Gentlemen of *Rome*, to be entertain'd in our Houſe now: and I would fain adviſe thee, to entertain them in the beſt ſort, i' faith, Wife.

Chlo. In ſincerity, did you ever hear a man talk ſo idly? You would ſeem to be Maſter? you would have your Spoke in my Cart? you would adviſe me to entertain Ladies and Gentlemen? becauſe you can marſhal your Pack-needles, Horſe-combs, Hobby-Horſes, and Wall-candle-ſticks in your Ware-houſe better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain Ladies and Gentlefolks better than I?

Albi. O my ſweet Wife, upbraid me not with that: "Gain ſavours ſweetly from any thing; he that reſpects to get, muſt reliſh all Commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt Ode and Frankincenſe; or the moſt precious Balſamum and a Tar-barrel.

Chlo. Marry ſough: You ſell Snuffers too, if you be remembred, but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in Snuff, to learn how to entertain Gentlefolks of you, at theſe years i'faith. Alas man, there was not a Gentleman came to you houſe i' your t'other Wives time, I hope? nor a Lady? nor Muſick? nor Masks? Nor you, nor your Houſe were ſo much as ſpoken of, before I diſbaſt my ſelf, from my Hood and my Farthingal, to theſe Bum-rowls and your Whale-bone-Bodies.

Albi. Look here, my ſweet Wife; I am mum, my dear Mummia, my Balſamum, my *ſperma cete*, and my very City of—— ſhe has the moſt beſt, true, feminine wit in *Rome!*

Chriſ. I have heard ſo, Sir; and do moſt vehemently deſire to participate the knowledge of her fair Features.

Albi. Ah, peace; you ſhall hear more anon: be not ſeen yet, I pray you; not yet: obſerve.

Chlo. Give Husbands the Head a little more, and they'll be nothing but Head ſhortly; what's he there?

Maid 1. I know not, forſooth.

Maid 2. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?

Criſ. I would ſpeak with my Couſin *Cytheris.*

Maid. 2. He is one, forſooth, would ſpeak with his Couſin *Cytheris.*

Chlo. Is ſhe your Couſin, Sir?

Chriſ. Yes in truth, forſooth, for fault of a better.

Chlo. She is a Gentlewomau?

Criſ. Or elſe ſhe ſhould not be my Couſin, I aſſure you.

Chlo. Are you a Gentleman born?

Criſ. That I am, Lady; you ſhall ſee mine Arms, if't pleaſe you.

Chlo. No, your Legs do ſufficiently ſhew you are a Getleman born Sir: for a Man born upon little Legs, is always a Gentleman born.

Criſ. Yet, I pray you, vouchſafe the ſight of my Arms, Miſtreſs; for I bear them about me, to have 'em ſeen: my name is *Criſpinus*, or *Cri-ſpinas* indeed; which is well expreſt in my Arms, (a Face crying *in Chief*; and beneath it a bloody Toe, between three Thorns *Pungent.*)

Chlo. Then you are welcome, Sir, now you are a Gentleman born, I can find in my Heart to welcom you: for I am Gentlewoman born too, and will bear my Head high enough, though 'twere my fortune to marry a Tradeſman.

Criſ. No doubt of that, ſweet Feature, your Carriage ſhews it in any Mans Eye, that is carried upon you with Judgment.

Alb. Dear Wife, be not angry. [*He is ſtill going in and out.*

Chlo. God's my Paſſion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your Maids ſet Cuſhions in the Parlor Windows; nor in the Dining-chamber Windows; nor upon Stools, in either of them, in any caſe; for 'tis Tavern-like; but lay them one upon another, in ſome out-room or corner of the Dining-chamber.

Chlo. Go, go, meddle with your Bed-chamber only; or rather with your Bed in your Chamber only; or rather with your Wife in your Bed only; or on my faith I'll not be pleas'd with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear Wife, entertain that Gentleman kindly, I pry'thee—— mum.

Chlo. Go, I need your inſtructions indeed; anger me no more, I adviſe you. Citi-ſin, quoth'a! ſhe's a wiſe Gentlewoman y'faith, will marry her ſelf to the ſin of the City.

Alb. But this time, and no more (by Heaven) Wife: hang no Pictures in the Hall, nor in the Dining-chamber, in any caſe, but in the Gallery only, for 'tis not courtly elſe, o' my word, Wife.

Chlo. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife.——

Chlo. Do I not bear a reaſonable corrigible hand over him, *Criſpinus?*

Criſ. By this Hand, Lady, you hold a moſt ſweet hand over him.

Alb. And then for the great gilt Andirons——

Chlo. Again! would the Andirons were in your great Guts for me.

Alb. I do vaniſh Wife.

Chlo. How ſhall I do, Maſter *Criſpinus?* here will be all the braveſt Ladies in Court preſently to ſee your Couſin *Cytheris*: O the Gods! how might I behave my ſelf now, as to entertain them moſt Courtly?

Criſ. Marry, Lady, if you will entertain them moſt Courtly, you muſt do thus: as ſoon as ever your Maid or your Man brings you word they are come; you muſt ſay (A Pox on 'em, what do they here?) And yet when they come, ſpeak them as fair, and give them the kindeſt Welcome in words, that can be.

Chlo. Is that the faſhion of Courtiers, *Criſpinus?*

Criſ. I aſſure you, it is, Lady, I have obſerv'd it.

Chlo. For your Pox, Sir, it is eaſily hit on; but 'tis not ſo eaſie to ſpeak fair after methinks.

Alb. O Wife, the Coaches are come, on my word, a number of Coaches and Courtiers.

Chlo. A Pox on them, what do they here?

Alb. How now Wife! would'ſt thou not have 'em come?

Chlo. Come? come, you are a Fool, you: He knows not the trick on't. Call *Cytheris*, I pray you: and good Maſter *Criſpinus*, you can obſerve, you ſay; let me entreat you for all the Ladies Behaviours, Jewels, Jeſts, and Attires, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Chriſ. I warrant you, ſweet Lady; let me alone to obſerve, till I turn my ſelf to nothing but obſervation. Good morrow Couſin *Cytheris*.

Cyth. Welcome kind Couſin. What? are they come?

Alb. I your Friend *Cornelius Gallus*, *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, with *Julia* the Emperors Daughter, and the Lady *Plautia*, are lighted at the Door; and with them *Hermogenes Tigellius*, the excellent Muſician.

Cyth. Come, let us go meet them, *Chloe*.

Chloe. Obſerve, *Chriſpinus*.

Criſ. At a Hairs breadth, Lady, I warrant you.

Act II. Scene II.

Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Hermogenes, Julia, Plautia, Cytheris, Chloe, Albius, Criſpinus.

HEalth to the lovely *Chloe*: you muſt pardon me, Miſtreſs, that I prefer this fair Gentlewoman.

Cyth. I pardon, and praiſe you for it, Sir; and I beſeech your Excellence, receive her Beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Jul. Cytheris, ſhe hath favour, and behaviour, that commands as much of me: and ſweet *Chloe*, know I do exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any Grace my Father the Emperor may ſhew you. Is this your Husband?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it pleaſe your Highneſs.

Chlo. Gods my life! how he ſhames me!

Cyth. Not a whit, *Chloe*, they all think you politick, and witty; wiſe Women chuſe not Husbands for the Eye, Merit, or Birth, but Wealth and Sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deſerve your Love, Sir.

Alb. My Wife will anſwer you all, Gentlemen; I'll come to you again preſently.

Plau. You have choſen you a moſt fair Companion here, *Cytheris*, and a very fair Houſe.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my Friends are very welcome, *Plautia*.

Chlo. With all my heart, I aſſure your Ladiſhip.

Plau. Thanks, ſweet Miſtreſs *Chloe*.

Jul. You muſt needs come to Court, Lady, i'faith, and there be ſure your welcome ſhall be as great to us.

Ovid. She will deſerve it, Madam. I ſee, even in her Looks, Gentry, and general Worthineſs.

Tib. I have not ſeen a more certain Character of an excellent diſpoſition.

Alb. Wife.

Chlo. O, they do ſo commend me here, the Courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the Banquet ſweet Wife.

Chlo. Yes; and I muſt needs come to Court, and be welcome, the Princeſs ſays.

Gal. Ovid, and *Tibullus*, you may be bold to welcome your Miſtreſſes here.

Ovid. We find it ſo, Sir.

Tib. And thank *Cornelius Gallus*.

Ovid. Nay, my ſweet *Sextus*, in faith thou art not ſociable.

Prop In faith, I am not, *Publius*; nor I cannot.
Sick minds, are like ſick men that burn with Feavers,
Who when they drink, pleaſe but a preſent taſte,
And after bear a more impatient fit.
Pray let me leave you; I offend you all,
And my ſelf moſt. *Gal.* Stay, ſweet *Propertius*.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate,
Which never hurts, but when we ſay it hurts us.

Prop. O peace *Tibullus*; your *Philoſophy*
Lends you too rough a hand to ſearch my Wounds.
Speak they of griefs, that know to ſigh and grieve?
The free and unconſtrained ſpirit feels
No weight of my Oppreſſion. *Ovid.* Worthy *Roman*!
Methinks I taſte his Miſery, and could
Sit down, and chide at his malignant Stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves ſo truly.

Cyth. This is the perfect'ſt love, lives after death.

Gal. Such is the conſtant ground of vertue ſtill.

Plau. It puts on an inſeperable Face.

Chlo. have you mark't every thing, *Criſpinus*?

Criſ. Every thing, I warrant you.

Chlo. What Gentlemen are theſe? do you know them?

Criſ. I, they are *Poets*, Lady.

Chlo. Poets? they did not talk of me ſince I went, did they?

Criſ. O yes, and extoll'd your Perfections to the Heavens.

Chlo. Now in ſincerity, they be the fineſt kind of men that ever I knew: *Poets*? Could not one get the Emperor to make my Husband a *Poet*, think you?

Criſ. No, Lady, 'tis Love, and Beauty make *Poets*: and ſince you like *Poets* ſo well, your Love and Beauties ſhall make me a *Poet*.

Chlo. What, ſhall they? and ſuch a one as theſe?

Criſ. I, and a better than theſe: I would be ſorry elſe?

Chlo. And ſhall your Looks change? and your Hair change? and all like theſe?

Chriſ. Why, a Man may be a *Poet*, and yet not change his Hair, Lady.

Chlo. Well, we ſhall ſee your cunning: yet if you can change your Hair, I pray do.

Alb. Ladies, and Lordings, there's a ſlight Banquet ſtays within for you, pleaſe you draw near, and accoſt it.

Jul. We thank you, good *Albius*: but when ſhall we ſee thoſe excellent Jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. At your Ladiſhips Service. I got that Speech by ſeeing a Play laſt day, and it did me ſome Grace now: I ſee, 'tis good to collect ſometimes; I'll frequent theſe Plays more than I have done, now I come to be familiar with Courtiers.

Gal. Why, how now, *Hermogenes*? what aileſt thou trow?

Her. A little Melancholy, let me alone, pr'y thee.

Gal. Melancholy! how ſo?

Her. With riding: a Plague on all Coaches for me.

Chlo. Is that hard-favour'd Gentleman a *Poet* too; *Cytheris*?

Cyth. No, this is *Hermogenes*, as humorous as a *Poet* though: he is a *Muſician*.

Chlo. A *Muſician*? then he can ſing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you never hear him?

Chlo. O no: will he be entreated, think you?

Cyth. I know not. Friend, Miſtreſs *Chloe* would fain hear *Hermogenes* ſing: Are you intereſted in him?

Gal. No doubt, his own Humanity will command him ſo far, to the ſatisfaction of ſo fair a Beauty; but rather than fail, wee'll all be Suiters to him.

Her. 'Cannot ſing.

Gal. Pr'y thee, *Hermogenes*.

Her. 'Cannot ſing.

Gal. For honour of this Gentlewoman, to whoſe Houſe, I know thou maiſt be ever welcome.

Chlo. That

Cblo. That he ſhall in truth, Sir, if he can ſing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This Gentlewoman is wooing *Hermogenes* for a Song.

Ovid. A Song? come, he ſhall not deny her. *Hermogenes?*

Her. 'Cannot ſing.

Gal. No, the Ladies muſt do it, he ſtays but to have their Thanks acknowledg'd as a Debt to his Cunning.

Jul. That ſhall not want: our ſelf will be the firſt ſhall promiſe to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour ſo worthily vouchſaf't.

Her. Thank you, Madam, but 'will not ſing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him, is to abſtain from intreating him.

Criſ. Do you love ſinging, Lady?

Cblo. O, paſſingly.

Criſ. Intreat the Ladies, to intreat me to ſing then, I beſeech you.

Cblo. I beſeech your Grace, intreat this Gentleman to ſing.

Jul. That we will, *Chloe*; can he ſing excellently?

Cblo. I think ſo, Madam: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to ſing.

Criſ. Heaven and Earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good Sir, let's intreat you to uſe your Voice.

Criſ. Alas, Madam, I cannot in truth.

Pla. The Gentleman is modeſt: I warrant you, he ſings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your Throat: I ſee by him, here's a Gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Criſ. Not I, Sir, I'll challenge no Man.

Tib. That's your modeſty, Sir: but we, out of an aſſurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Criſ. I thank you, Gentlemen, I'll do my beſt.

Herm. Let that beſt be good, Sir, you were beſt.

Gall. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you ſing, Sir?

Criſ. If I freely may diſcover, &c. Sir, I'll ſing that.

Ovid. One of your own Compoſitions, *Hermogenes*. He offers you vantage enough.

Criſ. Nay truly, Gentlemen, I'll challenge no Man—: I can ſing but one Staff of the Ditty neither.

Gall. The better: *Hermogenes* himſelf will be intreated to ſing the other.

SONG.

IF I freely may diſcover
What would pleaſe me in my Lover:
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court than City;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and ſoon deſtroying;
Long, but ſweet in the enjoying;
Neither too eaſie, nor too hard:
All extreams I would have barr'd.

Gall. Believe me, Sir, you ſing moſt excellently.

Ovid. If there were a Praiſe above Excellence, the Gentleman highly deſerves it.

Herm. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you: for I know I ſing better than you.

Tib. Attend *Hermogenes*, now.

II.

She ſhould be allowed her paſſions,
So they were but us'd as Faſhions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes ſickiſh, and then ſwooning,
Every Fit with change ſtill crowning.
Purely jealous, I would have her,
Then only conſtant when I crave her.
'Tis a Vertue ſhould not ſave her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peeviſhneſs annoy me.

Jul. Nay, *Hermogenes*, your Merit hath long ſince been both known, and admir'd of us.

Herm. You ſhall hear me ſing another: now will I begin.

Gall. We ſhall do this Gentlemans Banquet too much wrong, that ſtays for us, Ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true: and well thought on, *Cornelius Gallus*.

Her. Why 'tis but a ſhort Air, 'twill be done preſently, pray' ſtay; ſtrike Muſick.

Ovid. No, good *Hermogenes*: we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common Diſeaſe of all your Muſicians, that they know no mean, to be intreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Pleaſe you lead the way, Gentiles?

All. Thanks, good *Albius*.

Alb. O, what a Charm of Thanks was here put upon me! O *Jove*, what a ſetting forth it is to a Man, to have many Courtiers come to his Houſe! Sweetly was it ſaid of a good old Houſe-keeper; *I had rather want Meat than want Gueſts*: eſpecially if they be courtly Gueſts. For, never truſt me, if one of their good Legs made in a Houſe, be not worth all the good Chear a Man can make them. He that would have fine Gueſts, let him have a fine Wife; he that would have a fine Wife, let him come to me.

Criſ. By your kind leave, Maſter *Albius*.

Alb. What, you are not gone, Maſter *Criſpinus*?

Criſ. Yes faith, I have a deſign draws me hence: pray' Sir, faſhion me an Excuſe to the Ladies.

Alb. Will you not ſtay, and ſee the Jewels, Sir? I pray you ſtay.

Criſ. Not for a Million, Sir, now. Let it ſuffice, I muſt relinquiſh; and ſo in a word, pleaſe you to expiate this Complement.

Alb. Mum.

Criſ. I'll preſently go and enghle ſome Broker, for a *Poets* Gown, and beſpeak a Garland: and then Jeweller, look to your beſt Jewel y' faith.

Act III. Scene I.

Horace, Criſpinus.

HAh? yes; I will begin an *Ode* ſo: and it ſhall be to *Mecœnas*.

Criſ. 'Slid, yonder's *Horace*! they ſay he's an excellent *Poet*: *Mecœnas* loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be compoſing as he goes i' the Street! ha? 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compoſe too.

Hor. Swell me a Bowl with luſty Wine, [Hor. Lib.
Till I may ſee the plump Lyæus *ſwim* 1. Sat. 9.
Above the brim:
I drink, as I would write,
In flowing meaſure, fill'd with flame and ſprite.

Criſ. Sweet *Horace*, *Minerva*, and the *Muſes* ſtand auſpicious to thy deſigns. How far'ſt thou, ſweet Man? Frolick? Rich? Gallant? ha?

Hor. Not greatly Gallant, Sir, like my Fortunes; well.
I am bold to take my leave, Sir, you'll nought elſe, Sir, would you?

Criſ. Troth, no, but I could wiſh thou did'ſt know us, *Horace*, we are a Schollar, I aſſure thee.

Hor. A Schollar, Sir? I ſhall be covetous of your fair knowledg.

Criſ.

Cri. Gramercy, good *Horace*. Nay we are new turn'd *Poet* too, which is more; and a *Satyriſt* too, which is more than that: I write juſt in thy vein, I. I am for your *Odes* or your *Sermones*, or any thing indeed; we are a Gentleman beſides: our name is *Rufus Laberius Criſpinus*, we are a pretty *Stoick* too.

Hor. To the proportion of your Beard, I think it, Sir.

Cri. By *Phœbus*, here's a moſt neat fine Street, is't not? I proteſt to thee, I am enamour'd of this Street now, more than of half the Streets of *Rome* again; 'tis ſo polite, and terſe! There's the Front of a Building now. I ſtudy Architecture too: if ever I ſhould build, I'ld have a Houſe juſt of that *Proſpective*.

Hor. Doubtleſs, this Gallants Tongue has a good turn, when he ſleeps.

Criſ. I do make Verſes, when I come in ſuch a Street as this: O your City-Ladies, you ſhall ha' 'em ſit in every Shop like the *Muſes*—— off'ring you the *Caſtalian* Dews, and the *Theſpian* Liquors, to as many as have but the ſweet Grace and Audacity to—— ſip of their Lips. Did you never hear any of my Verſes?

Hor. No, Sir (but I am in ſome fear I muſt now.)

Criſ. I'll tell the ſome (if I can but recover 'em) I compos'd e'en now of a dreſſing, I ſaw a Jewellers Wife wear, who indeed was a Jewel her ſelf: I prefer that kind of Tire now, what's thy opinion, *Horace*?

Hor. With your Silver Bodkin, it does well, Sir.

Criſ. I cannot tell, but it ſtirs me more than all your Court-curls, or your Spangles, or your Tricks: I affect not theſe high Gable-ends, theſe *Tuſcane* Tops, nor your Coronets, nor your Arches, nor your *Pyramid's*; give me a fine ſweet—— little delicate dreſſing with a Bodkin, as you ſay: and a Muſhrome, for all your other Ornatures.

Hor. Is't not poſſible to make an eſcape from him?

Criſ. I have remitted my Verſes, all this while, I think, I ha' forgot 'em.

Hor. Here's he, could wiſh you had elſe.

Criſ. Pray *Jove*, I can entreat 'em of my Memory.

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, Sir.

Criſ. No ſweet *Horace*, we muſt not have thee think ſo.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then, they are my Ears
That muſt be tortur'd: well, you muſt have patience Ears.

Criſ. Pray thee, *Horace*, obſerve.

Hor. Yes, Sir: your Sattin Sleeve begins to fret at the Rug that is underneath it, I do obſerve: And your ample velvet Baſes are not without evident ſtains of a hot diſpoſition naturally.

Criſ. O—— I'll dye them into another Colour, at pleaſure: how many yards of Velvet doſt thou think they contain?

Hor. I have put him now in a freſh way
To vex me more: Faith, Sir, your Mercers Book
Will tell you with more patience, than I can.
(For I am croſt, and ſo's not that, I think.)

Criſ. 'Slight, theſe Verſes have loſt me again: I ſhall not invite 'em to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good Sir; rather defer it
To a new time; I'll meet you at your Lodging,
Or where you pleaſe: Till then, *Jove* keep you, Sir.

Criſ. Nay, gentle *Horace*, ſtay; I have it, now.

Hor. Yes, Sir. *Apollo*, *Hermes*, *Jupiter*, look down upon me.

Cri. *Rich was thy hap, ſweet dainty Cap,*
There to be placed:
Where thy ſmooth black, ſleek white may ſmack,
And both be graced.

White is there uſurpt for her Brow; her Fore-head: and then *ſleek*, as the *paralel* to *ſmooth*, that went before. A kind of *Paranomaſie*, or *Agnomination*: do you conceive, Sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, Sir, I muſt be abrupt and leave you.

Criſ. Why what haſte haſt thou? pr'y thee ſtay a little; thou ſhalt not go yet, by *Phœbus*.

Hor. I ſhall not? what Remedy? Fie, how I ſweat with Suffering!

Criſ. And then——

Hor. Pray, Sir, give me leave to wipe my Face a little.

Criſ. Yes, do, good *Horace*.

Hor. Thank you, Sir.
Death! I muſt crave his leave to piſs anon;
Or that I may go hence with half my Teeth:
I am in ſome ſuch fear. This Tyranny
Is ſtrange, to take mine Ears up by *Commiſſion*,
(Whether I will or no) and make them Stalls
To his lewd *Soleciſms*, and worded Traſh.
Happy thou, bold *Bolanus*, now I ſay;
Whoſe freedom, and impatience of this fellow,
Would long ere this, have call'd him Fool, and Fool,
And rank, and tedious Fool, and have ſlung Jeſts
As hard as Stones, till thou hadſt pelted him
Out of the place: whil'ſt my tame Modeſty
Suffers my Wit be made a ſolemn Aſs
To bear his Fopperies——

Criſ. Horace, thou art miſerably affected to be gone, I ſee. But—— pr'y thee, let's prove to enjoy thee a while. Thou haſt no buſineſs, I aſſure me. Whether is thy journey directed? ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to viſit a friend that's ſick.

Criſ. A Friend? What's he? do not I know him?

Hor. No, Sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worſe for him.

Criſ. What's his Name? where's he lodg'd?

Hor. Where I ſhall be fearful to draw you out of your way, Sir; a great way hence; pray', Sir, let's part.

Criſ. Nay, but where is't? I pr'y thee, ſay.

Hor. On the far ſide of all *Tyber* yonder, by *Cæſars* Gardens.

Criſ. O that's my courſe directly; I am for you. Come go; why ſtand'ſt thou?

Hor. Yes, Sir: marry the Plague is in that part of the City; I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir.

Cri. Fough, it is no matter, I fear no Peſtilence, I ha' not offended *Phœbus*.

Hor. I have, it ſeems, or elſe this heavy Scourge
Could ne'er have lighted on me——

Criſ. Come, along.

Hor. I am to go down ſome half mile, this way, Sir, firſt, to ſpeak with his Phyſician: And from thence to his Apothecary, where I ſhall ſtay the mixing of divers Drugs——

Criſ. Why, it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle, I'll bear thee company. How call'ſt thou the Apothecary?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir *Rhadamanthus*, *Rhadamanthus*, Sir.
There's one ſo call'd, is a juſt Judge in Hell,
And doth inflict ſtrange Vengeance on all thoſe,
That (here on Earth) torment poor patient Spirits.

Criſ. He dwells at the three *Furies*, by *Janus's* Temple?

Hor. Your 'Pothecary does, Sir.

Criſ. Heart, I owe him Money for Sweet-meats, and he has laid to arreſt me, I hear: but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a moſt ſolemn vow, I will never bail any Man.

Criſ. Well then, I'll ſwear, and ſpeak him fair, if the worſt come. But his name is *Minos*, not *Rhadamanthus*, *Horace*.

Hor. That

Hor. That may be, Sir: I but gueſs'd at his Name by his Sign. But your *Minos* is a Judge too, Sir?

Criſ. I proteſt to thee, *Horace*, (do but taſte me once) if I do know my ſelf, and mine own Vertues truly, thou wilt not make that eſteem of *Varius*, or *Virgil*, or *Tibullus*, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou doſt; which I am content to forgive: I would fain ſee which of theſe could pen more Verſes in a day, or with more facility, than I; or that could court his Miſtris, kiſs her Hand, make better ſport with her Fan, or her Dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, Sir.

Criſ. Or that could move his Body more gracefully, or dance better: You ſhould ſee me, were it not i' the Street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Criſ. Why, I have been a Reveller, and at my Cloth of Silver Sute, and my long Stocking, in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be truſted, Sir.

Criſ. And then for my ſinging, *Hermogenes* himſelf envies me, that is your only Maſter of Muſick you have in *Rome*.

Hor. Is your Mother living, Sir?

Criſ. Au: Convert thy Thoughts to ſomewhat elſe, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the Mother in you, Sir: Your Father is dead?

Criſ. I, I thank *Jove*, and my Grandfather too, and all my Kinſfolks, and well compos'd in their Urns.

Hor. The more their happineſs, that reſt in peace,
Free from th' abundant Torture of thy Tongue:
Would I were with them too. *Criſ.* What's that, *Horace*?

Hor. I now remember me, Sir, of a ſad Fate
A Cunning Woman, one *Sabella*, ſung,
When in her Urn ſhe caſt my Deſtiny,
I being but a Child. *Criſ.* What was't, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I ſhould ſurely never periſh
By Famine, Poiſon, or the Enemies Sword;
The Hectick Fever, Cough, or Pleuriſie
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy Gout:
But in my time I ſhould be once ſurpriz'd
By a ſtrong tedious Talker, that ſhould vex
And almoſt bring me to Conſumption:
Therefore, (if I were wiſe) ſhe warn'd me ſhun
All ſuch long-winded Monſters, as my Bane:
For if I could but ſcape that one Diſcourſer,
I might (no doubt) prove an old aged man.
By your leave, Sir.

Criſ. Tut, tut; abandon this idle Humour, 'tis nothing but Melancholy. 'Fore *Jove*, now I think on't, I am to appear in Court here, to anſwer to one that has me in Suit: Sweet *Horace*, go with me, this is my Hour; if I neglect it, the Law proceeds againſt me. Thou art familiar with theſe things; pr'y thee, if thou lov'ſt me, go.

Hor. Now, let me die, Sir, if I know your Laws,
Or have the power to ſtand ſtill half ſo long
In their loud Courts, as while a Caſe is argued.
Beſides, you know, Sir, where I am to go,
And the neceſſity——

Criſ. 'Tis true:——

Hor. I hope the Hour of my Releaſe be come: He will (upon this Conſideration) diſcharge me, ſure.

Criſ. Troth, I am doubtful what I may beſt do; whether to leave thee, or my Affairs, *Horace*.

Hor. O *Jupiter!* me, Sir, me, by any means: I beſeech you, me, Sir.

Criſ. No faith, I'll venture thoſe now; thou ſhalt ſee I love thee: Come, *Horace*.

Hor. Nay, then I am deſperate: I follow you, Sir.
'Tis hard contending with a Man that overcomes thus.

Criſ. And how deals *Mecænas* with thee? liberally? ha? Is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's ſtill himſelf, Sir.

Criſ. Troth, *Horace*, thou art exceeding happy in thy Friends and Acquaintance; they are all moſt choice Spirits, and of the firſt Rank of *Romans*: I do not know that Poet, I proteſt, has us'd his Fortune more proſperouſly than thou haſt. If thou wouldſt bring me known to *Mecænas*, I ſhould ſecond thy Deſert well; thou ſhouldſt find a good ſure Aſſiſtant of me, one that would ſpeak all good of thee in thy abſence, and be content with the next Place, not envying thy Reputation with thy Patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I (in a ſmall time) ſhould lift them all out of Favour, both *Virgil*, *Varius*, and the beſt of them, and enjoy him wholly to our ſelves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer;
This Brize hath prickt my Patience: Sir, your Silkneſs
Clearly miſtakes *Mecænas*, and his Houſe,
To think there breaths a Spirit beneath his Roof
Subject unto thoſe poor Affections
Of undermining Envy and Detraction,
Moods only proper to baſe groveling Minds.
That Place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirm,
More pure or free from ſuch low common Evils.
There's no man griev'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his Place,
And to his Merit his Reward of Grace:
Which with a mutual Love they all embrace.

Criſ. You report a Wonder! 'tis ſcarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no Torture, to enforce you to believe it; but 'tis ſo.

Criſ. Why, this enflames me with a more ardent deſire to be his, than before: but I doubt I ſhall find the entrance to his Familiarity ſomewhat more than difficult, *Horace*.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done me: There's no ſtanding out againſt you, Sir, I ſee that: Either your Importunity, or the intimation of your good Parts, or——

Criſ. Nay, I'll bribe his Porter, and the Grooms of his Chamber, make his Doors open to me that way firſt; and then I'll obſerve my Times. Say he ſhould extrude me his Houſe to day, ſhall I therefore deſiſt, or let fall my Suit to morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him, meet him i' the Street, the High-ways, run by his Coach, never leave him. What? Man hath nothing given him in this Life, without much Labour.

Hor. And Impudence.
Archer of Heaven, *Phœbus*, take thy Bow,
And with a full drawn Shaft nail to the Earth
This *Python*, that I may yet run hence, and live:
Or brawny *Hercules*, do thou come down,
And (though thou mak'ſt it up thy Thirteenth Labour)
Reſcue me from this *Hydra* of Diſcourſe here.

Act III. Scene II.

Ariſtius, Horace, Criſpinus.

Horace, well met. *Hor.* O welcome, my Reliever; *Ariſtius*, as thou lov'ſt me, ranſom me.

Ari. What ail'ſt thou, Man? *Hor.* 'Death, I am ſeis'd on By a Land-*Remora*; I cannot ſtir, (here
Not move, but as he pleaſes. *Criſ.* Wilt thou go, *Horace*?

Hor. Heart! He cleaves to me like *Alcides* Shirt,
Tearing my Fleſh and Sinews: O, I ha' been vext
And tortur'd with him, beyond forty Fevers.
For *Jove*'s ſake, find ſome means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will: but I'll go firſt and tell *Mecænas*.

Criſ. Come, ſhall we go?

Ari. The Jeſt will make his Eyes run, i' faith.

Hor. Nay, *Ariſtius*? *Ari.* Farewell, *Horace*.

Hor. 'Death! will a' leave me? *Fuſcus Ariſtius*, do you hear? Gods of *Rome*! You ſaid, you had ſomewhat to ſay to me in private.

Ari. I, but I ſee you are now employ'd with that

Gentleman; 'twere Offence to trouble you: I'll take ſome fitter Opportunity: Farewell.

Hor. Miſchief and Torment! O my Soul and Heart, How are you crampt with Anguiſh! Death it ſelf Brings not the like Convulſions. O, this day, That ever I ſhould view thy tedious face——

Criſ. Horace, what Paſſion, what Humour is this?

Hor. Away, good Prodigie afflict me not. (A Friend, and mock me thus!) Never was man So left under the Ax—— How now?

Act III. Scene III.

Minos, Lictors, Criſpinus, Horace.

THat's he, in the embroider'd Hat there, with the Aſh-colour'd Feather: His Name is *Laberius Criſpinus.*

Lic. Laberius Criſpinus, I arreſt you in the Emperor's Name.

Criſ. Me, Sir? do you arreſt me?

Lic. I, Sir, at the Suit of Maſter *Minos* the 'Pothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great *Apollo:* I will not ſlip thy Favour offered me in my Eſcape, for my Fortunes.

Criſ. Maſter *Minos*? I know no Maſter *Minos.* Where's *Horace? Horace, Horace.*

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Criſ. O yes, I know you, Maſter *Minos*; cry you mercy. But *Horace?* Gods me, is he gone?

Min. I, and ſo would you too, if you knew how. Officer, look to him.

Criſ. Do you hear, Maſter *Minos?* Pray let's be us'd like a Man of our own Faſhion. By *Janus* and *Jupiter*, I meant to have paid you next Week, every Drachm. Seek not to eclipſe my Reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your Oaths cannot ſerve you; you know I have forborn you long.

Criſ. I am conſcious of it, Sir. Nay, I beſeech you, Gentlemen, do not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for Sweet-meats——

Lic. Sweet Meat muſt have ſowr Sauce, Sir. Come along.

Criſ. Sweet Maſter *Minos*, I am forfeited to eternal Diſgrace, if you do not commiſerate. Good Officer, be not ſo officious.

Act III. Scene IV.

Tucca, Pyrgus, Minos, Lictors, Criſpinus, Hiſtrio, Demetrius.

WHy, how now, my good brace of Blood-hounds? Whither do you drag the Gentleman? You Mungrels, you Curs, you Bandogs; we are Captain *Tucca* that talk to you, you inhumane Pilchers.

Min. Sir, he is their Priſoner.

Tuc. Their Peſtilence! What are you, Sir?

Min. A Citizen of *Rome*, Sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far diſtant from a Fool, Sir.

Min. A Pothecary, Sir.

Tuc. I knew thou waſt not a Phyſician; fough; out of my Noſtrils, thou ſtink'ſt of *Lotium* and the Syringe: away, Quackſalver. Follower, my Sword.

Pyr. Here, noble Leader, you'll do no harm with it: I'll truſt you.

Tuc. Do you hear, you Good-man Slave? Hook, Ram, Rogue, Catch-pole, looſe the Gentleman, or by my Velvet Arms——

Lic. What will you do, Sir?

Tuc, Kiſs thy Hand, my honourable active Varlet, and embrace thee thus. [*The Officer ſtrikes up his Heels.*

Pyr. O patient *Metamorphoſis!*

Tuc. My Sword, my tall Raſcal.

Lic. Nay, ſoft, Sir: Some wiſer than ſome.

Tuc. What? and a Wit too! By *Pluto*, thou muſt be cheriſh'd, Slave; here's three Drachms for thee; hold.

Pyr. There's half his Lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lic. No, Sir, your firſt Word ſhall ſtand: I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, Rogue——

Lic. You would make a Reſcue of our Priſoner, Sir, you.

Tuc. I a Reſcue? Away, inhumane Varlet. Come, come, I never reliſh above one Jeſt at moſt; do not diſguſt me, Sirrah, do not: Rogue, I tell thee, Rogue, do not.

Lic. How, Sir? Rogue?

Tuc. I, why! Thou art not angry, Raſcal, art thou?

Lic. I cannot tell, Sir; I am little better, upon theſe Terms.

Tuc. Ha! Gods and Friends! Why, doſt hear, Rogue thou? give me thy Hand; I ſay unto thee, thy Hand, Rogue. What, doſt not thou know me? not me, Rogue? not Captain *Tucca*, Rogue?

Min. Come, pra' ſurrender the Gentleman his Sword, Officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy Name?

Min. Minos, an't pleaſe you.

Tuc. Minos? Come hither, *Minos*; thou art a wiſe Fellow, it ſeems; let me talk with thee.

Criſ. Was ever Wretch ſo wretched as unfortunate I?

Tuc. Thou art one of the *Centum-viri*, old Boy, art not?

Min. No indeed, Maſter Captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou ſhalt be then; I'll ha' thee one, *Minos.* Take my Sword from thoſe Raſcals, doſt thou ſee? go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What do's this Gentleman owe thee, little *Minos?*

Min. Fourſcore *Seſterties*, Sir.

Tuc. What, no more? Come, thou ſhalt releaſe him, *Minos:* What, I'll be his Bail, thou ſhalt take my Word, old Boy, and caſhire theſe Furies: Thou ſhalt do't, I ſay, thou ſhalt, little *Minos*, thou ſhalt.

Criſ. Yes; and as I am a Gentleman, and a Reveller, I'll make a Piece of Poetry, and abſolve all, within theſe five days.

Tuc. Come, *Minos* is not to learn how to uſe a Gent'man of Quality, I know: My Sword: If he pay thee not, I will, and I muſt, old Boy. Thou ſhalt be my 'Pothecary too. Haſt good *Eringo's, Minos?*

Min. The beſt in *Rome*, Sir.

Tuc. Go to then——Vermine, know the Houſe.

Pyr. I warrant you, Colonel.

Tuc. For this Gentleman, *Minos?*

Min. I'll take your Word, Captain.

Tuc. Thou haſt it. My Sword——

Min. Yes, Sir: But you muſt diſcharge the Arreſt, Maſter *Criſpinus.*

Tuc. How, *Minos?* Look in the Gentleman's Face, and but read his Silence. Pay, pay; 'tis Honour, *Minos.*

Criſ. By *Jove*, ſweet Captain, you do moſt infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot complement, by *Mars*; but *Jupiter* love me, as I love good Words, and good Clothes, and there's an end. Thou ſhalt give my Boy that Girdle and Hangers, when thou haſt worn them a little more——

Criſ. O *Jupiter!* Captain, he ſhall have them now preſently: Pleaſe you to be acceptive, young Gentleman.

Pyr. Yes, Sir, fear not; I ſhall accept; I have a pretty fooliſh humour of taking, if you knew all.

Tuc. Not now, you ſhall not take, Boy.

Criſ. By my truth, and earneſt, but he ſhall, Captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, and a' ſwear by his truth, and earneſt, take it, Boy: do not make a Gent'man forſworn.

Lic. Well, Sir, there's your Sword; but thank Maſter *Minos*; you had not carried it as you do elſe.

Tuc. Minos

Tuc. *Minos* is juſt, and you are Knaves, and——

Lic. What ſay you, Sir?

Tuc. Paſs on, my good Scoundrel, paſs on, I honour thee: But that I hate to have action with ſuch baſe Rogues as theſe, you ſhould ha' ſeen me unrip their Noſes now, and have ſent 'em to the next Barbers to ſtitching: for, do you ſee—— I am a Man of Humour, and I do love the Varlets, the honeſt Varlets they have Wit and Valour, and are indeed good profitable—— errant Rogues, as any live in an Empire. Doſt thou hear *Poetaſter?* ſecond me. Stand up (*Minos*) cloſe, gather, yet, ſo. Sir, (thou ſhalt have a Quarter-ſhare, be reſolute) you ſhall, at my requeſt, take *Minos* by the Hand here, little *Minos*, I will have it ſo; all Friends, and a Health: be not inexorable. And thou ſhalt impart the Wine, old Boy, thou ſhalt do't, little *Minos*, thou ſhalt; make us pay it in our Phyſick. What? we muſt live, and honour the Gods ſometimes; now *Bacchus*, now *Comus*, now *Priapus*; every God a little. What's he that ſtalks by there, Boy, *Pyrgus?* You were beſt let him paſs, Sirrah; do, Ferret, let him paſs, do.

Pyr. 'Tis a Player, Sir.

Tuc. A Player? Call him, call the lowſie Slave hither: What, will he ſail by, and not once ſtrike, or vail to a Man of War? ha? Do you hear? you Player, Rogue, Stalker, come back here: No reſpect to Men of Worſhip, you Slave? What, you are proud, you Raſcal, are you proud? ha? You grow rich, do you, and purchaſe, you two-peny Tear-mouth? You have Fortune, and the good Year on your ſide, you Stinkard, you have, you have.

Hiſ. Nay, ſweet Captain, be comfn'd to ſome Reaſon; I proteſt I ſaw you not, Sir.

Tuc. You did not? Where was your ſight, *Oedipus?* You walk with Hares Eyes do you? I'll ha' 'em glaz'd, Rogue; and you ſay the word, they ſhall be glaz'd for you: Come, we muſt have you turn Fidler again, Slave, get a Baſe Violin at your back, and march in a Tawny Coat, with one Sleeve, to Gooſe-Fair; then you'll know us, you'll ſee us then, you will, Gulch, you will. Then, Will't pleaſe your Worſhip to have any Muſick, Captain?

Hiſ. Nay, good Captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, *Owleglas?* Death, you perſtemptuous Varlet, I am none of your Fellows: I have commanded a hundred and fifty ſuch Rogues, I.

1 *Pyr.* I, and moſt of that hundred and fifty have been Leaders of a Legion.

Hiſ. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender Satisfaction, Captain.

Tuc. Saiſt thou ſo, honeſt Vermin? Give me thy Hand; thou ſhalt make us a Supper one of theſe Nights.

Hiſ. When you pleaſe, by *Jove*, Captain, moſt willingly.

Tuc. Doſt thou ſwear? To morrow then; ſay and hold, Slave. There are ſome of you Players honeſt Gent'men-like Scoundrels, and ſuſpected to ha' ſome Wit, as well as your Poets, both at Drinking, and breaking of Jeſts, and are Companions for Gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen Shillings, or ſo. Doſt thou not know that *Pantalabus* there?

Hiſ. No, I aſſure you, Captain.

Tuc. Go, and be acquainted with him then; he is a Gent'man, parcel Poet, you Slave; his Father was a Man of Worſhip, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new ſtalking Strain, bigger than half the Rhimers i' the Town again: He was born to fill thy Mouth, *Minotaurus*, he was; he will teach thee to tear and rand. Raſcal, to him, cheriſh his Muſe, go; thou haſt forty, forty, Shillings, I mean, Stinkard; give him in earneſt, do, he ſhall write for thee, Slave. If he pen for thee once, thou ſhalt not need to travel with thy Pumps full of Gravel any more, after a blind Jade and a Hamper, and ſtalk upon Boards and Barrel-heads to an old crackt Trumpet——

Hiſ. Troth, I think I ha' not ſo much about me, Captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou haſt: Stiff-toe, I'll give my Word for the reſt; though it lack a Shilling or two, it skills not: Go, thou art an honeſt Shifter; I'll ha' the Statute repeal'd for thee. *Minos*, I muſt tell thee, *Minos*, thou haſt dejected yon Gent'mans Spirit exceedingly? Doſt obſerve, doſt note, little *Minos?*

Min. Yes, Sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raiſe, recover, do: Suffer him not to droop, in proſpect of a Player, a Rogue, a Stager: Put twenty into his Hand, twenty *Seſterces*, I mean, and let no body ſee: Go, do it, the Work ſhall commend it ſelf; be *Minos*, I'll pay.

Min. Yes forſooth, Captain.

2 *Pyr.* Do not we ſerve a notable Shark?

Tuc. And what new Matters have we now afoot, Sirrah? ha? I would fain come with my Cockatrice one day, and ſee a Play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they ſay, you ha' nothing but *Humours*, *Revels*, and *Satyrs*, that gird and fart at the time, you Slave.

Hiſ. No, I aſſure you, Captain, not we. They are on the other ſide of *Tyber*: We have as much Ribaldry in our Plays as can be, as you would wiſh, Captain: All the Sinners i' the Suburbs come, and applaud our Action, daily.

Tuc. I hear, you'll bring me o' the Stage there; you'll play me, they ſay; I ſhall be preſented by a ſort of Copper-lac't Scoundrels of you: Life of *Pluto*! an' you Stage me, Stinkard, your Manſions ſhall ſweat for't, your Tabernacles, Varlets, your *Globes*, and your *Triumphs*.

Hiſ. Not we, by *Phœbus*, Captain; do not do us imputation, without deſert.

Tuc. I wu'not, my good two-peny Raſcal; reach me thy Neuf. Doſt hear? What wilt thou give me a Week for my brace of Beagles here, my little Point-truſſers? You ſhall ha' them act among ye. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou ſhalt hear him ſpeak in King *Darius* doleful Strain.

1 *Pyr.* *O doleful Days! O direful deadly Dump!*
O wicked World, and worldly Wickedneſs!
How can I hold my Fiſt from crying, Thump,
In rue of this right raskal Wretchedneſs!

Tuc. In an amorous Vein now, Sirrah: Peace.

1 *Pyr.* *O, ſhe is wilder, and more hard, withal,*
Than Beaſt, or Bird, or Tree, or ſtony Wall.
Yet might ſhe love me, to uprear her State:
I, but perhaps ſhe hopes ſome nobler Mate.
Yet might ſhe love me, to content her Fire:
I, but her Reaſon maſters her Deſire.
Yet might ſhe love me as her Beauties Thrall:
I, but I fear, ſhe cannot love at all.

Tuc. Now, the horrible fierce Soldier, you, Sirrah.

1 *Pyr.* *What? will I brave thee? I, and Beard thee too.*
A Roman *Spirit ſcorns to bear a Brain*
So full of baſe Puſillanimity.

Dem. Hiſt. Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou ſhalt ſee that ſhall raviſh thee anon; prick up thine Ears, Stinkard: The Ghoſt, Boys.

1 *Pyr.* *Vindicta.*
2 *Pyr.* *Timoria.*
1 *Pyr.* *Vindicta.*
2 *Pyr.* *Timoria.*
1 *Pyr.* *Veni.*
2 *Pyr.* *Veni.*

Tuc. Now thunder, Sirrah, you, the rumbling Player.

1 *Pyr.* I, but ſome body muſt cry (*Murder*) then in a ſmall voice.

Tuc. Your Fellow-ſharer there ſhall do't: Cry, Sirrah, cry.

1 *Pyr.* *Murder, murder.*

2 *Pyr. Who calls out Murder? Lady, was it you?*

Dem. Hiſt. O, admirable good, I proteſt.

Tuc. Sirrah, Boy, brace your Drum a little ſtraiter, and do the t'other Fellow there, he in the—— what ſha' call him—— and yet ſtay too.

2 *Pyr. Nay, and thou dallieſt, then I am thy Foe,*
And Fear ſhall force what Friendſhip cannot win;
Thy Death ſhall bury what thy Life conceals,
Villain! thou dieſt, for more reſpecting her——

1 *Pyr.* O, *ſtay my Lord.*

2 *Pyr. Than me:*
Yet ſpeak the Truth, and I will guerdon thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou dieſt.

Tuc. Enough of this, Boy.

2 *Pyr. Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy Guts unto King* Pluto's *Hell, and Princely* Erebus; *for Sparrows muſt have Food.*

Hiſ. 'Pray, ſweet Captain, let one of them do a little of a Lady.

Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: Do, Sirrah, do; 'twill allay your Fellow's Fury a little.

1 *Pyr. Maſter, mock on; the Scorn thou giveſt me,*
Pray Jove *ſome Lady may return on thee.*

2 *Pyr.* No, you ſhall ſee me do the *Moor:* Maſter, lend me your Scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy ſervice, Boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, Maſter *Minos*, heark hither a little.

[*They withdraw to make themſelves ready.*

Tuc. How doſt like him? art not rapt? art not tickled now? doſt not applaud, Raſcal? doſt not applaud?

Hiſ. Yes: What will you ask for 'em a Week, Captain?

Tuc. No, you mangonizing Slave, I will not part from 'em; you'll ſell 'em for Enghles, you: Let's ha' good Chear to morrow night at Supper, Stalker, and then we'll talk; good Capon and Plover, do you hear, Sirrah? and do not bring your eating Player with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eat a Leg of Mutton while I am in my Porridge, the lean *Poluphagus*, his Belly is like *Barathrum*, he looks like a Midwife in Man's Apparel, the Slave: Nor the villainous out-of-tune Fidler *Ænobarbus*, bring not him. What haſt thou there? ſix and thirty? ha?

Hiſ. No, here's all I have (Captain) ſome five and twenty: Pray, Sir, will you preſent, and accommodate it unto the Gentleman; for mine own part, I am a meer Stranger to his Humour; beſides, I have ſome Buſineſs invites me hence, with Maſter *Aſinius Lupus* the Tribune.

Tuc. Well, go thy ways, purſue thy Projects, let me alone with this Deſign; my *Poetaſter* ſhall make thee a Play, and thou ſhalt be a Man of good Parts in it. But ſtay, let me ſee; do not bring your *Æſope*, your Politician, unleſs you can ram up his Mouth with Cloves; the Slave ſmells ranker than ſome ſixteen Dunghils, and is ſeventeen times more rotten: Mary, you may bring *Friſker*, my *Zany*: he's a good skipping Swaggerer; and your fat Fool there, my *Mango*, bring him too; but let him not beg Rapiers nor Scarfs, in his over-familiar playing Face, nor roar out his barren bold Jeſts with a tormenting Laughter, between drunk and dry. Do you hear, Stiff-toe? Give him warning, admonition, to forſake his ſawcy glavering Grace, and his Goggle-eye; it does not become him, Sirrah; tell him ſo. I have ſtood up and defended you, I, to Gent'men, when you have been ſaid to prey upon Pu'nees, and honeſt Citizens, for Socks or Buſkins; or when they ha' call'd you Uſurers or Broakers, or ſaid, you were able to help to a piece of Fleſh—— I have ſworn, I did not think ſo; nor that you were the common Retreats for Punks decay'd i' their Practice: I cannot believe it of you——

Hiſ. Thank you, Captain: *Jupiter* and the reſt of the Gods confine your modern Delights, without diſguſt.

Tuc. Stay, thou ſhalt ſee the *Moor* e're thou goeſt. What's he with the Half-arms there, that ſalutes us out of his Cloke, like a Motion? ha?

Hiſ. O, Sir, his Doublet's a little decay'd; he is otherwiſe a very ſimple honeſt Fellow, Sir, one *Demetrius*, a Dreſſer of Plays about the Town here; we have hir'd him to abuſe *Horace*, and bring him in, in a Play, with all his Gallants; as, *Tibullus*, *Mecænas*, *Cornelius Gallus*, and the reſt.

Tuc. And why ſo, Stinkard?

Hiſ. O, it will get us a huge deal of Money (Captain) and we have need on't; for this Winter has made us all poorer than ſo many ſtarv'd Snakes: No body comes at us, not a Gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a Play of?

Hiſ. Faith, not much, Captain; but our Author will deviſe that that ſhall ſerve in ſome ſort.

Tuc. Why, my *Parnaſſus*, here, ſhall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy Author do it impudently enough?

Hiſ. O, I warrant you, Captain, and ſpitefully enough too; he has one of the moſt overflowing rank Wits in *Rome*: He will ſlander any Man that breathes, if he diſguſt him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty Raſcal, an' he have theſe commendable Qualities, I'll cheriſh him, (ſtay, here comes the *Tartar*) I'll make a Gathering for him, I, a Purſe, and put the poor Slave in freſh Rags: Tell him ſo, to comfort him. Well ſaid, Boy. [*The Boy comes in on* Minos *Shoulders, who ſtalks as he acts.*

2 *Pyr. Where art thou, Boy? Where is* Calipolis?
Fight Earthquakes in the Entrails of the Earth,
And Eaſtern Whirlwinds in the Helliſh Shades;
Some foul Contagion of th' infected Heavens
Blaſt all the Trees, and in their curſed tops
The diſmal Night-raven and tragick Owl
Breed, and become Forerunners of my Fall.

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honeſt Peny-Biter: Commend me to ſeven Shares and a half, and remember to morrow—— If you lack a Service, you ſhall play in my Name, Raskals; but you ſhall buy your own Cloth, and I'll ha' two Shares for my Countenance. Let thy Author ſtay with me.

Dem. Yes, Sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little *Minos*, thou didſt ſtalk well; forgive me that I ſaid thou ſtunk'ſt, *Minos*: 'twas the ſavour of a Poet, I met ſweating in the Street, hangs yet in my Noſtrils.

Cri. Who? *Horace?*

Tuc. I, he; doſt thou know him?

Cri. O, he forſook me moſt barbarouſly, I proteſt.

Tuc. Hang him, fuſty Satyr, he ſmells all Goat; he carries a Ram under his Arm-holes, the Slave: I am the worſe when I ſee him. Did not *Minos* impart?

Cri. Yes, here are twenty Drachms he did convey.

Tuc. Well ſaid, keep 'em, we'll ſhare anon; come, little *Minos*.

Cri. Faith, Captain, I'll be bold to ſhew you a Miſtriſs of mine, a Jewellers Wife, a Gallant, as we go along.

Tuc. There ſpoke my *Genius*. *Minos*, ſome of thy Eringoes, little *Minos*; ſend. Come hither, *Parnaſſus*, I muſt ha' thee familiar with my little Locuſt here, 'tis a good Vermin, they ſay. See, heres *Horace*, and old *Trebatius*, the great Lawyer, in his company; let's avoid him now, he is too well ſeconded.

Act III. Scene V.

Horace, Trebatius.

Hor. Sat. 1. lib. 2. THere are to whom I ſeem exceſſive ſower;
And paſt a *Satyrs* Law, t'extend my power:
Others, that think what ever I have writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternize it;
And that they could, in one Days light, diſcloſe
A thouſand Verſes, ſuch as I compoſe.
What ſhall I do, *Trebatius*? ſay. *Treb.* Surceaſe.
Hor. And ſhall my *Muſe* admit no more encreaſe?
Treb. So I adviſe. *Hor.* An ill Death let me die,
If 'twere not beſt; but ſleep avoids mine Eye,
And I uſe theſe, leſt Nights ſhould tedious ſeem.
Treb. Rather, contend to ſleep, and live like them,
That holding Golden ſleep in ſpecial price,
Rub'd with ſweet Oils, ſwim Silver *Tyber* thrice,
And every Ev'en, with neat Wine ſteeped be.
Or, if ſuch love of Writing raviſh thee,
Then dare to ſing unconquer'd *Cæſar*'s deeds;
Who chears ſuch Actions, with abundant meeds.
Hor. That, Father, I deſire; but when I try,
I feel defects in every faculty:
Nor is't a Labour fit for every Pen,
To paint the horrid Troops of armed Men;
The Launces burſt, in *Gallia*'s ſlaughtred Forces;
Or wounded *Parthians*, tumbled from their Horſes:
Great *Cæſar*'s Wars cannot be fought with words.
Treb. Yet, what his Vertue in his Peace affords,
His Fortitude, and Juſtice thou canſt ſhow;
As wiſe *Lucilius* honour'd *Scipio*.
Hor. Of that, my powers ſhall ſuffer no neglect,
When ſuch ſlight Labours may aſpire reſpect:
But, if I watch not a moſt choſen time,
The humble words of *Flaccus* cannot clime
Th' attentive Ear of *Cæſar*; nor muſt I
With leſs obſervance ſhun groſs flattery:
For he, repoſed ſafe in his own merit,
Spurns back the gloſes of a fawning ſpirit.
Treb. But, how much better would ſuch Accents ſound
Than with a ſad and ſerious Verſe to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his ſawcy Jeſts?
Or *Nomentanus* ſpent in riotous Feaſts?
"In *Satyrs*, each Man (though untoucht) complains
"As he were hurt; and hates ſuch biting ſtrains.
Hor. What ſhall I do? *Milonius* ſhakes his Heels
In ceaſleſs dances, when his Brain once feels
The ſtirring fervour of the Wine aſcend;
And that his Eyes falſe numbers apprehend.
Caſtor his Horſe; *Pollux* loves handy Fights:
A thouſand Heads, a thouſand choiſe Delights.
My pleaſure is in feet, my words to cloſe,
As, both our better, old *Lucilius* does:
He, as his truſty Friends, his Books did truſt
With all his ſecrets; nor, in things unjuſt,
Or actions lawful, ran to other Men:
So that the old Man's life, deſcrib'd was ſeen
As in a votive Table in his Lines;
And to his ſteps my *Genius* inclines;
Lucanian, or *Apulian*, I not whether;
For the *Venuſian* Colony plows either:
Sent thither, when the *Sabines* were forc'd thence
(As old Fame ſings) to give the place defence
'Gainſt ſuch, as ſeeing it empty, might make rode
Upon the Empire; or there fix abode:
Whether the *Apulian* borderer it were,
Or the *Lucanian* violence they fear.
But this my ſtile no living Man ſhall touch,
If firſt I be not forc'd by baſe reproach;
But, like a ſheathed Sword, it ſhall defend
My innocent life; for, why ſhould I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious Thief
Robs my good name, the Treaſure of my life?
O *Jupiter*, let it with ruſt be eaten,
Before it touch, or inſolently threaten
The life of any with the leaſt Diſeaſe;
So much I love, and wooe a general Peace.
But, he that wrongs me, better I proclaim,
He never had aſſai'd to touch my fame.
For he ſhall weep, and walk with every Tongue
Throughout the City, infamouſly ſung.
Servius, the *Prætor*, threats the Laws, and urn,
If any at his Deeds repine or ſpurn;
The Witch, *Canidia*, that *Albutius* got,
Denounceth Witch-craft, where ſhe loveth not:
Thurius, the Judge, doth thunder worlds of ill;
To ſuch as ſtrive with his judicial will;
"All Men affright their foes in what they may,
"Nature commands it, and Men muſt obey.
Obſerve with me; "The Woolf his Tooth doth uſe:
"The Bull his Horn. And who doth this infuſe,
"But Nature? There's luxurious *Sæva*; truſt
His long liv'd Mother with him; his ſo juſt
And ſcrupulous Right-hand no miſchief will;
No more, than with his Heel a Woolf will kill,
Or Ox with Jaw: marry, let him alone
With temper'd Poiſon to remove the croan.
But briefly, if to Age I deſtin'd be,
Or that quick Deaths black Wings inviron me;
If rich, or poor; at *Rome*; or fate command
I ſhall be baniſh't to ſome other Land;
What hew ſoever, my whole ſtate ſhall bear,
I will write *Satyrs* ſtill, in ſpight of fear.
Treb. Horace, I fear, thou draw'ſt no laſting Breath:
And that ſome great Man's Friend will be thy Death.
Hor. What? when the Man that firſt did Satyriſe,
Durſt pull the Skin over the Ears of Vice,
And make, who ſtood in outward faſhion clear,
Give place, as foul within; ſhall I forbear?
Did *Lælius*, or the Man, ſo great with fame,
That from ſack't *Carthage* fetcht his worthy name,
Storm, that *Lucilius* did *Metellus* pierce?
Or bury *Lupus* quick, in famous Verſe?
Rulers, and Subjects, by whole Tribes he checkt;
But Vertue, and her Friends did ſtill protect:
And when from Sight, or from the Judgment-ſeat,
The vertuous *Scipio*, and wiſe *Lælius* met,
Unbrac't, with him in all light Sports, they ſhar'd;
Till, their moſt frugal Suppers were prepar'd.
What e're I am, though both for Wealth and Wit,
Beneath *Lucilius*, I am pleas'd to ſit;
Yet, Envy (ſpight of her empoyſoned Breaſt)
Shall ſay, I liv'd in grace here, with the beſt;
And ſeeking in weak traſh to make her wound,
Shall find me ſolid, and her Teeth unſound:
Leſs, learn'd *Trebatius* cenſure diſagree.
Treb. No, *Horace*, I of force muſt yield to thee;
Only, take heed, as being advis'd by me,
Leſt thou incur ſome danger: better pauſe,
Than rue thy ignorance of the ſacred Laws;
There's Juſtice, and great Action may be ſu'd
'Gainſt ſuch, as wrong Mens Fames with Verſes lewd.
Hor. I, with lewd Verſes; ſuch as Libels be,
And aim'd at Perſons of good Quality.
I reverence and adore that juſt Decree:
But if they ſhall be ſharp, yet modeſt Rhimes
That ſpare Mens Perſons, and but tax their Crimes,
Such ſhall in open Court, find currant paſs;
Were *Cæſar* Judge, and with the Makers grace.
Treb. Nay, I'll add more; if thou thy ſelf being clear,
Shalt tax in Perſon a Man, fit to bear
Shame, and reproach; his Sute ſhall quickly be
Diſſolv'd in laughter, and thou thence ſit free.

Act IV. Scene I.

Chloe, Cytheris.

BUT, ſweet Lady, ſay: am I well enough attir'd for the Court, in ſadneſs?

Cyth. Well enough? excellent well, ſweet Miſtris *Chloe*, this ſtrait-bodied City attire (I can tell you) will ſtir a Courtiers Blood, more than the fineſt looſe Sacks the Ladies uſe to be put in; and then you are as well Jewel'd as any of them; your Ruff, and Linen about you, is much more pure than theirs: And for your Beauty, I can tell you, their's many of them would defie the Painter, if they could change with you. Marry, the worſt is, you muſt look to be envied, and endure a few Court-frumps for it.

Chlo. O *Jove*, Madam, I ſhall buy them too cheap! Give me my Muff, and my Dog there. And will the Ladies be any thing familiar with me, think you?

Cyth. O *Juno!* why, you ſhall ſee 'em flock about you with their puff wings, and ask you, where you bought your Lawn? and what you paid for it? who Starches you? and entreat you to help 'em to ſome pure Landreſſes out of the City.

Chlo. O *Cupid!* give me my Fan, and my Mask too: and will the Lords, and the Poets there, uſe one well too, Lady?

Cyth. Doubt not of that; you ſhall have kiſſes from them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your Lips, as thick as Stones out of Slings, at the Aſſault of a City. And then your Ears will be ſo furd with the breath of their Complements, that you cannot catch cold of your Head (if you would) in three Winters after.

Chlo. Thank you, ſweet Lady. O Heaven! And how muſt one behave her ſelf amongſt 'em? you know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently enough, Miſtriſs *Chloe*, and well enough. Carry not too much under-thought betwixt your ſelf and them; nor your City-mannerly word (forſooth,) uſe it not too often in any caſe; but plain, I, Madam; and, No Madam: Nor never ſay, your Lordſhip, nor your Honour; but, you, and you my Lord, and my Lady: the other, they count too ſimple, and minſitive. And though they deſire to kiſs Heaven with their Titles, yet they will count them Fools that give them too humbly.

Chlo. O intolerable, *Jupiter!* By my troth, Lady, I would not for a World but you had lain in my Houſe: and i'faith you ſhall not pay a Farthing for your Board, nor your Chambers.

Cyth. O, ſweet Miſtriſs *Chloe!*

Chlo. I'faith, you ſhall not Lady; nay, good Lady, do not offer it.

Act IV. Scene II.

Cor. Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloe.

COme, where be theſe Ladies? By your leave, bright Stars, this Gentleman and I are come to man you to Court: where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly Banquet.

Cyth. A heavenly Banquet, *Gallus?*

Cor. Gal. No leſs, my dear, *Cytheris.*

Tib. That were not ſtrange, Lady, if the *Epithete* were only given for the company invited thither; your ſelf, and this fair Gentlewoman.

Chlo. Are we invited to Court, Sir?

Tib. You are, Lady, by the great Princeſs, *Julia:* who longs to greet you with any Favours, that may worthily make you an often Courtier.

Chlo. In ſincerity, I thank her, Sir. You have a Coach? ha' you not?

Tib. The Princeſs hath ſent her own, Lady.

Chlo. O *Venus!* that's well: I do long to ride in a Coach moſt vehemently.

Cyt. But, ſweet *Gallus*, pray you, reſolve me, why you give that heavenly Praiſe, to this earthly Banquet?

Cor. Gal. Becauſe (*Cytheris*) it muſt be celebrated by the heavenly Powers: All the Gods, and Goddeſſes will be there; to two of which you two muſt be exalted.

Chlo. A pretty Fiction in truth.

Cyt. A fiction indeed, *Chloe*, and fit, for the fit of a Poet.

Cor. Gal. Why, *Cytheris*, may not Poets (from whoſe divine Spirits, all the Honours of the Gods have been deduc't) intreat ſo much Honour of the Gods, to have their divine Preſence at a Poetical Banquet?

Cyt. Suppoſe that no fiction: yet, where are your Habilities to make us two Goddeſſes, at your Feaſt?

Cor. Gal. Who knows not (*Cytheris*) that the ſacred Breath of a true Poet, can blow any vertuous Humanity up to Deity?

Tib. To tell you the femal truth (which is the ſimple truth) Ladies; and to ſhew that Poets (in ſpight of the World) are able to Deifie themſelves: At this Banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to aſſume the Figures of the Gods; and to give our ſeveral Loves the forms of Goddeſſes. *Ovid* will be *Jupiter*; the Princeſs *Julia*, *Juno*; *Gallus* here *Apollo*; you *Cytheris*, *Pallas*; I will be *Bacchus*; and my Love *Plautia*, *Ceres*: And to inſtall you, and your Husband, fair *Chloe*, in Honours equal with ours; you ſhall be a Goddeſs, and your Huſband a God.

Chlo. A God? O my God!

Tib. A God; but a lame God, Lady: for he ſhall be *Vulcan*, and you *Venus*. And this will make our Banquet no leſs than heavenly.

Chlo. In ſincerity, it will be ſugred. Good *Jove*, what a pretty fooliſh thing it is to be a Poet! But hark you, ſweet *Cytheris*, could they not poſſibly leave out my Husband? methinks a bodies Husband does not ſo well at Court; A bodies friend, or ſo—— but Husband, 'tis like your clog to your *Marmaſet*, for all the World, and the Heavens.

Cyt. Tut, never fear, *Chloe:* your Husband will be left without in the Lobby, or the great Chamber, when you ſhall be put in, i' the Cloſet, by this Lord, and by that Lady,

Chlo. Nay, then I am ſatisfied: he ſhall go.

Act IV. Scene III.

Gallus, Horace, Tibullus, Criſpinus, Tucca, Demetrius Cytheris, Chloe.

HOrace! Welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my *Quintus?*

Hor. Our melancholick Friend, *Propertius*,
Hath clos'd himſelf up in his *Cynthia's* Tomb;
And will by no intreaties be drawn thence.

Alb. Nay, good Maſter *Criſpinus*, pray you, bring neer the Gentleman.

Hor. Criſpinus? Hide me, good *Gallus*: *Tibullus*, ſhelter me.

Cri. Make your approach, ſweet Captain.

Tib. What means this, *Horace?*

Hor. I am ſurpriz'd again, farewell.

Gal. Stay, *Horace.*

Hor. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' Vulture? No: *Phœbus* defend me. *Tib.* 'Slight! I hold my life,
This ſame is he met him in *Holy-ſtreet.*

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of *Propertius* reliſheth very ſtrange with me.

Tuc. By

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat ſcoundrel: what, is this the mad Boy you talk't on?

Criſ. I, this is Maſter *Albius*, Captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, *Agamemnon*; we hear abroad thou art the *Hector* of Citizens: what ſaiſt thou? are we welcome to thee, noble *Neoptolemus*?

Alb. Welcome, Captain, by *Jove*, and all the Gods i'the Capitol ——

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of theſe is thy Wedlock, *Menelaus*? thy *Hellen*? thy *Lucrece*? that we may do her Honour; mad Boy?

Criſ. She i' the little fine Dreſſing, Sir, is my Miſtris.

Alb. For fault of a better, Sir.

Tuc. A better, prophane Raſcal? I cry the mercy (my good ſcroil) was't thou?

Alb. No harm, Captain.

Tuc. She is a *Venus*, a *Veſta*, a *Melpomene*: Come hither *Penelope*; what's thy name, *Iris*?

Chlo. My name is *Chloe*, Sir; I am a Gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an Empreſs (*Chloe*) for an Eye and a Lip; thou haſt an Emperors Noſe: kiſs me again: 'tis a vertuous Punk; ſo. Before *Jove*, the Gods were a ſort of Goſlings, when they ſuffered ſo ſweet a Breath to perfume the Bed of a Stinkard: thou hadſt ill fortune, *Thisbe*; the Fates were infatuate; they were, Punk; they were.

Chlo. That's ſure, Sir: let me crave your name, I pray you, Sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of Captain *Tucca*, Punk; the noble *Roman*, Punk: a Gentleman, and a Commander, Punk.

Chlo. In good time: a Gentleman, and a Commander? that's as good as a Poet, methinks.

Criſ. A pretty Inſtrument! It's my Couſin *Cytheris* Viol, this: is't not?

Cyt. Nay, play Couſin, it wants but ſuch a Voyce and Hand, to grace it, as yours is.

Criſ. Alas, Couſin, you are merrily inſpir'd.

Cyt. 'Pray you play, if you love me.

Criſ. Yes, Couſin: you know, I do not hate you.

Tib. A moſt ſubtil Wench! How ſhe hath baited him with a Viol yonder, for a Song!

Criſ. Couſin, 'pray you call Miſtris *Chloe*; ſhe ſhall hear an Eſſay of my Poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her. Come hither, Cockatrice: here's one, will ſet thee up, my ſweet Punk; ſet thee up.

Chlo. Are you a Puet, ſo ſoon, Sir?

Alb. Wife: mum.

SONG.

LOve is blind, and a wanton;
In the whole World, there is ſcant
One ſuch another:
No, not his Mother.
He hath pluckt her Doves *and* Sparrows,
To Feather his ſharp Arrows,
And alone prevaileth,
Whilſt ſick Venus *waileth.*
But if Cypris *once recover*
The wag; it ſhall behove her
To look better to him:
Or ſhe will undo him.

Alb. O, moſt odoriferous Muſick!

Tuc. A, ha! Stinkard. Another *Orpheus*, you Slave, another *Orpheus!* an *Arion*, riding on the Back of a Dolphin, Raſcal!

Gal. Have you a Copy of this Ditty, Sir?

Criſ. Maſter *Albius* has.

Alb. I, but in truth, they are my Wives Verſes; I muſt not ſhew 'em.

Tuc. Shew 'em, Bankrupt, ſhew 'em; they have Salt in 'em, and will brook the Air, Stinkard.

Gal. How? to his bright Miſtris, *Canidia*?

Criſ. I, Sir, that's but a borrowed name; as *Ovid's Corinna*, or *Propertius* his *Cynthia*, or your *Nemeſis*, or *Delia*, *Tibullus*.

Gal. It's the name of *Horace* his Witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why? the Ditt'is all borrowed; 'tis *Horace's*: hang him *Plagiary*.

Tuc. How? he borrow of *Horace*? he ſhall pawn himſelf to ten Brokers, firſt. Do you hear, *Poetaſters*? I know you to be Men of Worſhip—— He ſhall write with *Horace*, for a Talent: and let *Mecænas*, and his whole Colledge of Criticks take his part: thou ſhalt do't, young *Phœbus*: thou ſhalt, *Phaeton*, thou ſhalt.

Dem. Alas, Sir, *Horace!* he is a meer Spunge; nothing but Humours and Obſervation; he goes up and down ſucking from every Society, and when he comes home ſqueezes himſelf dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou ſaiſt true, my poor poetical Fury, he will pen all he knows. A ſharp Thorny-tooth'd Satyrical Raſcal, fly him; he carries Hey in his Horn: he will ſooner loſe his beſt Friend, than his leaſt Jeſt. What he once drops upon Paper, againſt a Man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the Mouth of every Slave, Tankard-bearer, or Water-man; not a Bawd, or a Boy that comes from the Bake-houſe, but ſhall point at him: 'tis all Dog, and Scorpion; he carries Poyſon in his Teeth, and a Sting in his Tail. Fough, Body of *Jove!* I'll have the Slave whipt one of theſe days for his Satyrs and his Humours, by one caſheer'd Clark or another.

Criſ. We'll under-take him, Captain.

Dem. I, and tickle him i'faith, for his arrogancy and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his tranſlating. I can trace him i'faith. O, he is the moſt open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new Sute I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new Sute; ſting him, my little Neufts; I'll give you inſtructions: I'll be your intelligencer, we'll all joyn, and hang upon him like ſo many Horſeleaches, the Players and all. We ſhall ſup together, ſoon; and then we'll conſpire i'faith.

Gal. O, that *Horace* had ſtaied ſtill here.

Tib. So would not I: for both theſe would have turn'd *Pythagoreans* then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. I, as Fiſhes i' faith: come, Ladies, ſhall we go?

Cyt. We wait you, Sir. But Miſtris *Chloe* asks, if you have not a God to ſpare for this Gentleman.

Gal. Who, Captain *Tucca*?

Cyt. I; he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he ſhall be *Mars*.

Chlo. Has *Mars* any thing to do with *Venus*?

Tib. O, moſt of all, Lady.

Chlo. Nay, then I pray' let him be invited: and what ſhall *Criſpinus* be?

Tib. Mercury? Miſtris *Chloe*.

Chlo. Mercury? that's a Poet, is't?

Gal. No, Lady; but ſomewhat inclining that way: he is a Herald at Arms.

Chlo. A Herald at Arms? good: and *Mercury*? pretty: he has to do with *Venus* too?

Tib. A little with her Face, Lady; or ſo.

Chlo. 'Tis very well; pray' let's go, I long to be at it.

Cyt. Gentlemen, ſhall we pray your companies along?

Criſ. You ſhall not only pray, but prevail, Lady, Come, ſweet Captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou muſt not talk of this now, my little Bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here: mum.

Dem. I'll go write, Sir.

Tuc. Do, do, ſtay: there's a Drachm to purchaſe Ginger-bread for thy *Muſe*.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Lupus, Hiſtrio, Lictors, Minos, Mecænas, Horace.

COme, let us talk here; here we may be private: ſhut the door *Lictor*. You are a Player, you ſay.

Hiſt. I, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Lup. Good: and how are you able to give this Intelligence?

Hiſt. Marry, Sir, they directed a Letter to me, and my fellow-ſharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now i' your *Theatre, Stager:* my Sword, Knave. They directed a Letter to you, and your fellow-ſharers: forward.

Hiſt. Yes, Sir; to hire ſome of our properties; as a Scepter, and Crown, for *Jove*; and a *Caduceus* for *Mercury*: and a *Petaſus* ——

Lup. Caduceus? and *Petaſus?* Let me ſee your Letter. This is a Conjuration; a Conſpiracy, this. Quickly, on with my Buskins: I'll act a *Tragedie*, i' faith. Will nothing but our Gods ſerve theſe Poets to prophane? diſpatch. Player, I thank thee. The Emperour ſhall take knowledge of thy good ſervice. Who's there now? Look, Knave. A Crown and a Scepter? this is good Rebellion, now!

Lic. 'Tis your 'pothecary, Sir, Maſter *Minos*.

Lup. What tell'ſt thou me of 'pothecaries, Knave? Tell him; I have Affairs of State in Hand; I can talk to no 'pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the 'pothecary there.

You ſhall ſee, I have fiſh't out a cunning piece of Plot now: They have had ſome intelligence, that their project is diſcover'd, and now have they dealt with my 'pothecary, to Poyſon me; 'tis ſo; knowing that I meant to take Phyſick to day: As ſure as Death, 'tis there. *Jupiter*, I thank thee, that thou haſt yet made me ſo much of a Politician. You are welcome, Sir; take the Potion from him there; I have an *Antidote* more than you wote off, Sir; throw it on the Ground there: ſo. Now fetch in the Dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try Experiments now: Arreſt him, you ſhall go with me, Sir; I'll tickle you, 'pothecary; I'll give you a Gliſter, i'faith. Have I the Letter? I, 'tis here. Come, your *Faſces, Lictors:* The half Pikes and the Halberds, take them down from the *Lares*, there. Player, aſſiſt me.

Mec. Whither now, *Aſinius Lupus*, with this Armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you, aſſiſt me: Treaſon, Treaſon.

Her. How? Treaſon?

Lup. I: if you love the Emperour, and the State, follow me.

Act IV. Scene V.

Ovid, Julia, Gallus, Cytheris, Tibullus, Plautia, Albius, Chloe, Tucca, Criſpinus, Hermogenes, Pyrgus.

GOds and Goddeſſes, take your ſeveral Seats. Now, *Mercury*, move your *Caduceus*, and in *Jupiter*'s name command ſilence.

Criſ. In the name of *Jupiter*, ſilence.

Her. The Crier of the Court hath too clarified a Voice.

Gal. Peace, *Momus*.

Ovid. Oh, he is the God of reprehenſion; let him alone. 'Tis his Office. *Mercury*, go forward, and proclaim after *Phœbus*, our high Pleaſure, to all the Deities that ſhall partake this high Banquet.

Criſ. Yes, Sir.

Gal. The great God, *Jupiter*, — *Criſ.* The great, &c.
Of his licentious goodneſs, — Of his, &c.
Willing to make this Feaſt, no Faſt — Willing, &c.
From any manner of pleaſure; — From any, &c.
Nor to bind any God or Goddeſs, — Nor to, &c.
To be any thing the more God or Goddeſs, for their names: — To be, &c.
He gives them all free Licence, — He gives, &c.
To ſpeak no wiſer than Perſons of baſer Titles; — To ſpeak, &c.
And to be nothing better, than common Men, or Women. — And to, &c.
And therefore no God — And there, &c.
Shall need to keep himſelf more ſtrictly to his Goddeſs, — Shall need, &c.
Than any Man do's to his Wife. — Than any, &c.
Nor any Goddeſs — Nor any, &c.
Shall need to keep her ſelf more ſtrictly to her God, — Shall need, &c.
Than any Woman do's to her Husband. — Than any, &c.
But, ſince it is no part of Wiſdom, — But, ſince, &c.
In theſe days, to come into Bonds; — In theſe, &c.
It ſhall be lawful for every Lover, — It ſhall, &c.
To break loving Oaths, — To break, &c.
To change their Lovers, and make Love to others, — To change, &c.
As the heat of every ones Blood, — As the, &c.
And the ſpirit of our *Nectar* ſhall inſpire. — And the, &c.
And *Jupiter*, ſave *Jupiter*. — And *Jupiter*, &c.

Tib. So: now we may play the Fools, by Authority.

Her. To play the Fool by Authority, is Wiſdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery ſentences, *Momus*; they are too grave and wiſe for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our Jeſter a Stool, let him ſit by; and reach him of our Cates.

Tuc. Do'ſt hear, mad *Jupiter?* We'll have it enacted, He that ſpeaks the firſt wiſe word, ſhall be made Cuckold. What ſai'ſt thou? Is't not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great *Jupiter*.

Alb. I have read in a Book, that to play the Fool wiſely, is high Wiſdom.

Gal. How now, *Vulcan!* will you be the firſt Wizard?

Ovid. Take his Wife, *Mars*, and make him Cuckold quickly.

Tuc. Come Cockatrice.

Chlo. No, let me alone with him, *Jupiter:* I'll make you take heed, Sir, while you live again; if there be twelve in a company, that you be not the wiſeſt of 'em.

Alb. No more; I will not indeed, Wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a Bowl of *Nectar*, *Ganymede:* we will drink to our Daughter *Venus*.

Gal. Look to your Wife *Vulcan: Jupiter* begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let *Mars* look to it: *Vulcan* muſt do as *Venus* do's bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, Boy: *Catamite.* Look, you play *Ganymede* well now, you Slave. Do not ſpill your *Nectar*; Carry your Cup even: ſo. You ſhould have rub'd your Face with Whites of Eggs, you Raſcal; till your Brows had ſhone like our footy Brothers here, as ſleek as a Horn-Book: or ha' ſteept your Lips in Wine, till you made 'em ſo plump, that *Juno* might have been jealous of 'em. Punck, kiſs me Punck.

Ovid. Here, Daughter *Venus*, I drink to thee.

Chlo. Thank you, good Father *Jupiter*.

Tuc. Why, Mother *Juno!* Gods and Fiends! what, wilt thou ſuffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is inrag'd, he looks big, and begins to ſtut for anger.

Her. Well plaid, Captain *Mars*.

Tuc. Well ſaid, Minſtrel *Momus*: I muſt put you in? muſt I? When will you be in good fooling of your ſelf, Fiddler? never?

Her. O, 'tis our faſhion to be ſilent when there is a better Fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, Raſcal.

Ovid. Fill to our Daughter *Venus*, *Ganymede*, who fills her Father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging *Jupiter* before my Face?

Ovid. Why not, *Juno*? why ſhould *Jupiter* ſtand in awe of thy Face, *Juno*?

Jul. Becauſe it is thy Wives Face, *Jupiter*.

Ovid. What, ſhall a Husband be afraid of his Wives Face? will ſhe paint it ſo horribly? We are a King, Cot-quean; and we will reign in our Pleaſures; and we will cudgel thee to death, if thou find fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, King Cuckold-maker: what, ſhall the King of Gods turn the King of Good Fellows, and have no fellow in Wickedneſs? This makes our *Poets*, that know our Prophaneneſs, live as prophane as we: By my God-head, *Jupiter*; I will joyn with all the other Gods here, bind thee hand and foot, throw thee down into the Earth, and make a poor *Poet* of thee, if thou abuſe me thus.

Gal. A good Smart tongu'd Goddeſs; a right *Juno*.

Ovid. *Juno*, we will cudgel thee, *Juno*: we told thee ſo yeſterday, when thou wert jealous of us for *Thetis*.

Pyr. Nay, to day ſhe had me in inquiſition too.

Tuc. Well ſaid my fine *Phrigian* fry, inform, inform. Give me ſome Wine (King of *Heralds*) I may drink to my Cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, *Ganymede*, we will Cudgel thee, *Juno*: by *Styx* we will.

Jul. I, 'tis well, Gods may grow impudent in Iniquity, and they muſt not be told of it——

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our Chin againſt our Breaſt, and ſhake thee out of *Olympus* into an Oyſter-boat, for thy ſcolding.

Jul. Your Noſe is not long enough to do it, *Jupiter*, if all thy Strumpets, thou haſt among the Stars, took thy part. And there is never a Star in my Fore-head, but ſhall be a Horn, if thou perſiſt to abuſe me.

Criſ. A good Jeſt i' faith.

Ovid. We tell thee, thou anger'ſt us, Cot-quean; and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy Cot-queanity.

Criſ. Another good Jeſt.

Alb. O, my Hammers and my *Cyclops!* this Boy fills not Wine enough, to make us kind enough to one another.

Tuc. Nor thou haſt not collied thy Face enough, ſtinkard.

Alb. I'll ply the Table with *Nectar*, and make them Friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame Skinker, then.

Alb. "Wine, and good Livers make true Lovers: I'll ſentence them together. Here Father, here Mother, for ſhame, drink your ſelves drunk, and forget this diſſention: you two ſhould cling together before our Faces, and give us example of Unity.

Gal. O, excellently ſpoken, *Vulcan*, on the ſudden!

Tib. *Jupiter*, may do well to prefer his Tongue to ſome Office for his Eloquence.

Tuc. His Tongue ſhall be Gentleman-uſher to his Wit, and ſtill go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit Office!

Criſ. I, and an excellent good Jeſt beſides

Her. What, have you hired *Mercury* to cry your Jeſts you make?

Ovid. *Momus* you are envious.

Tuc. Why, you Whorſon Block-head, 'tis your only block of Wit in faſhion (now a days) to applaud other Folks Jeſts.

Her. True: with thoſe that are not Artificers themſelves. *Vulcan*, you nod; and the mirth of the Jeſt droops.

Pyr. He has fill'd *Nectar* ſo long till his Brain ſwims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, Fellow Gods? ſound Muſick, and let us ſtartle our Spirits with a Song.

Tuc. Do, *Apollo*; thou art a good Muſician.

Gal. What ſays *Jupiter*?

Ovid. Ha? ha?

Gal. A Song.

Ovid. Why, do, do, ſing.

Pla. *Bacchus*, what ſay you?

Tib. *Ceres*?

Plau. But, to this Song?

Tib. Sing for my part.

Jul. Your Belly weighs down your Head, *Bacchus*: here's a Song toward.

Tib. Begin, *Vulcan*——

Alb. What elſe? what elſe?

Tuc. Say, *Jupiter*——

Ovid. *Mercury*——

Criſ. I ſay, ſay——

SONG.

WAke, our mirth begins to dye:
Quicken it with Tunes and Wine:
Raiſe your Notes, your out: fie, fie,
This drowzineſs is an ill ſign.
We baniſh him the Quire of Gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are Men,
For here's not one, but nods.

Ovid. I like not this ſudden and general heavineſs amongſt our God-heads: 'tis ſomewhat ominous. *Apollo*, command us lowder Muſick, and let *Mercury* and *Momus* contend to pleaſe, and revive our Sences.

SONG.

Herm. *THen, in a free and lofty ſtrain,*
Our broken Tunes we thus repair;
Criſ. *And we anſwer them again,*
Running diviſion on the panting Air:
Ambo. *To celebrate this feaſt of* ſence,
As free from ſcandal as offence.
Herm. *Here is Beauty for the Eye;*
Criſ. *For the Ear ſweeet* Melody;
Herm. Ambroſiack odours, *for the ſmell;*
Criſ. *Delicious* Nectar, *for the taſte;*
Ambo. *For the touch, a* Ladies waſte;
Which doth all the reſt excel!

Ovid. I: This hath wak't us. *Mercury*, our Herald; go from our ſelf, the great God *Jupiter*, to the great Emperor, *Auguſtus Cæſar*: And command him from us (of whoſe Bounty he hath received his Sir-name, *Auguſtus*) that for a Thank-offering to our Beneficenſe, he preſently Sacrifice, as a Diſh to this Banquet, his beautiful and wanton Daughter *Julia*. She's a curſt Quean tell him; and plays the ſcold behind his Back: Therefore let her be Sacrific'd. Command him this, *Mercury*, in our high name of *Jupiter Altitonans*.

Jul. Stay, Feather-footed *Mercury*, and tell *Auguſtus*, from us the great *Junio Saturnia*; if he think it hard to do, as *Jupiter* hath commanded him, and Sacrifice his Daughter, that he had better to do ſo ten times, than ſuffer her to love the well-nos'd *Poet*, *Ovid*; whom he ſhall do well to whip, or cauſe to be whipt about the Capitol, for ſoothing her in her Follies.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Cæſar, Mecœnas, Horace, Lupus, Hiſtrio, Minos, Lictors, Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Criſpinus, Albius, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, Julia, Cytheris, Plautia, Chloe.

WHat ſight is this? *Mecœnas*! *Horace*! ſay!
Have we our Senſes? Do we hear and ſee?
Or are theſe but imaginary Objects
Drawn by our Phantaſie? Why ſpeak you not?
Let us do Sacrifice? Are they the Gods?
Reverence, Amaze, and Fury fight in me.
What, do they kneel? Nay, then I ſee 'tis true
I thought impoſſible: O, impious ſight!
Let me divert mine Eyes; the very thought
Everts my Soul with Paſſion: look not, Man
There is a Panther, whoſe unnatural Eyes
Will ſtrike thee dead: turn then and dye on her
[*He offers to kill his Daughter.*
With her own Death.

Mec. Horace. What means Imperial *Cæſar*?

Cæſ. What? would you have me let the Stumpet live,
That, for this Pageant, earn ſo many deaths?

Tuc. Boy, ſlink Boy.

Pyr. Pray *Jupiter* we be not follow'd by the ſcent, Maſter.

Cæſ. Say, Sir, what are you?

Alb. I play *Vulcan*, Sir.

Cæſ. But what are you, Sir?

Alb. Your Citizen and Jeweller, Sir.

Cæſ. And what are you Dame?

Chlo. I play *Venus*, Forſooth,

Cæſ. I ask not what you play, but what you are.

Chlo. Your Citizen and Jewellers Wife, Sir.

Cæſ. And you, good Sir?

Criſ. Your Gentleman Parcel-Poet, Sir.

Cæſ. O, that prophaned Name!
And are theſe ſeemly Company for thee,
Degenerate Monſter? all the reſt I know,
And hate all knowledge for their hateful ſakes.
Are you that firſt the *Deities* inſpir'd
With skill of their high Natures and their Powers,
The firſt abuſers of their uſeful Light;
Prophaning thus their Dignities in their forms;
And making them like you, but Counterfeits?
O, who ſhall follow Vertue and embrace her,
When her falſe Boſom is found nought but Air?
And yet of thoſe embraces *Centaurs* ſpring,
That War with human Peace, and poyſon Men.
Who ſhall, with greater Comforts, comprehend
Her unſeen Being and her Excellence;
When you that teach, and ſhould eternize her,
Live as ſhe were no Law unto your Lives:
Nor liv'd her ſelf but with your idle Breaths?
If you think Gods but fain'd and Vertue painted,
Know we ſuſtain an actual Reſidence;
And with the Title of an Emperor,
Retain his Spirit and Imperial Power;
By which (in impoſition too remiſs,
Licentious *Naſo*, for thy violent wrong,
In ſoothing the declin'd Affections
Of our baſe Daughter) we exile thy Feet
From all approach to our Imperial Court,
On pain of death; and thy miſ-gotten Love
Commit to patronage of Iron Doors;
Since her ſoft-hearted Sire cannot contain her.

Mec. O, good my Lord, forgive; be like the Gods.

Hor. Let Royal bounty (*Cæſar*) mediate.

Cæſ. There is no bounty to be ſhew'd to ſuch,
As have no real goodneſs: Bounty is
A ſpice of Vertue: and what vertuous Act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worſhip of that Idol, Vice,
As if there were no vertue, but in ſhade
Of ſtrong imagination, meerly enforc't?
This ſhews their knowledge is meer Ignorance;
Their farfetch Dignity of Soul, a Phanſie;
And all their ſquare pretext of Gravity
A meer vain glory: hence, away with 'em.
I will prefer for knowledge, none, but ſuch
As rule their Lives by it, and can becalm
All Sea of humour with the Marble *Trident*
Of their ſtrong Spirits: Others fight below
With Gnats and Shadows, others nothing know.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Tucca, Criſpinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Mecœnas, Lupus, Hiſtrio.

WHat's become of my little Punk, *Venus*, and the Poult-foot Stinkard, her Husband? ha?

Criſ. O, they are rid home i' the Coach, as faſt as the Wheels can run.

Tuc. God *Jupiter* is baniſht, I hear: and his Cockatrice, *Juno*, lock't up. 'Heart, an' all the *Poetry* in *Parnaſſus* get me to be a Player again, I'll ſell 'em my ſhare for a Seſterce. But this is *humorous Horace*, that Goat-footed envious Slave; he's turn'd faun now, an Informer, the Rogue: 'tis he has betraid us all. Did you not ſee him with the Emperor crouching?

Criſ. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou ſhalt Libel and I'll Cudgel the Raſcal. Boy, provide me a Truncheon. Revenge ſhall gratulate him, *tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

Pyr. I, but Maſter; take heed how you give this out; *Horace* is a Man of the Sword.

Criſ. 'Tis true, in troth: they ſay, he's Valiant.

Tuc. Valiant? ſo is mine Arſe; Gods, and Fiends! I'll blow him into Air, when I meet him next: He dares not fight with a Puck-fiſt.

Pyr. Maſter, here he comes.

Tuc. Where? *Jupiter* ſave thee, my good *Poet*; my noble *Prophet*; my little fat *Horace*. I ſcorn to beat the Rogue i' the Court; and I ſaluted him, thus fair, becauſe he ſhould ſuſpect nothing, the Raſcal: Come, we'll go ſee how forward our Journey-man is toward the untruſſing of him. *Horace paſſes by.*

Criſ. Do you hear, Captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence: becauſe I may ſwear I am innocent.

Hor. Nay, why purſue you not the Emperor for your Reward now, *Lupus*?

Mec. Stay, *Aſinius*;
You and your Stager, and your Band of *Lictors*:
I hope your Service merits more reſpect,
Than thus, without a thanks to be ſent hence!

Hiſ. Well, well, jeſt on, jeſt on.

Hor. Thou baſe unworthy Groom. *Lup.* I, I, 'tis good.

Hor. Was this the Treaſon? this the dangerous Plot,
Thy clamorous Tongue ſo bellowed through the Court?
Hadſt thou no other Project to encreaſe
Thy grace with *Cæſar*, but this wolviſh Train,
To prey upon the Life of innocent Mirth
And harmleſs Pleaſures, bred of noble Wit?
Away, I lothe thy Preſence; ſuch as thou,
They are the Moths and Scarabes of a State;
The bane of Empires, and the Dregs of Courts;
Who (to endear themſelves to any Employment)
Care not whoſe fame they blaſt, whoſe life they endanger:
And under a diſguis'd and Cobweb maſk
Of love, unto their Soveraign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious Malice; and pretending
To be the Props and Columns of his ſafety,
The Guards unto his Perſon, and his Peace,

Diſturb

Diſturb it moſt, with their falſe Lapwing cries.
Lup. Good. *Cæſar* ſhall know of this; believe it.
Mec. *Cæſar* doth know it (Wolf) and to his knowledge,
He will (I hope) reward your baſe endeavours.
" Princes that will but hear, or give acceſs
" To ſuch officious Spies, can ne're be ſafe:
" They take in Poyſon with an open Ear,
" And, free from danger, become Slaves to fear.

Act IV. Scene VIII.

Ovid.

BAniſht the Court? Let me be baniſht Life;
Since the chief end of Life is there concluded:
Within the Court is all the Kingdom bounded,
And as her ſacred Sphear doth comprehend
Ten thouſand times ſo much, as ſo much Place
In any part of all the Empire elſe;
So every Body, moving in her Sphear,
Contains Ten thouſand times as much in him,
As any other, her choice Orb excludes.
As in a Circle, a Magician, then
Is ſafe againſt the Spirit he excites;
But out of it is ſubject to his rage,
And loſeth all the Vertue of his Art:
So I, exil'd the Circle of the Court,
Loſe all the good Gifts, that in it I 'joy'd.
" No Vertue currant is, but with her Stamp:
" And no Vice vicious blaunch't with her white Hand.
The Court's the abſtract of all *Rome*'s deſert;
And my dear *Julia*, th' abſtract of the Court.
Methinks, now I come neer her, I reſpire
Some Air of that late comfort, I receiv'd:
And while the Evening, with her modeſt Vail,
Gives leave to ſuch poor Shaddows as my ſelf,
To ſteal abroad, I, like a heartleſs Ghoſt,
Without the living Body of my Love,
Will here walk, and attend her. For I know
Not far from hence ſhe is impriſoned,
And hopes, of her ſtrict Guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to ſpeak to me,
And chear my fainting Spirits with her Breath.

Act IV. Scene IX.

Julia, Ovid. [*She appeareth above, as at her Chamber Window.*

O*Vid*? my Love? *Ovid.* Here, heavenly *Julia*.
Jul. Here? and not here? O, how that word doth play
With both our Fortunes, differing, like our ſelves,
Both one; and yet divided, as oppos'd?
I high, thou low? O, this our plight of Place
Doubly preſents the two lets of our love,
Local and Ceremonial height, and lowneſs:
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our Minds are even, yet: O, why ſhould our Bodies,
That are their Slaves, be ſo without their Rule?
I'll caſt my ſelf down to thee; If I dye,
I'll ever live with thee: no height of Birth,
Of Place, of Duty, or of cruel Power,
Shall keep me from thee; ſhould my Father lock
This Body up within a Tomb of Braſs,
Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms, I hold
Now in my Soul, be made one ſubſtance with it;
That Soul immortal; and the ſame 'tis now;
Death cannot raze th' effects, ſhe now retaineth:
And then, may ſhe be any where ſhe will.
The Souls of Parents rule not Childrens Souls,
When Death ſets both in their diſſolv'd Eſtates;
Then is no Child nor Father: then Eternity
Frees all from any Temporal reſpect.
I come, my *Ovid*, take me in thine Arms:
And let me breath my Soul into thy Breaſt.
Ovid. O, ſtay, my Love: the hopes thou doſt conceive
Of thy quick Death, and of thy future Life,
Are not authentical. Thou chooſeſt Death,
So thou might'ſt joy thy love in th' other Life.
But know (my Princely love) when thou art dead,
Thou only muſt ſurvive in perfect Soul;
And in the Soul are no Affections:
We powr out our Affections with our Blood;
And with our Bloods affections fade our Loves.
" No Life hath Love in ſuch ſweet ſtate as this;
" No Eſſence is ſo dear to moody Senſe,
" As Fleſh and Blood, whoſe quinteſſence is Senſe.
" Beauty, compos'd of Blood, and Fleſh moves more,
" And is more plauſible to Blood and Fleſh,
" Than ſpiritual Beauty can be to the Spirit.
Such apprehenſion as we have in Dreams
(When ſleep, the Bond of Senſes, locks them up)
Such ſhall we have when Death deſtroys them quite.
If love be then thy Object change not Life;
Live high and happy ſtill: I ſtill below,
Cloſe with my Fortunes, in thy height ſhall joy.
Jul. Ay me, that Vertue, whoſe brave Eagles Wings
With every ſtroke blow Stars in burning Heaven;
Should like a Swallow (preying toward Storms)
Fly cloſe to Earth: and with an eager Plume,
Purſue thoſe Objects which none elſe can ſee,
But ſeem to all the World the empty Air.
Thus thou (poor *Ovid*) and all vertuous Men
Muſt prey like Swallows on inviſible Food;
Purſuing Flies, or nothing: and thus Love,
And every Worldly Phanſie, is tranſpos'd
By worldly tyranny to what plight it liſt.
O, Father, ſince thou gav'ſt me not my Mind,
Strive not to rule it: Take, but what thou gav'ſt
To thy diſpoſure: Thy Affections
Rule not in me; I muſt bear all my Griefs;
Let me uſe all my Pleaſures: vertuous Love
Was never ſcandal to a Goddeſs ſtate.
But he's inflexible! and, my dear Love,
Thy Life may chance be ſhortned by the length
Of my unwilling Speeches to depart.
Farewel ſweet Life: though thou be yet exil'd
Th' officious Court, enjoy me amply ſtill:
My Soul, in this my Breath enters thine Ears,
And on this turrets Floor will I lye dead,
Till we may meet again. In this proud height,
I kneel beneath thee in my proſtrate Love,
And kiſs the happy Sands that kiſs thy Feet.
" Great *Jove* ſubmits a Scepter, to a Cell;
" And Lovers e're they part will meet in Hell.
Ovid, Farewel all Company; and if I could
All light with thee: Hells Shade ſhould hide my Brows,
Till thy dear Beauties Beams redeem'd my Vows.
Jul. *Ovid*, my Love: alas, may we not ſtay
A little longer (think'ſt thou) undiſcern'd?
Ovid. For thine own good, fair Goddeſs, do not ſtay.
Who would ingage a Firmament of Fires,
Shining in thee, for me, a falling Star?
Be gone ſweet Life-blood: if I ſhould diſcern
Thy ſelf but toucht, for my ſake, I ſhould dye.
Jul. I will be gone, then; and not Heaven it ſelf
Shall draw me back. *Ovid.* Yet *Julia*, if thou wilt,
A little longer, ſtay. *Jul.* I am content.
Ovid. O, mighty *Ovid*! what the ſway of Heaven
Could not retire, my Breath hath turned back.
Jul. Who ſhall go firſt, my Love? my paſſionate Eyes
Will not endure to ſee thee turn from me.
Ovid. If thou go firſt, my Soul will follow thee.
Jul. Then we muſt ſtay. *Ovid.* Ay me, there is no ſtay
In amorous Pleaſures: if both ſtay, both dye.
I hear thy Father; hence my *Deity*.
Fear forgeth ſounds in my deluded Ears;
I did not hear him: I am mad with love.

There is no Spirit, under Heaven, that works
With ſuch illuſion: yet ſuch Whitchcraft kill me,
Ere a ſound Mind, without it, ſave my Life.
Here, on my Knees, I worſhip the bleſt Place
That held my Goddeſs; and the loving Air,
That clos'd her Body in his Silken Arms:
Vain *Ovid*! kneel not to the Place, nor Air;
She's in thy Heart: riſe then, and worſhip there.
" The trueſt Wiſdom ſilly Men can have,
" Is dotage, on the Follies of their Fleſh.

Act V. Scene I.

Cæſar, Mecænas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.

WE, that have conquer'd ſtill, to ſave the conquer'd,
And lov'd to make inflictions fear'd, not felt;
Griev'd to reprove, and joyful to reward,
More proud of Reconcilement than Revenge,
Reſume into the late ſtate of our love,
Worthy *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*:
You both are Gentlemen; you, *Cornelius*,
A Soldier of Renown, and the firſt *Provoſt*
That ever let our *Roman* Eagles fly
On ſwarthy *Ægypt*, quarried with her Spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold Forms, nor Mens Out-terms,
Without the inward Fires, and Lives of Men)
You both have Vertues, ſhining through your ſhapes;
To ſhew, your Titles are not writ on Poſts,
Or hollow Statues, which the beſt Men are,
Without *Prometheans* ſtuffings reach't from Heaven!
Sweet *Poeſies* ſacred Garlands crown your Gentry:
Which is, of all the Faculties on Earth,
The moſt abſtract, and perfect; if ſhe be
True born, and nurſt with all the Sciences.
She can ſo mould *Rome*, and her Monuments,
Within the liquid Marble of her Lines,
That they ſhall ſtand freſh and miraculous,
Even, when they mix with innovating Duſt;
In her ſweet Streams ſhall our brave *Roman* Spirits
Chaſe, and ſwim after Death, with their choiſe Deeds
Shining on their white Shoulders; and therein
Shall *Tyber*, and our famous Rivers fall
With ſuch attraction, that th' ambitious Line
Of the round World ſhall to her center ſhrink,
To hear their Muſick: And, for theſe high Parts,
Cæſar ſhall reverence the *Pierian* Arts.

Mec. Your Majeſties high Grace to *Poeſie*,
Shall ſtand 'gainſt all the dull Detractions
Of leaden Souls; who (for the vain aſſumings
Of ſome, quite worthleſs of her Soveraign wreaths)
Contain her worthieſt *Prophets* in contempt.

Gal. Happy is *Rome* of all Earths other States,
To have ſo true, and great a Preſident,
For her inferiour Spirits to imitate,
As *Cæſar* is; who addeth to the Sun,
Influence and luſtre: in increaſing thus
His Inſpirations, kindling Fire in us.

Hor. Phœbus himſelf ſhall kneel at *Cæſar*'s Shrine,
And deck it with Bay-garlands dew'd with Wine,
To quit the Worſhip *Cæſar* does to him:
Where other Princes, hoiſted to their Thrones
By Fortunes paſſionate and diſordered Power,
Sit in their height, like Clouds before the Sun,
Hindring his comforts; and (by their exceſs
Of cold in Vertue, and croſs heat in Vice)
Thunder and Tempeſt on thoſe Learned Heads,
Whom *Cæſar* with ſuch honour doth advance.

Tib. All human Buſineſs Fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind Hand,
She, blind, beſtows blind Gifts: that ſtill have nurſt,
They ſee not who, nor how, but ſtill, the worſt.

Cæſ. Cæſar, for his rule, and for ſo much ſtuff
As Fortune puts in his hand, ſhall diſpoſe it
(As if his Hand had Eyes, and Soul, in it)
With worth and judgment. " Hands, that part with Gifts,
" Or will reſtrain their uſe, without deſert,
" Or with a miſery, numm'd to Vertues right,
" Work, as they had no Soul to govern them,
" And quite reject her: ſev'ring their Eſtates
" From human order. Whoſoever can,
" And will not cheriſh Vertue, is no Man.

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, Imperial *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Romes Honour is at hand then. Fetch a Chair,
And ſet it on our Right-hand; where 'tis fit,
Romes Honour and our own ſhould ever ſit.
Now he is come out of *Campania*,
I doubt not, he hath finiſht all his *Æneids*,
Which, like another Soul, I long t' enjoy.
What think * you three, of *Virgil*, Gentlemen, Viz. *Mecænas*,
(That are of his Profeſſion, though rankt higher) *Gallus*,
Or *Horace*, what ſaiſt thou, that art the pooreſt, *Tibullus*.
And likelieſt to envy, or to detract?

Hor. Cæſar ſpeaks after common Men, in this,
To make a difference of me, for my poorneſs:
As if the filth of Poverty ſunk as deep
Into a knowing Spirit, as the bane
Of Riches doth into an ignorant Soul.
No, *Cæſar*, they be pathleſs mooriſh Minds,
That being once made rotten with the Dung
Of damned Riches, ever after ſink
Beneath the ſteps of any Villany.
But knowledg is the *Nectar*, that keeps ſweet
A perfect Soul, even in this Grave of Sin;
And for my Soul, it is as free as *Cæſars*:
For what I know is due I'll give to all.
" He that detracts, or envies vertuous Merit,
" Is ſtill the covetous and the ignorant Spirit.

Cæſ. Thanks, *Horace*, for thy free and wholſom ſharpneſs:
Which pleaſeth *Cæſar* more than ſervile fauns.
" A flatter'd Prince ſoon turns the Prince of Fools.
And for thy ſake, we'll put no difference more
Between the great and good for being poor.
Say then, lov'd *Horace*, thy true thought of *Virgil*.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified Spirit,
By many Revolutions of diſcourſe,
(In his bright Reaſons influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous Moods of common Men;
Bearing the nature and ſimilitude
Of a right heavenly Body; moſt ſevere
In faſhion and collection of himſelf:
And then as clear and confident as *Jove*.

Gal. And yet ſo chaſte and tender is his Ear,
In ſuffering any Syllable to paſs,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of Iſſue to his ſo examin'd ſelf;
That all the laſting Fruits of his full Merit
In his own *Poems*, he doth ſtill diſtaſte:
As if his Minds Piece, which he ſtrove to paint,
Could not with Fleſhly Pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his Works of ſoveraign worth,
This Obſervation (methinks) more than ſerves;
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with ſuch Judgment, labour'd, and diſtill'd
Through all the needful uſes of our Lives,
That could a Man remember but his Lines,
He ſhould not touch at any ſerious Point,
But he might breath his Spirit out of him.

Cæſ. You mean, he might repeat part of his Works,
As fit for any conference he can uſe?

Tib. True, Royal *Cæſar*. *Cæſ.* Worthily obſerv'd:
And a moſt worthy Vertue in his Works.
What thinks material *Horace* of his Learning?

Hor. His Learning favours not the School-like gloſs,
That moſt conſiſts in *ecchoing* Words and Terms,
And ſooneſt wins a Man an empty Name:

Nor

Nor any long, or far-fetch Circumſtance,
Wrapt in the curious Generalties of Arts:
But a direct and *analytick* Sum
Of all the worth and firſt effects of Arts.
And for his *Poeſie*, 'tis ſo ramm'd with Life,
That it ſhall gather ſtrength of Life, with being,
And live hereafter more admir'd than now.
Cæſ. This one conſent, in all your Dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your ſeveral Merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

Act V. Scene II.

Cæſar, Virgil, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.

SEe, here comes *Virgil*; we will riſe and greet him:
Welcom to *Cæſar, Virgil*. *Cæſar* and *Virgil*
Shall differ but in ſound; to *Cæſar, Virgil*
(Of his expreſſed greatneſs) ſhall be made
A ſecond Sir-name, and to *Virgil, Cæſar*.
Where are thy famous *Æneids*? do us grace
To let us ſee, and ſurfeit on their ſight.
Vir. Worthleſs they are of *Cæſars* gracious Eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants:
Which yet are more, than my time could ſupply.
And, could great *Cæſar*'s expectation
Be ſatisfied with any other Service,
I would not ſhew them. *Cæſ. Virgil* is too modeſt;
Or ſeeks, in vain, to make our longings more.
Shew them, ſweet *Virgil*. *Virg.* Then, in ſuch due fear
As fits Preſenters of great Works, to *Cæſar*,
I humbly ſhew them. *Cæſ.* Let us now behold
A human Soul made viſible in Life;
And more refulgent in a ſenſleſs Paper,
Than in the ſenſual Complement of Kings.
Read, read, thy ſelf, dear *Virgil*; let not me
Prophane one Accent with an untuned Tongue:
" Beſt matter, badly ſhown, ſhews worſe, than bad.
See then this Chair, of purpoſe ſet for thee
To read thy *Poem* in; refuſe it not.
" Vertue, without Preſumption, place may take
" Above beſt Kings, whom only ſhe ſhould make.
Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To preſent Eyes, and to all future times
A groſs untruth; that any *Poet* (void
Of Birth or Wealth, or temporal Dignity)
Should, with *decorum*, tranſcend *Cæſar*'s Chair.
" Poor Vertue rais'd, high Birth and Wealth ſet under,
" Croſſeth Heav'ns courſes, and makes Worldings wonder.
Cæſ. The courſe of Heaven, and Fate it ſelf in this
Will *Cæſar* croſs; much more all worldly Cuſtom.
Hor. " Cuſtom, in courſe of Honour, ever Errs:
" And they are beſt, whom Fortune leaſt prefers.
Cæſ. Horace hath (but more ſtrictly) ſpoke our thoughts.
The vaſt rude ſwinge of general Confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from Senſe:
And therefore reaſon (which in right ſhould be
The ſpecial Rector of all *harmony*)
Shall ſhew we are a Man, diſtinct by it,
From thoſe, whom Cuſtom rapteth in her preaſs.
Aſcend then, *Virgil*: and where firſt by chance
We here have turn'd thy Book, do thou firſt read.
Virg. Great *Cæſar* hath his will: I will aſcend.
'Twere ſimple Injury to his free Hand,
That ſweeps the Cob-webs, from un-uſed Vertue,
And makes her ſhine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his Grace;
Than he is choiſe, and liberal to afford it.
Cæſ. Gentlemen of our Chamber, guard the Doors,
And let none enter; peace. Begin, good *Virgil*.
Virg. *Mean while, the ſkies 'gan thunder, and in tail* Virg. lib. 4. Æneid.
Of that, fell powring Storms of Sleet and Hail:
The Tyrian *Lords and* Trojan *Youth, each where*
With Venus Dardane * *Nephew, now, in fear* * Julus.
Seek out for ſeveral ſhelter through the Plain;
Whilſt Floods come rowling from the Hills amain.
Dido *a Cave, The* Trojan * *Prince the ſame* * Æneas.
Lighted upon. There, Earth and Heavens great † Dame, † Juno.
That hath the charge of Marriage, firſt gave ſign
Unto this Contract; Fire and Air did ſhine,
As guilty of the match; and from the Hill
The Nymphs *with ſhreekings do the Region fill.*
Here firſt began their bane; This day was ground
Of all their ills: For now, nor Rumours ſound,
Nor nice reſpect of State moves Dido *ought;*
Her love no longer now by ſtealth is ſought:
She calls this Wedlock, and with that fair Name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the Brute and Fame,
Through all the greateſt Lybian *Towns is gone;*
Fame, a fleet Evil, than which is ſwifter none:
That moving grows, and flying gathers ſtrength;
Little at firſt, and fearful; but at length
She dares attempt the Skies, and ſtalking proud
With Feet on Ground, her Head doth pierce a Cloud!
This Child, our Parent Earth, ſtird up with ſpight
Of all the Gods, brought forth; and, as ſome write,
She was laſt Siſter of that Giant * *Race,* * Cœus Enceli-dus, &c.
That thought to ſcale Jove's *Court; right ſwift of pace,*
And ſwifter far of Wing: a Monſter vaſt,
And dreadful. Look, how many Plumes are plac't
On her huge Corps, ſo many waking Eyes
Stick underneath: and (which may ſtranger riſe
In the report) as many Tongues ſhe bears,
As many Mouths, as many liſtning Ears.
Nightly, in midſt of all the Heaven ſhe flies,
And through the Earths dark ſhadow ſhreeking cries;
Nor do her Eyes once bend to taſte ſweet ſleep:
By day on tops of Houſes ſhe doth keep,
Or on high Towers; and doth thence affright
Cities and Towns of moſt conſpicuous ſight.
As covetous ſhe is of Tales and Lyes,
As prodigal of Truth: This Monſter, &c.

Act V. Scene III.

Lupus, Tucca, Criſpinus, Demetrius, Hiſtrio, Lictors, Cæſar, Virgil, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.

COme, follow me, aſſiſt me, ſecond me: where's the Emperor?
Eques 1. Sir, you muſt pardon us.
Eques. 2. *Cæſar* is private now; you may not enter.
Tuc. Not enter? Charge 'em, upon their Allegiance, Cropſhin.
Eques 1. We have a charge to the contrary, Sir.
Lup. I pronounce you all Traitors, horrible Traitors: What? do you know my Affairs?
I have matter of danger, and ſtate to impart to *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What noiſe is there? who's that names *Cæſar*?
Lup. A Friend to *Cæſar*. One that for *Cæſar*'s good would ſpeak with *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Who is't? look, *Cornelius*.
Eques 1. *Aſinius Lupus*.
Cæſ. O, bid the turbulent Informer hence;
We have no vacant Ear, now, to receive
Th' unſeaſon'd Fruits of his officious Tongue.
Mec. You muſt avoid him there.
Lup. I conjure thee, as thou art *Cæſar*, or reſpect'ſt thine own ſafety, or the ſafety of the State, *Cæſar*: Hear me, ſpeak with me, *Cæſar*; 'tis no common Buſineſs I come about; but ſuch as being neglected, may concern the Life of *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. The Life of *Cæſar*? Let him enter. *Virgil* keep thy ſeat.
Equites. Bear back there: whither will you? keep back.

Tuc. By

Tuc. By thy leave good man Uſher: mend thy Peruke; ſo.

Lup. Lay hold on *Horace* there; and on *Mecænas*, *Lictors*. *Romans*, offer no reſcue, upon your allegiance: Read, Royal *Cæſar*. I'le tickle you, *Satyr*.

Tuc. He will, *Humours*, he will: He will ſqueeze you, *Poet* puckfiſt.

Lup. I'le lop you off, for an unprofitable branch, you *Satyrical* Varlet.

Tuc. I, and *Epaminondas* your Patron, here, with his Flaggon Chain; Come, reſign: Though 'twere your great Grand-fathers, the Law has made it mine now, Sir. Look to him, my party-colour'd Raſcals; look to him.

Cæſ. What is this, *Aſinius Lupus*? I underſtand it not.

Lup. Not underſtand it? A Libel, *Cæſar*; a dangerous, ſeditious Libel; a Libel in picture.

Cæſ. A Libel!

Lup. I, I found it in this *Horace* his Study, in *Mecænas* his houſe, here; I challenge the Penalty of the Laws againſt 'em.

Tuc. I, and remember to beg their Land betimes; before ſome of theſe hungry Court-hounds ſcent it out.

Cæſ. Shew it to *Horace*: Ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it? His hand is at it, *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Then 'tis no Libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an *Emblem*, *Cæſar*, I began for *Mecænas*.

Lup. An *Emblem*! right: That's *Greek* for a Libel. Do but mark, how confident he is.

Hor. A juſt man cannot fear, thou fooliſh *Tribune*;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vaſtneſs of a Tyrant's Ear,
The ſenſleſs rigour of the wreſted Laws,
Or the Red Eyes of ſtrain'd Authority
Should, in a point, meet all to take his Life.
His Innocency is armour 'gainſt all theſe.

Lup. Innocence! O Impudence! Let me ſee, let me ſee. Is not here an Eagle! And is not that Eagle meant by *Cæſar*? ha? Do's not *Cæſar* give the Eagle? Anſwer me; what ſayeſt thou?

Tuc. Haſt thou any Evaſion, Stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turn'd dumb. I'le tickle you, *Satyr*.

Hor. Piſh: Ha, ha.

Lup. Doſt thou piſh me? Give me my long Sword.

Hor. With reverence to great *Cæſar*, worthy *Romans*,
Obſerve but this ridiculous Commenter:
The ſoul to my *device*, was in this *Diſtick*:

Thus, oft, the baſe and ravenous multitude
Survives, to ſhare the Spoils of Fortitude.

Which in this body, I have figur'd here,
A Vulture———

Lup. A Vulture? I, now, 'tis a Vulture. O, abominable! monſtrous! monſtrous! has not your Vulture a Beak? has it not Legs, and Talons, and Wings, and Feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old *Buskins*.

Hor. And therefore muſt it be an Eagle?

Mec. Reſpect him not, good *Horace*: Say your *device*.

Hor. A Vulture, and a Wolf———

Lup. A Wolf! good: That's I; I am the Wolf: My Name's *Lupus*; I am meant by the Wolf. On, on, a Vulture and a Wolf———

Hor. Preying upon the Carcaſs of an Aſs——

Lup. An Aſs! Good ſtill: That's I too; I am the Aſs. You mean me by the Aſs——

Mec. 'Pr'y thee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modeſty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beaſt, the old *Egyptians*
Were wont to figure in their *Hieroglyphicks*,
Patience, Frugality, and Fortitude;
For none of which we can ſuſpect you, *Tribune*.

Cæſ. Who was it, *Lupus*, that inform'd you firſt,
This ſhould be meant by us? Or was't your Comment?

Lup. No, *Cæſar*: A Player gave me the firſt light of it indeed.

Tuc. I, an honeſt Sycophant-like Slave, and a Politician beſides.

Cæſ. Where is that Player?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæſ. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the Player there: Maſter *Æſop*, call him.

Equites. Player: where is the Player? Bear back: None but the Player enter.

Tuc. Yes, this Gentleman, and his *Achates* muſt.

Cri. 'Pray you, Maſter Uſher; we'll ſtand cloſe, here.

Tuc. 'Tis a Gentleman of Quality, this; though he be ſomewhat out of Clothes, I tell ye. Come *Æſop*, haſt a Bay-leaf i' thy mouth? Well ſaid, be not out, Stinkard. Thou ſhalt have a *Monopoly* of playing confirm'd to thee and thy Convoy, under the Emperor's Broad Seal, for this Service.

Cæſ. Is this he?

Lup. I, *Cæſar*, this is he.

Cæſ. Let him be whipt. *Lictors*, go take him hence.
And *Lupus*, for your fierce Credulity,
One fit him with a pair of larger Ears:
'Tis *Cæſar*'s Doom, and muſt not be revok't.
We hate to have our Court and Peace diſturb'd
With theſe Quotidian Clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæſar. Cæſ. Gag him, we may have his ſilence.

Vir. Cæſar hath done like *Cæſar*. Fair and juſt
Is his award, againſt theſe brainleſs Creatures.
'Tis not the wholeſome ſharp Morality,
Or modeſt anger of a *Satyrick* Spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a State;
But the ſiniſter application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and baſe
Interpreter: who will diſtort, and ſtrain
The general ſcope and purpoſe of an Author,
To his particular and private Spleen.

Cæſ. We know it, our dear *Virgil*, and eſteem it
A moſt diſhoneſt practice in that man,
Will ſeem too witty in anothers work.
What would *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*?

[*This while the reſt whiſper* Cæſar.

Tuc. Nay, but as thou art a Man, doſt hear? a Man of Worſhip, and Honourable: Hold, here, take thy Chain again. Reſume, mad *Mecænas*. What! doſt thou think I meant t' have kept it, bold boy? No: I did it but to fright thee; I, to try how thou would'ſt take it. What! will I turn Shark upon my Friends, or my Friends Friends? I ſcorn it with my three Souls. Come, I love Bully *Horace* as well as thou doſt, I: 'tis an honeſt *Hieroglyphick*. Give me thy wriſt, *Helicon*. Doſt thou think I'le ſecond e're a *Rhinoceros* of them all, againſt thee? ha? or thy Noble *Hippocrene*, here? I'le turn Stager firſt, and be whipt too: doſt thou ſee, Bully?

Cæſ. You have your will of *Cæſar*: uſe it *Romans*.
Virgil ſhall be your *Prætor*; and our ſelf
Will here ſit by, Spectator of your ſports;
And think it no Impeach of Royalty.
Our Ear is now too much prophan'd (grave *Maro*)
With theſe diſtaſtes, to take thy ſacred Lines:
Put up thy Book, till both the time and we
Be fitted with more hallowed circumſtance
For the receiving ſo divine a work.
Proceed with your deſign.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great *Cæſar*.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the Indictment then, whilſt *Horace* arreſts them on the *Statute of Calumny*: *Mecænas*, and

and I, will take our Places here. *Lictors*, aſſiſt him.

Hor. I am the worſt accuſer under Heaven.

Gal. Tut, you muſt do't: 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. I, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew,
How heartily I wiſh a fool ſhould hate me.

Tuc. Body of *Jupiter!* What! will they arraign my brisk *Poetaſter*, and his poor Journey-man, ha? Would I were abroad ſkeldring for a Drachm, ſo I were out of his Labyrinth again; I do feel my ſelf turn Stinkard already. But I muſt ſet the beſt Face I have upon't now: well ſaid, my divine, deft *Horace*, bring the whorſon detracting Slaves to the Bar, do. Make 'em hold up their Spread Golls: I'le give in Evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take Courage, *Criſpinus*; would thy Man had a clean Band.

Cri. VVhat muſt we do, Captain?

Tuc. Thou ſhalt ſee anon: Do not make diviſion with thy Legs ſo.

Cæſ. What's he, *Horace?*

Hor. I only know him for a motion, *Cæſar.*

Tuc. I am one of thy Commanders, *Cæſar*; a Man of Service and Action; My Name is *Pantilius Tucca*: I have ſerv'd i' thy wars againſt *Mark Antony*, I.

Cæſ. Do you know him, *Cornelius?*

Gal. He's one that hath had the Muſtring, or Convoy of a Company, now and then: I never noted him by any other Imployment.

Cæſ. We will obſerve him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim ſilence in the Court.

Lic. In the Name of *Cæſar*, ſilence.

Tib. Let the Parties, the accuſer and the accuſed, preſent themſelves.

Lic. The accuſer, and the accuſed, preſent your ſelves in Court.

Cri. Deme. Here.

Vir. Read the Indictment.

Tib. Rufus Laberius Criſpinus, *and* Demetrius Fannius, *Hold up your hands, You are, before this time, joyntly and ſeverally Indicted, and here preſently to be arraigned, upon the* Statute *of* Calumny, *or* Lex Remmia (*the one by the Name of* Rufus Laberius Criſpinus, *alias* Criſpinas, Poetaſter, *and* Plagiary; *the other by the Name of* Demetrius Fannius, Play-dreſſer, *and* Plagiary), *That you, (not having the Fear of* Phœbus, *or his Shafts, before your Eyes), contrary to the Peace of our Liege Lord,* Auguſtus Cæſar, *his Crown and Dignity, and againſt the Form of a* Statute, *in that caſe made and provided; have moſt ignorantly, fooliſhly, and (more like your ſelves) maliciouſly, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the Perſon and Writings of* Quintus Horacius Flaccus, *here preſent*, Poet, *and* Prieſt *to the* Muſes: *and to that end have mutually conſpir'd and plotted, at ſundry times, as by ſeveral means, and in ſundry places, for the better accompliſhing your baſe and envious purpoſe; taxing him, falſly, of* Self-love, Arrogancy, Impudence, Railing, filching by tranſlation, *&c. Of all which* Calumnies, *and every of them, in manner and form aforeſaid; What anſwer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?*

Tuc. Not guilty, ſay.

Cri. Deme. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the *Roman* Gods, and the Nobleſt *Romans.*

Cri. Deme. By the *Roman* Gods, and the Nobleſt *Romans.*

Vir. Here ſits *Mecœnas* and *Cornelius Gallus.*
Are you contented to be tried by theſe?

Tuc. I, ſo the noble Captain may be joyn'd with them in Commiſſion, ſay.

Cri. Deme. I, ſo the noble Captain may be joyn'd with them in Commiſſion.

Vir. What ſays the Plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Vir. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worſhipful *Prætor!* 'tis more of thy gent'neſs than of my deſerving, I wuſſe. But ſince it hath pleas'd the Court to make choice of my Wiſdom and Gravity, come, my Calumnious Varlets: Let's hear you talk for your ſelves, now, an hour or two. What can you ſay? Make a noiſe. Act, act.

Vir. Stay, turn, and take an Oath firſt. *You ſhall ſwear,*

By thunder-darting Jove, *the King of Gods;*
And by the Genius *of* Auguſtus Cæſar;
By your own white and uncorrupted Souls;
And the deep reverence of our Roman *Juſtice;*
To judge this Caſe, with truth and equity:
As bound, by your Religion, and your Laws.
Now read the Evidence: But firſt demand
Of either Priſoner, if that *Writ* be theirs.

Tib. Shew this unto *Criſpinus.* Is it yours?

Tuc. Say, I: what! doſt thou ſtand upon it, Pimp? Do not deny thine own *Minerva*, thy *Pallas*, the iſſue of thy brain.

Cri. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto *Demetrius.* Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a Father, will not deny his own Baſtard, now, I warrant thee.

Vir. Read them aloud.

Tibu. Rampe up my genius; *be not retrograde:*
But boldly nominate a Spade, a Spade.
What, ſhall thy lubrical and glibbery Muſe
Live, as ſhe were defunct, like Punk in Stews?
——(*Tuc.* Excellent!)
Alas! that were no modern conſequence,
To have Cothurnal Buskins frighted hence.
No, teach thy Incubus *to Poetize;*
And throw abroad thy ſpurious ſnotteries,
Upon that puft-up lump of barmy froth.
——(*Tuc.* Ah, ha!)
Or clumſie chil-blain'd judgment: that with Oath,
Magnificates his Merit; and beſpawls
The conſcious time, with humerous ſome and brawls,
As if his Organons *of Senſe would crack*
The ſinews of my Patience. Break his back,
O Poets *all, and ſome: For now we liſt*
Of ſtrenuous Vengeance to clutch the fiſt.
Subſcri. *Criſ.*

Tuc. I marry, this was written like a *Hercules* in *Poetry*, now.

Cæſ. Excellently well threatned!

Vir. And as ſtrangely worded, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. We obſerve it.

Vir. The other, now.

Tuc. This's a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too: this'll do well.

Tib. Our Muſe *is in mind for th' untruſſing a* Poet;
I ſlip by his Name; for moſt men do know it:
A Critick, *that all the World beſcumbers*
With Satyrical *humours, and* Lyrical *numbers:*
——(*Tuc.* Art thou there, boy?)
And for the moſt part, himſelf doth advance
With much Self-love, and more Arrogance.
——(*Tuc.* Good again.)
And (but that I would not be thought a Prater)
I could tell you, he were a tranſlater.
I know the Authors from whence he has ſtole,
And could trace him too, but that I underſtand 'em
not full and whole.
——(*Tuc.* That Line is broke looſe from all his fellows: Chain him up ſhorter, do.)
The beſt Note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps Gallants *company;*
Whom I could wiſh, in time ſhould him fear,
Leſt after they buy Repentance too dear.
Subſcri. *Deme. Fan.*

Tuc.

Tuc. Well ſaid. This carries 'palm with it.
Hor. And why, thou motly Gull? why ſhould they fear?
When haſt thou known us wrong, or [illegible] a friend?
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'ſt up, thou poor and naſty Snake,
And ſhrink'ſt thy poys'nous head into thy boſom:
Out Viper, thou that eat'ſt thy Parents, hence.
Rather, ſuch ſpeckled Creatures, as thy ſelf,
Should be eſchew'd, and ſhun'd: ſuch as will bite
And gnaw their abſent friends, not cure their Fame;
Catch at the looſeſt laughters, and affect
To be thought Jeſters; ſuch as can deviſe
Things never ſeen, or heard, t'impair mens Names,
And gratifie their credulous adverſaries;
Will carry tales, do baſeſt offices,
Cheriſh divided fires, and ſtill increaſe
New flames, out of old embers; will reveal
Each ſecret that's committed to their truſt:
Theſe be black Slaves: *Romans*, take heed of theſe.
Tuc. Thou twang'ſt right, little *Horace*; they be indeed
A couple of chap-faln Curs. Come, We of the Bench,
Let's riſe to the *Urn*, and condemn 'em quickly.
Vir. Before you go together (worthy *Romans*)
We are to tender our Opinion;
And give you thoſe Inſtructions, that may add
Unto your even Judgment in the Cauſe:
Which thus we do commence: Firſt, you muſt know,
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can be no dejection; and the ſcorn
Of humble baſeneſs, oftentimes, ſo works
In a high Soul, upon the groſſer Spirit,
That to his bleared and offended Senſe,
There ſeems a hideous Fault blaz'd in the Object;
When only the Diſeaſe is in his Eyes.
Here-hence it comes our *Horace* now ſtands tax'd
Of Impudence, Self-love, and Arrogance,
By theſe who ſhare no merit in themſelves;
And therefore, think his Portion is as ſmall.
For they, from their own guilt, aſſure their Souls,
If they ſhould confidently praiſe their works,
In them it would appear Inflation:
Which, in a full, and well digeſted Man,
Cannot receive that foul abuſive name,
But the fair title of Erection.
And, for his true uſe of tranſlating Men,
It ſtill hath been a work of as much palm,
In cleareſt Judgments, as t' invent, or make
His ſharpneſs, that is moſt excuſable;
As being forc't out of a ſuffering Vertue,
Oppreſſed with the licence of the time:
And howſoever Fools, or jerking *Pedants*,
Players, or ſuch like *Buffoons*, barking wits,
May with their beggarly, and barren traſh,
Tickle baſe Vulgar Ears, in their deſpite;
This (like *Jove*'s thunder) ſhall their pride controul,
" The honeſt *Satyr* hath the happieſt Soul.
Now, *Romans*, you have heard our thoughts; Withdraw
when you pleaſe.
Tib. Remove the accuſed from the Bar.
Tuc. Who holds the *Urn* to us? ha? Fear nothing:
I'le quit you, mine honeſt pitiful Stinkards; I'le do't.
Cri. Captain, you ſhall eternally girt me to you, as I
am generous.
Tuc. Go to.
Cæſ. *Tibullus*, Let there be a Caſe of Vizards privately provided: we have found a Subject to beſtow them on.
Tib. It ſhall be done, *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Here be words, *Horace*, able to baſtinado a Mans Ears.
Hor. I. Pleaſe it, great *Cæſar*, I have Pills about me
(Mixt with the whiteſt kind of *Ellebore*)
Would give him a light Vomit; that ſhould purge
His Brain, and Stomach of thoſe tumorous Heats:
Might I have leave to miniſter unto him.
Cæſ. O! be his *Æſculapius*, gentle *Horace*;
You ſhall have leave, and he ſhall be your Patient.
Virgil, uſe your authority, command him forth.
Virg. *Cæſar* is careful of your health, *Criſpinus*;
And hath himſelf choſe a Phyſician
To miniſter unto you: take his Pills.
Hor. They are ſomewhat bitter, Sir, but very wholſome;
Take yet another; ſo: Stand by, they'll work anon.
Tib. *Romans*, return to your ſeveral ſeats: *Lictors*, bring forward the *Urn*; and ſet the accuſed at the Bar.
Tuc. Quickly, you whorſon egregious Varlets; Come forward. What! ſhall we ſit all day upon you? You make no more haſte, now, than a Beggar upon Pattins; or a Phyſician to a Patient that has no Money, you Pilchers.
Tib. Rufus Laberius Criſpinus, *and* Demetrius Fannius, *hold up your Hands. You have (according to the* Roman *Cuſtom) put your ſelves upon trial to the* Urn, *for divers and ſundry* Calumnies, *whereof, you have before this time been Indicted, and are now preſently Arraigned: Prepare your ſelves to hearken to the Verdict of your* Tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecœnas *pronounceth you, by this* Hand writing, *Guilty.* Cornelius Gallus, *Guilty.* Pantilius Tucca——
Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.
Dem. He means himſelf: for it was he indeed
Suborn'd us to the Calumny.
Tuc. I, you whorſon *Cantharides!* was't I?
Dem. I appeal to your Conſcience, Captain.
Tib. Then you confeſs it now.
Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the Court.
Tib. What ſaith *Criſpinus*?
Cri. O, the Captain, the Captain——
Hor. My Phyſick begins to work with my Patient, I ſee.
Vir. Captain, ſtand forth and anſwer.
Tuc. Hold thy peace, *Poet Prætor:* I appeal from thee to *Cæſar*, I. Do me right, Royal *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Marry, and I will, Sir. *Lictors*, gag him: do.
And put a Caſe of Vizards o're his head,
That he may look *bi-fronted* as he ſpeaks.
Tuc. Gods and Friends! *Cæſar!* thou wilt not, *Cæſar*, wilt thou? Away, you whorſon Vultures; away. You think I am a dead *Corps* now, becauſe *Cæſar* is diſpos'd to jeſt with a Man of Mark, or ſo. Hold your hook't Talons out of my fleſh, you inhumane *Harpies*. Go to, do't. What! will the Royal *Auguſtus* caſt away a Gent'man of Worſhip, a Captain and a Commander, for a Couple of Condemn'd Caitive Calumnious *Cargo's*?
Cæſ. Diſpatch, *Lictors*.
Tuc. *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Forward, *Tibullus*.
Vir. Demand what cauſe they had to maligne *Horace*.
Dem. In troth, no great cauſe, not I; I muſt confeſs: but that he kept better Company (for the moſt part) than I: and that better Men lov'd him than lov'd me: and that his Writings thriv'd better than mine, and were better lik't, and grac't: nothing elſe.
Vir. Thus envious Souls repine at others good.
Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee freely.
Envy me ſtill, ſo long as *Virgil* loves me,
Gallus, *Tibullus*, and the beſt-beſt *Cæſar*,
My dear *Mecœnas*: while theſe, with many more
(Whoſe names I wiſely ſlip) ſhall think me worthy
Their honour'd and ador'd Society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my *Poems*;
I would not wiſh but ſuch as you ſhould ſpight them.
Cri. O——
Tib. How now, *Criſpinus*?
Cri. O, I am ſick——

Hor. A Baſon, a Baſon, quickly; our Phyſick works. Faint not, Man.
Criſ. O——*retrograde*——*reciprocal*——*Incubus.*
Cæſ. What's that, *Horace?*
Hor. Retrograde, and *reciprocal Incubus* are come up.
Gal. Thanks be to *Jupiter.*
Criſ. O——*glibbery*——*lubrical*——*defunct*——O——
Hor. Well ſaid; here's ſome ſtore.
Vir. What are they?
Hor. Glibbery, lubrical, and *defunct.*
Gal. O, they came up eaſie.
Criſ. O——O——
Tib. What's that?
Hor. Nothing yet.
Criſ. Magnificate.
Mec. Magnificate? That came up ſomewhat hard.
Hor. I. What chear, *Criſpinus?*
Criſ. O, I ſhall caſt up my——*ſpurious*—*ſnotteries*—
Hor. Good. Again.
Criſ. Chilblain'd——O——O——*clumſie*——
Hor. That *clumſie* ſtuck terribly.
Mec. What's all that, *Horace?*
Hor. Spurious, ſnotteries, chilblain'd, clumſie.
Tib. O *Jupiter.*
Gal. Who would have thought there ſhould ha' been ſuch a deal of Filth in a Poet?
Criſ. O——*barmy froth*——
Cæſ. What's that?
Criſ. —*Puffie*——*inflate*——*turgidous*——*ventoſitous.*
Hor. Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and *ventoſitous* are come up.
Tib. O terrible windy words.
Gal. A ſign of a windy Brain.
Criſ. O—*Oblatrant*—*furibund*—*fatuate*—*ſtrenuous*——
Hor. Here's a deal; *oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, ſtrenuous.*
Cæſ. Now all's come up, I trow. What a Tumult he had in his Belly!
Hor. No, there's the often *conſcious damp* behind ſtill.
Criſ. O——*conſcious*——*damp.*
Hor. It's come up, thanks to *Apollo* and *Æſculapius*: Yet there's another; you were beſt take a Pill more.
Criſ. O, no; O——O——O——O——
Hor. Force your ſelf then a little with your Finger.
Criſ. O——O——*prorumped.*
Tib. Prorumped? What a noiſe it made! as if his Spirit would have prorumpt with it.
Criſ. O——O——O.
Vir. Help him; it ſticks ſtrangely, what ever it is.
Criſ. O——*clutcht.*
Hor. Now it's come; *clutcht.*
Cæſ. Clutcht? It's well that's come up; it had but a narrow Paſſage.
Criſ. O——
Vir. Again, hold him, hold his Head there.
Criſ. Snarling Guſts——*quaking Cuſtard.*
Hor. How now, *Criſpinus?*
Criſ. O——*obſtupefact.*
Tib. Nay, that are all we, I aſſure you.
Hor. How do you feel your ſelf?
Criſ. Pretty and well, I thank you.
Vir. Theſe Pills can but reſtore him for a time;
Not cure him quite of ſuch a Malady,
Caught by ſo many Surfeits, which have fill'd
His Blood and Brain thus full of Crudities:
'Tis neceſſary therefore he obſerve
A ſtrict and wholeſom Diet. Look you take
Each Morning of old *Cato*'s Principles
A good Draught next your Heart, and walk upon't,
Till it be well digeſted: Then come home,
And taſte a piece of *Terence*, ſuck his Phraſe
In ſtead of Liquoriſh; and, at any hand,
Shun *Plautus*, and old *Ennius*; they are Meats
Too harſh for a weak Stomack. Uſe to read
(But not without a Tutor) the beſt *Greeks*,
As *Orpheus*, *Muſæus*, *Pindarus*,
Heſiod, *Callimachus*, and *Theocrite*,
High *Homer*; but beware of *Lycophron*,
He is too dark and dangerous a Diſh.
You muſt not hunt for wild outlandiſh Terms,
To ſtuff out a peculiar Dialect;
But let your Matter run before your Words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some *Gallo-Belgick* Phraſe, you ſhall not ſtraight
Rack your poor Verſe to give it entertainment,
But let it paſs; and do not think your ſelf
Much damnified, if you do leave it out,
When nor your Underſtanding, nor the Senſe
Could well receive it. This fair Abſtinence,
In time, will render you more ſound and clear:
And this have I preſcrib'd to you, in place
Of a ſtrict Sentence; which till he perform,
Attire him in that Robe. And henceforth learn
To bear your ſelf more humbly; not to ſwell,
Or breath your inſolent and idle Spite
On him whoſe Laughter can your worſt affright.
Tib. Take him away. *Criſ. Jupiter* guard *Cæſar.*
Vir. And for a week or two ſee him lockt up
In ſome dark Place, remov'd from Company;
He will talk idly elſe after his Phyſick.
Now to you, Sir. Th' Extremity of Law
Awards you to be branded in the Front,
For this your Calumny: But ſince it pleaſeth
Horace (the Party wrong'd) t' intreat of *Cæſar*
A Mitigation of that juſter Doom,
With *Cæſar*'s Tongue thus we pronounce your Sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou ſhalt here put on
That Coat and Cap, and henceforth think thy ſelf
No other than they make thee; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous Aſſembly,
Till the beſt ſort of Minds ſhall take to knowledge
As well thy Satisfaction, as thy Wrongs.
Hor. Only (grave *Prætor*) here, in open Court,
I crave, the Oath for good Behaviour
May be adminiſtred unto them both.
Vir. Horace, it ſhall: *Tibullus*, give it them.
Tib. Rufus Laberius Criſpinus, *and* Demetrius Fannius, *lay your Hands on your Hearts. You ſhall here ſolemnly atteſt and ſwear, That never (after this inſtant) either at Bookſellers Stalls, in Taverns, Two-peny Rooms, Tyring-houſes, Noblemens Butteries, Puiſne's Chambers (the beſt and fartheſt Places where you are admitted to come) you ſhall once offer or dare (thereby to endear your ſelf the more to any Player, Engble, or guilty Gull in your Company) to malign, traduce, or detract the Perſon or Writings of* Quintus Horacius Flaccus *or any other eminent Man, tranſcending you in merit, whom your Envy ſhall find cauſe to work upon, either for that, or 'for keeping himſelf in better Acquaintance, or enjoying better Friends; or if (tranſported by any ſudden and deſperate Reſolution) you do, That then you ſhall not under the Baſtoun, or in the next Preſence, being an honourable Aſſembly of his Favourers, be brought as voluntary Gentlemen to undertake the forſwearing of it. Neither ſhall you at any time (ambitiouſly affecting the Title of the* Untruſſers *or* Whippers *of the Age) ſuffer the Itch of Writing to over-run your Performance in* Libel, *upon pain of being taken up for* Lepers *in* Wit, *and (loſing both your Time and your Papers) be irrecoverably forfeited to the Hoſpital of Fools. So help you our* Roman *Gods, and the* Genius *of Great* Cæſar.
Vir. So, now diſſolve the Court.
Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. Vir. And thanks to *Cæſar*,
That thus hath exercis'd his Patience.
Cæſ. We have, indeed, you worthieſt Friends of *Cæſar.*
It is the Bane and Torment of our Ears,
To hear the Diſcords of thoſe jangling Rimers,
That with their bad and ſcandalous Practices
Bring all true Arts and Learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts deſcend ſo low

As theſe deſpiſed Objects; Let them fall,
With their flat groveling Souls: Be you your ſelves;
And as with our beſt Favours you ſtand crown'd,
So let your mutual Loves be ſtill renown'd.
Envy will dwell where there is want of Merit,
Though the deſerving Man ſhould crack his Spirit.

SONG.

BLuſh, Folly, bluſh: Here's none that fears
The wagging of an Aſſes Ears,
Although a Wolviſh Caſe he wears.
Detraction is but Baſeneſs Varlet;
And Apes are Apes, though cloath'd in Scarlet.

THE END.

Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur invidia.

TO THE READER.

IF, by looking on what is paſt, thou haſt deſerv'd that Name, I am willing thou ſhould'ſt yet know more, by that which follows, an Apologetical Dialogue; *which was only once ſpoken upon the Stage, and all the Anſwer I ever gave to ſundry impotent Libels then caſt out (and ſome yet remaining) againſt me, and this Play. Wherein I take no pleaſure to revive the Times; but that Poſterity may make a difference between their Manners that provok'd me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in theſe Strifes, and on ſuch Perſons, were as wretched to affect a Victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them.* Non annorum canities eſt laudanda, ſed morum.

The PERSONS.

NASUTUS, POLYPOSUS, AUTHOR.

I Pray you let's go ſee him, how he looks
After theſe Libels. *Pol.* O vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.
Naſ. Do you think ſo? I ſhould be ſorry for him,
If I found that. *Pol.* O, they are ſuch bitter things,
He cannot chuſe. *Naſ.* But is he guilty of 'em?
Pol. Fuh! that's no matter. *Naſ.* No?
Pol. No. Here's his Lodging.
We'll ſteal upon him: or, let's liſten; ſtay.
He has a Humour oft to talk t' himſelf.
Naſ. They are your Manners lead me, not mine own.
Aut. The Fates have not ſpun him the courſeſt Thred
That (free from Knots of Perturbation)
Doth yet ſo live, although but to himſelf,
As he can ſafely ſcorn the Tongues of Slaves,
And neglect *Fortune*, more than ſhe can him.
It is the happieſt thing, this not to be
Within the reach of Malice; it provides
A Man ſo well, to laugh off Injuries;
And never ſends him farther for his Vengeance,
Than the vex'd Boſom of his Enemy.
I, now, but think, how poor their Spite ſets off,
Who, after all their waſte of ſulphurous terms,
And burſt out thunder of their charged Mouths,
Have nothing left but the unſav'ry Smoke
Of their black Vomit, to upbraid themſelves:
Whilſt I, at whom they ſhot, ſit here ſhot-free,
And as un-hurt of Envy, as unhit.
Pol. I, but the Multitude, they think not ſo, Sir;
They think you hit, and hurt; and dare give out,
Your Silence argues it, in not rejoining
To this or that late Libel. *Aut.* 'Las, good Rout!
I can afford them leave to err ſo ſtill;
And, like the barking Students of Bears-College,
To ſwallow up the Garbage of the Time
With greedy Gullets, whilſt my ſelf ſit by,
Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beaſtly Feeding.
'Tis a ſweet Madneſs runs along with them,
To think, all that are aim'd at ſtill are ſtruck;
Then, where the Shaft ſtill lights, make that the Mark,
And ſo, each Fear, or Fever-ſhaken Fool
May challenge *Teucer*'s Hand in Archery.
Good troth, if I knew any Man ſo vile,
To act the Crimes theſe Whippers reprehend,
Or what their ſervile Apes geſticulate,
I ſhould not then much muſe their Shreds were lik'd;
Since ill Men have a Luſt t' hear others Sins,
And good Men have a Zeal to hear Sin ſham'd.
But when it is all Excrement they vent,
Baſe Filth, and Offal; or Theſts, notable
As Ocean-Pyracies, or High-way Stands;
And not a Crime there tax'd, but is their own,
Or what their own foul Thoughts ſuggeſted to them;
And that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them but lives himſelf (if known)
Improbior Satyram ſcribente cinædo.
What ſhould I ſay more, than turn Stone with wonder!
Naſ. I never ſaw this Play bred all this Tumult:
What was there in it could ſo deeply offend,
And ſtir ſo many Hornets? *Aut.* Shall I tell you?
Naſ. Yes, and ingenuouſly. *Aut.* Then by the Hope
Which I prefer unto all other Objects,
I can profeſs, I never writ that Piece
More innocent, or empty of Offence.
Some Salt it had, but neither Tooth nor Gall,
Nor was there in it any Circumſtance
Which, in the ſetting down, I could ſuſpect
Might be perverted by an Enemies Tongue:
Only it had the Fault to be call'd Mine;
That was the Crime. *Pol.* No? Why, they ſay you tax'd
The Law and Lawyers, Captains, and the Players,
By their particular Names. *Aut.* It is not ſo.
I us'd no Name. My Books have ſtill been taught
To ſpare the Perſons, and to ſpeak the Vices.
Theſe are meer Slanders, and enforc'd by ſuch
As have no ſafer ways to Mens Diſgraces,
But their own Lies, and loſs of Honeſty:
Fellows of practis'd and moſt laxative Tongues,
Whoſe empty and eager Bellies, i' the Year,
Compel their Brains to many deſp'rate Shifts,
(I ſpare to name 'em; for, their Wretchedneſs
Fury it ſelf would pardon.) Theſe, or ſuch,
Whether of Malice, or of Ignorance,
Or Itch t' have me their Adverſary, (I know not)
Or all theſe mixt; but ſure I am, three Years
They did provoke me with their petulant Styles
On every Stage: And I at laſt, unwilling,
But weary, I confeſs, of ſo much trouble,
Thought I would try if Shame could win upon 'em;
And therefore choſe *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s Times,
When Wit and Arts were at their height in *Rome*,
To ſhew that *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the reſt
Of thoſe great Maſter-ſpirits, did not want
Detractors then, or Practiſers againſt them:
And by this Line (although no Parallel)
I hop'd at laſt they would ſit down, and bluſh:
But nothing could I find more contrary.
And though the Impudence of Flies be great,
Yet this hath ſo provok'd the angry Waſps,
Or, as you ſaid, of the next Neſt, the Hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my Noſtrils,
And like ſo many ſcreaming Graſhoppers
Held by the Wings, fill every Ear with Noiſe.
And what? thoſe former Calumnies you mention'd,
Firſt, of the Law: Indeed I brought in *Ovid*
Chid by his angry Father, for neglecting
The Study of their Laws, for Poetry:

And

And I am warranted by his own words.
Sæpe pater dixit, ſtudium quid inutile tentas? Triſt. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.
Mæonides nullas ipſe reliquit opes
And in far harſher terms elſewhere, as theſe:
Non me verboſas leges ediſcere, non me Amo. lib. 1. Eleg. 15.
Ingrato voces proſtituiſſe foro.
But how this ſhould relate unto our Laws,
Or their juſt Miniſters, with leaſt abuſe,
I reverence both too much to underſtand!
Then, for the Captain, I will only ſpeak
An *Epigram* I here have made: It is
Unto true Soldiers. That's the *Lemma.* Mark it.
Strength of my Country, whilſt I bring to view
Such as are miſs-call'd Captains, and wrong you,
And your high names; I do deſire, that thence,
Be not put on you, nor you take offence:
I ſwear by your true Friend, my Muſe, *I love*
Your great Profeſſion, which I once did prove;
And did not ſhame it with my Actions, then,
No more than I dare, now, do with my Pen.
He that not truſts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captain, ſtill: is ſuch.
Now, for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'em,
And yet, but ſome; and thoſe ſo ſparingly,
As all the reſt might have ſate ſtill, unqueſtion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conſcience,
To think well of themſelves. But, impotent they
Thought each Man's vice belong'd to their whole Tribe:
And much good do't 'em. What th'have done 'gainſt me,
I am not mov'd with. If it gave 'em Meat,
Or got 'em Clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
Only amongſt them, I am ſorry for
Some better natures, by the reſt ſo drawn,
To run in that vile Line. *Pol.* And is this all?
Will you not anſwer then the Libels? *Aut.* No.
Pol. Nor the untruſſers? *Aut.* Neither.
Pol. Y'are undone then.
Aut. With whom? *Pol.* The world.
Aut. The Baud. *Pol.* It will be taken
To be ſtupidity, or tameneſs in you.
Aut. But, they that have incens'd me, can in Soul
Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
To ſpurn, or baffle 'em; or ſquirt their Eyes
With Ink, or Urine: or I could do worſe,
Arm'd with *Archilochus* fury, write *Iambicks*,
Should make the deſperate laſhers hang themſelves;
Rhime 'em to Death, as they do *Iriſh* Rats
In drumming Tunes. Or, living, I could ſtamp
Their foreheads with thoſe deep, and publick Brands,
That the whole company of *Barber-Surgeons*
Should not take off, with all their Art, and Plaiſters.
And theſe my Prints ſhould laſt, ſtill to be read
In their pale Fronts: when, what they write 'gainſt me,
Shall, like a Figure drawn in Water, fleet,
And the poor wretched Papers be imploy'd
To clothe *Tabacco*, or ſome cheaper Drug.
This I could do, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their own deeds have mark'd 'em
And that I know, within his guilty Breaſt
Each ſlanderer bears a Whip, that ſhall torment him,
Worſe, than a million of theſe temporal Plagues:
Which to purſue, were but a *Feminine* humour,
And far beneath the Dignity of Man.
Naſ. 'Tis true: for to revenge their injuries,
Were to confeſs you felt 'em. Let 'em go,
And uſe the Treaſure of the Fool, their Tongues,
Who makes his gain, by ſpeaking worſt of beſt:
Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations——
Aut. As what? *Pol.* That all your writing, is meer raying.
Aut. Ha! If all the Salt in the old *Comœdy*
Should be ſo cenſur'd, or the ſharper wit
Of the bold *Satyr*, termed ſcolding Rage,
What Age could then compare with thoſe, for Buffoons?
What ſhould be ſaid of *Ariſtophanes*,
Perſius, or *Juvenal*? whoſe names we now
So glorifie in Schools, at leaſt pretend it.
Ha' they no other? *Pol.* Yes: they ſay you are ſlow,
And ſcarſe bring forth a Play a Year. *Aut.* 'Tis true.
I would, they could not ſay that I did that.
There's all the Joy that I take i' their Trade,
Unleſs ſuch Scribes as they might be proſcrib'd
Th' abuſed Theaters. They would think it ſtrange, now,
A Man ſhould take but Colts-foot, for one day,
And, between whiles, ſpit out a better *Poem*
Than e're the Maſter of Art, or giver of Wit,
Their Belly made. Yet, this is poſſible,
If a free Mind had but the patience,
To think ſo much, together, and ſo vile.
But, that theſe baſe and beggerly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of Voices,
Againſt the moſt abſtracted work, oppos'd
To the ſtuff'd Noſtrils of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd and liberal Soul,
To rive his ſtained Quill, up to the Back,
And damn his long-watch'd Labours to the Fire;
Things, that were born, when none but the ſtill Night,
And his dumb Candle, ſaw his pinching throes:
Were not his own free merit a more Crown
Unto his Travels, than their reeling Claps?
This 'tis, that ſtrikes me ſilent, ſeals my Lips,
And apts me rather to ſleep out my time,
Than I would waſte it in contemned ſtrifes,
With theſe vile *Ibides*, theſe unclean Birds,
That make their Mouths their Clyſters, and ſtill purge
From their hot entrails. But, I leave the Monſters
To their own fate. And, ſince the *Comick Muſe*
Hath prov'd ſo ominous to me, I will try
If *Tragœdie* have a more kind aſpect;
Her favours in my next I will purſue,
Where, if I prove the pleaſure but of one,
So he judicious be; He ſhall b'alone
A Theater unto me: Once, I'll ſay,
To ſtrike the Ear of Time, in thoſe freſh ſtrains,
As ſhall, beſide the cunning of their ground,
Give cauſe to ſome of wonder, ſome deſpight,
And unto more, deſpair, to imitate their ſound.
I, that ſpend half my Nights, and all my Days,
Here in a Cell, to get a dark, pale Face,
To come forth worth the Ivy, or the Bays,
And in this Age can hope no other grace——
Leave me. There's ſomething come into my thought,
That muſt, and ſhall be ſung, high, and aloof,
Safe from the Wolfs black Jaw, and the dull Aſſes Hoof.
Naſ. I reverence theſe Raptures, and obey 'em.

SEJANUS
HIS
FALL.
A TRAGEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1603. By the KINGS MAJESTY'S Servants.
With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

Non hîc Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiaſque
Invenies: Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit. Mart.

To the no leſs Noble by VERTUE than BLOOD,

Eſme Lord Aubigny.

MY LORD,

IF *ever any Ruine were ſo great as to ſurvive, I think this be one I ſend you,* The FALL of SEJANUS. *It is a Poem, that (if I well remember) in Your Lordſhips ſight ſuffered no leſs Violence from our People here, than the Subject of it did from the Rage of the People of* Rome; *but with a different Fate, as (I hope) Merit: For this hath out-liv'd their Malice, and begot it ſelf a greater Favour than he loſt, the Love of Good Men. Amongſt whom, if I make Your Lordſhip the firſt it thanks, it is not without a juſt Confeſſion of the Bond Your Benefits have, and ever ſhall hold upon me.*

Your Lordſhips moſt faithful Honourer,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The ARGUMENT.

ÆLius Sejanus, *Son to* Seius Strabo, *a Gentleman of* Rome, *and born at* Vulſinium, *after his long Service in Court, firſt, under* Auguſtus; *afterward,* Tiberius; *grew into that Favour with the latter, and won him by thoſe Arts, as there wanted nothing but the Name to make him a Co-partner of the Empire. Which Greatneſs of his,* Druſus, *the Emperor's Son, not brooking, after many ſmother'd Diſlikes (it one day breaking out) the Prince ſtruck him publickly on the Face. To revenge which Diſgrace,* Livia, *the Wife of* Druſus, *(being before corrupted by him to her Diſhonour, and the Diſcovery of her Husband's Counſels)* Sejanus *practiſeth with, together with her Phyſician called* Eudemus, *and one* Lygdus *an Eunuch, to poyſon* Druſus. *This their inhumane Act having ſucceſsful and unſuſpected paſſage, it emboldneth* Sejanus *to further and more inſolent Projects, even the Ambition of the Empire; where finding the Lets he muſt encounter to be many and hard, in reſpect of the Iſſue of* Germanicus, *(who were next in hope for the Succeſſion) he deviſeth to make* Tiberius *ſelf, his Means, and inſtils into his Ears many Doubts and Suſpicions, both againſt the Princes, and their Mother* Agrippina; *which* Cæſar *jealouſly hearkning to, as covetouſly conſenteth to their Ruine, and their Friends. In this time, the better to mature and ſtrengthen his Deſign,* Sejanus *labours to marry* Livia, *and worketh (with all his Ingine) to remove* Tiberius *from the knowledge of Publick Buſineſs, with Allurements of a quiet and retired Life; the latter of which,* Tiberius *(out of a proneneſs to Luſt, and a deſire to hide thoſe unnatural Pleaſures, which he could not ſo publickly practiſe) embraceth: The former enkindleth his Fears, and there gives him firſt cauſe of doubt or ſuſpect towards* Sejanus: *Againſt whom he raiſeth (in private) a new Inſtrument, one* Sertorius Macro, *and by him underworketh, diſcovers the others Counſels, his Means, his Ends, ſounds the Affections of the Senators, divides, diſtracts them: At laſt, when* Sejanus *leaſt looketh, and is moſt ſecure, (with pretext of doing him an unwonted Honour in the Senate) he trains him from his Guards, and with a long doubtful Letter, in one day hath him ſuſpected, accuſed, condemned, and torn in pieces, by the Rage of the People.*

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

TIBERIUS.

DRUSUS *ſen.*
NERO.
DRUSUS *jun.*
CALIGULA.
ARRUNTIUS.
SILIUS.
SABINUS.
LEPIDUS.
CORDUS.
GALLUS.
REGULUS.
TERENTIUS.
LACO.
EUDEMUS.
RUFUS.

SEJANUS.
LATIARIS.
VARRO.
MACRO.
COTTA.
AFER.
HATERIUS.
SAMQUINIUS.
POMPONIUS.
POSTHUMUS.
TRIO.
MINUTIUS.
SATRIUS.
NATTA.
OPSIUS.

TRIBUNI.

AGRIPPINA. { LIVIA. / SOSIA.

PRÆCONES.
FLAMEN.
TUBICINES.
NUNTIUS.

LICTORES.
MINISTRI.
TIBICINES.
SERVUS.

The SCENE

ROME.

The Principal TRAGŒDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
AUG. PHILIPS.
WIL. SLY.
JOH. LOWIN.

WILL. SHAKESPEAR.
JOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.
ALEX. COOKE.

SEJANUS.

Act I.

Sabinus, Silius, Natta, Latiaris, Cordus, Satrius, Arruntius, Eudemus, Haterius, &c.

HAil, *Caius Silius.*
Sil. Titius, Sabinus, Hail.
Yo'are rarely met in Court!
Sab. Therefore, well met.
Sil. 'Tis true: Indeed, this place is not our Sphere.
Sab. No, *Silius*, we are no good Inginiers.
We want the fine Arts, and their thriving uſe,
Should make us grac'd, or favour'd of the times:
We have no ſhift of Faces, no cleft Tongues,
No ſoft and glutinous Bodies, that can ſtick,
Like Snails, or painted Walls; or, on our Breaſts,
Creep up, to fall, from that proud height, to which
We did by ſlavery, not by ſervice, climb.
We are no guilty Men, and then no great;
We have no place in Court, office in State,
That we can ſay, we owe unto our Crimes:
We burn with no black Secrets, which can make
Us dear to the pale Authors; or live fear'd
Of their ſtill waking Jealouſies, to raiſe
Our ſelves a Fortune, by ſubverting theirs:
We ſtand not in the Lines, that do advance
To that ſo courted Point. *Sil.* But yonder lean
a pair that do. (*Sab.* Good Couſin *Latiaris.*)
Sil. Satrius Secundus, and *Pinnarius Natta*,
The great *Sejanus* Clients: There be two,
Know more, than honeſt Councels: whoſe cloſe Breaſts,
Were they rip't up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle ſin, to which their Trunks
Had not been made fit Organs. Theſe can lye,
Flatter, and ſwear, forſwear, deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray; make guilty Men; then beg
The forfeit Lives, to get the Livings; cut
Mens Throats with Whiſperings; ſell to gaping Sutors
The empty Smoke, that flies about the Palace;
Laugh when their Patron laughs; ſweat when he ſweats;
Be hot and cold with him; change every Mood,
Habit, and Garb, as often as he varies;
Obſerve him, as his Watch obſerves his Clock;
And true, ar Turkiſe in the dear Lords Ring,
Look well, or ill with him: ready to praiſe
His Lordſhip, if he ſpit, or but piſs fair,
Have an indifferent ſtool, or break wind well;
Nothing can ſcape their catch. *Sab.* Alas! theſe things
Deſerve no note, confer'd with other vile,
And filthier Flatterers, that corrupt the Times:
When, not alone our Gentries chief are fain
To make their ſafety from ſuch ſordid acts,
But all our *Conſuls*, and no little part
Of ſuch as have been *Prætors*, yea, the moſt
Of *Senators* (that elſe not uſe their Voices) *Pedarii.*
Start up in publick *Senate*, and there ſtrive
Who ſhall propound moſt abject things, and baſe;
So much, as oft *Tiberius* hath been heard,
Leaving the Court, to cry, O race of Men,
Prepar'd for ſervitude! which ſhew'd, that he,
Who leaſt the publick liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat ſervility.
Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our Riots, Pride, and civil Hate,
Have ſo provok'd the Juſtice of the Gods.
We, that (within theſe fourſcore Years) were born
Free, equal Lords of the triumphed world,
And knew no Maſters, but Affections;
To which betraying firſt our Liberties,
We ſince became the ſlaves to one Man's Luſts;
And now to many: every miniſtring Spy
That will accuſe, and ſwear, is Lord of you,
Of me, of all our Fortunes, and our Lives.
Our looks are call'd to queſtion, and our words,
How innocent ſoever, are made Crimes;
We ſhall not ſhortly dare to tell our Dreams,
Or think, but 'twill be Treaſon. *Sab.* "Tyrants Arts
"Are to give Flatterers, grace; Accuſers, power;
"That thoſe may ſeem to kill whom they devour.
Now good *Cremutius Cordus.*
Cor. Hail to your Lordſhip.
Nat. Who's that ſalutes your Couſin?
Lat. 'Tis one *Cordus*, [*They whiſper.*
A Gentleman of *Rome*: one, that has writ
Annals of late, they ſay, and very well.
Nat. Annals? of what Times? *Lat.* I think of *Pompey's*,
And *Caius Cæſar's*; and ſo down to theſe.
Nat. How ſtands h' affected to the preſent State?
Is he or *Druſian?* or *Germanican?*
Or ours? or Neutral? *Lat.* I know him not ſo far.
Nat. Thoſe times are ſomewhat queaſie to be toucht.
Have you or ſeen or heard part of his work?
Lat. Not I, he means they ſhall be publick ſhortly.
Nat. O, *Cordus* do you call him?
Lat. I, *Sab.* But theſe our Times
Are not the ſame, *Arruntius.* *Arr.* Times? the Men,
The Men are not the ſame: 'tis we are baſe,
Poor, and degenerate from th'exalted ſtrain
Of our great Fathers. Where is now the Soul
Of God-like *Cato?* he, that durſt be good,
When *Cæſar* durſt be evil; and had power,
As not to live his Slave, to die his Maſter.
Or where's the conſtant *Brutus?* that (being proof
Againſt all Charm of Benefits) did ſtrike
So brave a blow into the Monſters Heart
That ſought unkindly to captive his Country?
O, they are fled the Light. Thoſe mighty Spirits
Lie rak'd up, with their Aſhes in their Urns,
And not a ſpark of their eternal Fire
Glows in a preſent Boſom. All's but blaze,
Flaſhes, and ſmoke, wherewith we labour ſo,
There's nothing *Roman* in us; nothing Good,
Gallant, or Great: 'Tis true, that *Cordus* ſays,
Brave Caſſius *was the laſt of all that Race.*
[Druſus *paſſeth by.*
Sab. Stand by, Lord *Druſus.*
Hat. Th' Emperours Son, give place.
Sil. I like the Prince well. *Arr.* A riotous youth.
There's little hope of him. *Sab.* That fault his Age
Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
Himſelf, each Day, more Nobly than other:
And wins no leſs on Mens Affections,
Than doth his Father loſe. Believe me, I love him;
And chiefly for oppoſing to *Sejanus.*
Sil. And I, for gracing his young Kinſmen ſo,
The Sons of Prince *Germanicus*: It ſhews
A gallant Cleerneſs in him, a ſtraight Mind,
That envies not, in them, their Fathers Name.

Arr. His

Arr. His name was, while he liv'd, above all envy;
And being dead, without it. O, that Man!
If there were Seeds of the old vertue left,
They liv'd in him. *Sil.* He had the Fruits, *Arruntius*,
More than the Seeds: *Sabinus*, and my ſelf
Had means to know him, within; and can report him.
We were his followers, (he would call us Friends.)
He was a Man moſt like to vertue; In all,
And every action, nearer to the Gods,
Than Men, in Nature; of a Body as fair
As was his Mind; and no leſs reverend
In Face, than Fame: He could ſo uſe his ſtate,
Temp'ring his Greatneſs, with his Gravity,
As it avoided all ſelf-love in him,
And ſpight in others. What his Funerals lack'd
In Images, and Pomp, they had ſuppli'd
With honourable ſorrow, Soldiers ſadneſs,
A kind of ſilent Mourning, ſuch, as Men
(Who know no Tears, but from their Captives) uſe
To ſhew in ſo great loſſes. *Cor.* I thought once,
Conſidering their Forms, Age, manner of Deaths,
The nearneſs of the places, where they fell,
T' have paralell'd him with great *Alexander*:
For both were of beſt Feature, of high Race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in Foreign Lands,
By their own People, alike made away.
Sab. I know not, for his Death, how you might wreſt (it:
But, for his Life, it did as much diſdain
Compariſon, with that voluptuous, raſh,
Giddy, and drunken *Macedon's*, as mine
Doth with my Bond-mans. All the good, in him,
(His Valour, and his Fortune) he made his;
But he had other touches of late *Romans*,
That more did ſpeak him: *Pompey's* Dignity,
The Innocence of *Cato*, *Cæſar's* Spirit,
Wiſe *Brutus* Temp'rance; and every Vertue,
Which, parted unto others, gave them name,
Flow'd mixt in him. He was the Soul of Goodneſs:
And all our Praiſes of him are like Streams
Drawn from a Spring, that ſtill riſe full, and leave
The part remaining greateſt. *Arr.* I am ſure
He was too great for us, and that they knew
Who did remove him hence. *Sab.* When Men grow faſt
Honour'd, and lov'd, there is a trick in State
(Which jealous Princes never fail to uſe)
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by Embaſſie, the War, or ſuch,
To ſhift them forth into another Air,
Where they may purge, and leſſen; ſo was he:
And had his ſeconds there, ſent by *Tiberius*,
And his more ſubtile Dam, to diſcontent him;
To breed, and cheriſh Mutinies; detract
His greateſt Actions; give audacious check
To his Commands; and work to put him out
In open act of Treaſon. All which ſnares
When his wiſe cares prevented, a fine Poyſon
Was thought on, to mature their practices.
Cor. Here comes *Sejanus*. *Sil.* Now obſerve the ſtoops,
The bendings, and the falls. *Arr.* Moſt creeping baſe!

Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c. [*They paſs over the Stage.*

I Note 'em well: No more. Say you. *Sat.* My Lord,
There is a Gentleman of *Rome* would buy ——
Sej. How call you him you talk'd with?
Sat. 'Pleaſe your Lordſhip, it is *Eudemus*, the Phyſician
To *Livia*, *Druſus's* Wife. *Sej.* On with your Sute.
Would buy, you ſaid — *Sat.* A *Tribunes* place, my Lord.
Sej. What will he give? *Sat.* Fifty *Seſtertia*.
Sej. *Livia's* Phyſician, ſay you, is that Fellow?
Sat. It is, my Lord, your Lordſhips anſwer.
Sej. To what?
Sat. The Place, my Lord. 'Tis for a Gentleman,
Your Lordſhip will well like of, when you ſee him;
And one, you make yours, by the grant.
Sej. Well, let him bring Money, and his Name.
Sat. 'Thank your Lordſhip. He ſhall, my Lord.
Sej. Come hither.
Know you this ſame *Eudemus*? Is he learn'd?
Sat. Reputed ſo, my Lord, and of deep practice.
Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the Gallery;
And take you cauſe to leave us there together:
I would confer with him, about a grief. —— On.
Arr. So, yet! another? yet? O deſperate ſtate
Of grov'ling honour! Seeſt thou this, O Son,
And do we ſee thee after? Methinks, day
Should loſe his light, when Men do loſe their ſhames,
And for the empty circumſtance of life,
Betray their cauſe of living. *Sil.* Nothing ſo.
Sejanus can repair, if *Jove* ſhould ruine.
He is the now Court-god; And well applied
With ſacrifice of Knees, of Crooks, and Cringe;
He will do more than all the Houſe of Heav'n
Can, for a thouſand *Hecatombs*. 'Tis he
Makes us our Day, or Night; Hell, and *Elyſium*
Are in his look: We talk of *Rhadamanth*,
Furies, and Fire-brands; But 'tis his frown
That is all theſe; where, on the adverſe part,
His ſmile is more, than e're (yet) *Poets* fain'd
Of Bliſs, and Shades, *Nectar* —— *Arr.* A ſerving Boy!
I knew him, at *Caius* trencher, when for hire,
He proſtituted his abuſed Body
To that great gormond, fat *Apicius*;
And was the noted *Pathick* of the time.
Sab. And, now, the ſecond face of the whole World.
The partner of the Empire, hath his Image
Rear'd equal with *Tiberius*, born in Enſigns,
Commands, diſpoſes every Dignity,
Centurions, *Tribunes*, Heads of *Provinces*,
Prætors, and *Conſuls*; all that heretofore
Romes general ſuffrage gave, is now his ſale.
The gain, or rather ſpoil, of all the Earth,
One, and his Houſe, receives. *Sil.* He hath of late
Made him a ſtrength too, ſtrangely, by reducing
All the *Prætorian* Bands into one Camp,
Which he commands: pretending that the Soldier
By living looſe, and ſcattered, fell to Riot;
And that if any ſudden Enterpriſe
Should be attempted, their united ſtrength
Would be far more than ſever'd; and their life
More ſtrict, if from the City more remov'd.
Sab. Where, now, he builds, what kind of Fort's he pleaſe,
Is hard to court the Soldier, by his name,
Wooes, feaſts the chiefeſt Men of action,
Whoſe wants, not loves, compel them to be his.
And though he ne'r were liberal by kind,
Yet, to his own dark ends, he's moſt profuſe,
Laviſh, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his Ambition. *Arr.* Yet, hath he Ambition?
Is there that ſtep in State can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but leſs?
Sil. Nothing, but Emp'rour. *Ar.* The name *Tiberius*
I hope, will keep; how ere he hath fore-gone
The Dignity, and Power. *Sil.* Sure, while he lives.
Arr. And dead, it comes to *Druſus*. Should he fail,
To the brave iſſue of *Germanicus*;
And they are three: Too many (ha?) for him
To have a Plot upon? *Sab.* I do not know
The Heart of his Deſigns; but, ſure, their Face
Looks farther than the preſent. *Arr.* By the Gods,
If I could gueſs he had but ſuch a thought,
My Sword ſhould cleave him down from Head to Heart,
But I would find it out: and with my Hand
I'ld hurl his panting Brain about the Air,

In

In Mites, as ſmall as *Atomes*, to undo
The knotted Bed— *Sab.* You are obſerv'd *Arruntius*.
Arr. Death! I dare to tell him ſo; and all his Spies:
[*He turns to* Sejanus *Clyents.*
You, Sir, I would, do you look? and you. *Sab.* Forbear.

Satrius, Eudemus, Sejanus.

HEre' he will inſtant be: Let's walk a turn;
Yo'are in a muſe, *Eudemus*? *Eud.* Not I, Sir.
I wonder he ſhould mark me out ſo! well,
Jove and *Apollo* form it for the beſt.
Sat. Your Fortune's made unto you now, *Eudemus*,
If you can but lay hold upon the means;
Do but obſerve his humour, and—— believe it——
He's the nobleſt *Roman*, where he takes——
Here comes his Lordſhip. *Sej.* Now, good *Satrius*.
Sat. This is the Gentleman, my Lord. *Sej.* Is this?
Give me your hand, we muſt be more acquainted.
Report, Sir, hath ſpoken out your Art and Learning:
And I am glad I have ſo needful cauſe,
(However in it ſelf painful and hard)
To make me known to ſo great Vertue. Look,
Who's that? *Satrius*—— I have a grief, Sir,
That will deſire your help. Your name's *Eudemus*?
Eud. Yes. *Sej.* Sir? *Eud.* It is, my Lord. *Sej.* I hear you are
Phyſician to *Livia*, the Princeſs?
Eud. I miniſter unto her, my good Lord.
Sej. You miniſter to a Royal Lady then.
Eud. She is, my Lord, and Fair. *Sej.* That's underſtood
Of all their Sex, who are or would be ſo;
And thoſe that would be, Phyſick ſoon can make 'em:
For thoſe that are, their Beauties fear no Colours.
Eud. Your Lordſhip is conceited. *Sej.* Sir, you know it.
And can (if need be) read a learned Lecture,
On this, and other Secrets. 'Pray you tell me,
What more of Ladies, beſides *Livia*,
Have you your Patients? *Eud.* Many, my good Lord.
The great *Auguſta*, *Urgulania*,
Mutilia Priſca, and *Plancina*; divers——
Sej. And, all theſe tell you the Particulars
Of every ſeveral Grief? how firſt it grew,
And then increas'd, what Action cauſed that;
What Paſſion that: and anſwer to each Point
That you will put 'em. *Eud.* Elſe, my Lord, we know not
How to preſcribe the Remedies. *Sej.* Go to,
Yo' are a ſubtil Nation, you Phyſicians!
And grown the only Cabinets in Court,
To Ladies Privacies. Faith, which of theſe
Is the moſt pleaſunt Lady in her Phyſick?
Come, you are modeſt now. *Eud.* 'Tis fit, my Lord.
Sej. Why, Sir, I do not ask you of their Urines,
Whoſe ſmels moſt Violet? or whoſe Seige is beſt?
Or who makes hardeſt Faces on her Stool?
Which Lady ſleeps with her own Face a Nights?
Which puts her Teeth off, with her Clothes in Court?
Or, which her Hair? which her Complexion?
And, in which Box ſhe puts it? Theſe were queſtions,
That might, perhaps, have put your Gravity
To ſome defence of bluſh. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittieſt? merrieſt? wantonneſt?
Harmleſs Intergatories, but Conceits.
Methinks, *Auguſta* ſhould be moſt perverſe,
And froward in her Fit? *Eud.* She's ſo, my Lord.
Sej. I knew it. And *Mutilia* the moſt jocund.
Eud. 'Tis very true, my Lord. *Sej.* And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what's *Livia*?
I know ſhe's quick and quaintly ſpirited,
And will have ſtrange thoughts, when ſhe's at leiſure?
She tells 'em all to you. *Eud.* My nobleſt Lord,
He breathes not in the Empire, or on Earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to ſerve
(In any act, that may preſerve mine Honour)
Before your Lordſhip. *Sej.* Sir, you can loſe no honour,
By truſting ought to me. The courſeſt act
Done to my Service, I can ſo requite,
As all the World ſhall ſtile it honourable:
" Your idle vertuous *definitions*
" Keep honour poor, and are as ſcorn'd as vain:
" Thoſe Deeds breath Honour that do ſuck in gain.
Eud. But, good my Lord, if I ſhould thus betray
The Counſels of my Patient, and a Ladies
Of her high place and worth; what might your Lordſhip,
(Who preſently are to truſt me with your own)
Judg of my Faith? *Sej.* Only the beſt I ſwear.
Say now that I ſhould utter you my Grief;
And with it the true Cauſe; that it were Love,
And love to *Livia*; you ſhould tell her this?
Should ſhe ſuſpect your Faith? I would you could
Tell me as much from her; ſee if my Brain
Could be turn'd jealous. *Eud.* Happily, my Lord,
I could, in time, tell you as much and more;
So I might ſafely promiſe but the firſt
To her, from you. *Sej.* As ſafely, my *Eudemus*,
(I now dare call thee ſo) as I have put
The Secret into thee. *Eud.* My Lord—— *Sej.* Proteſt not.
Thy Looks are Vows to me, uſe only ſpeed,
And but affect her with *Sejanus*'s love,
Thou art a Man, made to make *Conſuls*. Go.
Eud. My Lord, I'll promiſe you a private meeting
This day together. *Sej.* Canſt thou? *Eud.* Yes. *Sej.* The place?
Eud. My Gardens, whither I ſhall fetch your Lordſhip.
Sej. Let me adore my *Aſculapius*.
Why, this indeed is Phyſick! and out-ſpeaks
The knowledge of cheap Drugs, or any uſe
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Then all your *Opiates*, *Juleps*, *Apozemes*,
Magiſtral *Syrrups*, or—Be gone my Friend
Not barely ſtiled, but created ſo;
Expect things greater than thy largeſt hopes,
To overtake thee: Fortune ſhall be taught
To know how ill ſhe hath deſerv'd thus long,
To come behind thy wiſhes. Go, and ſpeed.
" Ambition makes more truſty Slaves than need.
Theſe Fellows, by the favour of their Art,
Have ſtill the means to tempt; oft-times the Power.
If *Livia* will be now corrupted, then
Thou haſt the way, *Sejanus*, to work out
His Secrets, who (thou knowſt) endures thee not,
Her Husband *Druſus*: and to work againſt them.
Proſper it, *Pallas*, thou that betterſt Wit;
For *Venus* hath the ſmalleſt ſhare in it.

Tiberius, Sejanus, Druſus.

WE not endure theſe Flatteries, let him ſtand; [*One kneels to him.*
Our Empire, Enſigns, Axes, Rods and State
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up, on us, and fall before the Gods.
Sej. How like a God ſpeaks *Cæſar*! *Arr.* There, obſerve!
He can endure that ſecond, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud Slime will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
Thus with the Gods? *Cor.* He did not hear it, Sir?
Arr. He did not. Tut, he muſt not, we think meanly.
'Tis your moſt courtly known Confederacy,
To have your private Paraſite redeem
What he in publick ſubtilty will loſe
To making him a Name. *Hat.* Right mighty Lord——
Tib. We muſt make up our Ears 'gainſt theſe Aſſaults
Of charming Tongues; we pray you uſe no more
Theſe Contumelies to us; ſtile not us
Or Lord, or Mighty, who profeſs our ſelf
The Servant of the *Senate*, and are proud
T' enjoy them our good, juſt, and favouring Lords.
Cor. Rarely diſſembled. *Arr.* Prince-like to the Life.
Sab. 'When power, that may command, ſo much deſcends,
'Their Bondage, whom it ſtoops to, it intends.

Tib. Whence are theſe Letters? *Hat.* From the *Senate.*
Tib. So.
Whence theſe? *Lat.* From thence too. *Tib.* Are they ſitting now?
Lat. They ſtay thy anſwer, *Cæſar.* *Sil.* If this Man
Had but a mind allied unto his words,
How bleſt a fate were it to us, and *Rome?*
We could not think that State for which to change,
Although the aym were our old Liberty:
The Ghoſts of thoſe that fell for that, would grieve
Their Bodies liv'd not, now, again to ſerve.
" Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall
" Beneath a Vertuous Prince. Wiſh'd liberty
" Ne're lovelier looks, than under ſuch a Crown.
But, when his Grace is meerly but Lip-good,
And, that no longer than he airs himſelf
Abroad in publick, there, to ſeem to ſhun
The ſtrokes, and ſtripes of Flatterers, which within
Are Lechery unto him, and ſo feed
His brutiſh ſenſe with their afflicting ſound,
As (dead to Vertue) he permits himſelf
Be carried like a Pitcher by the Ears,
To every act of Vice: this is a Caſe
Deſerves our fear, and doth preſage the nigh
And cloſe approach of Blood an Tyranny.
" Flattery is Midwife unto Princes rage:
" And nothing ſooner, doth help forth a Tyran,
" Then that, and whiſperers grace, who have the time,
" The place, the power, to make all Men Offenders.
Arr. He ſhould be told this; and be bid diſſemble
With Fools and blind Men: we that know the evil,
Should hunt the Palace-rats, or give them bane;
Fright hence theſe worſe than Ravens, that devour
The quick, where they but prey upon the Dead:
He ſhall be told it. *Sab.* Stay, *Arruntius,*
We muſt abide our opportunity:
And practiſe what is fit, as what is needful.
" It is not ſafe t' enforce a Soveraigns Ear:
" Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.
Arr. Ha? Say you ſo, well. In the mean time, *Jove,*
(Say not, but I do call upon thee now,)
Of all wild Beaſts preſerve me from a Tyran;
And of all tame, a Flatterer. *Sil.* 'Tis well pray'd.
Tib. Return the Lords this Voice, we are their Creature:
And it is fit, a good and honeſt Prince,
Whom they out of their Bounty have inſtructed
VVith ſo dilate and abſolute a Power,
Should owe the Office of it to their Service,
And good of all and every Citizen.
Nor ſhall it e're repent us to have wiſh'd
The *Senate* juſt, and fav'ring Lords unto us,
" Since their free loves do yield no leſs defence
" T' a Princes State, than his own Innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to pleaſe us, that hath pleaſed them;
Our ſuffrage rather ſhall prevent, than ſtay
Behind their Wills: 'tis Empire, to obey,
Where ſuch, ſo great, ſo grave, ſo good determine.
Yet, for the ſute of *Spain,* t' erect a Temple
In honour of our Mother, and our ſelf,
We muſt (with Pardon of the *Senate*) not
Aſſent thereto. Their Lordſhips may object
Our not denying the ſame late requeſt
Unto the *Aſian* Cities: We deſire
That our defence for ſuffering that be known
In theſe brief Reaſons, with our after purpoſe.
Since deified *Auguſtus* hindred not
A Temple to be built at *Pergamum,*
In honour of himſelf, and ſacred *Rome;*
We, that have all his Deeds and Words obſerv'd
Ever, in Place of Laws, the rather follow'd
That pleaſing Preſident, becauſe with ours,
The *Senates* reverence alſo, there, was joyn'd.
But, as, t' have once receiv'd it, may deſerve
The gain of pardon; ſo, to be ador'd
With the continu'd Stile, and note of Gods,
Through all the *Provinces,* were wild Ambition,
And no leſs pride: Yea even *Auguſtus*'s name
Would early vaniſh, ſhould it be prophan'd
With ſuch promiſcuous Flatteries. For our part,
We here proteſt it, and are covetous
Poſterity ſhould know it, we are mortal;
And can but Deeds of Men: 'twere Glory enough,
Could we be truly a Prince. And, they ſhall add
Abounding Grace unto our Memory,
That ſhall report us worthy our Fore-fathers,
Careful of your Affairs, conſtant in Dangers,
And not afraid of any private Frown
For publick good. Theſe things ſhall be to us
Temples, and Statues, reared in our Minds,
The faireſt, and moſt during imag'ry:
For thoſe of Stone, or Braſs, if they become
Odious in Judgment of Poſterity,
Are more contemn'd as dying Sepulchres,
Than tane for living Monuments. We then
Make here our ſute, alike to Gods and Men,
The one, until the Period of our Race,
T' inſpire us with a free and quiet Mind,
Diſcerning both divine and human Laws;
The other, to vouchſafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praiſe,
T' accompany our Actions and our Name:
The reſt of greatneſs Princes may Command,
And (therefore) may neglect; only, a long,
A laſting, high, and happy Memory
They ſhould, without being ſatisfied, purſue.
Contempt of Fame begets contempt of Vertue.
Nat. Rare! *Sat.* Moſt divine: *Sej.* The *Oracles* are ceas'd,
That only *Cæſar,* with their Tongue might ſpeak.
Arr. Let me be gone, moſt felt, and open this!
Cor. Stay. *Arr.* What, to hear more cunning, and fine words,
VVith their ſound flatter'd, e're their Senſe be meant?
Tib. Their choiſe of *Antium,* there to place the Gift
Vow'd to the Goddeſs for our Mothers health,
VVe will the *Senate* know, we fairly like; *Fortuna equeſtris.*
As alſo of their grant to *Lepidus,*
For his repairing the *Æmilian* Place,
And reſtauration of thoſe Monuments:
Their grace too in confining of *Silanus,*
To th' other Iſle *Cithera*; and the ſute
Of his Religious Siſter, much commends
Their Policy, ſo temp'red with their Mercy.
But for the Honours which they have decreed
To our *Sejanus,* to advance his Statue
In *Pompey*'s Theatre (whoſe ruining Fire
His vigilance, and labour kept reſtrain'd
In that one loſs) they have, therein out-gone
Their own great Wiſdoms, by their skilful choice,
And placing of their Bounties on a Man,
Whoſe merit more adorns the Dignity,
Than that can him: and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Bluſh not, *Sejanus,* thou great aid of *Rome,*
Aſſociate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy ſimple modeſty
With offering at thy Praiſe, for more we cannot,
Since there's no Voice can take it. No Man here,
Receive our Speeches as *Hyberboles:*
For we are far from flattering our Friend,
(Let Envy know) as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the Cauſes of our Praiſe;
Princes have ſtill their grounds rear'd with themſelves,
Above the poor low flats of common Men;
And, who will ſearch the Reaſons of their Acts,
Muſt ſtand on equal baſes. Lead away.
Our loves unto the *Senate.* *Arr. Cæſar. Sab.* Peace.
Cor. Great *Pompey*'s Theatre was never ruin'd

Till

Till now, that proud *Sejanus* hath a Statue
Rear'd on his Aſhes. *Arr.* Place the ſhame of Soldiers,
Above the beſt of Generals? crack the World!
And bruiſe the name of *Romans* into Duſt,
E're we behold it! *Sil.* Check your Paſſion;
Lord *Druſus* tarries. *Dru.* Is my Father mad?
Weary of Life, and Rule, Lords? thus to heave
An Idol up with praiſe! make him his Mate!
His rival in the Empire! *Arr.* O, good Prince.
Dru. Allow him Statues, Titles, Honours, ſuch,
As he himſelf refuſeth? *Arr.* Brave, brave *Druſus!*
Dru. The firſt aſcents to Soveraignty are hard;
But entred once there never wants or Means,
Or Miniſters, to help th' Aſpirer on.
Arr. True, Gallant *Druſus.* *Dru.* We muſt ſhortly pray
To *Modeſty*, that he will reſt contented——
Arr. I, where he is, and not write Emperor.

Sejanus, Druſus, Arruntius, &c. *He enters, follow'd with Clients.*

THere is your Bill, and yours; Bring you your Man:
I have mov'd for you, too, *Latiaris.* *Dru.* What?
Is your vaſt greatneſs grown ſo blindly bold,
That you will over us? *Sej.* Why, then give way.
Dru. Give way, *Coloſſus?* Do you lift? Advance you?
Take that. *Arr.* Good! brave! excellent brave Prince!
[Druſus *ſtrikes him.*
Dru. Nay, come, approach. What, ſtand you off? at gaze?
It looks too full of death for thy cold Spirits.
Avoid mine Eye, dull Camel, or my Sword
Shall make thy brav'ry fitter for a Grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a Statue,
O' your own bulk; but't ſhall be on the Croſs:
Where I will nail your Pride at bredth and length,
And crack thoſe Sinews, which are yet but ſtretch'd
With your ſwoln Fortunes rage. *Arr.* A noble Prince!
All. A *Caſtor*, a *Caſtor*, a *Caſtor*, a *Caſtor!*

Sejanus.

HE that, with ſuch wrong mov'd, can bear it through
With Patience, and an even Mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is loſt, if I profeſs my hate.
What was my practiſe late, I'll now purſue
As my fell Juſtice. This hath ſtil'd it new.

CHORUS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act II.

Sejanus, Livia, Eudemus.

PHyſician, thou art worthy of a Province,
For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greateſt *Livia* bears a part
In the requital of thy Services,
I ſhould alone deſpair of ought like means,
To give them worthy ſatisfaction.
Liv. Eudemus (I will ſee it) ſhall receive
A fit and full Reward for his large Merit.
But for this Potion, we intend to *Druſus*,
(No more our Husband, now) whom ſhall we chooſe
As the moſt apt and ableſt Inſtrument,
To Miniſter it to him? *Eud.* I ſay, *Lygdus.*
Sej. Lygdus? what's he? *Liv.* An Eunuch *Druſus* loves.
Eud. I, and his Cup-bearer. *Sej.* Name not a ſecond.
If *Druſus* love him, and he have that Place,
We cannot think a fitter. *Eud.* True, my Lord.
For free acceſs, and truſt, are two main aids.
Sej. Skilful Phyſician! *Liv.* But he muſt be wrought
To th' undertaking, with ſome labour'd Art.
Sej. Is he ambitious? *Liv.* No. *Sej.* Or covetous?
Liv. Neither. *Eud.* Yet, Gold is a good general Charm.
Sej. What is he then? *Liv.* Faith only wanton light.
Sej. How! Is he young, and fair? *Eud.* A delicate youth.
Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. Royal Lady,
Though I have lov'd you long, and with that height
Of zeal, and duty, (like the Fire, which more
It mounts it trembles) thinking nought could add
Unto the fervour, which your Eye had kindled;
Yet, now I ſee your Wiſdom, Judgment, Strength,
Quickneſs, and Will, to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatneſs, I proteſt
My ſelf through rarified, and turn'd all Flame
In your affection: Such a Spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle ſecond,
To a poor flaſh, as *Druſus*; but to ſhine
Bright as the Moon among the leſſer Lights,
And ſhare the Sov'reignty of all the World.
Then *Livia* triumphs in her proper Sphear,
When ſhe, and her *Sejanus* ſhall divide
The Name of *Cæſar*, and *Auguſta's* Star
Be dimm'd with Glory of a brighter Beam:
When *Agrippina's* Fires are quite extinct,
And the ſcarce ſeen *Tiberius* borrows all
His little Light from us, whoſe folded Arms
Shall make one perfect Orb. Who's that? *Eudemus,*
Look, 'tis not *Druſus?* Lady, do not fear.
Liv. Not I, my Lord. My fear and love of him
Left me at once. *Sej.* Illuſtrious Lady! ſtay——
Eud. I'll tell his Lordſhip. *Sej.* Who is't, *Eudemus?*
Eud. One of your Lordſhips Servants brings you word
The Emp'ror hath ſent for you. *Sej.* O: where is he?
With your fair leave, dear Princeſs. I'll but ask
A Queſtion, and return. *Eud.* Fortunate Princeſs!
How are you bleſt in the fruition [*He goes out.*
Of this unequal'd Man, this Soul of *Rome*,
The Empires Life, and Voice of *Cæſar's* World!
Liv. So bleſſed, my *Eudemus*, as to know
The Bliſs I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look to day?
Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This ſame *fucus*
Was well laid on. *Liv.* Methinks 'tis here not white.
Eud. Lend me your Scarlet, Lady. 'Tis the Sun
Hath giv'n ſome little taint unto the *Ceruſe*,
You ſhould have us'd of the white Oyl I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very Name
Commandeth above *Cupid* or his Shafts——
(*Liv.* Nay, now yo' have made it worſe. *Eud.* I'll help it ſtraight.)
And, but pronounc'd, is a ſufficient Charm
Againſt all Rumour; and of abſolute power
To ſatisfie for any Ladies Honour.
(*Liv.* What do you now, *Eudemus?* *Eud.* Make a light *fucus*,
To touch you o're withal.) Honour'd *Sejanus!*
What act (though ne're ſo ſtrange and inſolent)
But that addition will at leaſt bear out,
If't do not expiate? *Liv.* Here, good Phyſician.
Eud. I like this Study to preſerve the love
Of ſuch a Man, that comes not every hour
To greet the World. ('Tis now well, Lady, you ſhould
Uſe of the *Dentifrice* I preſcrib'd you too,
To clear your Teeth, and the prepar'd *Pomatum*,
To ſmooth the Skin:) A Lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that ſtill would hold
The Heart of ſuch a Perſon, made her Captive,
As you have his: who, to endear him more
In your clear Eye, hath put away his Wife,
The trouble of his Bed, and your Delights,
Fair *Apicata*, and made ſpacious room
To your new Pleaſures. *Liv.* Have not we return'd
That with our hate of *Druſus*, and diſcovery
Of all his Counſels? *Eud.* Yes, and wiſely, Lady,
The ages that ſucceed, and ſtand far off
To gaze at your high Prudence, ſhall admire,
And reckon it an act, without your Sex:

It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper ſound,
Than mixt with *Druſus*: But, when they ſhall hear
That, and the Thunder of *Sejanus* meet,
Sejanus, whoſe high name doth ſtrike the Stars,
And rings about the Concave, great *Sejanus*,
Whoſe Glories, Stile, and Titles are himſelf,
The often iterating of *Sejanus*:
They then will loſe their thoughts, and be aſham'd
To take acquaintance of them. *Sej.* I muſt make
A rude departure, Lady. *Cæſar* ſends
With all his haſte both of Command and Prayer.
Be reſolute in our Plot; you have my Soul,
As certain yours as it is my Bodies.
And, wiſe Phyſician, ſo prepare the Poyſon,
As you may lay the ſubtil Operation
Upon ſome natural Diſeaſe of his.
Your Eunuch ſend to me. I kiſs your Hands,
Glory of Ladies, and commend my Love
To your beſt Faith and Memory. *Liv.* My Lord,
I ſhall but change your words. Farewel. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loves you not;
You know what I have told you: His deſigns
Are full of grudge and danger: we muſt uſe
More than a common ſpeed. *Sej.* Excellent Lady,
How you do fire my Blood! *Liv.* Well, you muſt go?
The thoughts be beſt, are leaſt ſet forth to ſhew.
Eud. When will you take ſome Phyſick, Lady?
Liv. When I ſhall, *Eudemus*: But let *Druſus* Drug
Be firſt prepar'd. *Eud.* Were *Lygdus* made, that's done;
I have it ready. And to morrow Morning
I'll ſend you a Perfume, firſt to reſolve
And procure Sweat, then prepare a Bath
To cleanſe and clear the *Cutis*; againſt when
I'll have an excellent new *Fucus* made,
Reſiſtive 'againſt the Sun, the Rain or Wind,
Which you ſhall lay on with a Breath or Oyl,
As you beſt like, and laſt ſome fourteen Hours.
This change came timely, Lady, for your Health,
And the reſtoring your Complexion,
Which *Druſus* Choler had almoſt burnt up:
Wherein your Fortune hath preſcrib'd you better
Than Art could do. *Liv.* Thanks, good Phyſician,
I'll uſe my Fortune (you ſhall ſee) with reverence.
Is my Coach ready? *Eud.* It attends your Highneſs.

Sejanus.

IF this be not Revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let *Ægyptian* Slaves,
Parthians, and Bare-foot *Hebrews* brand my Face,
And print my Body full of Injuries.
Thou loſt thy ſelf, Child *Druſus*, when thou thought'ſt
Thou could'ſt out-skip my Vengeance: or out-ſtand
The Power I had to cruſh thee into Air.
Thy Follies now ſhall taſte what kind of Man
They have provok'd, and this thy Fathers Houſe
Crack in the Flame of my incenſed Rage,
Whoſe fury ſhall admit no ſhame or mean.
Adultery? it is the lighteſt ill,
I will commit. A race of wicked Acts
Shall flow out of my Anger, and o're-ſpread
The Worlds wide Face, which no Poſterity
Shall e're approve, nor yet keep ſilent: Things
That for their cunning, cloſe, and cruel mark,
Thy Father would wiſh his; and ſhall (perhaps)
Carry the empty Name, but we the Prize.
On then my Soul, and ſtart not in thy Courſe;
Though Heav'n drop Sulphur, and Hell belch out Fire,
Laugh at the idle Terrors: Tell proud *Jove*,
Between his Power and thine there is no odds:
'Twas only fear firſt in the World made Gods.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

IS yet *Sejanus* come? *Sej.* He's here, dread *Cæſar*.
Tib. Let all depart that Chamber, and the next:
Sit down, my Comfort. When the Maſter Prince
Of all the World, *Sejanus*, ſaith he fears;
Is it not fatal? *Sej.* Yes, to thoſe are fear'd.
Tib. And not to him? *Sej.* Not, if he wiſely turn
That part of fate he holdeth, firſt on them.
Tib. That Nature, Blood, and Laws of kind forbid.
Sej. Do Policy and State forbid it? *Tib.* No.
Sej. The reſt of poor reſpects, then, let go by:
State is enough to make th' act juſt, them guilty.
Tib. Long hate purſues ſuch Acts.
Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of ſov'raignty. *Tib.* Are Rites
Of Faith, Love, Piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten, and made vain? *Sej.* All for a Crown.
The Prince who ſhames a Tyrants name to bear,
Shall never dare do any thing, but fear;
All the Command of Scepters quite doth periſh
If it begin Religious thoughts to cheriſh:
Whole Empires fall, ſwayd by thoſe nice reſpects;
It is the Licenſe of dark Deeds protects
Ev'n States moſt hated: when no Laws reſiſt
The Sword, but that it acteth what it liſt.
Tib. Yet ſo, we may do all things cruelly,
Not ſafely: *Sej.* Yes, and do them throughly.
Tib. Knows yet *Sejanus* whom we point at? *Sej.* I,
Or elſe my Thought, my Senſe, or both do err:
'Tis *Agrippina*? *Tib.* She, and her proud Race.
Sej. Proud? dangerous, *Cæſar*. For in them apace
The Fathers Spirit ſhoots up. *Germanicus*
Lives in their Looks, their Gate, their Forms, t' upbraid us
With this cloſe Death, if not revenge the ſame.
Tib. The Act's not known.
Sej. Not prov'd: But whiſpering Fame
Knowledg and proof doth to the Jealous give,
Who, then to fail, would their own thought believe.
It is not ſafe, the Children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a Parents death.
Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their Birth be their offence.
Sej. Stay, till they ſtrike at *Cæſar*: then their Crime
Will be enough, but late and out of time
For him to puniſh. *Tib.* Do they purpoſe it?
Sej. You know, Sir, Thunder ſpeaks not till it hit.
Be not ſecure: none ſwifteſt are oppreſt,
Than they whom Confidence betrays to reſt.
Let not your daring make your danger ſuch:
All Power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The Youths are (of themſelves) hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that Male-ſpirited Dame
Their Mother, ſlacks no means to put them on.
By large Allowance, popular Preſentings,
Increaſe of Train, and State, ſuing for Titles;
Hath them commended with like Prayers, like Vows,
To the ſame Gods, with *Cæſar*: days and nights
She ſpends in Banquets and ambitious Feaſts
For the Nobility; where *Caius Silius*,
Titius, *Sabinus*, old *Arruntius*,
Aſinius Gallus, *Furnius*, *Regulus*,
And others of that diſcontented Liſt,
Are the prime Gueſts. There, and to theſe, ſhe tells
Whoſe Niece ſhe was, whoſe Daughter, and whoſe Wife;
And then muſt they compare her with *Auguſta*;
I, and prefer her too; commend her Form,
Extol her Fruitfulneſs; at which a ſhowr
Falls for the Memory of *Germanicus*,
Which they blow over ſtrait with windy Praiſe,
And puffing hopes of her aſpiring Sons,
Who, with theſe hourly ticklings grow ſo pleas'd,
And wantonly conceited of themſelves,

As

As now, they ſtick not to believe they're ſuch,
As theſe do give 'em out: and would be thought
(More than Competitors) immediate Heirs.
Whilſt to their thirſt of Rule they win the rout
(That's ſtill the Friend of Novelty) with hope
Of future Freedom, which on every change,
That greedily, though emptily, expects.
Cæſar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And Princes that will keep old Dignity,
Muſt not admit too youthful Heirs ſtand by;
Not their own iſſue; but ſo darkly ſet
As ſhadows are in Picture, to give height,
And luſtre to themſelves. *Tib.* We will command
Their rank thoughts down, and with a ſtricter hand
Than we have yet put forth, their trains muſt bate,
Their titles, feaſts and factions. *Sej.* Or your ſtate.
But how, Sir, will you work?
Tib. Confine 'em. *Sej.* No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To give them now: it would have ſerv'd at firſt,
When, with the weakeſt touch, their knot had burſt.
But, now, your care muſt be, not to detect
The ſmalleſt Cord, or Line of your ſuſpect;
For ſuch, who know the weight of Princes Fear,
Will, when they find themſelves diſcover'd, rear
Their Forces, like ſeen Snakes, that elſe would lie
Roul'd in their Circles, cloſe: Nought is more high,
Daring, or deſperate, than Offenders found;
Where Guilt is, Rage and courage doth abound.
The courſe muſt be to let 'em ſtill ſwell up,
Riot, and ſurfeit on blind Fortunes Cup;
Give 'em more Place, more Dignities, more Stile,
Call 'em to *Court*, to *Senate*: in the while,
Take from their ſtrength ſome one, or twain, or more
Of the main Fautors; (It will fright the ſtore)
And, by ſome by-occaſion. Thus, with ſlight
You ſhall diſarm firſt; and they (in Night
Of their Ambition) not perceive the train,
Till, in the Ingine, they are caught and ſlain.
Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to ſave;
Yet, than a Throne, 'tis cheaper give a Grave.
Is there no way to bind them by Deſerts? (hearts.
Sej. Sir, Wolves do change their Hair, but not their
While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All Modeſty is fond; and chiefly where
The Subject is no leſs compell'd to bear,
Than praiſe his Sov'raign's Acts.
Tib. We can no longer
Keep on our Mask to thee, our dear *Sejanus*;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prov'd
Their voice, in our deſigns, which by aſſenting
Hath more confirm'd us, than if heartning *Jove*
Had, from his hundred Statues, bid us ſtrike,
And at the ſtroke clickt all his Marble Thumbs.
But who ſhall firſt be ſtruck? *Sej.* Firſt, *Caius Silius*;
He is the moſt of Mark, and moſt of Danger:
In Power and Reputation equal ſtrong,
Having commanded an Imperial Army
Seven years together, vanquiſh'd *Sacrovir*
In *Germany*, and thence obtain'd to wear
The Ornaments triumphal. His ſteep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
Will ſend more wounding terror to the reſt,
Command them ſtand a-loof, and give more way
To our ſurpriſing of the principal.
Tib. But what, *Sabinus*? *Sej.* Let him grow a while,
His Fate is not yet ripe: We muſt not pluck
At all together, leſt we catch our ſelves.
And there's *Arruntius* too, he only talks.
But *Soſia*, *Silius*'s Wife, would be wound in
Now, for ſhe hath a fury in her Breaſt,
More, than Hell ever knew; and would be ſent
Thither in time. Then, is there one *Cremutius*
Cordus, a writing Fellow, they have got
To gather Notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annals; a moſt tart
And bitter Spirit (I hear); who, under colour
Of praiſing thoſe, doth tax the preſent State,
Cenſures the Men, the Actions, leaves no trick,
No practice un-examin'd, parallels
The Times, the Governments; a profeſt Champion
For the old Liberty— *Tib.* A periſhing wretch.
As if there were that *Chaos* bred in things,
That Laws and Liberty would not rather chuſe
To be quite broken, and ta'ne hence by us,
Than have the ſtain to be preſerv'd by ſuch.
Have we the means, to make theſe guilty, firſt?
Sej. Truſt that to me: let *Cæſar*, by his power,
But cauſe a formal meeting of the *Senate*,
I will have Matter, and Accuſers ready.
Tib. But how? let us conſult. *Sej.* We ſhall miſpend
The time of Action. Counſels are unfit
In buſineſs, where all reſt is more pernicious
Than raſhneſs can be. Acts of this cloſe kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingring in that work begun,
Which cannot praiſed be, until through done.
Tib. Our Edict ſhall, forthwith, command a Court.
While I can live, I will prevent Earths Fury:
Ἐμοῦ ζωντος γαῖα μαχδήτω τινι.

Poſthumus, Sejanus.

MY Lord *Sejanus*——*Sej. Julius Poſthumus*,
Come with my wiſh! what news from *Agrippina*'s?
Poſ. Faith none. They all lock up themſelves a-late;
Or talk in Character; I have not ſeen
A Company ſo chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by Augury of our practice.
Sej. When were you there?
Poſ. Laſt night. *Sej.* And what Gueſts found you?
Poſ. Sabinus, *Silius*, (the old Liſt) *Arruntius*,
Furnius and *Gallus*. *Sej.* Would not theſe talk? *Poſ.* Little.
And yet we offer'd choice of Argument.
Satrius was with me. *Sej* Well: 'tis guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot t' extoll
The hoſpitable Lady? *Paſ.* No, that trick
Was well put home, and had ſucceeded too,
But that *Sabinus* caught a caution out;
For ſhe began to ſwell: *Sej.* And may ſhe burſt.
Julius, I would have you go inſtantly,
Unto the Palace of the great *Auguſta*, *Mutilia*
And (by your kindeſt friend) get ſwift acceſs; *Priſca.*
Acquaint her with theſe meetings: Tell the words
You brought me, (th' other day) of *Silius*,
Add ſomewhat to 'em. Make her underſtand
The danger of *Sabinus*, and the times,
Out of his cloſeneſs. Give *Arruntius* words
Of Malice againſt *Cæſar*; ſo, to *Gallus*:
But (above all) to *Agrippina*. Say,
(As you may truly) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful Womb,
With popular Studies gapes for Soveraignty,
And threatens *Cæſar*. Pray *Auguſta* then,
That for her own, great *Cæſars*, and the pub-
lick ſafety, ſhe be pleas'd to urge theſe dangers.
Cæſar is too ſecure (he muſt be told,
And beſt he'll take it from a Mothers Tongue.)
Alas! what is't for us to ſound, t' explore,
To watch, oppoſe, plot, practice, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is ſo ſtrongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatneſs, and free Spirit, be
Supinely negligent? Our City's now
Divided as in time o' th' Civil War,
And Men forbear not to declare themſelves
Of *Agrippina*'s party. Every day,
The Faction multiplies; and will do more,

If

If not reſiſted: you can beſt inlarge it,
As you find audience. Noble *Poſthumus*,
Commend me to your *Priſca*: and pray her,
She will ſolicit this great buſineſs,
To earneſt and moſt preſent Execution,
With all her utmoſt Credit with *Auguſta*.
Poſ. I ſhall not fail in my Inſtructions.
Sej. This ſecond (from his Mother) will well urge
Our late deſign, and ſpur on *Cæſar*'s rage:
Which elſe might grow remiſs. The way to put
A Prince in blood, is to preſent the ſhapes
Of dangers, greater than they are (like late,
Or early ſhadows), and, ſometimes, to fain
Where there are none, only, to make him fear;
His fear will make him cruel: And once entred,
He doth not eaſily learn to ſtop, or ſpare
Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
To thruſt *Tiberius* into Tyranny,
And make him toil, to turn aſide thoſe blocks,
Which I alone, could not remove with ſafety.
Druſus once gone, *Germanicus* three Sons
Would clog my way; whoſe Guards have too much faith
To be corrupted: and their Mother known
Of too-too unreprov'd a Chaſtity,
To be attempted, as light *Livia* was.
Work then, my art, on *Cæſar*'s fears, as they
On thoſe they fear, till all my bets be clear'd:
And he in Ruines of his Houſe, and hate
Of all his Subjects, bury his own State.
When, with my peace, and ſafety, I will riſe,
By making him the publick Sacrifice.

Satrius, Natta.

THey'are grown exceeding circumſpect, and wary.
Nat. They have us in the wind: And yet *Arruntius*
Cannot contain himſelf. *Sat.* Tut, he's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more deſir'd,
That are more ſilent. *Nat.* Here he comes. Away.

Sabinus, Arruntius, Cordus.

HOw is it, that theſe Beagles haunt the houſe
Of *Agrippina*? *Arr.* O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is ſome Game here lodg'd, which they muſt rouſe,
To make the great ones ſport. *Cor.* Did you obſerve
How they inveigh'd 'gainſt *Cæſar*? *Arr.* I, baits, baits,
For us to bite at: would I have my fleſh
Torn by the publick hook, theſe qualified Hang-men
Should be my Company. *Cor.* Here comes another.
Arr. I, there's a Man, *Afer* the Orator!
One that hath Phraſes, Figures, and fine Flowers,
To ſtrew his *Rhetorick* with, and doth make haſte
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where Blood, or Gain be Objects; ſteeps his words,
VVhen he would kill, in artificial tears:
The Crocodile of *Tyber!* him I love,
That Man is mine; He hath my Heart and Voice,
VVhen I would curſe; he, he. *Seb.* Contemn the Slaves,
Their preſent Lives will be their future Graves.

Silius, Agrippina, Nero, Soſia.

MAy't pleaſe your Highneſs not forget your ſelf,
I dare not, with my Manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther. *Agr.* Farewell, noble *Silius*.
Sil. Moſt Royal Princeſs. *Agr.* *Soſia* ſtays with us?
Sil. She is your ſervant, and doth owe your Grace
An honeſt, but unprofitable Love.
Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain, but vertuous?
Sil. You take the Moral, not the Politick Senſe.
I meant, as ſhe is bold, and free of ſpeech,
Earneſt to utter what her zealous thought
Travails withal, in honour of your houſe;
VVhich act, as it is ſimply born in her,
Partakes of Love and Honeſty; but may,
By th' over often, and unſeaſon'd uſe,
Turn to your loſs and danger: For your State
Is waited on by Envies, as by Eyes;
And every ſecond Gueſt your tables take,
Is a fee'd Spy, t' obſerve who goes, who comes,
VVhat conference you have, with whom, where, when,
VVhat the diſcourſe is, what the looks, the thoughts
Of ev'ry perſon there, they do extract,
And make into a ſubſtance. *Agr.* Hear me, *Silius*.
VVere all *Tiberius* body ſtuck with Eyes,
And ev'ry VVall and Hanging in my Houſe
Tranſparent, as this Lawn I wear, or air;
Yea, had *Sejanus* both his Ears as long
As to my in-moſt Cloſet, I would hate
To whiſper any thought, or change an act,
To be made *Juno*'s Rival. Vertues forces
Shew ever nobleſt in conſpicuous courſes.
Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely ſpoken, like the Spirit
Of *Agrippina*: yet, your Highneſs knows,
There is nor loſs, nor ſhame in providence:
Few can, what all ſhould do, beware enough.
You may perceive with what officious face,
Satrius, and *Natta*, *Afer*, and the reſt
Viſit your houſe, of late, t' enquire the ſecrets;
And with that bold, and priviledg'd Art, they rail
Againſt *Auguſta*: yea, and at *Tiberius*;
Tell tricks of *Livia*, and *Sejanus*; all
T' excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.
Agr. Yo' are too ſuſpicious, *Silius*. *Sil.* Pray the Gods,
I be ſo *Agrippina*: But I fear
Some ſubtile practice. They, that durſt to ſtrike
At ſo examp-leſs, and unblam'd a Life,
As, that of the renown'd *Germanicus*,
Will not ſit down, with that Exploit alone:
"He threatens many, that hath injur'd one. (eyes,
Ner. 'Twere beſt rip forth their tongues, ſear out their
When next they come. *Soſ.* A fit reward for Spies.

Druſus ju. *Agrippina, Nero, Silius.*

HEar you the rumour?
Agr. What? *Dru. Druſus* is dying.
Agr. Dying! *Ner.* That's ſtrange!
Agr. Yo' were with him yeſternight.
Dru. One met *Eudemus*, the Phyſician,
Sent for, but now: who thinks he cannot live.
Sil. Thinks! if't be arriv'd at that, he knows,
Or none. *Agr.* This's quick! what ſhould be his diſeaſe?
Sil. Poyſon, Poyſon——
Agr. How, *Silius*! *Ner.* What's that?
Sil. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certain blow
Giv'n o' the face. *Ner.* I, to *Sejanus*? *Sil.* True.
Dru. And what of that? *Sil.* I'm glad I gave it not.
Ner. But, there is ſomewhat elſe?
Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great Lady, at a Phyſicians,
And a Wife turn'd away——*Ner.* Ha!
Sil. Toys, meer toys:
What wiſdom's now i' th' ſtreets, i' th' common mouth?
Dru. Fears, whiſp'rings, tumults, noiſe, I know not
They ſay the *Senate* ſits. (what:
Sil. I'le thither ſtraight;
And ſee what's in the Forge. *Agr.* Good *Silius*, do;
Soſia, and I will in. *Sil.* Haſte you, my Lords,
To viſit the ſick Prince; tender your loves,
And ſorrows to the people. This *Sejanus*
(Truſt my divining ſoul) hath plots on all!
No tree, that ſtops his proſpect, but muſt fall.

CHORUS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act

Act III.

The SENATE.

Sejanus, Varro, Latiaris. Cotta, Afer.

Gallus, Lepidus, Arruntius. Præcones, Lictores.

'TIs only you muſt urge againſt him, *Varro*;
Nor I, nor *Cæſar* may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the *Conſul*:
And, under colour of late Enmity
Between your Father, and his, may better do it,
As free from all ſuſpicion of a practice.
Here be your Notes, what Points to touch at; read:
Be cunning in them. *Afer* has them too.
Var. But is he ſummon'd? *Sej.* No. It was debated
By *Cæſar*, and concluded as moſt fit
To take him unprepar'd. *Afer.* And proſecute
All under name of treaſon. *Var.* I conceive.
Sab. Druſus being dead, *Cæſar* will not be here.
Gal. What ſhould the buſineſs of this *Senate* be?
Arr. That can my ſubtil whiſperers tell you: We,
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keep the Marble warm.
What ſhould we do with thoſe deep Myſteries,
Proper to theſe fine heads? let them alone.
Our Ignorance may, perchance, help us be ſav'd
From Whips and *Furies*. *Gal.* See, ſee, ſee their action!
Arr. I, now their heads do travel, now they work;
Their Faces run like Shittles, they are weaving
Some curious Cobweb to catch flies. *Sab.* Obſerve,
They take their places.
Arr. What, ſo low? *Gal.* O yes,
They muſt be ſeen to flatter *Cæſar*'s grief,
Though but in fitting. *Var.* Bid us ſilence. *Præ.* Silence.
Var. Fathers Conſcript, may this our preſent meeting
Turn fair, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

Silius, Senate.

SEe, *Silius* enters. *Sil.* Hail grave *Fathers*. *Lic.* Stand.
Silius, forbear thy place. *Sen.* How! *Præ. Silius* ſtand forth,
The *Conſul* hath to charge thee. *Lic.* Room for *Cæſar*.
Arr. Is he come too? nay then expect a trick.
Sab. Silius accus'd? ſure he will anſwer nobly.

Tiberius, Senate.

WE ſtand amazed, *Fathers*, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore ſit
Rome's *Conſuls* thus diſſolv'd, as they had loſt
All the remembrance both of ſtile and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the Honour of the Empire ſtoop:
Though I, in my peculiar ſelf, may meet
Juſt reprehenſion, that ſo ſuddenly,
And, in ſo freſh a grief, would greet the *Senate*,
When private tongues, of Kinſmen and Allies,
(Inſpir'd with comforts) lothly are endur'd,
The Face of men not ſeen, and ſcarce the day,
To thouſands, that communicate our loſs.
Nor can I argue theſe of weakneſs; ſince
They take but natural ways; yet I muſt ſeek
For ſtronger aids, and thoſe fair helps draw out
From warm Embraces of the Common-wealth.
Our Mother, great *Auguſta*, 'is ſtruck with time,
Our ſelf impreſt with aged Characters,
Druſus is gone, his Children young and Babes;
Our aims muſt now reflect on thoſe that may
Give timely ſuccour to theſe preſent ills,
And are our only glad-ſurviving hopes,
The Noble Iſſue of *Germanicus*,
Nero and *Druſus*: Might it pleaſe the *Conſul*
Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
I would preſent them to the *Senates* care,
And raiſe thoſe Sums of joy that ſhould drink up
Theſe floods of ſorrow in your drowned Eyes.
Arr. By *Jove*, I am not *Oedipus* enough,
To underſtand this *Sphynx*. *Sab.* The Princes come.

Tiberius, Nero, Druſus junior.

APproach you Noble *Nero*, Noble *Druſus*.
Theſe Princes, *Fathers*, when their Parent died,
I gave unto their Uncle, with this prayer,
That, though h' had proper Iſſue of his own,
He would no leſs bring up, and foſter theſe,
Than that ſelf-blood; and by that act confirm
Their worths to him, and to poſterity:
Druſus ta'ne hence, I turn my prayers to you,
And, 'fore our Country, and our Gods, beſeech
You take, and rule *Auguſtus* Nephews Sons,
Sprung of the Nobleſt Anceſtors; and ſo
Accompliſh both my Duty, and your own.
Nero, and *Druſus*, theſe ſhall be to you
In place of Parents, theſe your Fathers, theſe;
And not unfitly: For you are ſo born,
As all your good, or ill's the Commonwealths.
Receive them, you ſtrong Guardians; and bleſt Gods,
Make all their actions anſwer to their bloods:
Let their great titles find increaſe by them,
Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
So in Example, above all the *Romans*:
And may they know no Rivals but themſelves.
Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend
Upon their Vertue: and that ſtill come forth
Greater than hope, and better than their fame.
Relieve me, Fathers, with your general Voice.
Sen. May all the Gods conſent to Cæſar*'s wiſh,* *A form of ſpeaking they had.*
And add to any Honours, that may crown
The hopeful Iſſue of Germanicus.
Tib. We thank you, reverend Fathers, in their right.
Arr. If this were true now! but the ſpace, the ſpace
Between the Breaſt and Lips —— *Tiberius* Heart
Lies a thought farther than another Man's.
Tib. My comforts are ſo flowing in my Joys,
As, in them, all my Streams of Grief are loſt,
No leſs than are Land-waters in the Sea,
Or Showers in Rivers; though their Cauſe was ſuch,
As might have ſprinkled ev'n the Gods with tears:
Yet ſince the greater doth embrace the leſs,
We covetouſly obey. (*Arr.* Well acted, *Cæſar*.)
Tib. And now I am the happy witneſs made
Of your ſo much deſir'd affections,
To this great Iſſue, I could wiſh, the Fates
Would here ſet' peaceful period to my days;
However, to my Labours, I intreat
(And beg it of this *Senate*) ſome fit eaſe. you?)
(*Arr.* Laugh, Fathers, laugh: Ha' you no ſpleens about
Tib. The burden is too heavy I ſuſtain
On my unwilling ſhoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and re-confer'd
Upon the *Conſuls*, or ſome other *Roman*,
More able, and more worthy. (*Arr.* Laugh on ſtill.)
Sab. Why, this doth render all the reſt ſuſpected!
Gal. It poyſons all. *Arr.* O, do you taſte it then?
Sab. It takes away my faith to any thing
He ſhall hereafter ſpeak. *Arr.* I, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
('Gainſt which he wears that Charm) ſhould but the Court *A Wreath of Laurel.*
Receive him at his word.
Gal. Hear. *Tib.* For my ſelf,
I know my weakneſs, and ſo little covet
(Like ſome gone paſt) the weight that will oppreſs me,
As my ambition is the Counter-point.

(*Arr.*

(*Arr.* Finely maintain'd; good ſtill.)
Sej. But *Rome*, whoſe Blood,
Whoſe Nerves, whoſe Life, whoſe very Frame relies
On *Cæſar*'s ſtrength, no leſs than Heav'n on *Atlas*,
Cannot admit it but with general ruine.
(*Arr.* Ah! are you there, to bring him off?)
Sej. Let *Cæſar*
No more than urge a Point ſo contrary
To *Cæſar*'s Greatneſs, the griev'd *Senates* Vows,
Or *Rome*'s Neceſſity. (*Gal.* He comes about.
Arr. More nimbly than *Vertumnus*.)
Tib. For the publick,
I may be drawn, to ſhew, I can neglect
All private aims; though I affect my reſt:
But, if the *Senate* ſtill command me ſerve,
I muſt be glad to practiſe my obedience.
(*Arr.* You muſt and will, Sir. We do know it.
Sen. Cæſar,
Live long and happy, Great and Royal Cæſar; *Another form.*
The Gods preſerve thee, and thy Modeſty,
Thy Wiſdom, and thy Innocence. (*Arr.* Where is't?
The Prayer's made before the Subject.) *Sen. Guard*
His Meekneſs, Jove, *his Piety, his Care,*
His Bounty—— *Arr.* And his Subtilty, I'le put in:
Yet he'll keep that himſelf, without the Gods.
All Prayers are vain for him. *Tib.* We will not hold
Your Patience, *Fathers*, with long anſwer; but
Shall ſtill contend to be what you deſire,
And work to ſatisfie ſo great a hope:
Proceed to your affairs. *Arr.* Now, *Silius*, guard thee;
The Curtain's drawing. *Afer* advanceth. *Præ.* Silence.
Afe. Cite *Caius Silius*. *Præ. Caius Silius*. *Sil.* Here.
Afe. The triumph that thou hadſt in *Germany*
For thy late Victory on *Sacrovir*,
Thou haſt enjoy'd ſo freely, *Caius Silius*,
As no man it envy'd thee; nor would *Cæſar*,
Or *Rome* admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any Honours thy Deſerts could claim,
In the fair Service of the Commonwealth:
But now, if, after all their Loves and Graces,
(Thy Actions, and their Courſes being diſcover'd)
It ſhall appear to *Cæſar*, and this *Senate*,
Thou haſt defil'd thoſe Glories with thy Crimes——
Sil. Crimes? *Afe.* Patience, *Silius*.
Sil. Tell thy Moil of Patience
I' am a *Roman*. What are my Crimes? Proclaim them.
Am I too rich? too honeſt for the times?
Have I or Treaſure, Jewels, Land, or Houſes
That ſome Informer gapes for? Is my ſtrength
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?
Theſe now are Crimes. *Afe.* Nay, *Silius*, if the Name
Of Crime ſo touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be ſearch'd?
Sil. I tell thee, *Afer*, with more ſcorn than fear:
Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
Where's my accuſer? *Var.* Here.
Arr. Varro, the *Conſul*,
Is he thruſt in? *Varr.* 'Tis I accuſe thee, *Silius*.
Againſt the Majeſty of *Rome*, and *Cæſar*,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty Cauſe,
Firſt, of beginning and occaſioning,
Next, drawing out the War in *Gallia*,
For which thou late triumph'ſt; diſſembling long
That *Sacrovir* to be an Enemy,
Only to make thy Entertainment more,
Whilſt thou, and thy Wife *Soſia* poll'd the Province;
Wherein, with ſordid baſe deſire of Gain,
Thou haſt diſcredited thy Actions worth,
And been a Traitor to the State. *Sil.* Thou lieſt.
Arr. I thank thee, *Silius*, ſpeak ſo ſtill and often.
Var. If I not prove it, *Cæſar*, but unjuſtly
Have call'd him into trial; here I bind
My ſelf to ſuffer, what I claim 'gainſt him;
And yield to have what I have ſpoke, confirm'd
By Judgment of the Court, and all good Men.
Sil. Cæſar, I crave to have my Cauſe deferr'd,
Till this Man's Conſulſhip be out. *Tib.* We cannot,
Nor may we grant it. *Sil.* Why? ſhall he deſign
My day of trial? Is he my accuſer?
And muſt he be my Judge? *Tib.* It hath been uſual,
And is a Right that Cuſtom hath allow'd
The Magiſtrate, to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: Which priviledge
We may not in the *Conſul* ſee infring'd,
By whoſe deep watches, and induſtrious care
It is ſo labour'd, as the Commonwealth
Receive no loſs, by any oblique courſe.
Sil. Cæſar, thy Fraud is worſe than Violence.
Tib. Silius, miſtake us not, we dare not uſe
The Credit of the *Conſul*, to thy wrong;
But only do preſerve his Place and Power,
So far as it concerns the Dignity
And Honour of the State. *Arr.* Believe him, *Silius*.
Cot. Why, ſo he may, *Arruntius*. *Arr.* I ſay ſo.
And he may chuſe too. *Tib.* By the *Capitoll*,
And all our Gods, but that the dear Republick,
Our ſacred Laws, and juſt Authority
Are intereſs'd therein, I ſhould be ſilent.
Afe. Pleaſe *Cæſar* to give way unto his trial.
He ſhall have Juſtice. *Sil.* Nay, I ſhall have Law;
Shall I not *Afer*? Speak. *Afe.* Would you have more?
Sil. No, my well-ſpoken man, I would no more;
Nor leſs: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to ſpeak unto your preſent ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, moſt unjuſt preſuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wreſting, and impoſſible conſtruction.
Afe. He raves, he raves.
Sil. Thou durſt not tell me ſo,
Had'ſt thou not *Cæſar*'s warrant. I can ſee
Whoſe Power condemns me.
Var. This betrays his Spirit.
This doth enough declare him what he is.
Sil. What am I? ſpeak.
Var. An Enemy to the State.
Sil. Becauſe I am an Enemy to thee,
And ſuch corrupted Miniſters o' the State,
That here art made a preſent Inſtrument
To gratifie it with thine own diſgrace.
Sej. This, to the *Conſul*, is moſt inſolent?
And impious! *Sil.* I, take part. Reveal your ſelves,
Alas! I ſcent not your Confed'racies,
Your Plots and Combinations! I not know
Minion *Sejanus* hates me; and that all
This boaſt of Law, and Law, is but a form,
A Net of *Vulcan*'s filing, a meer Ingine,
To take that Life by a Pretext of Juſtice,
Which you purſue in malice? I want Brain,
Or Noſtril to perſwade me, that your ends,
And purpoſes are made to what they are,
Before my anſwer? O, you equal Gods,
Whoſe Juſtice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuſe (how e're provoke;)
Have I for this ſo oft engag'd my ſelf?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When *Phœbus* ſooner hath forſook the day
Than I the Field, againſt the blew-ey'd *Gauls*,
And criſped *Germans*? When our *Roman* Eagles
Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I have charg'd, alone, into the Troops
Of curl'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward Enſigns of a Slave;
But forward marks, wounds on my Breaſt and Face,
Were meant to thee, O *Cæſar*, and thy *Rome*?
And have I this return'd? Did I, for this,
Perform ſo noble, and ſo brave' defeat,

On

On *Sacrovir*? (O *Jove*, let it become me
To boaſt my Deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.) *Afe. Silius*, *Silius*,
Theſe are the common Cuſtoms of thy Blood,
When it is high with Wine, as now with Rage:
This well agrees with that intemperate Vaunt,
Thou lately mad'ſt at *Agrippina*'s table,
That when all other of the Troops were prone
To fall into Rebellion, only yours
Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
That ſav'd the Empire, which had then been loſt,
Had but your Legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd,
Your Vertue met, and fronted every Peril.
You gave to *Cæſar*, and to *Rome* their Surety,
Their Name, their Strength, their Spirit, and their State,
Their being was a Donative from you.
Arr. Well worded, and moſt like an Orator.
Tib. Is this true, *Silius*?
Sil. Save thy Queſtion, *Cæſar*,
Thy Spy, of famous Credit, hath affirm'd it.
Arr. Excellent *Roman*! *Sab.* He doth anſwer ſtoutly.
Sej. If this be ſo, there needs no farther Cauſe
Of Crime againſt him. *Var.* What can more impeach
The Royal Dignity, and State of *Cæſar*,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay? *Cot.* In this, all *Cæſar*'s fortune
Is made unequal to the Courteſie.
Lat. His means are clean deſtroy'd that ſhould requite.
Gal. Nothing is great enough for *Silius*'s Merit.
Arr. Gallus on that ſide to?
Sil. Come, do not hunt,
And labour ſo about for Circumſtance,
To make him guilty, whom you have fore-doom'd:
Take ſhorter ways, I'le meet your purpoſes.
The words were mine, and more I now will ſay:
Since I have done thee that great Service, *Cæſar*,
Thou ſtill haſt fear'd me; and, in place of Grace,
Return'd me Hatred: ſo ſoon all beſt turns,
With doubtful Princes, turn deep injuries
In eſtimation, when they greater riſe,
Than can be anſwer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleaſure, than you can
With eaſe reſtore them; that tranſcended once,
Your Studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your Nature, to have all Men Slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that makes your Greatneſs, muſt not come
In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which help'd,
Shall ſooneſt periſh, if it ſtand in Eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the High.
Cot. Suffer him ſpeak no more.
Var. Note but his Spirit.
Afe. This ſhews him in the reſt.
Lat. Let him be cenſur'd.
Sej. He hath ſpoke enough to prove him *Cæſar*'s Foe.
Cot. His thoughts look through his words.
Sej. A Cenſure. *Sil.* Stay,
Stay, moſt officious *Senate*, I ſhall ſtraight
Delude thy Fury. *Silius* hath not plac'd
His Guards within him, againſt Fortunes Spight,
So weakly, but he can eſcape your gripe
That are but Hands of Fortune: She her ſelf
When Vertue doth oppoſe, muſt loſe her threats.
All that can happen in Humanity,
The Frown of *Cæſar*, proud *Sejanus*'s Hatred,
Baſe *Varro*'s ſpleen, and *Afer*'s bloodying tongue,
The *Senates* ſervile flattery, and theſe
Muſtred to kill, I'am fortified againſt;
And can look down upon: they are beneath me.
It is not Life whereof I ſtand enamour'd:
Nor ſhall my end make me accuſe my Fate.
The Coward, and the Valiant Man muſt fall,
Only the Cauſe, and Manner how, diſcerns them:
Which then are gladdeſt, when they coſt us deareſt.
Romans, if any here be in this *Senate*,
Would know to mock *Tiberius* tyranny,
Look upon *Silius*, and ſo learn to die. *Stabs himſelf.*
Var. O, deſperate act!
Arr. An honourable hand!
Tib. Look, is he dead?
Sab. 'Twas nobly ſtruck, and home.
Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, *Silius*.
Be famous ever for thy great Example.
Tib. We are not pleas'd, in this ſad accident,
That thus hath ſtalled, and abus'd our Mercy,
Intended to preſerve thee, Noble *Roman*:
And to prevent thy hopes. *Arr.* Excellent Wolf!
Now he is full he howls. *Sej. Cæſar* doth wrong
His Dignity and Safety, thus to mourn
The deſerv'd End of ſo profeſt a Traitor,
And doth, by this his Lenity, inſtruct
Others as factious, to the like Offence.
Tib. The Confiſcation meerly of his State
Had been enough. *Arr.* O, that was gap'd for then?
Var. Remove the body. *Sej.* Let Citation
Go out for *Soſia*. *Gal.* Let her be proſcrib'd.
And for the Goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the Treaſure, half unto the Children.
Lep. With leave of *Cæſar*, I would think, that fourth
Part, which the Law doth caſt on the Informers,
Should be enough; the reſt go to the Children:
Wherein the Prince ſhall ſhew Humanity,
And Bounty, not to force them by their want
(Which in their Parents treſpaſs they deſerv'd)
To take ill courſes. *Tib.* It ſhall pleaſe us. *Arr.* I,
Out of neceſſity. This *Lepidus*
Is grave and honeſt, and I have obſerv'd
A Moderation ſtill in all his Cenſures.
Sab. And bending to the better——Stay, who's this?
Cremutius Cordus? What! is he brought in?
Arr. More Blood unto the Banquet? Noble *Cordus*,
I wiſh thee good: Be, as thy Writings, free,
And honeſt. *Tib.* What is he? *Sej.* For th' Annals, *Cæſar*.

Præco, Cordus, Satrius, Natta.

C*Remutius Cordus*. *Cor.* Here. *Præ. Satrius Secundus*, *Pinnarius Natta*, you are his accuſers.
Arr. Two of *Sejanus*'s Blood-hounds, whom he breeds
With humane fleſh, to bay at Citizens.
Afe. Stand forth before the *Senate*, and confront him.
Sat. I do accuſe thee here, *Cremutius Cordus*,
To be a Man factious and dangerous,
A Sower of Sedition in the State,
A turbulent, and diſcontented Spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own Writings, here,
The Annals thou haſt publiſh'd; where thou bit'ſt
The preſent Age, and with a Vipers tooth,
Being a Member of it, dar'ſt that ill
Which never yet degenerous Baſtard did
Upon his Parent. *Nat.* To this, I ſubſcribe;
And, forth a World of more Particulars,
Inſtance in only one: Comparing men,
And times, thou praiſeſt *Brutus*, and affirm'ſt
That *Caſſius* was the laſt of all the *Romans*.
Cot. How! what are we then?
Var. What is *Cæſar*, nothing?
Afe. My Lords, this ſtrikes at every *Roman*'s private,
In whom reigns Gentry, and Eſtate of Spirit,
To have a *Brutus* brought in parallel,
A Parricide, an Enemy of his Countrey,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any real worth
That *Rome* now holds. This is moſt ſtrangely invective,
Moſt full of Spight, and inſolent upbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here diſpris'd,
But the whole man of time, yea, *Cæſar*'s ſelf
Brought in diſvalue; and he aim'd at moſt

By oblique glance of his licentious Pen.
Cæſar, if *Caſſius* were the laſt of *Romans*,
Thou haſt no Name. *Tib.* Let's hear him anſwer. Silence.
Cor. So innocent I am of Fact, my Lords,
As but my words are argu'd; yet thoſe words
Not reaching either Prince, or Princes Parent:
The which your Law of Treaſon comprehends.
Brutus and *Caſſius*, I am charg'd t' have prais'd:
Whoſe deeds, when many more, beſides my ſelf,
Have writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great *Titus Livius*, great for Eloquence,
And Faith, amongſt us, in his Hiſtory,
With ſo great Praiſes *Pompey* did extoll,
As oft *Auguſtus* call'd him a *Pompeian*:
Yet this not hurt their Friendſhip. In his Book
He often names *Scipio*, *Afranius*,
Yea, the ſame *Caſſius*, and this *Brutus* too,
As worthi'ſt Men; not Thieves and Parricides,
Which Notes, upon their Fames, are now impos'd.
Aſinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a Noble Memory; So *Meſſalla*
Renown'd his general *Caſſius*: yet both theſe
Liv'd with *Auguſtus*, full of wealth and honours.
To *Cicero*'s Book, where *Cato* was heav'd up
Equal with Heav'n, what elſe did *Cæſar* anſwer,
Being then *Dictator*, but with a penn'd Oration,
As if before the Judges? Do but ſee
Antonius's Letters; read but *Brutus*'s pleadings:
VVhat vile reproach they hold againſt *Auguſtus*,
Falſe I confeſs, but with much bitterneſs.
The *Epigrams* of *Bibaculus*, and *Catullus*,
Are read, full ſtuft with Spight of both the *Cæſars*;
Yet Deified *Julius*, and no leſs *Auguſtus*:
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: (I not know
Promptly to ſpeak it, whether done with more
Temper, or wiſdom) for ſuch Obloquies
If they deſpiſed be, they die ſuppreſt;
But, if with Rage acknowledg'd, they are confeſt.
The *Greeks* I ſlip, whoſe Licence not alone,
But alſo Luſt did ſcape unpuniſhed:
Or where ſome one (by chance) Exception took,
He words with words reveng'd. But, in my work,
VVhat could be aim'd more free, or farther off
From the times Scandal, than to write of thoſe,
VVhom Death from Grace, or Hatred had exempted?
Did I, with *Brutus*, and with *Caſſius*,
Arm'd, and poſſeſs'd of the *Philippi* Fields,
Incenſe the People in the Civil Cauſe,
VVith dangerous Speeches? Or do they, being ſlain
Sev'nty years ſince, as by their Images
(VVhich not the Conquerour hath defac'd) appears,
Retain that guilty Memory with writers?
Poſterity pays every Man his Honour.
Nor ſhall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only *Caſſius* well approve,
And of great *Brutus*'s Honour mindful be,
But that will, alſo, mention make of me.
Arr. Freely, and nobly ſpoken.
Sab. With good temper,
I like him, that he is not mov'd with paſſion.
Arr. He puts 'em to their whiſper.
Tib. Take him hence,
We ſhall determine of him at next ſitting.
Cot. Mean time, give order, that his Books be burnt,
To the *Ædiles*. *Sej.* You have well adviſ'd.
Aſe. It fits not ſuch licentious things ſhould live
T' upbraid the age.
Arr. If th' age were good, they might.
Lat. Let 'em be burnt.
Gal. All fought, and burnt to day.
Præ. The Court is up; *Lictors*, reſume the *Faſces*.

Arruntius, Sabinus, Lepidus.

LEt 'am be burnt! O, how ridiculous
Appears the *Senate's* brainleſs diligence,
Who think they can, with preſent power, extinguiſh
The Memory of all ſucceeding times!
Sab. 'Tis true, when (contrary) the puniſhment
Of wit, doth make th' authority increaſe.
Nor do they ought, that uſe this Cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;
But purchaſe to themſelves rebuke, and ſhame,
And to the writers an eternal Name.
Lep. It is an argument the times are ſore,
When Vertue cannot ſafely be advanc'd;
Nor Vice reprov'd. *Arr.* I, Noble *Lepidus*,
Auguſtus well foreſaw, what we ſhould ſuffer,
Under *Tiberius*, when he did pronounce
The *Roman* Race moſt wretched, that ſhould live
Between ſo ſlow jaws, and ſo long a bruiſing.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

THis buſineſs hath ſucceeded well, *Sejanus*:
And quite remov'd all jealouſie of practice
'Gainſt *Agrippina*, and our Nephews. Now,
We muſt bethink us how to plant our Ingines
For th' other pair, *Sabinus*, and *Arruntius*,
And *Gallus* too (how e're he flatter us,)
His heart we know. *Sej.* Give it ſome reſpite, *Cæſar*.
Time ſhall mature, and bring to perfect Crown,
What we, with ſo good Vultures, have begun:
Sabinus ſhall be next. *Tib.* Rather *Arruntius*.
Sej. By any means, preſerve him. His frank tongue
Being lent the Reins, will take away all thought
Of Malice, in your courſe againſt the reſt.
We muſt keep him to ſtalk with. *Tib.* Deareſt head,
To thy moſt fortunate deſign I yield it.
Sej. Sir——I have been ſo long train'd up in Grace,
Firſt with your Father, great *Auguſtus*, ſince,
With your moſt happy Bounties ſo familiar,
As I not ſooner would commit my hopes
Or wiſhes to the Gods, than to your Ears.
Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazling Honours: rather
To watch, and travail in great *Cæſar*'s Safety,
With the moſt common Souldier. *Tib.* 'Tis confeſt.
Sej. The only gain, and which I count moſt fair
Of all my Fortunes, is, that mighty *Cæſar*, *His daughter was betroth'd to Claudius, his Son.*
Hath thought me worthy his alliance. Hence
Begin my hopes. *Tib.* H'mh?
Sej. I have heard, *Auguſtus*
In the beſtowing of his Daughter, thought
But even of Gentlemen of *Rome*: If ſo,
(I know not how to hope ſo great a favour)
But if a Husband ſhould be ſought for *Livia*,
And I be had in Mind, as *Cæſar*'s Friend,
I would but uſe the Glory of the Kindred.
It ſhould not make me ſlothful, or leſs caring
For *Cæſar*'s State; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and ſtrengthen my weak Houſe,
Againſt the-now-unequal oppoſition
Of *Agrippina*; and for dear regard
Unto my Children, this I wiſh: my ſelf
Have no ambition farther than to end
My Days in ſervice of ſo dear a Maſter.
Tib. We cannot but commend thy Piety,
Moſt-lov'd *Sejanus*, in acknowledging
Thoſe Bounties; which we, faintly, ſuch remember.
But to thy ſuit. The reſt of Mortal Men,
In all their Drifts, and Counſels, purſue profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different ſort,
Directing their main Actions ſtill to Fame.

We

We therefore will take time to think, and anſwer.
For *Livia*, ſhe can beſt, her ſelf, reſolve
If ſhe will marry, after *Druſus*, or
Continue in the Family; beſides,
She hath a Mother, and a Grandame yet,
Whoſe nearer Counſels ſhe may guide her by:
But I will ſimply deal. That Enmity
Thou fear'ſt in *Agrippina*, would burn more,
If *Livia*'s Marriage ſhould (as 'twere in parts)
Divide th' Imperial Houſe; an Emulation
Between the women might break forth: and diſcord
Ruine the Sons, and Nephews on both Hands.
What if it cauſe ſome preſent difference?
Thou art not ſafe, *Sejanus*, if thou prove it.
Canſt thou believe, that *Livia*, firſt the Wife
To *Caius Cæſar*, then my *Druſus*, now
Will be contented to grow Old with thee,
Born but a private Gentleman of *Rome*?
And raiſe thee with her loſs, if not her ſhame?
Or ſay, that I ſhould wiſh it, canſt thou think
The *Senate*, or the People (who have ſeen
Her Brother, Father, and our Anceſtors,
In higheſt place of Empire) will endure it?
The State thou hold'ſt already, is in talk;
Men murmure at thy Greatneſs; and the Nobles
Stick not, in publick, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our Fathers Favours, or thy Scale:
And dare accuſe me, from their hate to thee.
Be wiſe, dear Friend. We would not hide theſe things
For Friendſhips dear reſpect. Nor will we ſtand
Adverſe to thine, or *Livia*'s deſignments.
What we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
And make thee equal to us; for the preſent,
We will forbear to ſpeak. Only, thus much
Believe, our lov'd *Sejanus*, we not know
That height in Blood, or Honour, which thy Vertue,
And Mind to us, may not aſpire with Merit.
And this we'll publiſh, on all watcht occaſion
The *Senate*, or the People ſhall preſent.

Sej. I am reſtor'd, and to my Senſe again,
Which I had loſt in this ſo blinding Suit.
Cæſar hath taught me better to refuſe,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaſeth *Cæſar*
T' imbrace my late Advice, for leaving *Rome*?

Tib. We are reſolv'd.

Sej. Here are ſome Motives more
Which I have thought on ſince, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful *Sejanus*! we will ſtraight peruſe them:
Go forward in our main deſign and proſper.

Sejanus.

IF thoſe but take, I ſhall: dull, heavy *Cæſar!*
VVouldſt thou tell me, thy favours were made Crimes?
And that my Fortunes were eſteem'd thy Faults?
That thou for me wert hated? and not think
I would with winged haſte prevent that change,
VVhen thou mightſt win all to thy ſelf again,
By forfeiture of me? Did thoſe fond words
Fly ſwifter from thy Lips, than this my Brain,
This ſparkling Forge, created me an Armour
T' encounter chance and thee? VVell, read my Charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy Senſes,
As thou hadſt ſnuft up Hemlock, or tane down
The Juyce of Poppy and of Mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous *Cæſar*, and ſecurity
Seize on thy ſtupid Powers, and leave them dead
To publick Cares; awake but to thy Luſts,
The ſtrength of which makes thy libidinous Soul
Itch to leave *Rome*; and I have thruſt it on:
VVith blameing of the City Buſineſs,
The multitude of Suits, the confluence
Of Suitors, then their Importunacies,
The manifold Diſtractions he muſt ſuffer,
Beſides ill Rumours, Envies, and Reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired Life,
(Larded with eaſe and pleaſure) did avoid;
And yet, for my weighty and great Affair,
The fitteſt Place to give the ſoundeſt Counſels.
By this ſhall I remove him both from thought
And knowledge of his own moſt dear Affairs;
Draw all diſpatches through my private Hands;
Know his deſignments, and purſue mine own;
Make mine own ſtrengths, by giving Suits and Places;
Conferring Dignities and Offices:
And theſe, that hate me now, wanting acceſs
To him, will make their envy none or leſs;
For when they ſee me Arbiter of all,
They muſt obſerve: or elſe with *Cæſar* fall.

Tiberius, Servus.

TO marry *Livia*? will no leſs, *Sejanus*,
Content thy aims? no lower Object? well!
Thou know'ſt how thou art wrought into our Truſt:
Woven in our deſign; and think'ſt we muſt
Now uſe thee, whatſoere thy Projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think—— who's there, within?

Ser. Cæſar? Tib. To leave our Journey off, were Sin
'Gainſt our decreed delights; and would appear
Doubt: or (what leſs becomes a Prince) low fear.
Yet doubt hath Law, and fears have their excuſe,
Where Princes States plead neceſſary uſe;
As ours doth now: more in *Sejanus* Pride,
Than in all *Agrippina*'s hates beſide.
Thoſe are the dreadful Enemies, we raiſe
With favours, and make dangerous with praiſe;
The injur'd by us may have will alike,
But 'tis the Favourite hath the power to ſtrike:
And fury ever boils more high and ſtrong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of ſupreme skill, to grace
No Man too much; but hold a certain ſpace
Between th' aſcenders riſe, and thine own flat,
Leſt, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
'Tis thought——Is *Macro* in the Palace? See:
If not, go, ſeek him, to come to us——He
Muſt be the Organ we muſt work by now;
Though none leſs apt for truſt: Need doth allow
What choiſe would not. I have heard, that *Aconite*
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Againſt the ſcorpions ſtroke; the Proof we'll give:
That, while two Poiſons wraſtle we may live.
He hath a Spirit too working to be us'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiſer Sov'raigns then, that raiſe one ill
Againſt another, and both ſafely kill:
The Prince that feeds great Natures they will ſway him:
Who nouriſheth a Lyon muſt obey him.

Tiberius, Macro.

Macro, we ſent for you. *Mac.* I heard ſo, *Cæſar.*
Tib. (Leave us a while:) when you ſhall know, good *Macro*,
The cauſes of your ſending, and the ends;
You then will harken nearer: and be pleas'd
You ſtand ſo high both in our choiſe, and truſt.

Mac. The humbleſt Place in *Cæſar*'s choiſe or truſt
May make glad *Macro* proud; without Ambition,
Save to do *Cæſar* ſervice. *Tib.* Leave your courtings.
We are in purpoſe, *Macro*, to depart
The City for a time, and ſee *Campania*;
Not for our Pleaſures, but to dedicate
A pair of Temples, one to *Jupiter*

At *Capua*; th' other at *Nola*, to *Auguſtus*:
In which great work, perhaps our ſtay will be
Beyond our will produc'd. Now, ſince we are
Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our ſhorteſt abſence in a State
So ſubject unto Envy, and embroild
With hate and faction; we have thought on thee,
(Amongſt a Field of *Romans*,) worthieſt *Macro*,
To be our Eye and Ear: to keep ſtrict watch
On *Agrippina*, *Nero*, *Druſus*; I,
And on *Sejanus*: Not, that we diſtruſt
His Loyalty, or do repent one grace,
Of all that heap, we have confer'd on him:
(For that were to diſparage our Election,
And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unqueſtion'd as an Oracle,)
But, greatneſs hath his Cankers. Worms and Moths
Breed out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they conſume, transferring quite
The ſubſtance of their Makers int' themſelves.
Macro is ſharp, and apprehends: beſides,
I know him ſubtil, cloſe, wiſe, and well-read
In Man, and his large Nature: He hath ſtudied
Affections Paſſions, knows their ſprings, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will work: 'tis proof
Enough of his great Merit, that we truſt him.
Then, to a point; (becauſe our conference
Cannot be long without ſuſpition)
Here, *Macro*, we aſſign thee, both to ſpy,
Inform, and chaſtiſe; Think, and uſe thy means,
Thy Miniſters, what, where, on whom thou wilt;
Explore, plot, practiſe: All thou doſt in this,
Shall be, as if the *Senate*, or the Laws
Had giv'n it priviledg, and thou thence ſtil'd
The Saviour both of *Cæſar* and of *Rome*.
We will not take thy anſwer but in act:
Whereto, as thou proceed'ſt, we hope to hear
By truſted Meſſengers. If't be enquir'd,
Wherefore we call'd you, ſay you have in charge
To ſee our Chariots ready, and our Horſe.
Be ſtill our lov'd and (ſhortly) honour'd *Macro*.

Macro.

I Will not ask, why *Cæſar* bids do this:
But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliſs
Of Courts, to be imploy'd, no matter, how;
A Princes power makes all his Actions Vertue.
We, whom he works by, are dumb Inſtruments,
To do, but not enquire: His great intents
Are to be ſerv'd not ſearch'd. Yet, as that Bow
Is moſt in hand, whoſe owner beſt doth know
T' affect his aims; ſo let that States-man hope
Moſt uſe, moſt price, can hit his Princes ſcope.
Nor muſt he look at what, or whom to ſtrike,
But loſe at all; each mark muſt be alike.
Were it to plot againſt the Fame, the Life
Of one, with whom I twin'd: remove a Wife
From my warm ſide, as lov'd, as is the Air;
Practiſe away each Parent; draw mine Heir
In compaſs, though but one; work all my kin
To ſwift perdition; leave no untrain'd Engin,
For Friendſhip, or for Innocence; nay, make
The Gods all guilty: I would undertake
This, being impos'd me, both with gain and eaſe.
The way to riſe is to obey and pleaſe.
He that will thrive in State, he muſt neglect
The trodden Paths that truth and right reſpect;
And prove new, wilder ways: for Vertue there
Is not that narrow thing, ſhe is elſewhere;
Mens Fortune there is Vertue; reaſon their will:
Their Licence, Law; and their obſervance skill.
Occaſion is their foil; Conſcience their ſtain;
Profit their luſtre: and what elſe is vain.
If then it be the Luſt of *Cæſars* Power,
T' have rais'd *Sejanus* up, and in an hour
O'return him, tumbling down, from height of all;
We are his ready Engin: and his fall
May be our riſe. It is no uncouth thing
To ſee freſh buildings from old ruins ſpring.

CHORUS—*Of Muſicians.*

Act IV.

Gallus, Agrippina, Nero, Druſus, Caligula.

YOu muſt have patience, Royal *Agrippina*.
Agr. I muſt have vengeance, firſt: and that were *Nectar*
Unto my famiſh'd Spirits. O, my Fortune,
Let it be ſudden thou prepar'ſt againſt me;
Strike all my powers of Underſtanding blind,
And ignorant of deſtiny to come:
Let me not fear, that cannot hope. *Gal.* Dear Princeſs,
Theſe Tyrannies on your ſelf, are worſe than *Cæſar's*.
Agr. Is this the happineſs of being born great?
Still to be aim'd at? ſtill to be ſuſpected?
To live the ſubject of all Jealouſies?
At leaſt the colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? who would not
Chooſe once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?
Gal. You might be ſafe if you would——
Agr. What, my *Gallus*?
Be lewd *Sejanus* Strumpet? Or the Baud
To *Cæſar's* Luſts, he now is gone to practiſe?
Not theſe are ſafe, where nothing is. Your ſelf
While thus you ſtand but by me are not ſafe.
Was *Silius* ſafe? or the good *Sofia* ſafe?
Or was my Niece dear *Claudia Pulchra* ſafe?
Or innocent *Furius*? They that lateſt have
(By being made guilty) added Reputation
To *Afers* Eloquence? O, fooliſh Friends,
Could not ſo freſh example warn your loves,
But you muſt buy my favours with that loſs
Unto your ſelves: and when you might perceive
That *Cæſar's* Cauſe of raging muſt forſake him,
Before his will: Away, good *Gallus* leave me.
Here to be ſeen, is danger; to ſpeak, Treaſon;
To do me leaſt obſervance, is call'd Faction.
You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my Sons, *Nero* and *Druſus*? We
Are they be ſhot at; Let us fall apart:
Not in our ruins, ſepulchre our Friends.
Or ſhall we do ſome action like offence,
To mock their Studies that would make us faulty?
And fruſtrate practice by preventing it?
The danger's like: For what they can contrive,
They will make good. No innocence is ſafe,
When Power conteſts. Nor can they treſpaſs more,
Whoſe only being was all Crime before.
Ner. You hear *Sejanus* is come back from *Cæſar*?
Gal. No. How? Diſgrac'd?
Dru. More grac'd now than ever.
Gal. By what miſchance?
Cal. A Fortune like enough
Once to be bad. *Dru.* But turn'd too good, to both.
Gal. What was't? *Ner. Tiberius* ſitting at his Meat,
In a Farm-houſe, they call *Spelunca*, ſited
By the Sea-ſide, among the *Fundane* Hills,
Within a natural Cave, part of the Grot
(About the entry) fell and overwhelm'd
Some of the Waiters; others ran away:
Only *Sejanus* with his Knees, Hands, Face,
O're-hanging *Cæſar*, did oppoſe himſelf
To the remaining Ruins, and was found

In

In that ſo labouring Poſture by the Soldiers
That came to ſuccour him. With which adventure,
He hath ſo fixt himſelf in *Cæſar*'s truſt,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of *Cæſar*'s praiſe to *Rome*.
Agr. And power, to turn thoſe Ruines all on us;
And bury whole Poſterities beneath them.
Nero, and *Druſus*, and *Caligula*,
Your places are the next, and therefore moſt
In their offence. Think on your Birth and Blood;
Awake your Spirits, meet their violence,
'Tis Princely when a Tyrant doth oppoſe;
And is a Fortune ſent to exerciſe
Your Vertue, as the Wind doth try ſtrong Trees:
Who by vexation grow more ſound and firm,
After your Fathers fall, and Uncles fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of ſtroke
That force or ſlight can give? then ſtand upright;
And though you do not act, yet ſuffer nobly:
Be worthy of my Womb, and take ſtrong chear;
What we do know will come, we ſhould not fear.

Macro.

REturn'd ſo ſoon? renew'd in truſt and grace?
Is *Cæſar* then ſo weak? or hath the Place
But wrought this alteration with the Air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art ingag'd: and what before
Was publick; now, muſt be thy private, more.
The weal of *Cæſar*, fitneſs did imply;
But thine own fate confers neceſſity
On thy employment: and the thoughts born neareſt
Unto our ſelves, move ſwifteſt ſtill, and deareſt.
If he recover, thou art loſt: yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and cruſh thee. Therefore, ſtrike
Before he ſettle, to prevent the like
Upon thy ſelf. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and gives the foremoſt blow.

Latiaris, Rufus, Opſius.

IT is a Service, great *Sejanus* will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place your ſelves, between the Roof and Seiling,
And when I bring him to his words of danger,
Reveal your ſelves, and take him. *Ruf.* Is he come?
Lat. I'll now go fetch him. *Opſ.* With good ſpeed. I long
To merit from the State in ſuch an Action.
Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the Conſulſhip
For one of us. *Opſ.* We cannot think of leſs,
To bring in one, ſo dangerous as *Sabinus*.
Ruf. He was a follower of *Germanicus*,
And ſtill is an obſerver of his Wife
And Children, though they be declin'd in grace;
A daily viſitant keeps them company
In private and in publick; and is noted
To be the only Client of the Houſe:
Pray *Jove*, he will be free to *Latiaris*.
Opſ. H' is ally'd to him, and doth truſt him well.
Ruf. And he'll requite his truſt? *Opſ.* To do an Office
So grateful to the State, I know no Man
But would ſtrain nearer Bands, than kindred— *Ruf.* Liſt,
I hear them come. *Opſ.* Shift to our holes with ſilence.

Latiaris, Sabinus.

IT is a noble conſtancy you ſhew
To this afflicted Houſe: that not like others,
(The Friends of ſeaſon) you do follow Fortune,
And in the Winter of their fate, forſake
The Place, whoſe Glories warm'd you. You are juſt,
And worthy ſuch a Princely Patrons love,
As was the Worlds renown'd *Germanicus*:
Whoſe ample Merit when I call to thought,
And ſee his Wife, and Iſſue, Objects made
To ſo much envy, jealouſie, and hate;
It makes me ready to accuſe the Gods
Of negligence, as Men of tyranny.
Sab. They muſt be patient, ſo muſt we. *Lat.* O *Jove*,
What will become of us, or of the Times,
When, to be high or noble are made Crimes?
When Land and Treaſure are moſt dangerous faults?
Sab. Nay, when our Table, yea our Bed aſſaults
Our peace and ſafety? when our Writings are,
By any envious Inſtruments (that dare
Apply them to the guilty) made to ſpeak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak?
When Ignorance is ſcarcely Innocence;
And Knowledge made a capital Offence?
When not ſo much, but the bare empty ſhade
Of Liberty is reft us? and we made,
The prey to greedy Vultures and vile Spies,
That firſt tranſfix us with their murdering Eyes?
Lat. Methinks the *Genius* of the *Roman* Race
Should not be ſo extinct, but that bright Flame
Of Liberty might be reviv'd again,
(Which no good Man but with his Life ſhould loſe)
And we not ſit like ſpent and patient Fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor Coal,
Held on by hope till the laſt ſpark is out.
The Cauſe is publick, and the Honour, Name,
The immortality of every Soul
That is not Baſtard or a Slave in *Rome*,
Therein concern'd; whereto, if Men would change
The wearied Arm, and for the weighty Shield
So long ſuſtaind, employ the ready Sword,
We might have ſoon aſſurance of our Vows.
This Aſſes fortitude doth tyre us all.
It muſt be active Valour muſt redeem
Our loſs, or none. The Rock and our hard Steel
Should meet, t'enforce thoſe Glorious Fires again,
Whoſe ſplendor cheer'd the world, and heat gave Life
No leſs than doth the Sun's. *Sab.* 'Twere better ſtay
In laſting darkneſs and deſpair of day.
No ill ſhould force the ſubject undertake
Againſt the Soveraign, more than Hell ſhould make
The Gods do wrong. A good Man ſhould and muſt
Sit rather down with loſs than riſe unjuſt.
Though, when the *Romans* firſt did yield themſelves
To one Mans power, they did not mean their Lives,
Their Fortunes and their Liberties ſhould be
His abſolute Spoil as purchas'd by the Sword.
Lat. VVhy we are worſe, if to be Slaves, and bond
To *Cæſar*'s Slave be ſuch, the proud *Sejanus*!
He that is all, does all, gives *Cæſar* leave
To hide his ulcerous and anointed Face
VVith his bald Crown at *Rhodes*, while he here ſtalks
Upon the heads of *Romans*, and their Chances,
Familiarly to Empire. *Sab.* Now you touch
A Point indeed, wherein he ſhews his Art,
As well as power. *Lat.* And villany in both.
Do you obſerve where *Livia* lodges? How
Druſus came dead? what Men have been cut off?
Sab. Yes, thoſe are things remov'd: I never look't,
Into his later practice, where he ſtands
Declar'd a Maſter in his Myſtery.
Firſt, e're *Tiberius* went, he wrought his fear
To think that *Agrippina* ſought his death.
Then put thoſe doubts in her; ſent her oft word,
Under the ſhow of Friendſhip, to beware
Of *Cæſar*, for he laid to Poyſon her:
Drave them to frowns, to mutual jealouſies,
Which, now, in viſible hatred are burſt out.
Since, he hath had his hired Inſtruments
To work on *Nero*; and to heave him up;

To tell him *Cæsar*'s old; that all the People,
Yea, all the Army have their Eyes on him;
That both do long to have him undertake
Something of worth, to give the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace: The easie youth,
Perhaps gives ear, which strait he writes to *Cæsar*;
And with this Comment; see yond dangerous Boy;
Note but the practice of the Mother, there;
She's tying him for purposes at hand,
With Men of Sword. Here's *Cæsar* put in fright
'Gainst Son and Mother. Yet, he leaves not thus.
The second Brother, *Drusus*, (a fierce Nature,
And fitter for his Snares, because ambitious
And full of envy) him he clasps and hugs,
Poysons with praise, tells him what Hearts he wears,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;
That *Rome* doth suffer with him in the wrong
His Mother does him, by preferring *Nero*:
Thus set he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
Projects the course, that serves him to condemn,
Keeps in opinion of a Friend to all,
And all drives on to ruin. *Lat. Cæsar* sleeps,
And nods at this? *Sab.* Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy Lusts. *Opf.* Treason to *Cæsar*.
Ruf. Lay hands upon the Traitor, *Latiaris*,
Or take the name thy self. *Lat.* I am for *Cæsar*.
Sab. Am I then catcht? *Ruf.* How think you, Sir? you are.
Sab. Spies of this Head! so white! so full of years!
Well, my most reverend Monsters, you may live
To see your selves thus snar'd. *Opf.* Away with him.
Lat. Hale him away. *Ruf.* To be a Spy for Traitors,
Is honourable vigilance. *Sab.* You do well,
My most officious Instruments of State;
Men of all uses: Drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I fall fit
To be an Offering to *Sejanus*. Go.
Opf. Cover him with his Garments, hide his Face.
Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault,
The fault's not shameful; villany makes a fault.

Macro, Caligula.

SIr, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts! Your Mother, and your Brothers,
Now cited to the *Senate!* Their Friend *Gallus*,
Feasted to day by *Cæsar*, since committed!
Sabinus, here we met, hurryed to Fetters!
The *Senators* all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private Prey from publick Spoil!
And you must know, if here you stay, your State
Is sure to be the Subject of his hate,
As now the Object. *Cal.* What would you advise me?
Mac. To go for *Capreæ* presently: and there
Give up your self entirely to your Uncle.
Tell *Cæsar* (since your Mother is accus'd
To fly for succours to *Augustus* Statue,
And to the Army, with your Brethren) you
Have rather chose, to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold *Sejanus*'s Plots:
Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the State, and *Cæsar*,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which (upon the second) I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with *Cæsar* gain.
Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our Journey.

Arruntius.

STill, dost thou suffer Heav'n? will no Flame,
No heat of Sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distemp'red Bosom, and o'reflow
The Pitchy blazes of Impiety,
Kindled beneath thy Throne? Still canst thou sleep,
Patient, while Vice doth make an antick Face
At thy dread power, and blow Dust and Smoke
Into thy Nostrils? *Jove*, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile *Sejanus* pull thee by the Beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy Black-lidded Eye,
And look him dead? Well! Snore on dreaming Gods.
And let this last of that proud Giant-race,
Heave Mountain upon Mountain, 'gainst your State—
Be good unto me, Fortune and you Powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have prophan'd;
I see (what's equal with a Prodigy)
A great, a noble *Roman*, and an honest,
Live an old Man! O, *Marcus Lepidus*,
When is our turn to bleed? Thy self and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

WHat we are left to be, we will be, *Lucius*,
Though Tyranny did stare as wide as Death;
To fright us from it. *Arr.* 'T hath so on *Sabinus*.
Lep. I saw him now drawn from the *Gemonies*,
And (what increas'd the direness of the Fact)
His faithful Dog (upbraiding all us *Romans*)
Never forsook the Corps, but, seeing it thrown
Into the Stream, leap'd in, and drownd with it.
Arr. O act! to be envi'd him of us Men!
We are the next, the Hook lays hold on, *Marcus*:
What are thy Arts) good Patriot, teach them me)
That have preserv'd thy Hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a Head,
Safe, on his comely Shoulders? *Lep.* Arts, *Arruntius*?
None, but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These Arms against the Torrent; live at home,
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the Wolves Jaws: these are my Arts.
Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to *Jove*,
In secret, and be safe? I, or aloud?
With open wishes? so I do not mention
Tiberius or *Sejanus*? yes I must,
If I speak out. 'Tis hard, that. May I think,
And not be rackt? What danger is't to dream?
Talk in ones sleep? or cough? who knows the Law?
May I shake my Head without a Comment? say
It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the *Gemonies*? These now are things,
Whereon Mens fortune, yea their fate depends.
Nothing hath privileg'd 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour (we see) is free
(Not our religious and most sacred times)
From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay all occasion pleaseth. Mad-mens rage,
The idleness of Drunkards, Womens nothing,
Jesters simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catcht at. Nor is now th' event
Of any Person, or for any Crime,
To be expected; for, 'tis always one:
Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time—— what's this? Prince *Nero*, guarded?

Laco, Nero, Lepidus, Arruntius.

ON, *Lictors*, keep your way: My Lords, forbear.
On pain of *Cæsar*'s wrath, no Man attempt
Speech with the Prisoner. *Ner.* Noble Friends be safe:
To lose your selves for words, were as vain hazard,
As unto me small comfort: Fare you well.
Would all *Rome*'s sufferings in my fate did dwell.

Lac. Lictors,

Lac. Lictors, away. *Lep.* Where goes he, *Laco*? *Lac.* Sir,
He's baniſh'd into *Pontia* by the *Senate*.
Arr. Do' I ſee, and hear, and feell? May I truſt Senſe?
Or doth my Phant'ſie form it? *Lep.* Where's his Brother?
Lac. Druſus is Priſoner in the Palace. *Arr.* Ha?
I ſmell it now: 'tis rank. Where's *Agrippina*?
Lac. The Princeſs is confin'd to *Pandataria*.
Arr. Bolts, *Vulcan*; bolts, for *Jove*! *Phœbus*, thy Bow;
Stern *Mars*, thy Sword; and *blue-ey'd Maid*, thy Spear;
Thy Club, *Alcides*: all the Armory
Of Heaven is too little!—— Ha? to guard
The Gods, I meant. Fine, rare diſpatch! This ſame
Was ſwiftly born! confin'd, impriſon'd, baniſh'd?
Moſt tripartite! The cauſe, Sir? *Lac.* Treaſon. *Arr.* O!
The Complement of all accuſings? that
Will hit, when all elſe fails. *Lep.* This turn is ſtrange!
But yeſterday, the People would not hear
Far leſs objected, but cry'd *Cæſar*'s Letters
Were falſe and forg'd; that all theſe Plots were malice:
And that the ruin of the Princes Houſe
Was practis'd 'gainſt his knowledge. Where are now
Their Voices? now, that they behold his Heirs
Lock'd up, diſgrac'd, led into exile? *Arr.* Huſh'd.
Drown'd in their Bellies. Wild *Sejanus* breath
Hath, like a Whirl-wind, ſcatter'd that poor Duſt,
With this rude blaſt. We'll talk no Treaſon, Sir,
[*He turns to* Laco *and the reſt.*
If that be it you ſtand for. Fare you well.
We have no need of Horſe-leeches. Good Spy,
Now you are ſpy'd, be gone. *Lep.* I fear you wrong him.
He has the Voyce to be an honeſt *Roman*.
Arr. And truſted to this Office? *Lepidus*,
I'll ſooner truſt *Greek Sinon*, than a Man
Our State employs. He's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better truſt)
That our night-ey'd *Tiberius* doth not ſee
His Minions drifts; or, if he do, he's not
So errant ſubtil, as we Fools do take him:
To breed a Mungrel up, in his own Houſe,
With his own Blood, and (if the good Gods pleaſe)
At his own Throat, fleſh him, to take a leap.
I do not beg it, Heav'n: but, if the Fates
Grant it theſe Eyes, they muſt not wink. *Lep.* They muſt
Not ſee it, *Lucius*. *Arr.* Who ſhould let 'em? *Lep.* Zeal,
And Duty; with the thought he is our Prince.
Arr. He is our Monſter: forfeited to Vice
So far, as no rackt Vertue can redeem him.
His lothed Perſon fouler than all Crimes:
An Emp'ror, only in his Luſts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his own Fame, or *Rome*'s)
Into an obſcure Iſland; where he lives
(Acting his *Tragedies* with a *Comick* Face)
Amidſt his rout of *Chaldees*: ſpending Hours,
Days, Weeks, and Months, in the unkind abuſe
Of grave *Aſtrology*, to the bane of Men,
Caſting the ſcope of Mens Nativities,
And having found ought worthy in their Fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the Sea,
And boaſt, he can mock Fate. Nay, muſe not: theſe
Are far from ends of Evil, ſcarce degrees.
He hath his Slaughter-houſe, at *Capreæ*;
Where he doth ſtudy murder, as an Art:
And they are deareſt in his grace, that can
Deviſe the deepeſt Tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his Boys, and beauteous Girls tane up,
Out of our nobleſt Houſes, the beſt form'd,
Beſt nurtur'd, and moſt modeſt: what's their good,
Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatned; others (by their Friends detaind)
Are raviſh'd hence, like Captives, and, in ſight
Of their moſt grieved Parents, dealt away
Unto his *Spintries*, *Sellaries*, and Slaves,
Maſters of ſtrange and new-commented Luſts,
For which wiſe Nature hath not left a Name.
To this (what moſt ſtrikes us, and bleeding *Rome*,)
He is, with all his Craft, become the Ward
To his own Vaſſal, a ſtale *Catamite*:
Whom he (upon our low and ſuffering Necks)
Hath rais'd, from Excrement, to ſide the Gods,
And have his proper Sacrifice in *Rome*:
Which *Jove* beholds, and yet will ſooner rive
A ſenſleſs Oak with Thunder than his Trunck.

Laco, Pomponius, Minutius, Terentius. [*To them.*

THeſe Letters make Men doubtful what t' expect,
Whether his coming, or his death. *Pom.* Troth, both:
And which comes ſooneſt, thank the Gods for. (*Arr.* Liſt,
Their talk is *Cæſar*; I would hear all Voyces.)
Min. One day, he's well; and will return to *Rome*:
The next day, ſick; and knows not when to hope it.
Lac. True, and to day, one of *Sejanus*'s Friends
Honour'd by ſpecial Writ; and on the morrow
Another puniſh'd—— *Pom.* By more ſpecial writ.
Min. This Man receives his Praiſes of *Sejanus*;
A ſecond but ſlight mention; a third none.
A fourth rebukes. And thus he leaves the *Senate*
Divided, and ſuſpended, all uncertain.
Lac. Theſe forked tricks, I underſtand 'em not,
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.
(*Arr.* Good *Heliotrope*! Is this your honeſt Man?
Let him be yours ſo ſtill. He is my Knave.)
Pom. I cannot tell, *Sejanus* ſtill goes on,
And mounts we ſee: New Statues are advanc'd,
Freſh leaves of Titles, large Inſcriptions read,
His Fortune ſworn by, himſelf new gone out
Cæſar's Colleague, in the fifth *Conſulſhip*,
More Altars ſmoke to him than all the Gods:
What would we more? (*Arr.* That the dear Smoke
would choak him,
That would I more. *Lep.* Peace, good *Arruntius*.)
Lac. But there are Letters come (they ſay) ev'n now,
VVhich do forbid that laſt. *Min.* Do you hear ſo?
Lac. Yes.
Pom. By *Pollux*, that's the worſt. (*Arr.* By *Hercules*,
beſt)
Min. I did not like the ſign when *Regulus*,
(VVhom all we know no Friend unto *Sejanus*)
Did by *Tiberius* ſo preciſe command,
Succeed a Fellow in the *Conſulſhip*:
It boded ſomewhat. *Pom.* Not a mote. His Partner,
Fulcinius Trio, is his own, and ſure.
Here comes *Terentius*. He can give us more.
[*They whiſper with* Terentius.
Lep. I'll ne're believe, but *Cæſar* hath ſome ſcent
Of bold *Sejanus* footing. Theſe croſs Points
Of varying Letters, and oppoſing *Conſuls*,
Mingling his Honours and his Puniſhments,
Fayning now ill, now well, raying *Sejanus*,
And then depreſſing him, (as now of late
In all reports we have it) cannot be
Empty of Practice: 'Tis *Tiberius*'s Art.
For (having found his Favourite grown too great,
And with his greatneſs ſtrong; that all the Soldiers
Are, with their Leaders, made at his devotion;
That almoſt all the *Senate* are his Creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependances,
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;
And that himſelf hath loſt much of his own,
By parting unto him; and by th' increaſe
Of his rank Luſts and Rages quite diſarm'd
Himſelf of love, or rather publick means,
To dare an open Conteſtation)
His ſubtilty hath choſe this doubling Line,
To hold him even in: not ſo to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldneſs. In mean time,

By

By his Employments, makes him odious
Unto the ſtaggering rout, whoſe aid (in fine)
He hopes to uſe, as ſure, who (when they ſway)
Bear down, o're-turn all Objects in their way.
Arr. You may be a *Lincens*, *Lepidus*: yet, I
See no ſuch cauſe, but that a politick Tyran
(Who can ſo well diſguiſe it) ſhould have tane
A nearer way: fain'd honeſt, and come home
To cut his Throat, by Law. *Lep.* I, but his fear
Would ne're be maſqu'd, all-be his Vices were.
Pom. His Lordſhip then is ſtill in grace? *Ter.* Aſſure you,
Never in more, either of Grace or Power.
Pom. The Gods are wiſe and juſt. (*Arr.* The Fiends they
To ſuffer thee bely 'em?) *Ter.* I have here [are.
His laſt and preſent Letters, where he writes him
The *Partner of his cares*, and *his Sejanus*——
Lac. But is that true, it is prohibited
To ſacrifice unto him? *Ter.* Some ſuch thing
Cæſar makes ſcruple of, but forbids it not;
No more than to himſelf: ſays, he could wiſh
It were forborn to all. *Lac.* Is it no other?
Ter. No other, on my truſt. For your more ſurety,
Here is that Letter too. (*Arr.* How eaſily,
Do wretched Men believe, what they would have!
Looks this like a Plot? *Lep.* Noble *Arruntius* ſtay.)
Lac. He names him here without his Titles. (*Lep.* Note.
Arr. Yes, and come off your notable Fool. I will.)
Lac. No other than *Sejanus*. *Pom.* That's but haſte
In him that writes. Here he gives large amends.
Mar. And with his own hand written? *Pom.* Yes. *Lac.*
Indeed?
Ter. Believe it, Gentlemen, *Sejanus*'s Breaſt
Never receiv'd more full contentments in,
Than at this preſent. *Pom.* Takes he well th' eſcape
Of young *Caligula*, with *Macro*? *Ter.* Faith,
At the firſt Air it ſomewhat troubled him.
(*Lep.* Obſerve you? *Arr.* Nothing, Riddles. Till I ſee
Sejanus ſtruck, no ſound thereof ſtrikes me.)
Pom. I like it not. I muſe h' would not attempt
Somewhat againſt him in the *Conſulſhip*,
Seeing the People 'gin to favour him.
Ter. He doth repent it, now; but h' has employ'd
Pagonianus after him: and he holds
That correſpondence there, with all that are
Neer about *Cæſar*, as no thought can paſs
Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.
Pom. I gratulate the news. *Lac.* But how comes *Macro*
So in truſt and favour with *Caligula*?
Pom. O Sir, he has a Wife; and the young Prince
An Appetite: he can look up and ſpy
Flies in the Roof, when there are Fleas i' Bed:
And hath a learned Noſe to aſſure his ſleeps.
Who to be favour'd of the riſing Sun,
Would not lend little of his waning Moon?
'Tis the ſafeſt Ambition. Noble *Terentius*.
Ter. The night grows faſt upon us. At your Service.

CHORUS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act V.

Sejanus.

SWell, ſwell, my joys: and faint not to declare
Your ſelves as ample as your Cauſes are.
I did not live till now; this my firſt hower:
Wherein I ſee my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wiſhes. Great and high,
The World knows only two, that's *Rome* and I.
My Roof receives me not; 'tis Air I tread:
And, at each ſtep, I feel my advanced Head
Knock out a Star in Heav'n! Reard to this height,
All my deſires ſeem modeſt, poor and ſleight,
That did before ſound impudent: 'Tis Place,
Not Blood, diſcerns the noble and the baſe.
Is there not ſomething more than to be *Cæſar*?
Muſt we reſt there? it irks t' have come ſo far,
To be ſo neer a ſtay. *Caligula*,
Would thou ſtoodſt ſtiff, and many in our way.
Winds loſe their ſtrength, when they do empty fly,
Unmet of Woods or Buildings; great Fires dye,
That want their matter to withſtand them: ſo,
It is our grief and will be our loſs, to know
Our Power ſhall want Oppoſites; unleſs
The Gods by mixing in the Cauſe would bleſs
Our Fortune with their Conqueſt. That were worth
Sejanus ſtrife; durſt fates but bring it forth.

Terentius, Sejanus.

SAfety, to great *Sejanus*. *Sej.* Now, *Terentius*?
Ter. Hears not my Lord the wonder? *Sej.* Speak it,
Ter. I meet it violent in the Peoples Mouths, [no.
Who run in routs to *Pompey*'s Theatre,
To view your Statue: which they ſay ſends forth
A Smoke as from a Furnace black and dreadful.
Sej. Some Traitor hath put Fire in: (you, go ſee)
And let the Head be taken off, to look
What 'tis—— Some Slave hath practis'd an impoſture,
To ſtir the People. How now? why return you?

Satrius, Natta. [*To them*

THe Head, my Lord, already is tane off,
I ſaw it: and at op'ning there leapt out
A great and monſtrous Serpent! *Sej.* Monſtrous! why,
Had it a Beard, and Horns? no Heart? a Tongue
Forked as Flattery? lookt it of the hue,
To ſuch as live in great Mens Boſoms? was
The Spirit of it *Macro*'s? *Nat.* May it pleaſe
The moſt Divine *Sejanus*, in my days,
(And by his ſacred Fortune, I affirm it)
I have not ſeen a more extended, grown,
Foul, ſpotted, venemous, ugly—— *Sej.* O, the Fates!
What a wild muſter's here of Attributes,
T' expreſs a Worm a Snake? *Ter.* But how that ſhould
Come there, my Lord! *Sej.* VVhat! and you too,
Terentius?
I think you mean to mak't a Prodigy
In your reporting? *Ter.* Can the wiſe *Sejanus*
Think Heav'n hath meant it leſs? *Sej.* O, ſuperſtition!
VVhy, then the falling of our Bed, that brake
This Morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
Of our expecting Clients, to ſalute us;
Or running of the Cat, betwixt our Legs,
As we ſet forth unto the *Capitol*,
VVere Prodigies. *Ter.* I think them ominous!
And, would they had not hapned. As, to day,
The fate of ſome your Servants! who, declining
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the *Gemonies*, and brake their Necks!
Beſides, in taking your laſt augury,
No proſperous Bird appear'd, but croking Ravens
Flag'd up and down: and from the Sacrifice
Flew to the Priſon, where they ſate all night,
Beating the Air with their obſtreperous Beaks!
I dare not counſel, but I could entreat,
That great *Sejanus* would attempt the Gods,
Once more with Sacrifice. *Sej.* VVhat excellent Fools
Religion makes of Men? Believes *Terentius*,
(If theſe were dangers, as I ſhame to think them)
The Gods could change the certain courſe of Fate?
Or, if they could they would (now in a Moment)
For a Beeves Fat, or leſs, be brib'd t' invert
Thoſe long Decrees? Then think the Gods like Flies,
Are to be taken with the ſteam of Fleſh,
Or Blood, diffus'd about their Altars: think

Their

Their power as cheap as I eſteem it ſmall.
Of all the throng that fill th' *Olympian* Hall,
And (without pity) lade poor *Atlas* back,
I know not that one Deity, but *Fortune*;
To whom I would throw up in begging ſmoke,
One Grane of Incenſe: or whoſe Ear I'ld buy
With thus much Oyl. Her, I, indeed, adore;
And keep her grateful Image in my Houſe,
Sometimes belonging to a *Roman* King,
But now call'd mine, as by the better ſtile:
To her I care not, if (for ſatisfying
Your ſcrupulous Phant'ſies) I go offer. Bid
Our Prieſt prepare us Honey, Milk, and Poppy,
His maſculine Odours, and Night-veſtments: ſay,
Our Rites are inſtant, which perform'd, you'll ſee
How vain and worthy laughter your fears be.

Cotta, Pomponius.

Pomponius! whither in ſuch ſpeed? *Pom.* I go
To give my Lord *Sejanus* notice—— *Cot.* What?
Pom. Of *Macro*. *Cot.* Is he come? *Pom.* Entred but now
The Houſe of *Regulus*, *Cot.* The oppoſite *Conſul*?
Pom. Some half hour ſince.
Cot. And, by night too! ſtay, Sir;
I'll bear you company. *Pom.* Along then——

Macro, Regulus, Laco.

'Tis *Cæſar*'s will to have a frequent *Senate*;
And therefore muſt your Edict lay deep mulct
On ſuch as ſhall be abſent. *Reg.* So it doth.
Bear it my fellow *Conſul* to adſcribe.
Mac. And tell him it muſt early be proclaim'd;
The place *Apollo*'s Temple. *Reg.* That's remembred.
Mac. And at what hour? *Reg.* Yes. *Mac.* You do forget
To ſend one for the *Provoſt* of the Watch?
Reg. I have not: here he comes. *Mac. Gracinus Laco*,
You're a Friend moſt welcom: by and by,
I'll ſpeak with you. (You muſt procure this Liſt
Of the *Prætorian* Cohorts, with the names
Of the *Centurions* and their *Tribunes*. *Reg.* I.)
Mac. I bring you Letters and a Health from *Cæſar*—
Lac. Sir, both come well. (*Mac.* And hear you with your note,
Which are the Eminent Men, and moſt of Action.
Reg. That ſhall be done you too.) *Mac.* Moſt worthy *Laco*,
Cæſar ſalutes you. (*Conſul*! Death and Furies!
[*The Conſul goes out.*
Gone now? the Argument will pleaſe you, Sir.
(Hough! *Regulus*? The anger of the Gods
Follow his diligent Legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeneſs of the Gout.) O, good my Lord, [*Returns.*
We lackt you preſent; I would pray you ſend
Another to *Fulcinius Trio*, ſtraight,
To tell him you will come, and ſpeak with him:
(The matter we'll deviſe) to ſtay him there,
While, I, with *Laco* do ſurvey the Watch.
What are your ſtrengths, *Gracinus*? *Lac.* Seven Cohorts.
[*Goes out again.*
Mac. You ſee, what *Cæſar* writes: and (——— gone again?
H' has ſure a Vein of *Mercury* in his Feet)
Knew you what ſtore of the *Prætorian* Soldiers
Sejanus holds, about him, for his Guard?
Lac. I cannot the juſt number: but, I think,
Three *Centurions*. *Mac.* Three? good. *Lac.* At moſt not four.
Mac. And who be thoſe *Centurions*? *Lac.* That the *Conſul*
Can beſt deliver you. *Mac.* (When he's away:
Spight on his nimble Induſtry.) *Gracinus*,
You find what place you hold, there, in the truſt
Of Royal *Cæſar*? *Lac.* I, and I am—— *Mac.* Sir,
The Honours there propos'd are but beginnings
Of his great favours. *Lac.* They are more——— *Mac.* I heard him
When he did ſtudy what to add——*Lac.* My Life,
And all I hold—— *Mac.* You were his own firſt choice;
Which doth confirm as much as you can ſpeak:
And will (if we ſucceed) make more——Your Guards
Are ſeven Cohorts, you ſay? *Lac.* Yes. *Mac.* Thoſe we muſt
Hold ſtill in readineſs and undiſcharg'd.
Lac. I underſtand ſo much. But how it can——
Mac. Be done without ſuſpicion, you'll object?
Reg. What's that? *Lac.* The keeping of the Watch in Arms, [*Return.*
When Morning comes. *Mac.* The *Senate* ſhall be met, and ſet
So early in the Temple, as all mark
Of that will be avoided. *Reg.* If we need,
We have Commiſſion, to poſſeſs the Palace,
Enlarge Prince *Druſus*, and make him our chief.
Mac. (That ſecret would have burnt his reverend mouth,
Had he not ſpit it out, now:) by the Gods,
You carry things too——Let me borrow a Man,
Or two, to bear theſe—— That of freeing *Druſus*,
Cæſar projected as the laſt and utmoſt;
Not elſe to be remembred. *Reg.* Here are Servants.
Mac. Theſe to *Arruntius*, theſe to *Lepidus*.
This bear to *Cotta*, this to *Latiaris*.
If they demand yo' of me: ſay, I have tane
Freſh Horſe, and am departed. You (my Lord)
To your Colleague, and be you ſure, to hold him
With long narration of the new freſh Favours,
Meant to *Sejanus*, his great Patron; I,
With truſted *Laco*, here, are for the Guards:
Then, to divide. For, night hath many Eyes,
VVhereof, though moſt do ſleep, yet ſome are Spies.

Præcones, Flamen, Miniſtri, Sejanus, Terentius, Satrius, &c.

BE all profane far hence; Fly, fly far off:
Be abſent far; far hence be all profane
Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now,
And bring *pure Hands, pure Veſtments* and *pure Minds*.
[Tub. Tib. *Theſe ſound while the* Flamen *waſheth.*
Min. Pure Veſſels. Min. And *pure Offerings. Min. Garlands pure.*
Fla. Beſtow your *Garlands*: and (with reverence) place
The *Vervin* on the Altar. Præ. *Favour your tongues.*
Fla. *Great Mother* Fortune, *Queen of human State,*
Rectreſs of Actions, Arbitreſs of Fate,
To whom all ſway, all Power, all Empire bowes,
Be preſent, and propitious to our Vows.
Præ. *Favour it with your Tongues.*
Min. *Be preſent, and propitious to our Vows.*
Accept our Offering, and be pleas'd great Goddeſs.
Ter. See, ſee, the Image ſtirs! *Sat.* And turns away!
[*While they ſound again, the* Flamen *takes off the Honey with his Finger, and taſtes, then miniſters to all the reſt: ſo of the Milk in an Earthen Veſſel, he deals about, which done, he ſprinkleth upon the Altar, Milk; then impoſeth the Honey, and kindleth his Gums, and after cenſing about the Altar, placeth his Cenſer thereon, into which they put ſeveral Branches of Poppy, and the Muſick ceaſing, proceeds.*
Nat. Fortune averts her Face! *Fla.* Avert, you Gods,
The Prodigy. Still! ſtill! Some pious Rite
We have neglected. Yet! Heav'n, be appeas'd.
And be all Tokens falſe or void, that ſpeak
Thy preſent Wrath. *Sej.* Be thou dumb, ſcrupulous Prieſt:
And gather up thy ſelf, with theſe thy VVares,
VVhich I, in ſpight of thy blind Miſtreſs, or
Thy juggling Myſtery, Religion, throw

Thus ſcorned on the Earth. Nay, hold thy look
Averted, till I woe thee, turn again;
And thou ſhalt ſtand to all Poſterity,
Th' eternal game and laughter with thy Neck
Writh'd to thy Tail, like a ridiculous Cat,
Avoid theſe Fumes, theſe ſuperſtitious Lights,
And all theſe cos'ning Ceremonies: you,
Your pure and ſpiced Conſcience. I, the Slave,
And mock of Fools, (ſcorn on my worthy Head)
That have been titled and ador'd a God,
Yea ſacrific'd unto my ſelf, in *Rome*,
No leſs than *Jove*: and I be brought to do
A peeviſh Gigglot, Rites: Perhaps the thought
And ſhame of that, made *Fortune* turn her Face,
Knowing her ſelf the leſſer Deity,
And but my Servant. Baſhful Queen, if ſo,
Sejanus thanks thy modeſty. Who's that?

Pomponius, Sejanus, Minutius, &c.

HIs Fortune ſuffers, till he hears my news:
I have waited here too long. *Macro*, my Lord——
Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.
Ter. Are theſe things true?
Min. Thouſands are gazing at it in the Streets.
Sej. What's that? *Ter. Minutius* tells us here, my Lord,
That, a new Head being ſet upon your Statue,
A Rope is ſince found wreath'd about it! and,
But now a fiery Meteor in the Form
Of a great Ball was ſeen to rowl along
The troubled Air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
The amazing wonder of the Multitude!
Sej. No more. That *Macro's* come, is more than all!
Ter. Is *Macro* come? *Pom*, I ſaw him. *Ter.* Where? with whom?
Pom. With *Regulus*. *Sej. Terentius*— *Ter.* My Lord?
Sej. Send for the *Tribunes*, we will ſtraight have up
More of the Soldiers for our Guard. *Minutius*,
We pray you, go for *Cotta*, *Latiaris*,
Trio the *Conſul*, or what *Senators*
You know are ſure, and ours. You, my good *Natta*,
For *Laco*, *Provoſt* of the Watch. Now *Satrius*,
The time of Proof comes on. Arm all our Servants,
And without tumult. You, *Pomponius*,
Hold ſome good correſpondence with the *Conſul*,
Attempt him noble Friend. Theſe things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune I ſee thy worſt: Let doubtful States,
And things uncertain hang upon thy will:
Me ſureſt death ſhall render certain ſtill.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, ſo far in breath,
Uncheckt or unreprov'd? I, that did help
To fell the lofty Cedar of the World,
Germanicus; that at one ſtroke cut down
Druſus that upright Elm; witherd his Vine;
Laid *Silius* and *Sabinus*, two ſtrong Oaks,
Flat on the Earth; beſides thoſe other ſhrubs,
Cordus and *Soſia*, *Claudia*, *Pulcbra*,
Furnius and *Gallus*, which I have grub'd up;
And ſince, have ſet my Ax ſo ſtrong and deep
Into the Root of ſpreading *Agrippina*;
Lopt off, and ſcatter'd her proud Branches, *Nero*,
Druſus and *Caius* too, although re-planted;
If you will, Deſtinies that after all,
I faint now ere I touch my Period;
You are but cruel; and I already have done
Things great enough. All *Rome* hath been my Slave;
The *Senate* ſate an idle looker on,
And witneſs of my power; when I have bluſh'd
More to command than it to ſuffer; all
The *Fathers* have ſate ready and prepar'd,
To give me Empire, Temples, or their Throats,
When I would ask 'em; and (what Crowns the top)
Rome, *Senate*, People, all the World have ſeen
Jove, but my equal: *Cæſar*, but my ſecond.
'Tis then your malice, Fates, who (but your own)
Envy and fear t' have any power long known.

Terentius, Tribunes.

STay here: I'll give his Lordſhip, you are come.

Minutius, Cotta, Latiaris. [*They confer their Letters.*

MArcus *Terentius*, 'pray you tell my Lord,
Here's *Cotta*, and *Latiaris*, *Ter.* Sir, I ſhall.
Cot. My Letter is the very ſame with yours;
Only requires me to be preſent there,
And give my Voice to ſtrengthen his deſign.
Lat. Names he not what it is? *Cot.* No, nor to you.
Lat. 'Tis ſtrange and ſingular and doubtful! *Cot.* ſo it is.
It may be all is left to Lord *Sejanus*.

Natta, Laco. [*To them.*

GEntlemen, where's my Lord? *Tri.* We wait him here.
Cot. The *Provoſt Laco*? what's the news? *Lat.* My Lord——

Sejanus. [*To them.*

NOw, my right, dear, noble, and truſted Friends;
How much I am a captive to your kindneſs!
Moſt worthy *Cotta*, *Latiaris*, *Laco*,
Your valiant hand; and Gentlemen your loves.
I wiſh I could divide my ſelf unto you;
Or that it lay within our narrow Powers,
To ſatisfie for ſo enlarged Bounty.
Gracinus, we muſt pray you, hold your Guards
Unquit when Morning comes. Saw you the *Conſul*?
Min. Trio will preſently be here, my Lord.
Cot. They are but giving order for the Edict,
To warn the *Senate*. *Sej.* How! the *Senate*? *Lat.* Yes.
This Morning in *Appollo's* Temple. *Cot.* We
Are charg'd by Letter to be there, my Lord.
Sej. By Letter? pray you let's ſee! *Lat.* Knows not his Lordſhip!
Cot. It ſeems ſo! *Sej.* A *Senate* warn'd? without my knowledge?
And on this ſudden? *Senators* by Letters
Required to be there! who brought theſe? *Cot. Macro.*
Sej. Mine Enemy! And when?
Cot. This Mid-night. *Sej.* Time,
With ev'ry other Circumſtance, doth give.
It hath ſome ſtrein of engin in't! How now?

Satrius, Sejanus, &c.

MY Lord, *Sertorius Macro* is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private Conference
In buſineſs of high nature with your Lordſhip,
(He ſays to me) and which regards you much.
Sej. Let him come here. *Sat.* Better, my Lord, withdraw,
You will betray what ſtore and ſtrength of Friends
Are now about you; which he comes to ſpy.
Sej. Is he not arm'd? *Sat.* We'll ſearch him. *Sej.* No, but take,
And lead him to ſome room where you conceal'd,
May keep a Guard upon us. Noble *Laco*,
You are our truſt: and, till our own Cohorts
Can be brought up, your ſtrengths muſt be our Guard.
Now, good *Minutius* honour'd *Latiaris*,
[*He ſalutes them humbly.*
Moſt worthy and my moſt unwearied Friends:
I return inſtantly. *Lat.* Moſt worthy Lord!
Cot. His Lordſhip is turn'd inſtant kind, me thinks,
I' have

I have not obſerv'd it in him, heretofore.
Tri. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. *Min.* I
Am rapt withal. *Tri.* 2. By *Mars*, he has my Lives,
(Were they a Million) for this only grace.
Lac. I, and to name a Man! *Lat.* As he did me!
Min. And me! *Lat.* Who would not ſpend his Life and
Fortunes,
To purchaſe but the look of ſuch a Lord?
Lac. He, that would nor be Lords fool, nor the Worlds.

Sejanus, Macro.

Macro! moſt welcom, as moſt coveted Friend!
Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd you?
Mac. About the noon of night. *Sej. Satrius*, give
leave.
Mac. I have been, ſince I came, with both the *Conſuls*,
On a particular deſign from *Cæſar*.
Sej. How fares it with our Great and Royal Maſter?
Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a Prince,
That ſtill holds out the great proportion
Of his large Favours, where his Judgment hath
Made once divine Election: like the God
That wants not, nor is wearied to beſtow
Where merit meets his Bounty, as it doth
In you, already the moſt happy, and ere
The Sun ſhall climb the South, moſt high *Sejanus*.
Let not my Lord be amus'd. For, to this end
Was I by *Cæſar* ſent for to the Iſle,
With ſpecial caution to conceal my Journey;
And, thence had my diſpatch as privately
Again to *Rome*; charg'd to come here by night;
And only to the *Conſuls* make naration
Of his great purpoſe; that the benefit
Might come more full, and ſtriking by how much
It was leſs lookt for, or aſpir'd by you,
Or leaſt informed to the common Thought.
Sej. What may this be? part of my ſelf dear *Macro*,
If good ſpeak out; and ſhare with your *Sejanus*.
Mac. If bad I ſhould for ever loath my ſelf
To be the Meſſenger to ſo good a Lord.
I do exceed m' Inſtructions to acquaint
Your Lordſhip with thus much; but 'tis my venture
On your retentive Wiſdom: and becauſe
I would no jealous ſcruple ſhould moleſt
Or rack your peace of thought. For I aſſure
My noble Lord, no *Senator* yet knows
The buſineſs meant: though all by ſeveral Letters
Are warned to be there, and give their Voyces,
Only to add unto the State and Grace
Of what is purpos'd. *Sej.* You take pleaſure *Macro*,
Like a coy Wench, in torturing your Lover.
What can be worth this ſuffering? *Mac.* That which
The *Tribunicial* Dignity and Power: (follows,
Both which *Sejanus* is to have this day
Conferr'd upon him, and by publick *Senate*.
Sej. Fortune be mine again; thou haſt ſatisfied
For thy ſuſpected Loyalty. *Mac.* My Lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I muſt back to *Cæſar*. *Sej.* Where's *Caligula*?
Mac. That I forgot to tell your Lordſhip. Why,
He lingers yonder about *Capreæ*,
Diſgrac'd; *Tiberius* hath not ſeen him yet:
He needs would thruſt himſelf to go with me,
Againſt my wiſh or will, but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or ſilence could afford him.
Your Lordſhip cannot now command me ought,
Becauſe I take no knowledge that I ſaw you,
But I ſhall boaſt to live to ſerve your Lordſhip;
And ſo take leave. *Sej.* Honeſt and worthy *Macro*,
Your love and friendſhip. Who's there? *Satrius*,
Attend my honourable Friend forth. O!
How vain and vile a Paſſion is this fear?
What baſe uncomly things it makes Men do?
Suſpect their nobleſt Friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poor Enemies, intreat their Servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the Benevolence
Of Creatures, unto whom (within this hour)
I would not have vouchſaf'd a quarter-look,
Or piece of Face? By you that Fools call Gods,
Hang all the Sky with your prodigious Signs,
Fill Earth with Monſters, drop the *Scorpion* down,
Out of the *Zodiack*, or the fiercer *Lyon*,
Shake off the looſned Glob from her long Hing,
Rowl all the World in darkneſs, and let looſe
Th' inraged Winds to turn up Groves and Towns;
When I do fear again, let me be ſtruck
With forked Fire, and unpittyed dye:
Who fears is worthy of Calamity.

Pomponius, Regulus, Trio, [*To the reſt.*

IS not my Lord here? *Ter.* Sir, he will be ſtraight.
Cot. What news, *Fulcinius Trio*?
Tri. Good, good Tidings.
(But keep it to your ſelf) my Lord *Sejanus*
Is to receive this day in open *Senate*
The *Tribunicial* Dignity. *Cot.* Is't true?
(*Tri.* No words; not to your thought: but, Sir, believe it.
Lat. What ſays the *Conſul*? *Cot.* (Speak it not again,)
He tells me, that to day my Lord *Sejanus*——
Tri. I muſt entreat you *Cotta*, on your honour
Not to reveal it. *Cot.* On my Life, Sir.) *Lat.* Say.
Cot. Is to receive the *Tribunicial* Power.
But as you are an honourable Man,
Let me conjure you, not to utter it:
For it is truſted to me with that Bond.
Lat. I am *Harpocrates*. *Ter.* Can you aſſure it?
Pom. The *Conſul* told it me, but keep it cloſe.
Min. Lord *Latiaris*, what's the news? *Lat.* I'll tell you,
But you muſt ſwear to keep it ſecret——

Sejanus. [*To them.*

I Knew the Fates had on their Diſtaff left
More of our Thread, than ſo. *Reg.* Hail great *Sejanus*.
Tri. Hail the moſt honour'd.
Cot. Happy. *Lat.* High *Sejanus*.
Sej. Do you bring Prodigies too? *Tri.* May all preſage
Turn to thoſe fair Effects, whereof we bring
Your Lordſhip news. *Reg.* May't pleaſe my Lord withdraw.
Sej. Yes (I will ſpeak with you anon.) *Ter.* My Lord
[*To ſome that ſtand by.*
What is your pleaſure for the *Tribunes*? *Sej.* Why,
Let 'em be thankt and ſent away. *Min.* My Lord—
Lac. Wil't pleaſe your Lordſhip to command me——
Sej. No. You are troubleſom.
Min. The mood is chang'd. *Tri.* Not ſpeak?
Tri. Nor look? *Lac.* I. He is wiſe, will make him Friends
Of ſuch who never love, but for their ends.

Arruntius, Lepidus. [*Divers other Senators paſſing by them.*

I, Go, make haſte; take heed you be not laſt
To tender your *All hail* in the wide Hall
Of huge *Sejanus*: run a *Lictors* pace:
Stay not to put your Robes on; but away,
With the pale troubled Enſigns of great Friendſhip
Stampt i' your Face! Now *Marcus Lepidus*,
You ſtill believe your former augury?
Sejanus muſt go downward? you perceive
His wane approaching faſt? *Lep.* Believe me, *Lucius*,
I wonder at this riſing! *Arr.* I, and that we
Muſt give our ſuffrage to it? you will ſay,
It is to make his fall more ſteep and grievous?

It may be ſo. But think it, they that can
With idle wiſhes 'ſtay to bring back time:
In caſes deſperate, all hope is Crime.
See, ſee! what Troops of his officious Friends
Flock to ſalute my Lord! and ſtart before
My great proud Lord! to get a Lord-like nod!
Attend my Lord unto the Senate-houſe!
Bring back my Lord! like ſervile uſhers, make
Way for my Lord! proclaim his Idol Lordſhip,
More than ten Cryers, or ſix noiſe of Trumpets!
Make Legs, kiſs Hands, and take a ſcatter'd Hair
From my Lords eminent Shoulder! See, *Sanquinius*!
With hi-ſlow Belly, and his Dropſie! look,
What toyling haſte he makes! yet, here's another
Retarded with the Gout, will be afore him!
Get thee *Liburnian* Porters, thou groſs Fool,
To bear thy obſequious fatneſs, like thy Peers.
They are met! The Gout returns, and his great Carriage.

Lictors, Conſuls, Sejanus, &c. [*Paſs over the Stage.*

GIve way, make place; room for the *Conſul*. *San.* Hail,
Hail, great *Sejanus*. *Hat.* Hail, my honour'd Lord.
Arr. We ſhall be markt anon, for our not-Hail.
Lep. That is already done. *Arr.* It is a note
Of upſtart greatneſs, to obſerve and watch
For theſe poor Trifles, which the noble Mind
Neglects and ſcorns. *Lep.* I, and they think themſelves
Deeply diſhonour'd, where they are omitted,
As if they were Neceſſities that helpt
To the perfection of their Dignities:
And hate the Men, that but refrain 'em. *Arr.* O!
There is a farther cauſe of hate. Their Breaſts
Are guilty, that we know their obſcure Springs,
And baſe beginnings: thence the anger grows. On. Follow.

Macro, Laco.

WHen all are entred, ſhut the Temple Doors;
And bring your Guards up to the Gate. *Lac.* I will.
Mac. If you ſhall hear commotion in the *Senate*,
Preſent your ſelf: and charge on any Man
Shall offer to come forth. *Lac.* I am inſtructed.

The SENATE.

Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta, Regulus, Sejanus, Pomponius, Latiaris, Lepidus, Arruntius, Præcones, Lictores.

HOw well his Lordſhip looks to day! *Tri.* As if
He had been born, or made for this hours ſtate.
Cot. Your fellow *Conſul's* come about me thinks?
Tri. I, he is wiſe. *San. Sejanus* truſts him well.
Tri. Sejanus is a noble bounteous Lord.
Hat. He is ſo, and moſt valiant. *Lat.* And moſt wiſe.
Sen. He's every thing. *Lat.* Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can beſtow. *Tri.* This Dignity
Will make him worthy. *Pom.* Above *Cæſar*. *San.* Tut,
Cæſar is but the Rector of an Iſle,
He of the Empire. *Tri.* Now he will have power
More to reward than ever. *Cot.* Let us look
We be not ſlack in giving him our Voices.
Lat. Not I. *San.* Nor I. *Cot.* The readier we ſeem
To propagate his Honours, will more bind
His Thoughts to ours. *Hat.* I think right, with your Lord-
It is the way to have us hold our Places. (ſhip.
San. I, and get more. *Lat.* More Office and more Titles.
Pom. I will not loſe the part, I hope to ſhare
In theſe his Fortunes for my Patrimony.
Lat. See, how *Arruntius* ſits, and *Lepidus*.
Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt anon.
Sen. I'll do with others. *Sen.* So will I. *Sen.* And I.
Men grow not in the State, but as they are planted
Warm in his Favours. *Cot.* Noble *Sejanus*!
Hat. Honour'd *Sejanus*! *Lat.* Worthy and great *Sejanus*!
Arr. Gods! how the Spunges open, and take in!
And ſhut again! look, look! is not he bleſt
That gets a ſeat in Eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in ear, or Tongue-reach? O, but moſt
Can claw his ſubtil Elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his Ears. *Præ.* Proclaim the *Senates* peace,
And give laſt ſummons by the Edict. *Præ.* Silence:
In the name of *Cæſar*, and the *Senate*. Silence.

Memmius Regulus, *and* Fulcinius Trio, *Conſuls, theſe preſent Kalends of* June, *with the firſt light, ſhall hold a Senate, in the Temple of* Apollo Palatine; *all that are Fathers, and are regiſtred Fathers, that have right of entring the Senate, we warn or command you be frequently preſent, take knowledge the buſineſs is the Commonwealths; whoſoever is abſent his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuſe will not be taken.*

Tri. Note, who are abſent and record their names.
Reg. *Fathers Conſcript, May, what I am to utter,*
Turn good and happy for the Commonwealth.
And thou *Apollo*, in whoſe holy Houſe
We here are met, inſpire us all with Truth,
And liberty of cenſure to our Thought.
The Majeſty of great *Tiberius Cæſar*
Propounds to this grave *Senate*, the beſtowing
Upon the Man he loves, honour'd *Sejanus*,
The *Tribunicial* Dignity and Power;
Here are his Letters, ſigned with his Signet:
What pleaſeth now the Fathers to be done?
Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publickly, read 'em.
Cot. Cæſar hath honour'd his own greatneſs much,
In thinking of this Act. *Tri.* It was a thought
Happy and worthy *Cæſar*. *Lat.* And the Lord
As worthy it on whom it is directed!
Hat. Moſt worthy! *San. Rome* did never boaſt the Vertue
That could give Envy bounds, but his: *Sejanus*——
Sen. Honour'd and Noble! *Sen.* Good, and great *Sejanus*!
Arr. O, moſt tame Slavery and fierce Flattery! *Præ.* Silence.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR

To the SENATE Greeting.

The Epiſtle is read.

IF you, Conſcript Fathers, with your Children, be in health, it is abundantly well: we with our Friends here are ſo. The care of the Commonwealth, howſoever we are remov'd in Perſon, cannot be abſent to our Thought; although, oftentimes, even to Princes moſt preſent, the truth of their own Affairs is hid; than which, nothing falls out more miſerable to a State, or makes the art of Governing more difficult. But ſince it hath been our eaſeful happineſs to enjoy both the Aids and Induſtry of ſo vigilant a Senate, we profeſs to have been the more indulgent to our Pleaſures, not as being careleſs of our Office, but rather ſecure of the neceſſity. Neither do theſe common Rumours of many, and infamous Libels publiſhed againſt our Retirement, at all afflict us; being born more out of Mens ignorance than their malice: and will, neglected, find their own Grave quickly; whereas too ſenſibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloqui ours. Nor do we deſire their Authors (though found) be cenſur'd, ſince in a free State (as ours) all Men ought to enjoy both their Minds and Tongues free.

(*Arr.* The Lapwing, the Lapwing.)

Yet in things which ſhall worthily and more neer concern the Majeſty of a Prince, we ſhall fear to be ſo unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect them. True it is, Conſcript Fathers, that we have raiſed Sejanus

from

from obſcure, and almoſt unknown Gentry, (*Sen.* How, how!) *to the higheſt and moſt conſpicuous point of Greatneſs, and* (*we hope*) *deſervingly; yet not without danger: it being a moſt bold hazard in that Soveraign, who by his particular love to one, dares adventure the hatred of all his other Subjects.*

(*Arr.* This touches, the blood turns.)

But we aſſie in your Loves and Underſtandings, and do no way ſuſpect the Merit of our Sejanus *to make our Favours offenſive to any.*

(*Sen.* O! good, good.)

Though we could have wiſhed his Zeal had run a calmer courſe againſt Agrippina, *and our Nephews, howſoever the openneſs of their Actions declared them Delinquents; and, that he would have remembred, no Innocence is ſo ſafe, but it rejecteth to ſtand in the ſight of Mercy: The uſe of which in us, he hath ſo quite taken away, toward them, by his Loyal Fury, as now our Clemency would be thought but wearied Cruelty, if we ſhould offer to exerciſe it.*

(*Arr.* I thank him, there I look't for't. A good Fox!)

Some there be that would interpret this his publick ſeverity to be particular Ambition; and that, under a pretext of Service to us, he doth but remove his own Lets: alledging the ſtrengths he hath made to himſelf, by the Prætorian Souldiers, by his Faction in Court and Senate, by the Offices he holds himſelf, and confers on others, his Popularity and Dependents, his urging (*and almoſt driving*) *us to this our unwilling retirement, and laſtly his aſpiring to be our Son-in-Law.*

(*Sen.* This 's ſtrange!

Arr. I ſhall anon believe your Vultures, *Marcus.*)

Your Wiſdoms, Conſcript Fathers, are able to examine, and cenſure theſe Suggeſtions. But, were they left to our abſolving Voice, we durſt pronounce them, as we think them, moſt malicious.

(*Sen.* O, he has reſtor'd all, liſt)

Yet are they offer'd to be averr'd, and on the Lives of the Informers. What we ſhould ſay, or rather what we ſhould not ſay, Lords of the Senate, if this be true, our Gods and Goddeſſes confound us if we know! Only, we muſt think, we have plac'd our Benefits ill; and conclude, that, in our choice, either we were wanting to the Gods, or the Gods to us.

(*Arr.* The place grows hot, they ſhift.)

[*the Senators ſhift their places.*

We have not been covetous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now any new Luſt that alters our Affection, or old loathing; but thoſe needful Jealouſies of State, that warn wiſer Princes hourly to provide for their ſafety; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humbleſt Enemy; much more of thoſe great ones, whom their own employ'd Favours have made fit for their fears.

(*Sen.* Away. *Sen.* Sit farther.

Cot. Let's remove ——

Arr. Gods! how the Leaves drop off, this little wind!)

We therefore deſire, that the Offices he holds be firſt ſeized by the Senate; and himſelf ſuſpended from all Exerciſe of Place or Power ——

(*Sen.* How! *San.* By your leave.

Arr. Come, *Porepiſce*, (where's *Haterius*?

His Gout keeps him moſt miſerably conſtant.)

Your dancing ſhews a tempeſt. *Sej.* Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the *Senate*, hold your ſeats: Read on.

Sej. Theſe Letters they are forg'd.

Reg. A Guard: ſit ſtill. [Laco *enters with the Guards.*

Arr. There's change.

Reg. Bid ſilence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence —— *and himſelf ſuſpended from all Exerciſe of Place or Power, but till due and mature Trial be made of his Innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the Neceſſity to doubt. If, Conſcript Fathers, to your more ſearching Wiſdoms, there ſhall appear farther Cauſe* (*or of farther proceeding, either to Seizure of Lands, Goods, or more* ——) *it is not our power that ſhall limit your Authority, or our Favour, that muſt corrupt your Juſtice: either were diſhonourable in you, and both uncharitable to our ſelf. We would willingly be preſent with your Counſels in this buſineſs, but the danger of ſo potent a Faction* (*if it ſhould prove ſo*) *forbids our attempting it: Except one of the Conſuls would be intreated for our ſafety, to undertake the Guard of us home, than we ſhould moſt readily adventure. In the mean time, it ſhall not be fit for us to importune ſo judicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the Innocent, that ſpare the guilty: and how grateful a Sacrifice, to the Gods, is the Life of an ingrateful Perſon. We reflect not, in this, on* Sejanus (*notwithſtanding, if you keep an Eye upon him* —— *and there is* Latiaris *a Senator, and* Pinnarius Natta, *Two of his moſt truſted Miniſters, and ſo profeſt, whom we deſire not to have apprehended*) *but as the neceſſity of the cauſe exacts it.*

Reg. A Guard on *Latiaris*. *Arr.* O, the Spy!

The reverend Spy is caught, who pities him?

Reward, Sir, for your Service: Now, you ha' done.

Your property, you ſee what uſe is made?

Hang up the Inſtrument.

Sej. Give leave. *Lac.* Stand, ſtand,

He comes upon his death, that doth advance

An Inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no Friends here? (mations?

Arr. Huſh't. Where now are all the Hails and Accla-

Macro, Senate.

Hail to the *Conſuls*, and this noble *Senate*.

Sej. Is *Macro* here? O, thou art loſt, *Sejanus*.

Mac. Sit ſtill, and unaffrighted, *Reverend Fathers*. *Macro*, by *Cæſar*'s Grace, the New-made *Provoſt*,

And now poſſeſt of the *Prætorian* Bands,

An Honour late belong'd to that proud man,

Bids you be ſafe: and to your conſtant Doom

Of his deſervings, offers you the Surety

Of all the Soldiers, *Tribunes* and *Centurions*,

Receiv'd in our command. *Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus*,

Stand forth, *Sejanus*. *Sej.* Am I call'd? *Mac.* I, thou,

Thou inſolent Monſter, art bid ſtand.

Sej. Why, *Macro*,

It hath been otherwiſe between, you and I;

This Court, that knows us both, hath ſeen a difference,

And can (if it be pleas'd to ſpeak) confirm,

Whoſe Inſolence is moſt.

Mac. Come down, *Typhœus*;

If mine be moſt, loe, thus I make it more;

Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy Robe,

Play with thy Beard and Noſtrils. Thus 'tis fit,

(And no man take compaſſion of thy ſtate)

To uſe th' ingrateful Viper, tread his Brains

Into the Earth. *Reg.* Forbear. *Mac.* If I could loſe

All my Humanity now, 'twere well to torture

So meriting a Traitor. Wherefore, *Fathers*,

Sit you amaz'd and ſilent? and not cenſure

This wretch, who in the hour he firſt rebell'd

'Gainſt *Cæſar*'s Bounty, did condemn himſelf?

Phlegra, the Field, where all the Sons of Earth,

Muſter'd againſt the Gods, did ne'er acknowledge

So proud, and huge a Monſter.

Reg. Take him hence.

And all the Gods guard *Cæſar*.

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence. *Cot.* To the Dungeon with him.

San. He deſerves it.

Sen. Crown all our Doors with Bays.

San. And let an Ox

With gilded Horns and Garlands, ſtraight be led

Unto the *Capitoll*. *Hat.* And ſacrific'd

To *Jove*, for *Cæſar*'s ſafety. *Tri.* All our Gods

Be preſent ſtill to *Cæſar*. *Cot. Phœbus. San. Mars.*

Hat. Diana. San. Pallas. Sen. Juno, Mercury,

All guard him. *Mac.* Forth, thou Prodigy of Men.

Cot. Let all the Traytors Titles be defac'd.

Tri. His Images and Statues be pull'd down.

Hat. His Chariot-Wheels be broken.

Arr. And the Legs

Of

Of the poor Horſes, that deſerved naught,
Let them be broken too. *Lep.* O, violent change,
And whirl of Mens Affections! *Arr.* Like, as both
Their Bulks and Souls were bound on Fortunes Wheel,
And muſt act only with her motion.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

WHo would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of Men, that have to day beheld
(That, which if all the Gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) *Sejanus* Fall?
He, that this Morn roſe proudly, as the Sun,
And breaking through a miſt of Clients breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
When Superſtitious *Moors* ſalute his light!
That had our Servile Nobles waiting him
As common Grooms; and hanging on his look,
No leſs than Humane Life on Deſtiny!
That had Mens Knees as frequent as the Gods;
And Sacrifices more than *Rome* had Altars:
And this Man fall! fall! I, without a look,
That durſt appear his Friend, or lend ſo much
Of vain relief, to his chang'd ſtate, as pity!
Arr. They that before like Gnats plaid in his Beams,
And throng'd to circumſcribe him, now not ſeen,
Nor deign to hold a common ſeat with him!
Others that waited him unto the *Senate*,
Now inhumanely raviſh him to Priſon!
Whom (but this Morn) they follow'd as their Lord,
Guard through the Streets, bound like a Fugitive!
Inſtead of wreaths give fetters, ſtrokes for ſtoops:
Blind ſhame for honours, and black taunts for titles!
Who would truſt ſlippery Chance?
Lep. They that would make
Themſelves her Spoil; and fooliſhly forget,
When ſhe doth flatter, that ſhe comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadſt no Deity, if Men
Had wiſdom: we have placed thee ſo high,
By fond belief in thy Felicity.
Sen. The Gods guard *Cæſar*. All the Gods guard *Cæſar*.
[Shout within.

Macro, Regulus, Senators.

NOw great *Sejanus*, you that aw'd the State,
And ſought to bring the Nobles to your whip,
That would be *Cæſar*'s Tutor, and diſpoſe
Of Dignities and Offices! that had
The publick Head ſtill bare to your Deſigns,
And made the general Voice to eccho yours!
That look'd for Salutations twelve ſcore off,
And would have Pyramids, yea Temples rear'd
To your huge Greatneſs! Now you lie as flat,
As was your Pride advanc't. *Reg.* Thanks to the Gods.
Sen. And praiſe to *Macro*, that hath ſaved *Rome*.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praiſe to *Macro* that hath ſaved *Rome*.

Arruntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

I Propheſie, out of this *Senates* flattery,
That this new fellow, *Macro*, will become
A greater Prodigy in *Rome*, than he
That now is fal'n.
Ter. O you, whoſe Minds are good,
And have not forc'd all Mankind from your Breaſts;
That yet have ſo much ſtock of Vertue left,
To pity guilty States, when they are wretched:
Lend your ſoft Ears to hear, and Eyes to weep
Deeds done by Men, beyond the acts of *Furies*.
The eager multitude, (who never yet
Knew why to love, or hate, but only pleas'd
T' expreſs their rage of power) no ſooner heard
The murmur of *Sejanus* in decline,
But with that ſpeed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily devour the way
To ſome great Sports, or a new Theatre,
They fill'd the *Capitoll* and *Pompey*'s Cirk,
Where, like ſo many Maſtives biting Stones,
As if his Statues now were ſenſitive
Of their wild Fury: firſt, they tear them down;
Then faſtning Ropes, drag them along the Streets,
Crying in ſcorn, this, this was that rich Head
Was crown'd with Garlands, and with Odors, this
That was in *Rome* ſo reverenced. Now
The Furnace and the Bellows ſhall to work,
The great *Sejanus* crack, and piece by piece,
Drop i'the Founder's Pit. *Lep.* O, Popular Rage!
Ter. The whilſt the *Senate* at the Temple of *Concord*,
Make haſte to meet again, and thronging cry,
Let us condemn him, tread him down in water.
While he doth lie upon the Bank; away:
Where ſome, more tardy, cry unto their Bearers,
He will be cenſur'd ere we come, run Knaves,
And uſe that furious diligence, for fear
Their Bond-men ſhould inform againſt their ſlackneſs,
And bring their quaking fleſh unto the Hook:
The Rout they follow with confuſed Voice,
Crying, they're glad, ſay, they could ne'er abide him;
Enquire what Man he was, what kind of Face,
What Beard he had, what Noſe, what Lips? Proteſt,
They ever did preſage h'would come to this:
They never thought him wiſe, nor valiant: Ask
After his Garments, when he dies, what Death;
And not a Beaſt of all the Herd demands,
What was his Crime? Or who were his Accuſers?
Under what Proof, or Teſtimony he fell?
There came (ſays one) a huge long worded Letter
From *Capreæ* againſt him. Did there ſo?
O, they are ſatisfied, no more. *Lep.* Alas!
They follow Fortune, and hate Men condemn'd,
Guilty, or not. *Arr.* But had *Sejanus* thriv'd
In his deſign, and proſperouſly oppreſt
The old *Tiberius* then in that ſame minute,
Theſe very Raskals, that now rage like *Furies*,
Would have proclaim'd *Sejanus* Emperor.
Lep. But what hath follow'd?
Ter. Sentence by the *Senate*,
To loſe his Head; which was no ſooner off,
But that, and th' unfortunate Trunk were ſeiz'd
By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward Juſtice of the State,
Officiouſly had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. A thouſand Heads,
A thouſand hands, ten thouſand tongues and voices,
Employ'd at once in ſeveral acts of Malice!
Old Men not ſtaid with Age, Virgins with Shame,
Late Wives with loſs of Husbands, Mothers of Children,
Loſing all grief in joy of his ſad fall,
Run quite tranſported with their Cruelty!
Theſe mounting at his Head, theſe at his Face,
Theſe digging out his Eyes, thoſe with his Brains
Sprinkling themſelves, their houſes and their friends;
Others are met, have raviſh'd thence an Arm,
And deal ſmall pieces of the fleſh for favours;
Theſe with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
And this his feet, theſe fingers, and theſe toes;
That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!
What cannot oft be done, is now o're done.
The whole, and all of what was great *Sejanus*,
And next to *Cæſar*, did poſſeſs the world,
Now torn and ſcatter'd, as he needs no Grave;
Each little duſt covers a little part:
So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

Arruntius,

Arruntius, Nuntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

MOre of *Sejanus*? *Nun.* Yes.
Lep. What can be added?
We know him dead.
Nun. Then there begin your pity.
There is enough behind to melt ev'n *Rome*,
And *Cæſar* into tears: (ſince never ſlave
Could yet ſo highly offend, but tyranny,
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
A Son and Daughter to the dead *Sejanus*,
(Of whom there is not now ſo much remaining
As would give faſtning to the Hang-man's Hook)
Have they drawn forth for farther ſacrifice;
Whoſe tenderneſs of knowledge, unripe years,
And childiſh ſilly Innocence was ſuch,
As ſcarce would lend them feeling of their danger:
The Girl ſo ſimple, as ſhe often askt,
Where they would lead her? for what cauſe they dragg'd her?
Cry'd, *ſhe would do no more. That ſhe could take*
Warning with beating. And becauſe our Laws
Admit no Virgin immature to die,
The wittily, and ſtrangely cruel *Macro*,
Deliver'd her to be deflowr'd and ſpoil'd,
By the rude Luſt of the licentious Hangman,
Then to be ſtrangled with her harmleſs Brother.
Lep. O, Act moſt worthy Hell, and laſting Night,
To hide it from the world! *Nun.* Their Bodies thrown
Into the *Gemonies*, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd) the Mother,
Th' expulſed *Apicata*, finds them there;
VVhom when ſhe ſaw lie ſpread on the degrees,
After a world of Fury on her ſelf,
Tearing her Hair, defacing of her Face,
Beating her Breaſts and VVomb, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to Heaven, then to them; at laſt,
Her drowned Voice gate up above her VVoes,
And with ſuch black and bitter Execrations,
(As might affright the Gods, and force the Sun
Run backward to the *Eaſt*; nay, make the old
Deformed *Chaos* riſe again, t' ore-whelm
Them, us, and all the world) ſhe fills the Air,
Upbraids the Heavens with their partial Dooms,
Defies their tyrannous Powers, and demands,
VVhat ſhe, and thoſe poor Innocents have tranſgreſs'd,
That they muſt ſuffer ſuch a ſhare in vengeance,
VVhilſt *Livia Lygdus*, and *Eudemus* live,
VVho, (as ſhe ſays, and firmly vows, to prove it
To *Cæſar*, and the *Senate*) poyſon'd *Druſus*?
Lep. Confederates with her Husband!
Nun. I. *Lep.* Strange act!
Arr. And ſtrangely open'd: what ſays now my Monſter,
The multitude? they reel now; do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
The miſchief they have done.
Arr. I thank 'em Rogues.
Nun. Part are ſo ſtupid, or ſo flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And ſome, whoſe hands yet reak with his warm blood,
And gripe the part which they did tear of him,
VViſh him collected and created new.
Lep. How Fortune plies her ſports, when ſhe begins
To practice 'em! purſues, continues, adds!
Confounds, with varying her empaſſion'd Moods!
Arr. Doſt thou hope fortune to redeem thy crimes?
To make amends for thy ill placed favours,
VVith theſe ſtrange puniſhments? Forbear you things,
That ſtand upon the Pinnacles of State,
To boaſt your ſlippery height; when you do fall,
You daſh your ſelves in pieces, ne'er to riſe:
And he that lends you pity, is not wiſe:
Ter. Let this Example move th' inſolent man,
Not to grow proud, and careleſs of the Gods:
It is an odious wiſdom to blaſpheme,
Much more to ſlighten, or deny their Powers.
For, whom the Morning ſaw ſo great and high,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the 'Even doth lie.

THE END.

VOLPONE,

OR, THE

FOX.

A COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1605. By the KINGS MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. Horat.

To the most NOBLE and most EQUAL SISTERS,

The two Famous Universities,

For their Love and Acceptance shewn to his POEM in the PRESENTATION,

BEN. JOHNSON,

The Grateful Acknowledger, Dedicates both It and Himself.

NEver (most Equal Sisters) had any Man a Wit so presently Excellent, as that it could raise it self; but there must come both Matter, Occasion, Commenders, and Favourers to it. If this be true, and that the Fortune of all Writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the Careful to provide well toward these Accidents; and, having acquir'd them, to preserve that part of Reputation most tenderly, wherein the Benefit of a Friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render my self grateful, and am studious to justifie the Bounty of your Act; to which, though your meer Authority were satisfying, yet it being an Age wherein Poetry *and the Professors of it bear so ill on all Sides, there will a Reason be look't for in the Subject. It is certain, nor can it with any Forehead be oppos'd, that the too much Licence of* Poetasters *in this Time, hath much deform'd their Mistris; that, every day, their manifold and manifest Ignorance doth stick unnatural Reproaches upon her: But for their Petulancy, it were an Act of the greatest Injustice, either to let the Learned suffer, or so Divine a Skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean Hands) to fall under the least Contempt. For, if Men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the Offices and Function of a Poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the Impossibility of any Man's being the good Poet, without first being a good Man. He that is said to be able to inform young Men to all good Disciplines, inflame grown Men to all great Vertues, keep old Men in their best and supream State, or as they decline to Childhood, recover them to their first Strength; that comes forth the Interpreter and Arbiter of Nature, a Teacher of Things Divine no less than Humane, a Master in Manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect the Business of Mankind: This, I take him, is no Subject for Pride and Ignorance to exercise their railing Rhetorick upon. But it will here be hastily answer'd, That the Writers of these Days are other Things; that not only their Manners, but their Natures are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the Dignity of Poet, but the abused Name, which every Scribe usurps; that now, especially in* Drammatick, *or (as they term it)* Stage-Poetry, *nothing but Ribaldry, Prophanation, Blasphemy, all Licence of Offence to God and Man is practis'd. I dare not deny a great part of this, (and I am sorry I dare not) because in some Mens abortive Features (and would they had never boasted the Light) it is over-true: But that all are imbark'd in this bold Adventure for Hell, is a most uncharitable Thought, and, utter'd, a more malicious Slander. For my particular, I can (and from a most clear Conscience) affirm, That I have ever trembled to think toward the least Profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwash'd Bawdry, as is now made the Food of the* Scene: *And, howsoever I cannot*

escape from some the Imputation of Sharpneſs, but that they will ſay, I have taken a pride, or luſt, to be bitter, and not my youngeſt Infant but hath come into the World with all his Teeth; I would ask of theſe ſupercilious Politicks, What Nation, Society, or general Order or State I have provoked? What Publick Perſon? Whether I have not (in all theſe) preſerv'd their Dignity, as mine own Perſon, ſafe? My Works are read, allow'd, (I ſpeak of thoſe that are intirely mine) look into them: What broad Reproofs have I us'd? Where have I been particular? Where Perſonal? Except to a Mimick, Cheater, Bawd, or Buffon, Creatures (for their Inſolencies) worthy to be tax'd? Yet to which of theſe ſo pointingly, as he might not either ingenuouſly have confeſt, or wiſely diſſembled his Diſeaſe? But it is not Rumour can make Men guilty, much leſs entitle me to other Mens Crimes. I know, that nothing can be ſo innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to Conſtruction; marry, whilſt I bear mine Innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a Trade with many; and there are that profeſs to have a Key for the decyphering of every thing: But let Wiſe and Noble Perſons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to theſe invading Interpreters to be over-familiar with their Fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent Malice, under other Mens ſimpleſt Meanings. As for thoſe that will (by Faults which Charity hath rak'd up, or common Honeſty conceal'd) make themſelves a Name with the Multitude, or (to draw their rude and beaſtly Claps) care not whoſe living Faces they intrench with their petulant Styles, may they do it without a Rival, for me: I chuſe rather to live grav'd in Obſcurity, than ſhare with them in ſo prepoſterous a Fame. Nor can I blame the Wiſhes of thoſe ſevere and wiſe Patriots, who providing the Hurts theſe licentious Spirits may do in a State, deſire rather to ſee Fools and Devils, and thoſe antick Relicks of Barbariſm retriv'd, with all other ridiculous and exploded Follies, than behold the Wounds of Private Men, of Princes and Nations. For, as Horace *makes* Trebatius *ſpeak, among theſe,*

——Sibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, & odit.

And Men may juſtly impute ſuch Rages, if continu'd, to the Writer, as his Spots. The Increaſe of which Luſt in Liberty, together with the preſent Trade of the Stage, in all their Maſc'line Enterludes, *what Learned or Liberal Soul doth not already abhor? Where nothing but the Filth of the Time is utter'd, and that with ſuch impropriety of Phraſe, ſuch plenty of* Soloeciſms, *ſuch dearth of Senſe, ſo bold* Prolepſes, *ſo rack'd* Metaphors, *with Brothelry able to violate the Ear of a Pagan, and Blaſphemy, to turn the Blood of a Chriſtian to Water. I cannot but be ſerious in a Cauſe of this nature, wherein my Fame, and the Reputations of divers Honeſt and Learned are the Queſtion; when a Name ſo full of Authority, Antiquity, and all great Mark, is (through their Inſolence) become the loweſt Scorn of the Age; and thoſe Men ſubject to the Petulancy of every vernaculous Orator, that were wont to be the Care of Kings and happieſt Monarchs. This it is that hath not only rap't me to preſent Indignation, but made me ſtudious heretofore, and by all my Actions to ſtand off from them; which may moſt appear in this my lateſt Work (which you, moſt learned* Arbitreſſes, *have ſeen, judg'd, and to my Crown, approv'd) wherein I have labour'd, for their inſtruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient Forms, but Manners of the* Scene, *the Eaſineſs, the Propriety, the Innocence, and laſt the Doctrine, which is the principal End of* Poeſie, *to inform Men in the beſt Reaſon of living. And though my* Cataſtrophe *may, in the ſtrict rigour of* Comick *Law, meet with Cenſure, as turning back to my Promiſe; I deſire the Learned and Charitable Critick, to have ſo much faith in me, to think it was done of Induſtry: For, with what eaſe I could have varied it nearer his Scale (but that I fear to boaſt my own Faculty) I could here inſert. But my ſpecial aim being to put the Snaffle in their Mouths, that cry out, we never puniſh Vice in our* Enterludes, *&c. I took the more liberty; though not without ſome Lines of Example, drawn even in the Ancients themſelves, the Goings out of whoſe* Comœdies *are not always joyful, but oft-times the Bawds, the Servants, the Rivals, yea, and the Maſters, are mulcted; and laſtly, it being the Office of a* Comick Poet *to imitate Juſtice, and inſtruct to Life, as well as Purity of Language, or ſtir up gentle Affections: To which I ſhall take the occaſion elſewhere to ſpeak. For the preſent (moſt Reverenced Siſters) as I have car'd to be thankful for your Affections paſt, and here made the Underſtanding acquainted with ſome Ground of your Favours; let me not deſpair their Continuance, to the maturing of ſome worthier Fruits: Wherein, if my* Muſes *be true to me, I ſhall raiſe the deſpis'd Head of* Poetry *again, and ſtripping her out of thoſe rotten and baſe Rags wherewith the Times have adulterated her Form, reſtore her to her primitive Habit, Feature, and Majeſty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kiſt of all the Great and Maſter-Spirits of our World. As for the Vile and Slothful, who never affected an Act worthy of Celebration, or are ſo inward with their own vicious Natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it a high Point of Policy to keep her in contempt with their declamatory and windy Invectives; ſhe ſhall out of juſt rage incite her Servants (who are* Genus iritabile) *to ſpout Ink in their Faces, that ſhall eat farther than their Marrow, into their Fames; and not* Cinnamus *the Barber, with his Art, ſhall be able to take out the Brands; but they ſhall live, and be read, till the Wretches die, as Things worſt deſerving of Themſelves in chief, and then of all Mankind.*

The Persons of the Play.

Volpone, *a Magnifico.*	Notario, *the Regiſter.*	Fine Madam Would-be, *the Knight's*
Mosca, *his Paraſite.*	Nano, *a Dwarf.*	Celia, *the Merchant's Wife.* (*Wife.*
Voltore, *an Advocate.*	Castrone, *an Eunuch.*	Commandadori, *Officers.*
Coraccio, *an old Gentleman.*	Politick Would-be, *a Knight.*	Mercatori, *three Merchants.*
Corvino, *a Merchant.*	Peregrine, *a Gent. Traveller.*	Androgyno, *a Hermaphrodite.*
Avocatori, *four Magiſtrates.*	Bonario, *a young Gentleman.*	Servitore, *a Servant.*
Grege.		Women.

The Scene *VENICE.*

The Principal Comœdians were,

Ric. Burbadge.	*Wil. Sly.*	*Joh. Lowin.*
Hen. Condel.	*Joh. Hemings.*	*Alex. Cooke.*

VOLPONE,

OR,

The Fox.

THE ARGUMENT.

Volpone, Childleſs, Rich, feigns Sick, deſpairs,
Offers his State to Hopes of ſeveral Heirs,
Lies languiſhing: His Paraſite receives
Preſents of all, aſſures, deludes; then weaves
Other croſs Plots, which ope' themſelves, are told.
New Tricks for ſafety are ſought; they thrive: When bold,
Each tempts th' other again, and all are ſold.

PROLOGUE.

Now, Luck yet ſend us, and a little Wit
Will ſerve, to make our Play hit;
(According to the Palates of the Seaſon)
Here is Rhyme, not empty of Reaſon.
This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,
Whoſe true Scope, if you would know it,
In all his Poems *ſtill hath been this Meaſure,*
To mix Profit with your Pleaſure;
And not as ſome (whoſe Throats, their Envy failing)
Cry hoarſly, All he writes is Railing:
And, when his Plays *come forth, think they can flout them,*
With ſaying, He was a Year about them.
To theſe there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,
Which was two Months ſince no Feature;
And, though he dares give them Five Lives to mend it,
'Tis known, Five Weeks fully penn'd it;
From his own Hand, without a Co-adjutor,
Novice, Journey-man, or Tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you, as a Token
Of his Plays worth, No Eggs are broken,
Nor quaking Cuſtards with fierce Teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your Rout are ſo delighted;
Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,
To ſtop Gaps in his looſe Writing;
With ſuch a deal of monſtrous and forc'd Action,
As might make Beth'lem *a Faction:*
Nor made he his Play for Jeſts ſtol'n from each Table,
But makes Jeſts to fit his Fable;
And ſo preſents quick Comedy *refined,*
As beſt Criticks have deſigned:
The Laws of Time, Place, Perſons, he obſerveth,
From no needful Rule he ſwerveth.
All Gall and Coppreſs from his Ink he draineth,
Only a little Salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your Cheeks, till (Red with Laughter)
They ſhall look freſh a Week after.

Act I. Scene I.

Volpone, Moſca.

GOod Morning to the Day; and next, my Gold:
Open the Shrine, that I may ſee my Saint.
Hail the World's Soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming Earth to ſee the long'd-for Sun
Peep through the Horns of the Celeſtial *Ram*,
Am I, to view thy Splendor, darkning his;
That lying here, amongſt my other Hoards,
Shew'ſt like a Flame by Night, or like the Day
Struck out of *Chaos*, when all Darkneſs fled
Unto the Center. O thou Son of *Sol*,
(But brighter than thy Father) let me kiſs,
With Adoration, thee, and every Relick
Of ſacred Treaſure in this bleſſed Room.
Well did wiſe Poets by thy glorious Name
Title that Age which they would have the beſt;
Thou being the beſt of Things, and far tranſcending
All Style of Joy, in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Looks when they to *Venus* did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given her Twenty thouſand *Cupids*;
Such are thy Beauties and our Loves! Dear Saint,
Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ſt all Men Tongues,
That canſt do naught, and yet mak'ſt Men do all things;
The Price of Souls; even Hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heav'n. Thou art Vertue, Fame,
Honour, and all things elſe. Who can get thee,
He ſhall be Noble, Valiant, Honeſt, Wiſe——

Moſ. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in Fortune
A greater Good, than Wiſdom is in Nature.

Vol. True, my beloved *Moſca*. Yet I glory
More in the cunning Purchaſe of my Wealth,
Than in the glad Poſſeſſion, ſince I gain
No common way; I uſe no Trade, no Venture;
I wound no Earth with Plow-ſhares, I fat no Beaſts
To feed the Shambles; have no Mills for Iron,
Oyl, Corn, or Men, to grind 'em into Powder:
I blow no ſubtil Glaſs, expoſe no Ships
To Threatnings of the furrow-faced Sea;
I turn no Monies in the Publick Bank,
Nor Uſure Private. *Moſ.* No, Sir, nor devour
Soft Prodigals. You ſhall ha' ſome will ſwallow
A melting Heir as glibly as your *Dutch*
Will Pills of Butter, and ne'er purge for't;
Tear forth the Fathers of poor Families
Out of their Beds, and Coffin them alive
In ſome kind claſping Priſon, where their Bones
May be forth-coming, when the Fleſh is rotten:
But your ſweet Nature doth abhor theſe Courſes;
You loath the Widows or the Orphans Tears

Should waſh your Pavements, or their piteous Cries
Ring in your Roofs, and beat the Air for Vengeance.
Vol. Right, *Moſca*, I do loath it. *Moſ.* And beſides, Sir,
You are not like a Threſher, that doth ſtand
With a huge Flail, watching a Heap of Corn,
And, hungry, dares not taſte the ſmalleſt Grain,
But feeds on Mallows, and ſuch bitter Herbs;
Nor like the Merchant, who hath fill'd his Vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* Wines,
Yet drinks the Lees of *Lombards* Vinegar:
You will not lie in Straw, whilſt Moths and Worms
Feed on your ſumptuous Hangings and ſoft Beds.
You know the Uſe of Riches, and dare give now
From that bright Heap, to me, your poor Obſerver,
Or to your Dwarf, or your Hermaphrodite,
Your Eunuch, or what other Houſhold Trifle
Your Pleaſure allows Maint'nance—*Vol.* Hold thee, *Moſca*,
Take of my Hand; thou ſtrik'ſt on Truth in all,
And they are envious term thee Paraſite.
Call forth my Dwarf, my Eunuch, and my Fool,
And let 'em make me ſport. What ſhould I do,
But cocker up my *Genius*, and live free
To all Delights my Fortune calls me to?
I have no Wife, no Parent, Child, Allie,
To give my Subſtance to; but whom I make
Muſt be my Heir; and this makes Men obſerve me:
This draws new Clients daily to my Houſe,
VVomen and Men, of every Sex and Age,
That bring me Preſents, ſend me Plate, Coin, Jewels,
VVith hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it ſhall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilſt ſome, covetous
Above the reſt, ſee to engroſs me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in Gifts, as they would ſeem in Love:
All which I ſuffer, playing with their Hopes,
And am content to coin 'em into Profit,
And look upon their Kindneſs, and take more,
And look on that; ſtill bearing them in hand,
Letting the Cherry knock againſt their Lips,
And draw it by their Mouths, and back again. How now!

Act I. Scene II.

Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone, Volpone, Moſca.

NOw room for freſh Gameſters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither Play, nor Univerſity Show;
And therefore do entreat you, that whatſoever they rehearſe,
May not fare a whit the worſe, for the falſe Pace of the Verſe.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more e're we paſs;
For know, here is inclos'd the Soul of Pythagoras,
That Juggler Divine, as hereafter ſhall follow;
Which Soul (faſt and looſe, Sir) came firſt from Apollo,
And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius *his Son,*
Where it had the Gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick Tranſmigration
To Goldy-lockt Euphorbus, *who was kill'd in good faſhion,*
At the Siege of old Troy, *by the Cuckold of* Sparta.
Hermotimus *was next* (*I find it in my* Charta)
To whom it did paſs, where no ſooner it was miſſing,
But with one Pyrrhus *of* Delos *it learn'd to go a fiſhing;*
And thence did it enter the Sophiſt of Greece.
From Pythagore, *ſhe went into a beautiful Piece,*
Hight Aſpaſia, *the* Meretrix; *and the next Toſs of her*
Was again of a Whore ſhe became a Philoſopher,
Crates *the* Cynick, *(as it ſelf doth relate it)*
Since Kings, Knights, and Beggars, Knaves, Lords, and Fools
Beſides Ox and Aſs, Camel, Mule, Goat, and Brock, (*gat it,*
In all which it hath ſpoke, as in the Cobler's Cock.
But I come not here to diſcourſe of that Matter,
Or his One, Two, *or* Three, *or his great Oath,* By Quater,
His Muſicks, *his* Trigon, *his Golden Thigh,*
Or his telling how Elements ſhift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou haſt ſuffered Tranſlation,
And ſhifted thy Coat in theſe Days of Reformation?
And. *Like one of the Reformed, a Fool, as you ſee,*
Counting all old Doctrine Hereſie.
Nan. *But not on thine own forbid Meats haſt thou ventur'd?*
And. *On Fiſh, when firſt a* Carthuſian *I enter'd.*
Nan. *Why, then thy dogmatical Silence hath left thee?*
And. *Of that an obſtreperous Lawyer bereft me.*
Nan. *O wonderful Change! When Sir Lawyer forſook thee,*
For Pythagore's *ſake, what Body then took thee?*
And. *A good dull Moyl.* Nan. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beans?
And. *Yes.* Nan. *But from the Moyl into whom didſt thou paſs?*
And. *Into a very ſtrange Beaſt, by ſome Writers call'd an Aſs;*
By others, a preciſe, pure, illuminate Brother,
Of thoſe devour Fleſh, and ſometimes one another;
And will drop you forth a Libel, or a ſanctified Lie,
Betwixt every Spoonful of a Nativity-Pie.
Nan. *Now quit thee, for Heaven, of that profane Nation,*
And gently report thy next Tranſmigration.
And. *To the ſame that I am.* Nan. *A Creature of Delight?*
And (what is more than a Fool) an Hermaphrodite?
Now prithee, ſweet Soul, in all thy Variation,
Which Body would'ſt thou chuſe, to keep up thy Station?
And. *Troth, this I am in; even here would I tarry.*
Nan. *'Cauſe here the Delight of each Sex thou canſt vary?*
And. *Alas, thoſe Pleaſures be ſtale and forſaken;*
No, 'tis your Fool wherewith I am ſo taken,
The only one Creature that I can call Bleſſed;
For all other Forms I have prov'd moſt diſtreſſed.
Nan. *Spoke true, as thou wert in* Pythagoras *ſtill.*
This learned Opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow Eunuch, (as behoves us) with all our Wit and Art,
To dignifie that whereof our ſelves are ſo great and ſpecial
Vol. Now very, very pretty: *Moſca*, this (*a Part.*
VVas thy Invention? *Moſ.* If it pleaſe my Patron,
Not elſe. *Vol.* It doth, good *Moſca*. *Moſ.* Then it was, Sir.

SONG.

FOols, they are the only Nation
Worth Mens Envy or Admiration;
Free from Care, or Sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they ſpeak or do is Sterling.
Your Fool he is your Great Man's Darling,
And your Ladies Sport and Pleaſure;
Tongue and Bable are his Treaſure.
E'en his Face begetteth Laughter,
And he ſpeaks Truth free from Slaughter;
He's the Grace of every Feaſt,
And ſometimes the Chiefeſt Gueſt;
Hath his Trencher and his Stool,
When Wit waits upon the Fool.
O, who would not be
He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Vol. VVho's that? Away, look, *Moſca*.
Moſ. Fool, be gone, 'tis Signior *Voltore* the Advocate,
I know him by his Knock. *Vol.* Fetch me my Gown,
My Furs, and Night-caps; ſay, my Couch's changing:
And let him entertain himſelf a while
VVithout i' th' Gallery. Now, now, my Clients
Begin their Viſitation! Vulture, Kite,
Raven, Gorcrow, all my Birds of Prey,
That think me turning Carcaſs, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?
Moſ. A piece of Plate, Sir.
Vol. Of what bigneſs? *Moſ.* Huge,
Maſſie, and Antique, with your Name inſcrib'd,
And Arms engraven. *Vol.* Good! and not a Fox
Stretcht on the Earth, with fine deluſive Sleights,
Mocking a gaping Crow? ha, *Moſca*? *Moſ.* Sharp, Sir.
Vol. Give me my Furs. VVhy doſt thou laugh ſo, Man?

Moſ. I

Moſ. I cannot chuſe, Sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
That this might be the laſt gift he ſhould give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to day,
And gave him all, what he ſhould be too morrow;
What large return would come of all his venters;
How he ſhould worſhip'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride, with his Furs, and Foot-clothes; waited on
By herds of Fools, and Clients; have clear way
Made for his moile, as letter'd as himſelf;
Be call'd the great, and learned Advocate:
And then concludes, there's naught impoſſible.
Vol. Yes, to be learned, *Moſca*. *Moſ.* O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an Aſs with reverend Purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious Ears,
And he ſhall paſs for a cathedral Doctor.
Vol. My Caps, my Caps, good *Moſca*; fetch him in.
Moſ. Stay, Sir, your Ointment for your Eyes.
Vol. That's true;
Diſpatch, diſpatch: I long to have poſſeſſion
Of my new Preſent, *Moſ.* That, and thouſands more,
I hope, to ſee you Lord of. *Vol.* Thanks, kind *Moſca*.
Moſ. And that, when I am loſt in blended duſt,
And hundred ſuch as I am, in ſucceſſion——
Vol. Nay, that were too much, *Moſca*.
Voſ. You ſhall live,
Still, to delude theſe *Harpies*. *Vol.* Loving *Moſca*,
'Tis well, my Pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my fain'd Cough, my Phthiſick, and my Gout,
My Apoplexy, Palſie, and Catarhs,
Help, with your forced Functions, this my poſture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

Act I. Scene III.

Moſca, Voltore, Volpone.

YOU ſtill are, what you were, Sir. Only you
(Of all the reſt) are he, commands his love:
And you do wiſely, to preſerve it thus,
With early viſitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come moſt grateful. Patron, Sir,
Here's Signior *Voltore* is come—— *Volp.* What ſay you?
Moſ. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come, this morning,
To viſit you. *Volp.* I thank him. *Moſ.* And hath brought
A piece of antique Plate, bought of S. *Mark*,
With which he here preſents you. *Volp.* He is welcome.
Pray him, to come more often. *Moſ.* Yes.
Volt. What ſays he?
Moſ. He thanks you, and deſires you ſee him often.
Volp. Moſca. *Moſ.* My Patron?
Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand. *Moſ.* The Plate is here, Sir.
Volt. How fare you, Sir?
Volp. I thank you, Signior *Voltore*,
Where is the Plate? mine Eyes are bad. *Volt.* I'm ſorry,
To ſee you ſtill thus weak. *Moſ.* That he is not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent.
Volt. No, Sir, would to Heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that Plate.
Volp. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you. Your love
Hath taſte in this, and ſhall not be un-anſwer'd.
I pray you ſee me often. *Volt.* Yes, I ſhall, Sir.
Volp. Be not far from me.
Moſ. Do you obſerve that, Sir?
Volp. Harken unto me ſtill: It will concern you.
Moſ. You are a happy Man, Sir, know your good.
Volp. I cannot now laſt long——
(*Moſ.* You are his Heir, Sir.
Volt. Am I?) *Volp.* I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
I am ſailing to my Port, (uh, uh, uh, uh?)
And I am glad, I am ſo near my Haven.
Moſ. Alas, kind Gentleman, well, we muſt all go—
Volt. But *Moſca*—— *Moſ.* Age will conquer.
Volt. 'Pry thee, hear me.
Am I inſcrib'd his Heir, for certain? *Moſ.* Are you?
I do beſeech you, Sir, you will vouchſafe
To write me i'your Family. All my hopes,
Depend upon your worſhip. I am loſt,
Except the riſing Sun do ſhine on me.
Volt. It ſhall both ſhine, and warn thee, *Moſca*.
Moſ. Sir,
I am a Man, that have not done your love
All the worſt Offices: here I wear your Keys,
See all your Coffers, and your Caskets lockt,
Keep the poor Inventory of your Jewels,
Your Plate, and Moneys; I'm your Steward, Sir,
Husband your Goods here. *Volt.* But am I ſole Heir?
Moſ. Without a Partner, Sir, confirm'd this morning;
The Wax is warm yet, and the Ink ſcarce dry
Upon the Parchment. *Volt.* Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, ſweet *Moſca*?
Moſ. Your deſert, Sir;
I know no ſecond cauſe. *Volt.* Thy modeſty
Is loth to know it; well, we ſhall requite it.
Moſ. He ever lik'd your courſe, Sir; that firſt took him.
I oft have heard him ſay, how he admir'd
Men of your large profeſſion, that could ſpeak
To every cauſe, and things meer contraries,
Till they were hoarſe again, yet all be Law;
That, with moſt quick agility, could turn,
And re-turn; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked Counſel; take provoking Gold
On either hand, and put it up: theſe Men,
He knew, would thrive, with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought, he ſhould be bleſt
To have his Heir of ſuch a ſuffering ſpirit,
So wiſe, ſo grave, of ſo perplex'd a Tongue,
And loud withal, that could not wag, nor ſcarce
Lie ſtill, without a fee; when every word
Your Worſhip but lets fall, is a *Cecchine!*
[*Another knocks.*
Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you ſeen, Sir.
And yet—— pretend you came, and went in haſte;
I'll faſhion an excuſe. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to ſwim; in golden Lard,
Up to the Arms, in Hony, that your Chin
Is born up ſtiff, with fatneſs of the Flood,
Think on your Vaſſal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worſt of Clients. *Volt. Moſca*——
Moſ. When will you have your Inventory brought, Sir?
Or ſee a Copy of the Will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, Sir. Away, be gone,
Put buſineſs i' your Face. *Volp.* Excellent *Moſca!*
Come hither, let me kiſs thee. *Moſ.* Keep you ſtill, Sir.
Here is *Corbaccio*. *Volp.* Set the Plate away,
The Vulture's gone, and the old Raven's come.

Act I. Scene IV.

Moſca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

BEtake you, to your ſilence, and your ſleep:
Stand there, and multiply. Now, ſhall we ſee
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can fain to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his Grave. Signior *Corbaccio!*
Yo'are very welcome, Sir.
Corb. How do's your Patron?
Moſ. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends.
Corb. What? mends he?
Moſ. No, Sir: he is rather worſe.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Moſ. Upon his Couch, Sir, newly fall'n aſleep.
Corb. Do's he ſleep well?
Moſ. No wink, Sir, all this Night,

Nor

Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! He shall take
Some Counsel of Physicians: I have brought him
An *Opiate* here, from mine own Doctor——
Mos. He will not hear of Drugs.
Corb. Why? I my self
Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all th' Ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. I, his last sleep, if he would take it. *Mos.* Sir,
He has no faith in Physick. *Corb.* 'Say you? 'say you?
Mos. He has no faith in Physick: he do's think,
Most of your Doctors are the greater danger,
And worse Disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your Physician
Should never be his Heir. *Corb.* Not I his Heir?
Mos. Not your Physician, Sir. *Corb.* O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mos.* No, Sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they flay a Man,
Before they kill him. *Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then, they do it by Experiment;
For which the Law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and, he is loth
To hire his death, so. *Corb.* It is true, they kill,
With as much license, as a Judge. *Mos.* Nay, more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the Law condemns,
And these can kill him too. *Corb.* I, or me;
Or any Man. How do's his Apoplex?
Is that strong on him still? *Mos.* Most violent.
His Speech is broken, and his Eyes are set,
His Face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——
Corb. How? how?
Stronger, than he was wont? *Mos.* No, Sir: his Face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont. *Corb.* O, good.
Mos. His Mouth
Is ever gaping, and his Eye-lids hang. *Corb.* Good.
Mos. A freezing numness stiffens all his Joints,
And makes the colour of his Flesh like Lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His Pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his Brain. ——
Corb. Ha? how? not from his Brain?
Mos. Yes, Sir, and from his Brain ——
(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.)
Mos. Flows a cold Sweat, with a continual Rhume,
Forth the resolved corners of his Eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the swimming of his Head?
Mos. O, Sir, 'tis past the *Scotomy*; he now,
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breaths.
Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me young again, a score of Years.
Mos. I was a coming for you, Sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
What has he giv'n me? *Mos.* No, Sir. *Corb.* Nothing? ha?
Mos. He has not made his Will, Sir. *Corb.* Oh, oh, oh.
What then did *Voltore*, the Lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a Carcass, Sir, when he but heard
My Master was about his Testament;
As I did urge him to it, for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of Plate.
Corb. To be his Heir?
Mos. I do not know, Sir. *Corb.* True,
I know it too. *Mos.* By your own Scale, Sir.
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See *Mosca*, look,
Here, I have brought a Bag of bright *Cecchines*,
Will quite weigh down his Plate.
Mos. Yea, marry, Sir.
This is true Physick, this your sacred Medicine;
No talk of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
It shall be minister'd to him, in his Bowle?
Corb. I, do, do, do. *Mos.* Most blessed Cordial.
This will recover him. *Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, Sir.
Corb. What? *Mos.* To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, Sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:
Give me't again. *Mos.* At no hand; pardon me;
You shall not do your self that wrong, Sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no Man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours, without a rival,
Decreed by destiny. *Corb.* How? how, good *Mosca*?
Mos. I'll tell you, Sir. This fit he shall recover;
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his Testament:
And shew him this. *Corb.* Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, Sir. *Corb.* Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My Master your sole Heir. *Corb.* And disinherit
My Son? *Mos.* O, Sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking. *Corb.* O, but colour?
Mos. This Will, Sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your Cares, your Watchings, and your many Prayers,
Your more than many Gifts, your this days Present,
And last, produce your Will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper Issue,
A Son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my Master, and made him your Heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of Conscience, and meer Gratitude ——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true. *Corb.* This Plot
Did I think on before. *Mos.* I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it? *Mos.* Yes, Sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, Sir——
Corb. Published me his Heir?
Mos. And you so certain, to survive him— *Corb.* I.
Mos. Being so lusty a Man— *Corb.* 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, Sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very Organ, to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done your self a good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my Son. *Mos.* 'Tis right, Sir.
Corb. Stil, my invention. *Mos.* 'Lasse, Sir, Heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I' e'en grow grey withal) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet *Mosca*. *Mos.* You are he,
For whom I labour, here. *Corb.* I, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. *Mos.* Rook go with you, Raven.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, Sir—— *Corb.* And——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your Ears, Sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a Father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my Brother of his Blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?
Mos. Your Worship is a precious Ass——
Corb. What saist thou?
Mos. I do desire your Worship, to make haste, Sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volp.* O, I shall burst;
Let out my sides, let out my sides— *Mos.* Contain
Your flux of laughter, Sir: you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any Hook.

Volp. O,

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good Rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee, in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, Sir, I but do, as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em words;
Pour Oyl into their Ears: and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice, to it self? *Mos.* I, with our help, Sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their Limbs faint,
Their Senses dull, their Seeing, Hearing, Going,
All dead before them; yea, their very Teeth,
Their Instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his Gout, nor Palsie, fains himself
Younger, by scores of Years, flatters his Age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With Charms, like *Æson*, have his Youth restor'd:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if Fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns Air! Who's that there, now? a third?
[*Another knocks.*
Mos. Close, to your Couch again: I hear his Voice.
It is *Corvino*, our spruce Merchant. *Volp.* Dead.
Mos. Another bout, Sir, with your Eyes. Who's there?

Act I. Scene V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

SIgnior *Corvino!* come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy Hour is come, Sir.
Corv. He is not dead? *Mos.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knows no Man. *Corv.* How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, Sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a Pearl.
Mos. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his Mouth: Is your Pearl Orient, Sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.* *Mos.* Hark.
Volp. Signior *Corvino.*
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. H's here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich Pearl.
Corv. How do you, Sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelf *Carat.* *Mos.* Sir,
He cannot understand, his Hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him, to see you— *Corv.* Say,
I have a Diamond for him, too. *Mos.* Best shew't, Sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it! *Corv.* 'Las, good Gentleman!
How pittiful the Sight is! *Mos.* Tut, forget, Sir.
The weeping of an Heir should still be laughter,
Under a Visor. *Corv.* Why? am I his Heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the Will,
Till he be dead: But, here has been *Corbaccio*,
Here has been *Voltore*, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many,
All gaping here for Legacies; but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior *Corvino*, Signior *Corvino*) took
Paper, and Pen, and Ink, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would have his Heir? *Corvino.* Who
Should be Executor? *Corvino.* And,
To any question, he was silent too,
I still interpreted the nods, he made
(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home th'others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corv. O, my dear *Mosca.* Do's he not perceive us?
[*They embrace.*
Mos. No more than a blind Harper. He knows no Man
No Face of Friend, nor name of any Servant,
Who't was that fed him last, or gave him drink?
Not those, he hath begotten, or brought up
Can he remember. *Corv.* Has he Children:
Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Beggers,
Gypsies, and *Jews*, and black-Moors, when he was drunk,
Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common Fable.
The Dwarf, the Fool, the Eunuch are all his;
H'is the true Father of his Family,
In all, save me: but he has giv'en 'em nothing. (us?
Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not hear
Mos. Sure, Sir? why, look you, credit your own Sense.
The Pox approach, and add to your Diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, Sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the Plague to boot.
(You may come near, Sir) would you would once close
Those filthy Eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two Frog-pits; and those same hanging Cheeks,
Cover'd with Hide, instead of Skin: (nay, help, Sir)
That look like frozen Dish-clouts, set on end.
Corv. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the Rain
Ran down in streaks. *Mos.* Excellent, Sir, speak out;
You may be louder yet: a Culvering,
Discharged in his Ear, would hardly bore it.
Corv. His Nose is like a common shewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good! and, what his Mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up—— *Corv.* By no means.
Mos. 'Pray you let me.
Faith I could stifle him rarely, with a Pillow.
As well as any Woman that should keep him.
Corv. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Mos.* Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence. *Mos.* No, Sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? 'pray you, Sir.
Cor. Nay, at your discretion. *Mos.* Well, good Sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearl.
Mos. Puh, nor your Diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here? whom you have made your Creature?
That owe my being to you? *Corv.* Grateful *Mosca*!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my Fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one. *Corv.* What's that?
Mos. Your gallant Wife, Sir.
Now, is he gone: we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this, *Volp.* My divine *Mosca!*
Thou hast to day out-gone thy self. Who's there?
[*Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me Musick, Dances, Banquets, all Delights;
The *Turk* is not more sensual in his Pleasures,
Than will *Volpone.* Let me see, a Pearl?
A Diamant? Plate? *Cecchines*? good mornings purchase;
Why, this is better than rob Churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a Month) a Man.
Who is't. *Mos.* The beauteous Lady *Would-bee*, Sir,
Wife to the *English* Knight, Sir *Politique Would-bee*,
(This is the stile, Sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to night,
And if you would be visited. *Volp.* Not, now.
Some three hours hence.——
Mos. I told the Squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with Mirth, and Wine: then, then:
'Fore Heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose
Their Wives, to all encounters! *Mos.* Sir, this Knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,
And knows, how ere his Wife affect strange Airs,

She hath not yet the Face to be diſhoneſt:
But had ſhe Signior *Corvino*'s Wives Face——
Vol. Has ſhe ſo rare a Face? *Moſ.* O, Sir, the Wonder,
The Blazing Star of *Italy*! a Wench
O' the firſt Year! a Beauty ripe as Harveſt!
Whoſe Skin is whiter than a Swan all over!
Than Silver, Snow, or Lillies! a ſoft Lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of Kiſſing!
And Fleſh that melteth in the touch to Blood!
Bright as your Gold, and lovely as your Gold!
Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Moſ. Alas, Sir—My ſelf but yeſterday diſcover'd it.
Volp. How might I ſee her? *Moſ.* O, not poſſible;
She's kept as warily as is your Gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes Air,
But at a Window. All her Looks are ſweet,
As the firſt Grapes or Cherries, and are watch'd
As neer as they are. *Volp.* I muſt ſee her—— *Moſ.* Sir,
There is a Guard of ten Spies thick upon her,
All his whole Houſhold; each of which is ſet
Upon his Fellow, and have all their Charge;
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
Volp. I will go ſee her, though but at her Window.
Moſ. In ſome Diſguiſe then. *Volp.* That is true: I muſt
Maintain mine own Shape ſtill the ſame: We'll think.

Act II. Scene I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

SIr, to a wiſe Man all the World's his Soil.
It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That muſt bound me, if my Fates call me forth.
Yet, I proteſt, it is no ſalt Deſire
Of ſeeing Countries, ſhifting a Religion,
Nor any diſaffection to the State
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My deareſt Plots) hath brought me out; much leſs
That idle, antick, ſtale, grey headed Project
Of knowing Mens Minds and Manners, with *Ulyſſes*:
But a peculiar Humour of my Wifes,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to obſerve,
To quote, to learn the Language, and ſo forth——
I hope you travel, Sir, with Licenſe. *Per.* Yes.
Pol. I dare the ſafelier converſe—— How long, Sir,
Since you left *England*? *Per.* Seven Weeks. *Pol.* So lately!
You ha' not been with my Lord Ambaſſador?
Per. Not yet, Sir.
Pol. Pray you, what News, Sir, vents our Climate?
I heard laſt night a moſt ſtrange thing reported
By ſome of my Lord's Followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be ſeconded. *Per.* What was't, Sir?
Pol. Marry, Sir, of a Raven that ſhould build
In a Ship Royal of the King's. *Per.* This Fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your Name, Sir?
Pol. My Name is *Politick Would-be.*
Per. O, that ſpeaks him. A Knight, Sir?
Pol. A poor Knight, Sir. *Per.* Your Lady
Lies here in *Venice*, for Intelligence
Of Tires, and Faſhions, and Behaviour,
Among the Courtezans? the *Fine Lady Would-be?*
Pol. Yes, Sir, the Spider and the Bee, oft-times,
Suck from one Flower. *Per.* Good Sir *Politick*,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, Sir, of your Raven. *Pol.* On your knowledg?
Per. Yes, and your Lion's Whelping in the Tower.
Pol. Another Whelp!
Per. Another, Sir. *Pol.* Now, Heaven!
What Prodigies be theſe? The Fires at *Berwick!*
And the new Star! Theſe things concurring, ſtrange!
And full of *Omen!* Saw you theſe Meteors?
Per. I did, Sir.
Pol. Fearful! Pray you, Sir, confirm me,
Were there three Porpoiſes ſeen above the Bridge,
As they give out? *Per.* Six, and a Sturgeon, Sir.
Pol. I am aſtoniſh'd. *Per.* Nay, Sir, be not ſo;
I'll tell you a greater Prodigy than theſe——
Pol. What ſhould theſe things portend!
Per. The very day
(Let me be ſure) that I put forth from *London*,
There was a Whale diſcover'd in the River,
As high as *Wolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many Months) for the Subverſion
Of the *Stode*-Fleet. *Pol.* Is't poſſible? Believe it,
'Twas either ſent from *Spain*, or the *Archdukes!*
Spinola's Whale, upon my Life, my Credit!
Will they not leave theſe Projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other News. *Per.* Faith, *Stone* the Fool is dead,
And they do lack a Tavern-fool extreamly.
Pol. Is *Maſs' Stone* dead.
Per. He's dead, Sir; why? I hope
You thought him not Immortal? O, this Knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our *Engliſh* Stage: He that ſhould write
But ſuch a Fellow, ſhould be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciouſly. *Pol. Stone* dead!
Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, Sir, you apprehend it?
He was no Kinſman to you? *Pol.* That I know of.
Well! that ſame Fellow was an unknown Fool.
Per. And yet you knew him, it ſeems? *Pol.* I did ſo. Sir,
I knew him one of the moſt dangerous Heads
Living within the State, and ſo I held him.
Per. Indeed, Sir? *Pol.* While he liv'd, in action.
He has receiv'd weekly Intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the *Low Countries*,
(For all Parts of the World) in Cabbages;
And thoſe diſpens'd again to Ambaſſadors,
In Oranges, Muſk-melons, Apricots,
Limons, Pomecitrons, and ſuch-like; ſometimes
In *Colcheſter*-Oyſters, and your *Selſey*-Cockles.
Per. You make me wonder!
Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.
Nay, I have obſerv'd him, at your Publick Ordinary,
Take his Advertiſement from a Traveller
(A conceal'd Stateſman) in a Trencher of Meat;
And inſtantly, before the Meal was done,
Convey an Anſwer in a Tooth-pick. *Per.* Strange!
How could this be, Sir? *Pol.* Why, the Meat was cut
So like his Character, and ſo laid, as he
Muſt eaſily read the Cypher. *Per.* I have heard,
He could not read, Sir. *Pol.* So 'twas given out
(In politic) by thoſe that did employ him:
But he could read, and had your Languages,
And to't, as ſound a Noddle—— *Per.* I have heard, Sir,
That your *Babiouns* were Spies, and that they were
A kind of ſubtle Nation, near to *China*.
Pol. I, I, your *Mamaluchi*. Faith, they had
Their Hand in a *French* Plot or two; but they
Were ſo extremely given to Women, as
They made diſcovery of all: Yet I
Had my Advices here (on *Wedneſday* laſt)
From one of their own Coat, they were return'd,
Made their Relations, (as the Faſhion is)
And now ſtand fair for freſh Employment. *Per.* 'Heart!
This Sir *Pol.* will be ignorant of nothing.
It ſeems, Sir, you know all? *Pol.* Not all, Sir: But
I have ſome general Notions: I do love
To note, and to obſerve; though I live out
Free from the active Torrent, yet I'ld mark
The Currents and the Paſſages of Things,
For mine own private uſe; and know the Ebbs
And Flows of State. *Per.* Believe it, Sir, I hold
My ſelf in no ſmall tie unto my Fortunes,
For caſting me thus luckily upon you,
Whoſe Knowledge (if your Bounty equal it)
May do me great Aſſiſtance, in Inſtruction

For my Behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet ſo rude, and raw—— *Pol.* Why? came you forth
Empty of Rules, for travail? *Per.* Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar *Grammar*,
Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.
Pol. Why, this it is, that ſpoyls all our brave Bloods,
Truſting our hopeful Gentry unto Pedants,
Fellows of out-ſide, and meer bark. You ſeem
To be a Gentleman, of ingenious Race——
I not profeſs it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been conſulted with,
In this high kind, touching ſome great Mens Sons,
Perſons of Blood, and Honour—— *Per.* Who be
theſe, Sir?

Act II. Scene II.

Moſca, Politique, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

UNder that Window, there't muſt be. The ſame.
Pol. Fellows, to mount a Bank! Did your Inſtructer
In the dear Tongues, never diſcourſe to you
Of the *Italian* Mountebanks? *Per.* Yes, Sir. *Pol.* Why,
Here ſhall you ſee one. *Per.* They are Quack-ſalvers,
Fellows, that live by venting Oyls, and Drugs?
Pol. Was that the Character he gave you of them?
Per. As I remember. *Pol.* Pitty his ignorance.
They are the only knowing Men of *Europe!*
Great general Scholars, excellent Phyſicians,
Moſt admir'd States-men, profeſt Favourites,
And Cabinet-Counſellors to the greateſt Princes!
The only languag'd Men of all the World!
Per. And, I have heard, they are moſt lewd Impoſtors;
Made all of Terms and Shreds; no leſs belyers
Of great Mens favours, than their own vile Med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monſtrous Oaths:
Selling that drug, for Two-pence, e're they part,
VVhich they have valu'd at Twelve Crowns, before.
Pol. Sir, Calumnies are anſwer'd beſt with ſilence:
Your ſelf ſhall judge. VVho is it mounts, my Friends?
Moſ. Scoto of *Mantua*, Sir. *Pol.* Is't he? nay, then
I'll proudly promiſe, Sir, you ſhall behold
Another Man, than has been phant'ſied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he ſhould mount his Bank,
Here in this Nook, that has been wont t' appear
In Face of the *Piazza*! Here, he comes.
Volp. Mount, *Zany*. *Gre.* Follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow.
Pol. See how the People follow him! he's a Man
May write 10000 Crowns in Bank here. Note,
Mark but his Geſture: I do uſe to obſerve
The ſtate he keeps, in getting up! *Per.* 'Tis worth it, Sir.
Volp. *Moſt noble Gent. and my worthy Patrons, it may ſeem ſtrange, that I, your* Scoto Mantuano, *who was ever wont to fix my Bank in Face of the publick* Piazza, *near the ſhelter of the* Portico, *to the* Procuratia, *ſhould now (after Eight Months abſence, from this Illuſtrious City of* Venice) *humbly retire my ſelf, into an obſcure Nook of the* Piazza.
Pol. Did not I, now, object the ſame? *Per.* Peace, Sir.
Volp. *Let me tell you: I am not (as your* Lombard *Proverb ſaith) cold on my Feet; or content to part with my Commodities at a cheaper rate, than I accuſtomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent Detractor, and ſhame to our Profeſſion,* (Aleſſandro Buttone, *I mean) who gave out, in publick, I was condemn'd a'* Sforzato *to the Galleyes, for poyſoning the Cardinal* Bembo's——*Cook, hath at all attached, much leſs dejected me. No, no, worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot indure to ſee the Rabble of theſe ground* Ciarlitani, *that ſpred their Clokes on the Pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy Tales out of* Boccacio, *like ſtale* Tabarine, *the Fabuliſt: ſome of them diſcourſing their Travels, and of their tedious Captivity in the* Turks *Galleys, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Chriſtians Gallies, where very temp'rately they eat Bread, and drunk Water as a wholſom Penance (enjoyn'd them by their Confeſſors) for baſe Pilferies.*
Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of theſe.
Volp. *Theſe Turdy-facy-naſty-paty-louſie-fartical Rogues, with one poor Groats-worth of unprepar'd* Antimony, *finely wrapt up in ſeveral* Scartoccios, *are able, very well, to kill their twenty a Week, and play; yet, theſe meager ſtarv'd Spirits, who have half ſtopt the Organs of their Minds with Earthy oppilations, want not their Favourers among your ſhrivel'd, ſallad eating* Artizans: *who are overjoy'd, that they may have their Half-pe'rth of Phyſick, though it purge 'em into another World, 't makes no matter.*
Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better Language, Sir?
Volp. *Well, let 'em go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, know, that for this time, our Bank, being thus remov'd from the Clamours of the* Canaglia, *ſhall be the* Scene *of Pleaſure and Delight: For, I have nothing to ſell, little or nothing to ſell.*
Pol. I told you, Sir, his end. *Per.* You did ſo, Sir.
Volp. *I proteſt, I, and my ſix Servants are not able to make of this pretious Liquor, ſo faſt, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging by Gentlemen of your City; ſtrangers of the* Terra-ferma; *worſhipful Merchants; I, and Senators too: who, ever ſince my arrival, have detained me to their uſes, by their ſplendidous Liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich Man to have his* Magazines *ſtuft with* Moſcadelly, *or of the pureſt grape, when his Phyſicians preſcribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but Water, cocted with* Aniſeeds? *O, health! health! the bleſſing of the Rich! the Riches of the Poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, ſince there is no enjoying this World without thee? Be not then ſo ſparing of your Purſes, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural courſe of Life——*
Per. You ſee his end? *Pol.* I, is't not good?
Volp. *For, when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the mutability of Air, falls from your Head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Duckat, or your* Cecchine *of Gold, and apply to the place affected: ſee, what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this bleſſed* Unguento, *this rare extraction, that hath only power to diſperſe all malignant Humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moyſt, or windy Cauſes——*
Per. I would he had put in dry to. *Pol.* 'Pray you, obſerve.
Volp. *To fortifie the moſt indigeſt and crude Stomack, I were it of one that (through extream weakneſs) vomited Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the Place, after the Unction and Fricace; for the* Vertigine, *in the Head, putting but a drop into your Noſtrils, likewiſe, behind the Ears; a moſt ſoveraign and approved Remedy: the* Mal-caduco, *Cramps, Convulſions, Paralyſies, Epilepſies,* Tremor-cordia, *retired Nerves, ill Vapours of the Spleen, ſtopping of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury,* Hernia ventoſa, Iliaca paſſio; *ſtops a* Diſenteria *immediately; eaſeth the Torſion of the ſmall Guts; and cures* Melancholia Hypocondriaca, *being taken and applyed, according to my printed Receipt. For, this is the Phyſician, this the Medicine; this Counſels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the Effect: and (in ſum) both together may be term'd an abſtract of the Theorick and Practick in the Æſculapian Art. 'Twill coſt you Eight Crowns. And,* Zan Fritada, *pr'y thee ſing a Verſe* extempore *in Honour of it.*

Pointing to his Bill and his Glaſs.

Pol. How do you like him, Sir? *Per.* Moſt ſtrangely, I!
Pol. Is not his Language rare? *Per.* But *Alchimy*,
I never heard the like: or *Broughtons* Books.

SONG.

HAd old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their Books put Med'cines all in)
But known this Secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)

Been murderers of ſo much Paper,
Or waſted many a hurtleſs taper:
No Indian *drug had e're been famed,*
Tabacco, Saſſafras *not named;*
Ne yet, of Guacum *one ſmall ſtick, Sir,*
Nor Raymund Lullies *great* Elixir.
Ne, had been known the Daniſh Gonſwart.
Or Paracelſus, *with his long Sword.*

Per. All this, yet, will not do; Eight Crowns is high.
Volp. *No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to diſcourſe to you the miraculous effects of this my Oyl, ſurnamed* oglio del Scoto; *with the countleſs Catalogue of thoſe I have cured of th' aforeſaid, and many more Diſeaſes; the Patents and Priviledges of all the Princes and Commonwealths of Chriſtendom; or but the diſpoſitions of thoſe that appear'd on my part, before the* Signiory *of the* Sanità, *and moſt learned Colledge of Phyſitians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable Vertues of my Medicaments, and mine own Excellency, in matter of rare and unknown Secrets, not only to diſperſe them publickly in this famous City, but in all the Territories, that happily joy under the Government of the moſt pious and magnificent States of* Italy. *But may ſome other gallant Fellow ſay, O, there be divers that make profeſſion to have as good, and as experimented Receipts as yours: Indeed, very many have aſſay'd, like Apes in imitation of that, which is really and eſſentially in me, to make of this Oyl; beſtow'd great coſt in Furnaces, Stills, Alembecks, continual Fires, and preparation of the Ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it Six hundred ſeveral ſimples, beſides, ſome quantity of human Fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the Anatomiſts) but, when theſe Practitioners come to the laſt decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in* fumo: *ha, ha, ha. Poor Wretches! I rather pitty their Folly and Indiſcretion, than their loſs of Time and Money; for thoſe may be recovered by induſtry: but to be a Fooll born is a Diſeaſe incurable. For my ſelf, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rareſt Secrets, and book them; either in exchange or for Money: I ſpared nor coſt, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of Chymical Art) out of the honourable Hat that covers your Head, to extract the Four Elements; that is to ſay, the Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, and return you your Felt without burn or ſtain. For, whilſt others have been at the* Balloo, *I have been at my Book: and am now paſt the craggy Paths of Study, and come to the flowry Plains of Honour and Reputation.*

Pol. I do aſſure you, Sir, that is his aim.

Volp. But, to our price. Per. And that withal, Sir *Pol.*

Volp. *You all know, (honourable Gentlemen) I never valu'd this* Ampulla, *or* Villa, *at leſs than Eight Crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for ſix; Six Crowns is the price; and leſs in courteſie I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howſoever, both it and I am at your ſervice. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I ſhould demand of you a thouſand Crowns, ſo the Cardinals* Montalto, Ferneſe, *the great Duke of* Tuſcany, *my Goſſip, with divers other Princes have given me; but I deſpiſe Money: only to ſhew my affection to you, Honourable Gentlemen, and your illuſtrious State here, I have neglected the Meſſages of theſe Princes, mine own Offices, fram'd my Journey hither, only to preſent you with the Fruits of my Travels, Tune your Voyces once more to the touch of your Inſtruments, and give the honourable Aſſembly ſome delightful Recreation.*

Per. VVhat monſtrous and moſt painful Circumſtance
Is here, to get ſome three or four *Gazets!*
Some Three-pence i'th' whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

YOu that would laſt long, liſt to my Song,
Make no more coyl, but buy of this Oyl.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of Teeth; and ſtrong of Tongue?
Tart of Palat? quick of ear?
Sharp of ſight? of Noſtril clear?
Moiſt of Hand? and light of Foot?
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Would you live free from all Diſeaſes?
Do the act, your Miſtris pleaſes;
Yea fright all Aches from your Bones?
Here's a Med'cine for the Nones.

Volp. *Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a Preſent of the ſmall quantity my Coffer contains: to the Rich in Courteſie, and to the poor, for Gods ſake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you Six Crowns; and Six Crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you ſhall not give me Six Crowns, nor Five, nor Four, nor Three, nor Two, nor One; nor half a Duckat; no, nor a* muccinigo: *Six—pence it will coſt you, or Six hundred Pound—expect no lower price, for by the Banner of my Front, I will not bate a* bagatine, *that I will have only a Pledge of your Loves, to carry ſomething from amongſt you, to ſhew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toſs your Handkerchiefs, chearfully, chearfully; and be advertiſed, that the firſt heroick Spirit, that deigns to grace me, with a Handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of ſomething, beſide, ſhall pleaſe it better, than if I had preſented it with a double Piſtolet.*

Per. VVill you be that heroick Spark, Sir *Pol?*
O, ſee! the VVindow has prevented you.

[Celia *at the Window throws down her Handkerchief.*

Volp. *Lady, I kiſs your Bounty; and for this timely Grace you have done your poor* Scoto *of* Mantua, *I will return you over and above my Oyl, a Secret of that high and ineſtimable Nature, ſhall make you for ever enamour'd on that Minute, wherein your Eye firſt deſcended on ſo mean (yet not altogether to be deſpis'd) an Object. Here is a Poulder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I ſhould ſpeak to the worth, Nine thouſand Volumns were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a word: ſo ſhort is this Pilgrimage of Man (which ſome call Life) to the expreſſing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole World were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purſe to the purchaſe of it. I will only tell you; It is the Poulder that made* Venus *a Goddeſs (given her by* Apollo) *that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her Wrincles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Skin, colour'd her Hair; from her deriv'd to* Helen, *and at the ſack of* Troy (*unfortunately*) *loſt: till now, in this our Age, it was as happily recovered, by a ſtudious Antiquary, out of ſome Ruins of* Aſia, *who ſent a Moyety of it to the Court of* France (*but much ſophiſticated*) *wherewith the Ladies there, now, colour their Hair. The reſt (at this preſent) remains with me; extracted to a quinteſſence: ſo that, where-ever it but touches, in Youth it perpetually preſerves, in Age reſtores the Complexion; ſeats your Teeth, did they dance like virginal Jacks, firm as a Wall; makes them white as Ivory, that were black as———*

Act II. Scene III.

Corvino, Politique, Peregrine.

SPight o' the Devil, and my ſhame! come down, here;
Come down: no Houſe but mine to make your *Scene?*
Signior *Flaminio*, will you down, Sir? down?
VVhat is my VVife your *Franciſcina?* Sir?
No VVindows on the whole *Piazza*, here,
To make your Properties, but mine? but mine?
Heart! ere to morrow I ſhall be new chriſten'd,
And call'd the *Pantalone Di Beſognioſi*,
About the Town. *Per.* VVhat ſhould this mean, Sir *Pol?*

Pol. Some trick of State, believe it. I will home.

Per. It may be ſome deſign, on you. *Pol.* I know not. I'll ſtand upon my Guard. *Per.* 'Tis your beſt, Sir.

Pol. This three VVeeks, all my Advices, all my Letters, They have been intercepted. *Per.* Indeed, Sir? Beſt have a care. *Pol.* Nay, ſo I will. *Per.* This Knight, I may not loſe him, for my mirth, till night.

Act

Act II. Scene IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

O I am wounded. *Mos.* Where, Sir? *Vol.* Not without; Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever. But angry *Cupid*, bolting from her Eyes, Hath shot himself into me like a Flame; Where, now, he flings about his burning heat, As in a Furnace, some ambitious Fire, Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me. I cannot live, except thou help me, *Mosca*; My Liver melts, and I, without the hope Of some soft Air, from her refreshing breath, Am but a heap of Cindars. *Mos.* 'Las, good Sir, Would you had never seen her. *Volp.* Nay, would thou Hadst never told me of her. *Mos.* Sir, 'tis true; I do confess I was unfortunate, And you unhappy: but I'am bound in Conscience, No less than Duty, to effect my best To your release of torment, and I will, Sir.

Volp. Dear *Mosca*, shall I hope? *Mos.* Sir, more than I will not bid you to despair of ought, (dear, Within a human compass. *Volp.* O, there spoke My better Angel. *Mosca*, take my Keys, Gold, Plate, and Jewels, all's at thy Devotion; Employ them how thou wilt; nay, Coyn me too: So thou, in this, but Crown my Longings. *Mosca?*

Mos. Use but your patience. *Volp.* So I have. *Mos.* I doubt not To bring success to your desires. *Volp.* Nay, then, I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, Sir, you need not. *Volp.* Besides, I never meant him for my Heir. (True: Is not the colour o' my Beard and Eye-brows To make me known? *Mos.* No jot. *Volp.* I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine, With half the Happiness; and yet I would Escape your *Epilogue*. *Volp.* But, were they gull'd With a belief that I was *Scoto*? *Mos.* Sir, *Scoto* himself could hardly have distinguish'd! I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part: And as I prosper, so applaud my Art.

Act II. Scene V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

DEath of mine Honour, with the Cities Fool? A Juggling, Tooth-drawing, prating Mountebank? And at a publik Window? where, whilst he, With his strain'd Action, and his dole of Faces, To his Drug-lecture draws your itching Ears, A Crew of old, un-married, noted Lechers, Stood leering up like *Satyrs*: and you smile Most graciously! and fan your Favours forth, To give your hot Spectators satisfaction! What, was your Mountebank their Call? their Whistle? Or were you' enamour'd on his Copper Rings? His Saffron Jewel, with the Toad-stone in't? Or his imbroydered Sute, with the Cope-stitch, Made of a Herse-cloth? or his old Tilt-feather? Or his starch'd Beard? well! you shall have him, yes: He shall come home, and Minister unto you The Fricace for the Moother. Or, let me see, I think you' had rather mount? would you not mount? Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly, you may: And so, you may be seen, down to th' Foot. Get you a Cittern, Lady *Vanity*, And be a dealer with the Vertuous Man; Make one: I'll but protest my self a Cuckold, And save your Dowry. I am a *Dutchman*, I! For, if you thought me an *Italian*,

You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you Whore: Thou'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the murder Of Father, Mother, Brother, all thy Race, Should follow, as the Subject of my Justice!

Cel. Good Sir, have patience! *Corv.* What couldst thou propose Less to thy self, than in this heat of Wrath, And stung with my dishonour, I should strike This Steel into thee, with as many stabs, As thou wert gaz'd upon with Goatish Eyes?

Cel. Alas, Sir, be appeas'd! I could not think My being at the Window should more, now, Move your impatience, than at other times.

Corv. No? not to seek and entertain a Parle, With a known Knave? before a Multitude? You were an Actor with your Handkerchief! Which he, most sweetly, kist in the Receipt, And might (no doubt) return it with a Letter, And point the Place, where you might meet: your Sisters, Your Mothers, or your Aunts might serve the turn.

Cel. Why, dear Sir, when do I make these Excuses? Or ever stir abroad, but to the Church? And that so seldom—— *Corv.* Well, it shall be less; And thy restraint before was Liberty, To what I now decree: and therefore mark me. First, I will have this bawdy Light dam'd up; And till't be done, some two or three Yards off, I'll chalk a Line: o're which, if thou but chance To set thy desp'rate Foot; more Hell, more Horror, More wild remorseless Rage shall seize on thee, Than on a Conjurer, that had heedless left His circles safety ere his Devil was laid. Then here's a Lock, which I will hang upon thee; And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards; Thy Lodging shall be backward; thy walks backwards; Thy Prospect-all be backwards; and no pleasure, That thou shalt know but backwards: Nay, since you force My honest nature, know, it is your own Being too open, makes me use you thus. Since you will not contain your subtil Nostrils In a sweet Room, but they must snuff the Air Of rank and sweaty Passengers—— One knocks.

[*Knock within.*

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy Life; Not look toward the Window: if thou dost—— (Nay stay, hear this) let me not prosper, Whore, But I will make thee an Anatomy, Dissect thee mine own self, and read a Lecture Upon thee, to the City, and in publick. Away. Who's there? *Ser.* 'Tis Signior *Mosca*, Sir.

Act II. Scene VI.

Corvino, Mosca.

LEt him come in, his Master's dead: There's yet Some good, to help the bad. My *Mosca*, welcom, I guess your news. *Mos.* I fear you cannot, Sir.

Corv. Is't not his death? *Mos.* Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his recovery? *Mos.* Yes, Sir. *Corv.* I am curs'd, I am bewitch'd, my Crosses meet to vex me. How? how? how? how? *Mos.* Why, Sir, with *Scoto*'s Oyl! *Corbaccio*, and *Voltore* brought of it, VVhilst I was busie in an inner Room——

Corv. Death! that damn'd Mountebank! but, for the Law Now, I could kill the Rascal: 't cannot be, His Oyl should have that Vertue. Ha' not I Known him a common Rogue, come fidling in To th' *Osteria*, with a tumbling VVhore, And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been glad Of a poor spoonful of dead VVine, with Flies in't? It cannot be. All his Ingredients Are a Sheeps Gall, a rotted Bitches Marrow, Some few sod Earwigs, pounded Caterpillers,

A little Capons Greaſe, and Faſting Spittle:
I know 'em to a Dram. *Moſ.* I know not, Sir,
But ſome on't, there, they powr'd into his Ears,
Some in his Noſtrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace. *Corv.* Pox o' that fricace.
Moſ. And ſince, to ſeem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had
(At extream Fees) the Colledge of Phyſicians
Conſulting on him, how they might reſtore him;
Where one would have a Cataplaſm of Spices,
Another a flayd Ape clapt to his Breaſt,
A third would ha' it a Dog, a fourth an Oyl
With wild Cats Skins: at laſt, they all reſolv'd
That, to preſerve him, was no other means,
But ſome young Woman muſt be ſtraight ſought out,
Luſty and full of Juice, to ſleep by him;
And, to this Service (moſt unhappily,
And moſt unwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, ſince it concerns you moſt,
Becauſe, I would not do that thing might croſs
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance, Sir:
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My ſlackneſs to my Patron, work me out
Of his Opinion; and there, all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatſoever, are all fruſtrate.
I do but tell you, Sir. Beſides, they are all
Now ſtriving, who ſhall firſt preſent him. Therefore—
I could intreat you, briefly, conclude ſomewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can. *Corv.* Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous Fortune! Beſt to hire
Some common Curtezan? *Moſ.* I, I thought on that, Sir.
But they are all ſo ſubtil, full of Art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—— I cannot tell——— we may perchance
Light on a Queen, may cheat us all. *Corv.* 'Tis true.
Moſ. No, no: it muſt be one, that has no tricks, Sir,
Some ſimple thing, a Creature made unto it;
Some Wench you may command. Ha' you no Kinſwoman?
Gods ſo—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, Sir.
One o' the Doctors offer'd there, his Daughter.
Corv. How! *Moſ.* Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the Phyſician.
Cor. His Daughter? *Moſ.* And a Virgin, Sir. Why? Alaſs,
He knows the ſtate of's Body, what it is;
That nought can warm his Blood, Sir, but a Fever;
Nor any incantation raiſe his Spirit:
A long forgetfulneſs hath ſeiz'd that part.
Beſides, Sir, who ſhall know it? ſome one or two—
Corv. I prythee give me leave. If any Man
But I had had this luck——The thing in't ſelf,
I know, is nothing——Wherefore ſhould not I
As well command my Blood and my Affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of Honour,
The Caſes are all one of Wife and Daughter.
Moſ. I hear him coming. *Corv.* She ſhall do't: 'Tis done.
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unleſs't be for his Counſel (which is nothing)
Offer his Daughter, what ſhould I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him, Wretch!
Covetous Wretch! *Moſca*, I have determin'd.
Moſ. How, Sir? *Corv.* We'll make all ſure. The Party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own Wife, *Moſca*. *Moſ.* Sir. The thing.
(But that I would not ſeem to counſel you)
I ſhould have motion'd to you at the firſt:
And make your count, you have cut all their Throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a poſſeſſion!
And, in his next Fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the Pillow from his Head,
And he is thratled: 't had been done, before,
But for your ſcrupulous Doubts. *Corv.* I, a plague on't,
My Conſcience Fools my Wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And ſo be thou, leſt they ſhould be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeal,
And willingneſs, I do it; ſwear it was,
On the firſt hearing (as thou maiſt do, truely)
Mine own free motion. *Moſ.* Sir, I warrant you,
I'll ſo poſſeſs him with it, that the reſt
Of his ſtarv'd Clients ſhall be baniſht all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,
Until I ſend, for I have ſomething elſe
To ripen, for your good (you muſt not know't)
Corv. But do not you forget to ſend now. *Moſ.* fear not.

Act II. Scene VII.

Corvino, Celia.

WHere are you, Wife? my *Celia*? Wife? what blubbering?
Come, dry thoſe Tears. I think thou thoughteſt me in earneſt?
Ha? by this light, I talk'd ſo but to try thee.
Me-thinks, the lightneſs of the occaſion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.
Cel. No? *Corv.* Faith, I am not, I, nor never was:
It is a poor unprofitable Humour.
Do not I know if Women have a Will,
They'll do 'gainſt all the watches o' the World?
And that the fierceſt Spies are tam'd with Gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou ſhalt ſee't:
And ſee, I'll give thee cauſe too, to believe it.
Come, kiſs me. Go, and make thee ready ſtraight,
In all thy beſt Attire, thy choiceſt Jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy beſt Looks:
We are invited to a ſolemn Feaſt,
At old *Volpone*'s, where it ſhall appear
How far I'am free, from jealouſie or fear.

Act III. Scene I.

Moſca.

I Fear, I ſhall begin to grow in love
With my dear ſelf, and my moſt proſp'rous Parts,
They do ſo ſpring, and burgeon; I can feel
A whimſie i' my Blood: (I know not how)
Succeſs hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my Skin, now, like a ſubtil Snake,
I am ſo limber. O! Your Paraſite
Is a moſt precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongſt Clods and Clot-pouls, here on Earth.
I muſe, the Myſtery was not made a Science,
It is ſo liberally profeſt! almoſt
All the wiſe world is little elſe, in Nature,
But Paraſites, or Sub-paraſites. And, yet,
I mean not thoſe that have your bare Town-art,
To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no Houſe,
No Family, no Care, and therefore mould
Tales for Mens Ears, to bait that Senſe; or get
Kitchin-inyention, and ſome ſtale Receipts
To pleaſe the Belly, and the Groin; nor thoſe,
With their Court-dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their Revenue out of Legs and Faces
Eccho my Lord, and lick away a Moth:
But your fine elegant Raſcal, that can riſe,
And ſtoop (almoſt together) like an Arrow,
Shoot through the Air as nimbly as a Star?
Turn ſhort, as doth a Swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Preſent to any Humour, all Occaſion;
And change a Viſor, ſwifter than a Thought!
This is the Creature had the Art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practiſe it
Out of moſt excellent Nature: and ſuch Sparks
Are the true Paraſites, others but their *Zani's*

Act III. Scene II.

Moſca, Bonario.

WHo's this? *Bonario?* old *Corbaccio*'s Son?
The Perſon I was bound to ſeek. Fair Sir,
You are happily met. *Bon.* That cannot be by thee.
Moſ. Why, Sir? *Bon.* Nay, prythee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loath to interchange Diſcourſe,
With ſuch a Mate as thou art. *Moſ.* Courteous Sir,
Scorn not my Poverty. *Bon.* Not I, by Heaven:
But thou ſhalt give me leave to hate thy baſeneſs.
Moſ. Baſeneſs? *Bon.* I anſwer, me, is not thy ſloth
Sufficient Argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding? *Moſ.* Heaven, be good to me.
Theſe Imputations are too common, Sir,
And eaſily ſtruck on Vertue, when ſhe's poor;
You are unequal to me, and how ere
Your ſentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in Cenſure:
St. *Mark* bear witneſs 'gainſt you, 'tis inhuman.
Bon. What? does he weep? the ſign is ſoft, and good!
I do repent me, that I was ſo harſh.
Moſ. 'Tis true, that, ſway'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful Bread
With too much obſequy; 'tis true, beſide,
That I am fain to ſpin mine own poor Rayment,
Out of my meer obſervance, being not born
To a free Fortune: but that I have done
Baſe Offices, in rendring Friends aſunder,
Dividing Families, betraying Counſels,
Whiſpering falſe Lyes, or mining Men with Praiſes,
Train'd their Credulity with Perjuries,
Corrupted Chaſtity, or am in love
With mine own tender eaſe, but would not rather
Prove the moſt rugged, and laborious courſe,
That might redeem my preſent eſtimation;
Let me here periſh, in all hope of goodneſs.
Bon. This cannot be a perſonated Paſſion!
I was to blame, ſo to miſtake thy Nature;
Prythee forgive me: and ſpeak out thy buſineſs.
Moſ. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may ſeem,
At firſt to make a main offence in Manners,
And in my gratitude, unto my Maſter;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I muſt reveal it.
This very hour, your Father is in purpoſe
To diſinherit you—— *Bon.* How! *Moſ.* And thruſt you
As a meer ſtranger to his Blood; 'tis true, Sir: (forth,
The work no way ingageth me, but, as
I claim an Intereſt in the general ſtate
Of Goodneſs and true Vertue, which I hear
T' abound in you: and, for which meer reſpect,
Without a ſecond aim, Sir, I have done it.
Bon. This tale hath loſt thee much of the late truſt,
Thou hadſt with me; it is impoſſible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My Father ſhould be ſo unnatural.
Moſ. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your Piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own ſimple Innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monſtrous and abhor'd. But, Sir,
I now will tell you more. This very Minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
(I dare not ſay where you ſhall ſee, but) where
Your Ear ſhall be a witneſs of the Deed;
Hear your ſelf written Baſtard: and profeſt
The common Iſſue of the Earth. *Bon.* I'm maz'd!
Moſ. Sir, if I do it not, draw your juſt Sword,
And ſcore your vengeance, on my front and Face;
Mark me your Villain: You have too much wrong,
And I do ſuffer for you, Sir. My Heart
Weeps Blood in anguiſh—— *Bon.* Lead. I follow thee.

Act III. Scene III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Caſtrone.

MOſca ſtays long methinks. Bring forth your ſports
And help to make the wretched time more ſweet
Nan. *Dwarf, Fool, and Eunuch, well met here we be.*
A queſtion it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich Man,
In pleaſing him, claim the Precedency can?
Caſ. *I claim for my ſelf.* And. *And, ſo doth the Fool.*
Nan. *'Tis fooliſh indeed: let me ſee you both to School.*
Firſt, for your Dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pritty;
Elſe why do Men ſay to a Creature of my ſhape,
So ſoon as they ſee him, it's a pretty little Ape?
And why a pretty Ape? but for pleaſing imitation
Of greater Mens Actions, in a ridiculous faſhion.
Beſide, this feat Body of mine doth not crave
Half the Meat, Drink, and Cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your Fools Face be the Mother of laughter,
Yet, for his Brain, it muſt always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful Caſe,
His Body is beholding to ſuch a bad Face.
Volp. Who's there? my Couch, away, look, *Nano*, ſee:
[*One knocks.*
Give me my Caps, firſt——go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*
Send it by *Moſca*, and with fair return.
Nan. It is the beauteous Madam—*Volp. Would-be*— is it?
Nan. The ſame. *Volp.* Now' torment on me; Squire
For ſhe will enter, or dwell here for ever. (her in:
Nay, quickly, that my Fit were paſt. I fear
A ſecond Hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my Appetite to the other:
Would ſhe were taking now her tedious leave.
Lord how it threats me what I am to ſuffer.

Act III. Scene IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women. 2.

I Thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you ſignifie
Unto your Patron, I am here. This Band
Shews not my Neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me requeſt you, bid one of my Women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I am dreſt
Moſt favourably, to day; it is no matter,
'Tis well enough. Look, ſee, theſe petulant things!
How they have done this! *Volp.* I do feell the Fever
Entring in at mine Ears; O, for a Charm,
To fright it hence. *Lad.* Come nearer: is this Curl
In his right Place? or this? why is this higher
Than all the reſt? you ha' not waſh'd your Eyes, yet?
Or do they not ſtand even i' your Head?
Where's your fellow? call her. *Nan.* Now. St. *Mark*
Deliver us: anon, ſhe'll beat her Women,
Becauſe her Noſe is red. *Lad.* I pray you, view
This Tire, forſooth: are all things apt or no?
Wom. One Hair a little, here, ſticks out, forſooth.
Lad. Dos't ſo forſooth? and where was your dear ſight
When it did ſo forſooth? what now? Bird-ey'd?
And you too? 'pray you both approach, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muſe, yo'are not aſham'd!
I, that have preach'd theſe things, ſo oft, unto you,
Read you the Principles, argu'd all the Grounds,
Diſputed every fitneſs, every grace,
Call'd you to counſel of ſo frequent dreſſings——
(*Nan.* More carefully, than of your Fame or Honour)
Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample Dowry
The knowledg of theſe things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you Noble Husbands

At your return: and you thus to neglect it?
Besides, you seeing what a curious Nation
Th' *Italians* are, what will they say of me?
The *English* Lady cannot dress her self;
Here's a fine Imputation to our Countrey!
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next Room.
This *fucus* was too course too, it's no matter.
Good Sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?
Volp. The Storm comes toward me. *Lad.* How dos my *Volp?*
Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange *Fury* entred, now, my House,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her Breath,
Did cleave my Roof asunder. *Lad.* Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful Dream, could I remember't——
Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.
Lad. Me thought, the Golden mediocrity
Polite, and delicate—— *Volp.* O, if you do love me,
No more; I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any Dream: feell how I tremble yet.
Lad. Alas, good Soul! the Passion of the Heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boild with Syrrup of Apples,
Tincture of Gold, and Corral, Citron Pills,
Your Elicampane Root, Myrobalanes——
Volp. Ay me, I have tane a Grass-hopper by the Wing.
Lad. Burnt Silk, and Amber, you have Muscadel
Good i' the House——*Volp.* You will not drink, and part?
Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt, we shall not get
Some *English* Saffron (half a Dram would serve)
Your sixteen Cloves, a little Musk, dri'd Mints,
Bugloss, and Barly-meal—— *Volp.* She's in again;
Before I fain'd Diseases, now I have one.
Lad. And these appli'd, with a right Scarlet cloth—
Volp. Another Flood of words! a very Torrent!
Lad. Shall I, Sir, make you a Poultise? *Volp.* No, no, no,
I'm very well: you need prescribe no more.
Lad. I have a little studdied Physick; but now,
I'm all for Musick save, i' the Forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A Lady, indeed, t' have all, Letters, and Arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal (as *Plato* holds) your Musick
(And so does wise *Pythagoras*, I take it)
Is your true Rapture; when there is consent
In Face, in Voyce, and Clothes: and is indeed,
Our Sexes chiefest Ornament. *Volp.* The Poet,
As old in time as *Plato*, and as knowing,
Says that our highest Female grace is silence.
Lad. Which o' your Poets? *Petrarch?* or *Tasso?* or *Dante?*
Guerrini? *Ariosto?* *Aretine?*
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.
Volp. Is every thing a Cause to my destruction?
Lad. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me!
Volp. The Sun, the Sea will sooner both stand still,
Than her eternal Tongue! nothing can scape it.
Lad. Here's *Pastor Fido*— *Volp.* Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest. *Lad.* All our *English* Writers,
I mean such as are happy in th' *Italian*,
Will deign to steal out of this Author, mainly;
Almost as much, as from *Montagnie*:
He has so modern and facile a Vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the Court ear;
Your *Petrarch* is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusting 'em, with much:
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's *Aretine*!
Only, his Pictures are a little obscene——
You mark me not? *Volp.* Alas, my Mind's perturb'd.
Lad. Why, in such Cases, we must cure our selves,
Make use of our Philosophy—— *Volp.* O'y me.
Lad. And, as we find our Passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with Reason; or divert 'em,
By giving scope unto some other Humour
Of lesser danger: as, in Politick Bodies,
There's nothing, more, doth over-whelm the Judgment,
And clouds the Understanding, than too much
Settling, and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding
Upon one Object. For the incoporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain *faces*,
That stop the Organs, and, as *Plato* says,
Assassinates our knowledg. *Volp.* Now, the Spirit
Of patience help me. *Lad.* Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more adays; and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty. *Volp.* My good Angels save me.
Lad. There was but one sole Man in all the World,
With whom I ere could sympathise; and he
Would lye you often, three, four Hours together,
To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so rap't,
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse
(And't be but only, Sir, to bring you asleep)
How we did spend our time, and loves, together,
For some six years. *Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Lad. For we were *coætanei*, and brought up——
Volp. Some power, some fate, some Fortune rescue me.

Act III. Scene V.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

GOd save you, Madam. *Lad.* Good Sir. *Volp.* *Mosca?* welcom,
Welcom to my redemption. *Mos.* Why, Sir? *Volp.* Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My Madam, with the everlasting Voyce:
The Bells in time of Pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not neer it. All my House,
But now, steam'd like a Bath, with her thick Breath.
A Lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another Woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For Hells sake, rid her hence.
Mos. Has she presented? *Volp.* O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss. *Mos.* Madam—— *Lad.* I ha' brought your Patron
A Toy, a Cap here, of mine own work— *Mos.* 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight,
Where you'ld little think it—— *Lad.* Where? *Mos.* Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the Water in a *gondole*,
With the most cunning Curtizan of *Venice*.
Lad. Is't true? *Mos.* Pursue 'em, and believe your Eyes:
Leave me, to make your Gift. I knew, 't would take.
For lightly, they that use themselves most Licence,
Are still most jealous. *Volp.* *Mosca*, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction and delivery of me.
Now, to my hopes, what sayst thou? *Lad.* But do you hear, Sir?——
Volp. Again, I fear a *Paroxism*. *Lad.* Which way
Row'd they together? *Mos.* Toward the *Rialto*.
Lad. I pray you lend me your Dwarf. *Mos.* I pray you, take him.
Your hopes, Sir, are like happy Blossoms, fair,
And promise timely Fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your Couch,
Corbaccio will arrive strait, with the Will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Volp.* My Blood,
My Spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And like your wanton Gamester, at *Primero*,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less.
Me thinks I lye, and draw—— for an encounter.

Act III. Scene VI.

Moſca, Bonario.

SIr, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But pray you
Have patience, Sir; the ſame's your Father, knocks:
One knocks.
I am compell'd to leave you. *Bon.* Do ſo. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a Truth.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Moſca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

DEath on me! you are come too ſoon, what meant you?
Did not I ſay, I would ſend? *Corv.* Yes, but I feard
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Moſ. Prevent? did e're Man haſte ſo, for his Horns?
A Courtier would not ply it ſo, for a place.
Well, now there's no helping it, ſtay here;
I'll peſently return. *Corv.* Where are you, *Celia*?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me. *Corv.* Now, I will:
Hark hither. *Moſ.* Sir, your Father hath ſent word,
[*To Bonario.*
It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you pleaſe to walk the while
Into that Gallery—— at the upper end,
There are ſome Books, to entertain the time:
And I'll take care, no Man ſhall come unto you, Sir.
Bon. Yes I will ſtay there, I do doubt this Fellow.
Moſ. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his Father, I can keep him off.
Corv. Nay, now, there is no ſtarting back; and therefore,
Reſolve upon it: I have ſo decree'd.
It muſt be done. Nor, would move't afore,
Becauſe I would avoid all Shifts and Tricks,
That might deny me, *Cel.* Sir, let me beſeech you,
Affect not theſe ſtrange Trials; if you doubt
My Chaſtity, why lock me up, for ever:
Make me the Heir of darkneſs. Let me live,
Where I may pleaſe your fears, if not your Truſt.
Corv. Believe it, I have no ſuch Humour, I.
All that I ſpeak, I mean; yet I am not mad:
Not Horn-mad, ſee you? Go too, ſhew your ſelf
Obedient, and a Wife. *Cel.* O Heaven! *Corv.* I ſay it,
Do ſo. *Cel.* Was this the Train? *Corv.* I' have told you
Reaſons;
What the Phyſicians have ſet down; how much,
It may concern me; what my Engagements are;
My means; and the neceſſity of thoſe means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, reſpect my venture.
Cel. Before your Honour? *Corv.* Honour? tut, a breath;
There's no ſuch thing, in Nature: a meer Term
Invented to awe Fools. What is my Gold
The worſe for touching? Cloths for being look'd on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit Wretch,
That has no Senſe, no Sinew; takes his Meat
With others Fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do ſcald his Gums; a Voyce; a Shadow;
And, what can this Man hurt you? *Cel.* Lord! what Spirit
Is this hath entred him? *Corv.* And for your fame,
That's ſuch a Jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the *Piazza*! who ſhall know it;
But he that cannot ſpeak it; and this Fellow,
Whoſe Lips are i' my Pocket: ſave your ſelf,
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. *Cel.* Are Heaven, and Saints
then nothing?
Will they be blind or ſtupid? *Corv.* How? *Cel.* Good Sir
Be jealous ſtill, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every Sin.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a Sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To ſome young *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuſcan* Blood,
That had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his Prints,
Knew every quirk within Lufts laborinth,
And were profeſt Critick in Lechery;
And I would look up on him, and applaud him,
This were a Sin: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious Work, meer Charity for Phyſick,
And honeſt Polity, to aſſure mine own.
Cel. O Heaven! canſt thou ſuffer ſuch a change?
Volp. Thou art mine honour *Moſca*, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go, bring 'em.
Moſ. Pleaſe you draw neer, Sir. *Corv.* Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? by that Light——
Moſ. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to ſee you.
Volp. Oh. *Moſ.* And hearing of the conſultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to proſtitute—*Corv.* Thanks, ſweet *Moſca*.
Moſ. (As the true fervent Inſtance of his Love)
His own moſt fair and proper Wife; the Beauty,
Only of price, in *Venice*—— *Corv.* 'Tis well urg'd.
Moſ. To be your comfortreſs, and to preſerve you.
Volp. Alaſs, I am paſt already! 'pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptneſs; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainſt Heaven;
Applying Fire to a Stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead Leaf grow again. I take
His wiſhes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I' have done for him: marry, my ſtate is hopeleſs!
Will him to pray for me; and t'uſe his Fortune,
With reverence when he comes to't. *Moſ.* Do you hear,
Sir?
Go to him, with your Wife. *Corv.* Heart of my Father!
Wilt thou perſiſt thus? come, I pray thee come.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis nothing, *Celia*. By this hand,
I ſhall grow violent. Come, do't, I ſay.
Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down Poyſon,
Eat burning Coals, do any thing—— *Corv.* Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the Hair;
Cry thee a Strumpet through the Streets; rip up
Thy Mouth, unto thine Ears; and ſlit thy Noſe,
Like a raw Rotchet—— Do not tempt me, come.
Yield, I am loth—— (Death) I will buy ſome Slave,
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my Window, hang you forth: deviſing
Some monſtrous Crime, which I, in Capital Letters,
Will eat into thy Fleſh with *Aquafortis*,
And burning Cor'ſives, on this ſtubborn Breaſt.
Now, by the Blood thou haſt incens'd, I'll do't.
Cel. Sir, what you pleaſe, you may, I am your Martyr.
Corv. Be not thus obſtinate, I ha' not deſerv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, Sweet;
(Good faith) thou ſhalt have Jewels, Gowns, Attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiſs him.
Or touch him, but. For my ſake. At my ſute.
This once. No? not? I ſhall remember this.
Will you diſgrace me, thus? do' you thirſt my undoing?
Moſ. Nay, gentle Lady, be advis'd. *Corv.* No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is ſkirvy,
'Tis very ſkirvy: and you are—— *Moſ.* Nay, good, Sir.
Corv. An errant Locuſt, by Heaven, a Locuſt. Whore,
Crocodile, that haſt thy Tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Moſ.* Nay, 'pray
you, Sir,
She will conſider. *Cel.* Would my Life would ſerve
To ſatisfie. *Corv.* (S'death) if ſhe would but ſpeak to him,
And ſave my Reputation, 'twere ſomewhat;
But, ſpightfully to affect my utter ruin.
Moſ. I, now you' have put your Fortune in her Hands.
Why i'faith, it is her modeſty, I muſt quit her;
If you were abſent ſhe would be more coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What Woman can before her Husband? 'pray you,
Let

Let us depart, and leave her, here. *Corv.* Sweet *Celia*,
Thou mayſt redeem all, yet; I'll ſay no more:
If not, eſteem your ſelf as loſt. Nay, ſtay there.
Cel. O God, and his good Angels! whether, whether.
Is ſhame fled human Breaſts? that with ſuch eaſe,
Men dare put off your Honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a Cauſe of Life,
Now plac'd beneath the baſeſt Circumſtance?
And modeſty an exile made, for Money?
Volp. I, in *Corvino*, and ſuch Earth-fed Minds,
[*He leaps off from his Couch.*
That never taſted the true Heav'n of love.
Aſſure thee, *Celia*, he that would ſell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have ſold his part of Paradiſe
For ready money, had he met a Cope-man.
Why art thou maz'd, to ſee me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy Beauties Miracle;
'Tis thy great VVork: that hath, not now alone,
But ſundry times, rais'd me, in ſeveral ſhapes,
And, but this Morning, like a Mountebank,
To ſee thee at thy Window. I, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying Figures, I would have contented
With the blue *Proteus*, or the horned *Flood*.
Now art thou welcom. *Cel.* Sir! *Volp.* Nay, fly me not.
Nor, let thy falſe imagination
That I was Bed-rid, make thee think, I am ſo:
Thou ſhalt not find it. I am, now, as freſh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that ſo celebrated *Scene*,
At recitation of our *Comœdy*,
For entertainment of the great *Valoys*)
I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted
The Eyes and Ears of all the Ladies, preſent,
T' admire each graceful Geſture, Note, and Footing.

SONG.

Come, my Celia, *let us prove,*
While we can, the ſports of Love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will ſever;
Spend not then his Gifts in vain.
Suns, that ſet, may riſe again:
But if once we loſe this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why ſhould we defer our Joys?
Fame and Rumour are but Toys.
Cannot we delude the Eyes
Of a few poor Houſhold ſpies?
Or his eaſier Ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?
'Tis no Sin Loves Fruits to ſteal;
But the ſweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be ſeen,
Theſe have Crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some *Serene* blaſt me, or dire Lightning ſtrike
This my offending Face. *Volp.* VVhy droops my *Celia*?
Thou haſt in place of a baſe Husband, found
A worthy Lover: uſe thy Fortune well,
VVith ſecrecy and pleaſure. See, behold,
VVhat thou are Queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but poſſeſs'd and crown'd.
See, here, a Rope of Pearl; and each, more Orient
Than that the brave *Ægyptian* Queen carrous'd:
Diſſolve and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
May put out both the Eyes of our St. *Mark*;
A Diamond would have brought *Laullia Paulina*,
VVhen ſhe came in like Star-light hid with Jewels,
That were the Spoyls of Provinces; take theſe,
And wear, and loſe 'em: yet remains an Ear-ring
To purchaſe them again, and this whole ſtate.
A Gem but worth a private Patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat ſuch at a Meal.
The Heads of Parrots, Tongues of Nightingales,
The Brains of Peacocks, and of Eſtriches
Shall be our Food: and, could we get the Phœnix,
(Though Nature loſt her kind) ſhe were our Diſh.
Cel. Good Sir, theſe things might move a Mind affected
VVith ſuch delights; but I, whoſe Innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which once loſt, I have nought to loſe beyond it,
Cannot be taken with theſe ſenſual Baits:
If you have Conſcience——*Volp.* 'Tis the Beggers Vertue,
If thou haſt VViſdom, hear me, *Celia*.
Thy Bathes ſhall be the Juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of Roſes, and of Violets,
The Milk of Unicorns, and Panthers breath
Gather'd in Bags, and mixt with *Cretan* VVines.
Our drink ſhall be prepared Gold and Amber;
VVhich we will take, until my Roof whirl round
VVith the *Vertigo*: and my Dwarf ſhall dance,
My Eunuch ſing, my Fool make up the Antick,
VVhilſt we, in changed ſhapes, act *Ovids* Tales,
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*,
Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine*:
So, of the reſt, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the Fables of the Gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern Forms,
Attired like ſome ſprightly Dame of *France*,
Brave *Tuſcan* Lady, or proud *Spaniſh* Beauty;
Sometimes, unto the *Perſian Sophies* VVife;
Or the Grand Signiors Miſtreſs; and, for change,
To one of our moſt artful Courtizans,
Or ſome quick *Negro*, or cold *Ruſſian*;
And I will meet thee in as many ſhapes:
VVhere we may ſo transfuſe our wandring Souls:
Out at our Lips, and ſcore up ſums of Pleaſures,

That the curious ſhall not know
How to tell them, as they flow;
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pind.

Cel. If you have Ears that will be pierc'd; or Eyes,
That can be open'd; a Heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet ſounds Man about you:
If you have touch of Holy Saints, or Heaven,
Do me the Grace to let me ſcape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a Creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whoſe ſhame I would forget it were;
If you will deign me neither of theſe Graces,
Yet feed your VVrath, Sir, rather than your Luſt;
(It is a Vice comes nearer manlineſs)
And puniſh that unhappy Crime of Nature,
VVhich you miſ-cal my Beauty: flay my Face,
Or Poyſon it, with Oyntments, for ſeducing
Your Blood to this Rebellion. Rub theſe Hands,
VVith what may cauſe an eating Leproſie,
E'en to my Bones and Marrow: any thing,
That may diſfavour me, ſave in my Honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thouſand hourly Vows, Sir, for your health,
Report, and think you vertuous——*Volp.* Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and ſo report me?
That I had *Neſtor*'s *Hernia*, thou wouldſt think.
I do degenerate, and abuſe my Nation,
To play with Opportunity thus long:
I ſhould have done the act, and then have parlee'd,
Yield, or I'll force thee. *Cel.* O! juſt God. *Volp.* In vain—
Bon. Forbear, foul Raviſher, libidinous Swine,
Free the forc'd Lady, or thou dy'ſt, Impoſtor.
[*He leaps out from where* Moſca *had placed him.*
But that I am loth to ſnatch the Puniſhment
Out of the hand of Juſtice, thou ſhouldſt, yet,
Be made the timely Sacrifice of Vengeance,

Before

Before this Altar, and this Droſs, thy Idol.
Lady, let's quit the Place, it is the Den
Of Villany; fear nought, you have a Guard:
And he, e're long, ſhall meet his juſt Reward.
Volp. Fall on me, Roof, and bury me in Ruine;
Become my Grave, that wert my Shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unſpirited, undone,
Betray'd to Beggery, to Infamy———

Act III. Scene VIII.

Moſca, Volpone.

WHere ſhall I run, moſt wretched Shame of Men,
To beat out my unlucky Brains. *Volp.* Here, here.
What! doſt thou bleed? *Moſ.* O that his well-driv'n Sword
Had been ſo covetous to have cleft me down
Unto the Navel, ere I liv'd to ſee
My Life, my Hopes, my Spirits, my Patron, all
Thus deſperately engaged, by my Error.
Volp. Wo on thy Fortune. *Moſ.* And my Follies, Sir.
Volp. Th' haſt made me miſerable. *Moſ.* And my ſelf, Sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearkned ſo?
Volp. What ſhall we do? *Moſ.* I know not; if my Heart
Could expiate the Miſchance, I'ld pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my Throat?
And I'll requite you, Sir. Let's die like *Romans*,
Since we have liv'd like *Grecians*.
Volp. Hark, who's there? [*They knock without.*
I hear ſome Footing; Officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the Brand
Hiſſing already at my Forehead; now
Mine Ears are boring. *Moſ.* To your Couch, Sir, you
Make that Place good however. Guilty Men
Suſpect what they deſerve ſtill. Signior *Corbaccio!*

Act III. Scene IX.

Corbaccio, Moſca, Voltore, Volpone.

WHy, how now, *Moſca?*
Moſ. O, undone, amaz'd, Sir!
Your Son (I know not by what Accident)
Acquainted with your Purpoſe to my Patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your Heir,
Entred our Houſe with violence, his Sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you Wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.
Corb. Me? *Moſ.* Yes, and my Patron.
Corb. This Act ſhall diſinherit him indeed:
Here is the Will. *Moſ.* 'Tis well, Sir. *Corb.* Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me. *Moſ.* My Life, Sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? will he die ſhortly, think'ſt thou?
Moſ. I fear, he'll out-laſt *May*.
Corb. To day? *Moſ.* No, laſt out *May*, Sir.
Corb. Could'ſt thou not gi' him a Dram?
Moſ. O, by no means, Sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you. *Volt.* This is a Knave, I ſee.
Moſ. How, Signior *Voltore!* Did he hear me?
Volt. Paraſite.
Moſ. Who's that? O, Sir, moſt timely welcome——
Volt. Scarce, to the diſcovery of your Tricks, I fear.
You are his only? and mine alſo? are you not?
Moſ. Who? I, Sir! *Volt.* You, Sir. What Device is this
About a Will? *Moſ.* A Plot for you, Sir. *Volt.* Come,
Put not your Foiſts upon me, I ſhall ſcent 'em.
Moſ. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear, *Corbaccio*
Hath made your Patron there his Heir. *Moſ.* 'Tis true,
By my Device, drawn to it by my Plot,
With hope—— *Volt.* Your Patron ſhould reciprocate?
And you have promis'd? *Moſ.* For your good, I did, Sir.
Nay more, I told his Son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his Father paſs the Deed;
Being perſwaded to it by this Thought, Sir,
That the unnaturalneſs, firſt, of the Act,
And then his Father's oft diſclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t' help on) would ſure enrage him
To do ſome Violence upon his Parent,
On which the Law ſhould take ſufficient hold,
And you be ſtated in a double Hope:
Truth be my Comfort, and my Conſcience,
My only Aim was to dig you a Fortune
Out of theſe two old rotten Sepulchers——
(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, *Moſca.*)
Moſ. Worth your Patience,
And your great Merit, Sir. And ſee the Change!
Volt. Why, what Succeſs?
Moſ. Moſt hapleſs! You muſt help, Sir.
Whilſt we expected th' old Raven, in comes
Corvino's Wife, ſent hither by her Husband——
Volt. VVhat, with a Preſent? *Moſ.* No, Sir, on Viſitation:
(I'll tell you how anon) and ſtaying long,
The Youth he grows impatient, ruſhes forth,
Seizeth the Lady, wounds me, makes her ſwear
(Or he would murder her, that was his Vow)
T' affirm my Patron to have done her Rape:
VVhich how unlike it is, you ſee; and hence
VVith that Pretext he's gone t' accuſe his Father,
Defame my Patron, defeat you——
Volt. VVhere's her Husband?
Let him be ſent for ſtreight. *Moſ.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Volt. Bring him to the *Scrutineo*. *Moſ.* Sir, I will.
Volt. This muſt be ſtopt. *Moſ.* O, you do nobly, Sir.
Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your good;
Nor was there wont of Counſel in the Plot:
But Fortune can, at any time o'erthrow
The Projects of a hundred Learned Clerks, Sir.
Corb. VVhat's that?
Volt. VVill't pleaſe you, Sir, to go along?
Moſ. Patron, go in, and pray for our Succeſs.
Volp. Need makes Devotion: Heaven your Labour bleſs.

Act IV. Scene I.

Politick, Peregrine.

I Told you, Sir, it was a Plot; you ſee
What Obſervation is. You mention'd me
For ſome Inſtructions: I will tell you, Sir,
(Since we are met here in this Height of *Venice*)
Some few Particulars, I have ſet down,
Only for this *Meridian*, fit to be known
Of your crude Traveller; and they are theſe.
I will not touch, Sir, at your Phraſe, or Clothes,
For they are old. *Per.* Sir, I have better. *Pol.* Pardon,
I meant, as they are Themes. *Per.* O, Sir, proceed:
I'll ſlander you no more of Wit, good Sir.
Pol. Firſt, for your Garb, it muſt be grave and ſerious,
Very reſerv'd and lockt; not tell a Secret
On any terms, not to your Father; ſcarce
A Fable, but with caution: Make ſure choice
Both of your Company, and Diſcourſe; beware
You never ſpeak a truth—*Per.* How. *Pol.* Not to ſtrangers,
For thoſe be they you muſt converſe with moſt:
Others I would not know, Sir, but at diſtance,
So as I ſtill might be a Saver in 'em:
You ſhall have Tricks elſe paſt upon you hourly.
And then, for your Religion, profeſs none,
But wonder at the diverſity of all;
And, for your part, proteſt, were there no other
But ſimply the Laws o' th' Land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and Monſieur *Bodine*, both
Were of this mind. Then muſt you learn the Uſe
And handling of your Silver Fork at Meals,
The Metal of your Glaſs: (theſe are main Matters

With your *Italian*) and to know the Hour
When you muſt eat your Melons and your Figs.
Per. Is that a Point of State too? *Pol.* Here it is:
For your *Venetian*, if he ſee a Man
Prepoſterous in the leaſt, he has him ſtrait;
He has; he ſtrips him. I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis ſome fourteen Months:)
Within the firſt Week of my Landing here,
All took me for a Citizen of *Venice*,
I knew the Forms ſo well—— *Per.* And nothing elſe.
Pol. I had read *Contarene*, took me a Houſe,
Dealt with my *Jews* to furniſh it with Movables——
VVell, if I could but find one Man, one Man
To mine own Heart, whom I durſt truſt, I would——
Per. VVhat? what, Sir?
Pol. Make him rich; make him a Fortune:
He ſhould not think again. I would command it.
Per. As how? *Pol.* VVith certain Projects that I have,
VVhich I may not diſcover. *Per.* If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay Odds now,
He tells me inſtantly. *Pol.* One is, (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to ſerve the State
Of *Venice* with Red Herrings for three Years,
And at a certain Rate, from *Rotterdam*,
VVhere I have Correſpondence. There's a Letter,
Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that purpoſe;
He cannot write his Name, but that's his Mark.
Per. He is a Chandler. *Pol.* No, a Cheeſmonger.
There are ſome others too, with whom I treat
About the ſame Negotiation;
And I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with eaſe, I have caſt it all: Your Hoy
Carries but three Men in her, and a Boy;
And ſhe ſhall make me three Returns a Year:
So if there come but one of three, I ſave;
If two, I can defalk: But this is now,
If my main Project fail. *Per.* Then you have others?
Pol. I ſhould be loth to draw the ſubtil Air
Of ſuch a Place, without my thouſand Aims.
I'll not diſſemble, Sir; where ere I come,
I love to be conſiderative; and, 'tis true,
I have at my free Hours thought upon
Some certain Goods unto the State of *Venice*,
VVhich I do call my Cautions; and, Sir, which
I mean (in hope of Penſion) to propound
To the Great Counſel, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My Means are made already——
Per. By whom?
Pol. Sir, that though his Place b'obſcure,
Yet he can ſway, and they will hear him. He's
A *Commandadore*. *Per.* What a common Serjeant?
Pol. Sir, ſuch as they are, put it in their Mouths,
What they ſhould ſay, ſometimes, as well as greater.
I think I have my Notes to ſhew you—— *Per.* Good Sir.
Pol. But you ſhall ſwear unto me, on your Gentry,
Not to anticipate—— *Per.* I, Sir? *Pol.* Nor reveal
A Circumſtance—— My Paper is not with me.
Per. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Pol.* My firſt is
Concerning Tinder-boxes. You muſt know,
No Family is here without its Box.
Now, Sir, it being ſo portable a thing,
Put caſe, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the State, Sir, with it in our Pockets,
Might not I go into the *Arſenal*,
Or you, come out again, and none the wiſer?
Per. Except your ſelf, Sir. *Pol.* Go to then. I therefore
Adverti'ſe to the State, how fit it were,
That none but ſuch as were known Patriots,
Sound Lovers of their Country, ſhould be ſuffer'd
T'enjoy them in their Houſes; and even thoſe
Seal'd at ſome Office, and at ſuch a bigneſs
As might not lurk in Pockets. *Per.* Admirable!
Pol. My next is, how t'enquire, and be reſolv'd,
By preſent Demonſtration, whether a Ship,
Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from
Any ſuſpected Part of all the *Levant*,
Be guilty of the Plague: And where they uſe
To lie out forty, fifty days ſometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their Trial,
I'll ſave that Charge and Loſs unto the Merchant,
And in an Hour clear the Doubt. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?
Pol. Or—— I will loſe my Labour.
Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Pol. Nay, Sir, conceive me. 'Twill coſt me, in Onions,
Some thirty *Livres*—— *Per.* Which is one Pound *Sterling*.
Pol. Beſide my Water-works: For this I do, Sir.
Firſt, I bring in your Ship 'twixt two Brick walls;
(But thoſe the State ſhall venture) on the one
I ſtrain me a fair Tarpaulin, and in that
I ſtick my Onions, cut in halfs; the other
Is full of Loop-holes, out at which I thruſt
The Noſes of my Bellows; and thoſe Bellows
I keep, with Water-works, in perpetual Motion,
(Which is the eaſieſt matter of a hundred.)
Now, Sir, your Onion, which doth naturally
Attract th'Infection, and your Bellows blowing
The Air upon him, will ſhew (inſtantly)
By his chang'd Colour, if there be Contagion,
Or elſe remain as fair as at the firſt.
Now 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Per.* You are right, Sir.
Pol. I would I had my Note. *Per.* 'Faith, ſo would I:
But you ha'done well for once, Sir. *Pol.* Were I falſe,
Or would be made ſo, I could ſhew you Reaſons
How I could ſell this State now to the *Turk*,
Spite of their Gallies, or their— *Per.* Pray you, Sir *Pol.*
Pol. I have 'em not about me. *Per.* That I fear'd.
They are there, Sir. *Pol.* No, this is my *Diary*,
Wherein I note my Actions of the Day.
Per. Pray you, let's ſee, Sir. What is here? *Notandum*,
A Rat had gnawn my Spur-leathers; notwithſtanding,
I put on new, and did go forth: but firſt
I threw three Beans over the Threſhold. *Item*,
I went and bought two Tooth-picks, whereof one
I burſt immediately, in a Diſcourſe
With a *Dutch* Merchant, 'bout *Ragion del Stato*.
From him I went, and paid a *Moccinigo*
For piecing my Silk Stockins; by the way
I cheapned Sprats; and at St. *Mark*'s I urin'd.
'Faith, theſe are Politick Notes! *Pol.* Sir, I do ſlip
No Action of my Life thus, but I quote it.
Per. Believe me, it is wiſe! *Pol.* Nay, Sir, read forth.

Act IV. Scene II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

WHere ſhould this looſe Knight be trow? Sure he's Hous'd.
Nan. Why, then he's faſt.
Lad. I, he plays both with me.
I pray you ſtay. This Heat will do more harm
To my Complexion, than his Heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! *Wom.* My Maſter's yonder. *Lad.* Where?
Wom. With a young Gentleman.
Lad. That ſame's the Party!
In Man's Apparel. 'Pray you, Sir, jog my Knight:
I will be tender to his Reputation,
However he demerit. *Pol.* My Lady! *Per.* Where?
Pol. 'Tis ſhe indeed, Sir; you ſhall know her. She is,
Were ſhe not mine, a Lady of that merit,
For Faſhion and Behaviour; and for Beauty
I durſt compare—— *Per.* It ſeems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her. *Pol.* Nay, and for Diſcourſe—
Per. Being your Wife, ſhe cannot miſs that. *Pol.* Madam,
Here is a Gentleman, 'pray you uſe him fairly;
He ſeems a Youth, but he is— *Lad.* None. *Pol.* Yes, one
Has put his Face as ſoon into the World——

Lad. You

Lad. You mean, as early? but to day? *Pol.* How's this!
Lad. Why in this Habit, Sir, you apprehend me.
Well, Maſter *Would be*, this doth not become you;
I had thought, the Odour, Sir, of your good Name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire Maſſacre on your Honour;
One of your Gravity, and Rank beſides!
But Knights, I ſee, care little for the Oath
They make to Ladies; chiefly, their own Ladies.
Pol. Now, by my Spurs, (the ſymbol of my Knighthood)
(*Per.* Lord, how his Brain is humbled for an Oath!)
Pol. I reach you not. *Lad.* Right, Sir, your Politie
May bear it through thus. Sir, a Word with you.
I would be loth to conteſt publickly
With any Gentlewoman, or to ſeem
Froward, or violent, (as the Courtier ſays)
It comes too near Ruſticity in a Lady,
Which I would ſhun by all means; and however
I may deſerve from Maſter *Would-be*, yet
T' have one fair Gentlewoman thus be made
Th' unkind Inſtrument to wrong another,
And one ſhe knows not, I, and to perſevere;
In my poor Judgment, is not warranted
From being a *Solœciſm* in our Sex,
If not in Manners. *Per.* How is this! *Pol.* Sweet Madam,
Come nearer to your Aim. *Lad.* Marry, and I will, Sir.
Since you provoke me with your Impudence,
And Laughter of your Land-*Syren* here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite*—— *Per.* What's here?
Poetick Fury, and Hiſtorick Storms!
Pol. The Gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our Nation. *Lad.* I, your *White-Friars* Nation?
Come, I bluſh for you, Maſter *Would-be*, I;
And am aſham'd you ſhould ha' no more Forehead,
Than thus to be the Patron, or St. *George*,
To a lewd Harlot, a baſe Fricatrice,
A Female Devil, in a Male Out-ſide. *Pol.* Nay,
And you be ſuch a one, I muſt bid Adieu
To your Delights. The Caſe appears too liquid.
Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your State-face!
But for your Carnival Concupiſcence,
Who here is fled for Liberty of Conſcience,
From furious Perſecution of the Marſhal,
Her will I diſc'ple. *Per.* This is fine, i' faith!
And do you uſe this often? Is this part
Of your Wits Exerciſe, 'gainſt you have occaſion?
Madam—— *Lad.* Go to, Sir.
Per. Do you hear me, Lady?
Why, if your Knight have ſet you to beg Shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far. *Lad.* This cannot work you
Out of my Snare. *Per.* Why? am I in it, then?
Indeed your Husband told me you were Fair,
And ſo you are; only your Noſe enclines
(That Side that's next the Sun) to the Queen-apple.
Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any Patience.

Act IV. Scene III.

Moſca, Lady, Peregrine.

WHat's the matter, Madam? *Lad.* If the Senate
Right not my queſt in this, I will proteſt 'em,
To all the World, no *Ariſtocracy*.
Moſ. What is the Injury, Lady? *Lad.* Why, the Callet
You told me of, here I have tane diſguis'd.
Moſ. Who? this? what means your Ladiſhip? the Creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the Senate; you ſhall ſee her—— *Lad.* Where?
Moſ. I'll bring you to her. This young Gentleman,
I ſaw him land this Morning at the Port.
Lad. Is't poſſible! how was my Judgment wander'd!
Sir, I muſt, bluſhing, ſay to you, I have err'd;
And plead your Pardon? *Per.* What, more Changes yet?
Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A Gentlewomans Paſſion. If you ſtay
In *Venice* here, pleaſe you to uſe me, Sir——
Moſ. Will you go, Madam?
Lad. 'Pray you, Sir, uſe me: In faith.
The more you ſee me, the more I ſhall conceive
You have forgot our Quarrel. *Per.* This is rare!
Sir *Politick Would be*? No, Sir *Politick Bawd!*
To bring me thus acquainted with his Wife!
Well, wiſe Sir *Pol*, ſince you have practis'd thus
Upon my Freſhman-ſhip, I'll try your Salt-head,
What Proof it is againſt a Counter-plot.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Moſca.

WEll, now you know the Carriage of the Buſineſs,
Your Conſtancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the Safety of it. *Moſ.* Is the Lie—
Safely convey'd amongſt us? is that ſure?
Knows every Man his Burden?
Corv. Yes. *Moſ.* Then ſhrink not.
Corv. But knows the Advocate the Truth? *Moſ.* O, Sir,
By no means. I devis'd a formal Tale,
That ſalv'd your Reputation. But be valiant, Sir.
Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his Pleading
Should make him ſtand for a Co-heir— *Moſ.* Co-halter!
Hang him, we will but uſe his Tongue, his Noiſe,
As we do Croakers here. *Corv.* I, what ſhall he do?
Moſ. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes. *Moſ.* Why, we'll think:
Sell him for *Mummia*, he's half Duſt already.
Do you not ſmile, to ſee this *Buffalo* [*To Voltore.*
How he doth ſport it with his Head?—— I ſhould
If all were well, and paſt. Sir, only you [*To Corbaccio.*
Are he that ſhall enjoy the Crop of all,
And theſe not know for whom they toil. *Corb.* I peace.
Moſ. But you ſhall eat it. [*To Corvino.*
Much Worſhipful Sir, [*Then to Voltore again.*
Mercury ſit upon your thundring Tongue,
Or the *French Hercules*, and make your Language
As conquering as his Club, to beat along
(As with a Tempeſt) flat, our Adverſaries;
But much more yours, Sir. *Volt.* Here they come, ha' done.
Moſ. I have another Witneſs, if you need, Sir,
I can produce. *Volt.* Who is it? *Moſ.* Sir, I have her.

Act IV. Scene V.

Avocatori 4. *Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Moſca, Notario, Commandadori.*

THe like of this the Senate never heard of.
Avoc. 2. 'Twill come moſt ſtrange to them, when we report it.
Avoc. 4. The Gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreproved Name. *Avoc.* 3. So the young Man.
Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his Father.
Av. 2. More of the Husband. *Av.* 1. I not know to give
His Act a Name, it is ſo monſtrous!
Avoc. 4. But the Impoſtor, he is a thing created
T' exceed Example! *Avoc.* 1. And all after-times!
Avoc. 2. I never heard a true Voluptuary
Deſcrib'd, but him. *Avoc.* 3. Appear yet thoſe were cited?
Nota. All but the old *Magnifico*, *Volpone*.
Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?
Moſ. Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
Here is his Advocate: Himſelf's ſo weak,
So feeble—— *Avoc.* 4. What are you?
Bon. His Paraſite,
His Knave, his Pandar: I beſeech the Court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave Eyes
May bear ſtrong Witneſs of his ſtrange Impoſtures.

Volt. Upon my Faith and Credit, with your Vertues,
He is not able to endure the Air.
Avo. 2. Bring him, however.
Avo. 3. We will ſee him. *Avo.* 4. Fetch him.
Volt. Your Fatherhoods fit Pleaſures be obey'd;
But ſure, the Sight will rather move your Pities,
Than Indignation: May it pleaſe the Court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this Place moſt void of Prejudice,
And therefore crave it, ſince we have no reaſon
To fear our Truth ſhould hurt our Cauſe.
Avoc. 3. Speak free.
Volt. Then know, moſt honoured Fathers, I muſt now
Diſcover to your ſtrangely' abuſed Ears
The moſt prodigious and moſt frontleſs Piece
Of ſolid Impudence, and Treachery,
That ever vicious Nature yet brought forth
To ſhame the State of *Venice*. This lewd Woman
(That wants no artificial Looks, or Tears,
To help the Vizor ſhe has now put on)
Hath long been known a cloſe Adultereſs
To that laſcivious Youth there; not ſuſpected,
I ſay, but known, and taken in the Act
With him; and by this Man, the eaſie Husband,
Pardon'd; whoſe timely Bounty makes him now
Stand here, the moſt unhappy, innocent Perſon
That ever Man's own Goodneſs made accus'd.
For theſe, not knowing how to owe a Gift
Of that dear Grace, but with their Shame; being plac'd
So' above all Powers of their Gratitude,
Began to hate the Benefit; and, in place
Of Thanks, deviſe t' extirp the Memory
Of ſuch an Act: Wherein I pray your Fatherhoods
T' obſerve the Malice, yea, the Rage of Creatures,
Diſcover'd in their Evils, and what Heart
Such take, even from their Crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This Gentleman, the Father,
Hearing of this foul Fact, with many others,
Which daily ſtruck at his too tender Ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preſerve himſelf a Parent, (his Son's Ills
Growing to that ſtrange Flood) at laſt decree'd
To diſinherit him. *Avoc.* 1. Theſe be ſtrange Turns!
Av. 2. The young Mans Fame was ever fair and honeſt.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his Vice,
That can beguile ſo, under ſhade of Vertue.
But, as I ſaid, (my honour'd Sires) his Father
Having this ſetled Purpoſe, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the Deed; that Parricide.
(I cannot ſtile him better) by Confederacy
Preparing this his Paramour to be there,
Entred *Volpone*'s Houſe, (who was the Man,
Your Fatherhoods muſt underſtand, deſign'd
For the Inheritance) there, ſought his Father:
But with what purpoſe ſought he him, my Lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a Son
Unto a Father, and to ſuch a Father,
Should have ſo foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: When, being prevented
By his more happy Abſence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked Thoughts; no, now new Deeds;
(Miſchief doth ever end where it begins)
An Act of horrour, Fathers! He dragg'd forth
The aged Gentleman, that had there lien Bed-rid
Three years and more, out of his innocent Couch,
Naked, upon the Floor, there left him; wounded
His Servant in the Face, and, with this Strumpet,
The Stale to his forg'd Practice, who was glad
To be ſo active, (I ſhall here deſire
Your Fatherhoods to note but my Collections,
As moſt remarkable) thought at once to ſtop
His Father's Ends, diſcredit his Free Choice
In the old Gentleman, redeem themſelves,
By laying Infamy upon this Man,
To whom, with bluſhing, they ſhould owe their Lives.
Avoc. 1. What Proofs have you of this?
Bon. Moſt honour'd Fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this Man's mercenary Tongue. *Avoc.* 2. Forbear.
Bon. His Soul moves in his Fee.
Avoc. 3. O, Sir. *Bon.* This Fellow,
For ſix *Souz* more, would plead againſt his Maker.
Avoc. 1. You do forget your ſelf.
Volt. Nay, nay, Grave Fathers,
Let him have ſcope: Can any Man imagine
That he will ſpare his Accuſer, that would not
Have ſpar'd his Parent?
Avoc. 1. Well, produce your Proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a Creature.
Volt. Signior *Corbaccio*.
Avoc. 4. What is he? *Volt.* The Father.
Avoc. 2. Has he had an Oath?
Not. Yes. *Corb.* What muſt I do now?
Not. Your Teſtimony's crav'd.
Corb. Speak to the Knave?
I'll ha' my Mouth firſt ſtopt with Earth; my Heart
Abhors his Knowledge: I diſclaim in him.
Avoc. 1. But for what Cauſe?
Corb. The meer Portent of Nature:
He is an utter Stranger to my Loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this!
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monſter of Men, Swine, Goat, Wolf, Parricide,
Speak not, thou Viper. *Bon.* Sir, I will ſit down,
And rather wiſh my Innocence ſhould ſuffer,
Than I reſiſt the Authority of a Father.
Volt. Signior *Corvino*.
Avoc. 2. This is ſtrange! *Avoc.* 1. Who's this?
Not. The Husband. *Avoc.* 4. Is he ſworn?
Not. He is. *Avoc.* 3. Speak then.
Corv. This woman (pleaſe your Fatherhoods) is a whore,
Of moſt hot Exerciſe, more than a Partrich,
Upon Record—— *Avoc.* 1. No more.
Corv. Neighs like a Jennet.
Not. Preſerve the Honour of the Court. *Corv.* I ſhall,
And Modeſty of your moſt reverend Ears.
And yet I hope that I may ſay, theſe Eyes
Have ſeen her glew'd unto that piece of Cedar,
That fine well-timber'd Gallant; and that here
The Letters may be read, thorow the Horn,
That make the Story perfect. *Moſ.* Excellent! Sir.
Corv. There is no Shame in this now, is there?
Moſ. None.
Corv. Or if I ſaid, I hop'd that ſhe were onward
To her Damnation, if there be a Hell.
Greater than Whore, and Woman; a good Catholick
May make the doubt.
Avoc. 3. His Grief hath made him frantick.
Avoc. 1. Remove him hence.
Avoc. 2. Look to the Woman. [*She ſwoons.*
Corv. Rare! Prettily feign'd! again!
Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.
Avoc. 1. Give her the Air.
Avoc. 3. What can you ſay? *Moſ.* My Wound
(May't pleaſe your Wiſdoms) ſpeaks for me, receiv'd
In aid of my good Patron, when he miſt
His ſought for Father, when that well-taught Dame
Had her Cue given her, to cry out, A Rape.
Bon. O, moſt laid Impudence! Fathers——
Avoc. 3. Sir, be ſilent;
You had your Hearing free, ſo muſt they theirs.
Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' Impoſture here.
Avoc. 4. This Woman has too many Moods.
Volt. Grave Fathers,
She is a Creature of a moſt profeſt
And proſtituted Lewdneſs. *Corv.* Moſt impetuous!
Unſatisfied, Grave Fathers! *Volt.* May her Feignings

Not

Not take your Wiſdoms: But this day ſhe baited
A Stranger, a grave Knight, with her looſe Eyes,
And more laſcivious Kiſſes. This Man ſaw 'em
Together on the Water, in a *Gondola*.
Moſ. Here is the Lady her ſelf, that ſaw 'em too,
Without; who then had in the open Streets
Purſu'd them, but for ſaving her Knight's Honour.
Avoc. 1. Produce that Lady.
Avoc. 2. Let her come. *Avoc.* 4. Theſe things,
They ſtrike with wonder. *Avoc.* 3. I am turn'd a Stone.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Moſca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

BE reſolute, Madam. *Lad.* I, this ſame is ſhe.
Out, thou Chamelion Harlot; now thine Eyes
Vie Tears with the *Hyæna*: Dar'ſt thou look
Upon my wronged Face? I cry your Pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) tranſgreſt
Againſt the Dignity of the Court— *Avoc.* 2. No, Madam.
Lad. And been exorbitant——
Avoc. 2. You have not, Lady.
Avoc. 4. Theſe Proofs are ſtrong.
Lad. Surely, I had no purpoſe
To ſcandalize your Honours, or my Sexes.
Avoc. 3. We do believe it.
Lad. Surely, you may believe it.
Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.
Lad. Indeed you may; my Breeding
Is not ſo courſe— *Avoc.* 4. We know it. *Lad.* To offend
With Pertinacy— *Avoc.* 3. Lady. *Lad.* Such a Preſence!
No, ſurely. *Avoc.* 1. We well think it.
Lad. You may think it.
Avoc. 1. Let her o'recome. What Witneſſes have you,
To make good your Report? *Bon.* Our Conſciences.
Cel. And Heaven, that never fails the Innocent.
Avoc. 4. Theſe are no Teſtimonies.
Bon. Not in your Courts,
Where Multitude and Clamour overcomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax inſolent.
Volt. Here, here, [Volpone *is brought in as impotent.*
The Teſtimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbneſs their bold Tongues.
See here, Grave Fathers, here's the Raviſher,
The Rider on Mens Wives, the great Impoſtor,
The grand Voluptuary! Do you not think
Theſe Limbs ſhould affect Venery? or theſe Eyes
Covet a Concubine? Pray you mark theſe Hands:
Are they not fit to ſtroke a Ladies Breaſts?
Perhaps he doth diſſemble? *Bon.* So he does.
Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?
Bon. I would have him prov'd.
Volt. Beſt try him then with Goads, or burning Irons;
Put him to the Strappado: I have heard
The Rack hath cur'd the Gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a Malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before theſe honour'd Fathers,
He ſhall have yet as many left Diſeaſes,
As ſhe has known Adulteries, or thou Strumpets.
O, my moſt equal Hearers, if theſe Deeds,
Acts of this bold and moſt exorbitant ſtrain,
May paſs with ſufferance, what one Citizen
But owes the Forfeit of his Life, yea, Fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you
Are ſafe, my honour'd Fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave Fatherhoods) if their Plot
Have any Face or Colour like to Truth?
Or if, unto the dulleſt Noſtril here,
It ſmell not rank, and moſt abhorred Slander?
I crave your Care of this good Gentleman,
Whoſe Life is much endanger'd by their Fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious Perſons, when they're hot and fleſh'd
In impious Acts, their Conſtancy abounds:
Damn'd Deeds are done with greateſt Confidence.
Avoc. 1. Take 'em to Cuſtody, and ſever them.
Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two ſuch Prodigies ſhould live.
Avoc. 1. Let the old Gentleman be return'd with care:
I'm ſorry our Credulity wrong'd him.
Avoc. 4. Theſe are two Creatures!
Avoc. 3. I have an Earthquake in me.
Avoc. 2. Their ſhame (even in their Cradles) fled their Faces.
Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy Service to the State, Sir,
In their diſcovery. *Avoc.* 1. You ſhall hear, ere night,
What Puniſhment the Court decrees upon 'em.
Volt. We thank your Fatherhoods.
How like you it? *Moſ.* Rare.
I'ld ha' your Tongue, Sir, tipt with Gold for this;
I'ld ha' you be the Heir to the whole City;
The Earth I'ld have want Men, ere you want Living:
They're bound to erect your Statue in St. *Marks*.
Signior *Corvino*, I would have you go
And ſhew your ſelf, that you have conquer'd. *Corv.* Yes.
Moſ. It was much better that you ſhould profeſs
Your ſelf a Cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd. *Corv.* Nay, I conſider'd that:
Now it is her fault. *Moſ.* Then it had been yours.
Corv. True, I do doubt this Advocate ſtill. *Moſ.* I'faith
You need not, I dare eaſe you of that Care.
Corv. I truſt thee, *Moſca*.
Moſ. As your own Soul, Sir. *Corb. Moſca*.
Moſ. Now for your Buſineſs, Sir.
Corb. How? ha' you Buſineſs?
Moſ. Yes, yours, Sir. *Corb.* O, none elſe?
Moſ. None elſe, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Moſ. Reſt you with both your Eyes, Sir.
Corb. Diſpatch it. *Moſ.* Inſtantly.
Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, Jewels, Plate, Moneys,
Houſhold-ſtuff, Bedding, Curtains. *Moſ.* Curtain-rings, Sir.
Only the Advocate's Fee muſt be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Moſ. Sir, I muſt tender it. *Corb.* Two *Cecchines* is well.
Moſ. No, Six, Sir. *Corb.* 'Tis too much.
Moſ. He talk'd a great while;
You muſt conſider that, Sir. *Corb.* Well, there's Three—
Moſ. I'll give it him. *Corb.* Do ſo, and there's for thee.
Moſ. Bountiful Bones! What horrid ſtrange Offence
Did he commit 'gainſt Nature, in his Youth,
Worthy this Age? You ſee, Sir, how I work
Unto your Ends: take you no notice. *Volt.* No,
I'll leave you. *Moſ.* All is yours, the Devil and all:
Good Advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lad. No, I'll go ſee your Patron.
Moſ. That you ſhall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpoſe is to urge
My Patron to reform his Will; and for
The Zeal you have ſhewn to day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you ſhall be now
Put in the firſt; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were preſent. Therefore— *Lad.* You ſhall ſway me.

Act V. Scene I.

Volpone.

WEll, I am here, and all this brunt is paſt:
I ne'er was in diſlike with my Diſguiſe
Till this fled Moment; here 'twas good, in private;
But in your publick, *Cave* whilſt I breathe.
'Fore God, my left Leg 'gan to have the Cramp,
And I apprehended ſtrait ſome Power had ſtruck me
With a Dead Palſie: Well, I muſt be merry,
And ſhake it off. A many of theſe Fears

Would

Would put me into ſome villanous Diſeaſe,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a Bowl of luſty Wine, to fright
This humour from my heart,(hum,hum,hum.) [*He drinks.*
'Tis almoſt gone already: I ſhall conquer.
Any Device now, of rare ingenious Knavery,
That would poſſeſs me with a violent Laughter,
Would make me up again. So, ſo, ſo, ſo. [*Drinks again.*
This Heat is Life; 'tis Blood by this time: *Moſca!*

Act V. Scene II.

Moſca, Volpone, Nano, Caſtrone.

HOw now, Sir? Does the Day look clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of Error,
Into our Way, to ſee our Path before us?
Is our Trade free once more? *Volp.* Exquiſite *Moſca!*
Moſ. Was it not carried learnedly? *Volp.* And ſtoutly.
Good Wits are greateſt in Extremities.
Moſ. It were a Folly, beyond thought, to truſt
Any grand Act unto a cowardly Spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the Wench:
The Pleaſure of all Woman-kind's not like it.
Moſ. Why now you ſpeak, Sir. We muſt here be fixt;
Here we muſt reſt; this is our Maſter-piece:
We cannot think to go beyond this. *Volp.* True,
Thou haſt plaid thy Prize, my precious *Moſca.* *Moſ.* Nay, Sir,
To gull the Court— *Volp.* And quite divert the Torrent
Upon the Innocent. *Moſ.* Yes, and to make
So rare a Muſick out of Diſcords— *Volp.* Right.
That yet to me's the ſtrangeſt! how th' haſt born it!
That theſe (being ſo divided 'mongſt themſelves)
Should not ſcent ſomewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own Side. *Moſ.* True, they will not ſee't.
Too much Light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is ſo poſſeſt and ſtufft with his own Hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never ſo true, or never ſo apparent,
Never ſo palpable, they will reſiſt it—
Volp. Like a Temptation of the Devil. *Moſ.* Right, Sir.
Merchants may talk of Trade, and your great Signiors
Of Land that yields well; but if *Italy*
Have any Glebe more fruitful than theſe Fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your Advocate rare?
Volp. O (My moſt honour'd Fathers, my grave Fathers,
Under correction of your Fatherhoods,
What Face of Truth is here? If theſe ſtrange Deeds
May paſs, moſt honour'd Fathers—) I had much ado
To forbear laughing. *Moſ.* 'T ſeem'd to me, you ſweat, Sir.
Volp. In troth, I did a little. *Moſ.* But confeſs, Sir,
Were you not daunted? *Volp.* In good faith, I was
A little in a Miſt, but not dejected;
Never but ſtill my ſelf. *Moſ.* I think it, Sir.
Now (ſo Truth help me) I muſt needs ſay this, Sir,
And out of Conſcience, for your Advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, Sir, and deſerv'd
(In my poor Judgment, I ſpeak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, Sir) very richly—
Well—to be cozen'd. *Volp.* Troth, and I think ſo too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
Moſ. O, but before, Sir: had you heard him firſt
Draw it to certain Heads, then aggravate,
Then uſe his vehement Figures— I look'd ſtill
When he would ſhift a Shirt; and doing this
Out of pure Love, no hope of Gain— *Volp.* 'Tis right.
I cannot anſwer him, *Moſca*, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy ſake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very inſtant.
Moſ. Good, Sir. *Volp.* Call the Dwarf
And Eunuch forth.
Moſ. *Caſtrone, Nano.* *Nan.* Here.
Volp. Shall we have a Jig, now?
Moſ. What you pleaſe, Sir. *Volp.* Go,
Strait give out about the Streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with conſtancy,
Sadly, do you hear? Impute it to the Grief
Of this late Slander.
Moſ. What do you mean, Sir? *Volp.* O,
I ſhall have inſtantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, (on the News)
To peck for Carrion, my She-Wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation—
Moſ. And then to have it raviſh'd from their Mouths?
Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on a Gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine Heir;
Shew 'em a Will: Open that Cheſt, and reach
Forth one of thoſe that has the Blanks; I'll ſtrait
Put in thy Name. *Moſ.* It will be rare, Sir. *Volp.* I,
When they ev'n gape, and find themſelves deluded—
Moſ. Yes. *Volp.* And thou uſe them ſcurvily.
Diſpatch, get on thy Gown.
Moſ. But what, Sir, if they ask
After the Body? *Volp.* Say, it was corrupted.
Moſ. I'll ſay, it ſtunk, Sir; and was fain t' have it
Coffin'd up inſtantly, and ſent away.
Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my Will.
Get thee a Cap, a Count-book, Pen and Ink,
Papers afore thee; ſit as thou wert taking
An Inventory of Parcels: I'll get up
Behind the Curtain, on a Stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, ſee how they do look,
With what Degrees their Blood doth leave their Faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare Meal of Laughter.
Moſ. Your Advocate will turn ſtark dull upon it.
Volp. It will take off his Oratories edge.
Moſ. But your *Clariſſimo*, old Round-back, he
Will crump you, like a Hog-louſe, with the touch.
Volp. And what *Corvino?* *Moſ.* O Sir, look for him,
To morrow morning, with a Rope and a Dagger,
To viſit all the Streets; he muſt run mad.
My Lady too, that came into the Court,
To bear Falſe-witneſs for your Worſhip— *Volp.* Yes,
And kiſs me 'fore the Fathers, when my Face
Flow'd all with Oils.
Moſ. And Sweat, Sir. VVhy your Gold
Is ſuch another Med'cine, it dries up
All thoſe offenſive Savours: It transforms
The moſt deformed, and reſtores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the ſtrange Poetical Girdle. *Jove* [*Ceſtos.*
Could not invent t' himſelf a Shroud more ſubtile
To paſs *Acriſius* Guards. It is the thing
Makes all the VVorld her Grace, her Youth, her Beauty.
Volp. I think ſhe loves me. *Moſ.* Who? the Lady, Sir?
She's jealous of you. *Volp.* Doſt thou ſay ſo? *Moſ.* Hark,
There's ſome already. *Volp.* Look. *Moſ.* It is the Vulture;
He has the quickeſt Scent. *Volp.* I'll to my Place,
Thou to thy Poſture. *Moſ.* I am ſet. *Volp.* But *Moſca,*
Play the Artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

Act V. Scene III.

Voltore, Moſca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

HOw now, my *Moſca?* *Moſ.* Turky Carpets, nine—
Volt. Taking an Inventory? That is well.
Moſ. Two Sutes of Bedding, Tiſſue—
Volt. Where's the Will?
Let me read that the while. *Corb.* So, ſet me down,
And get you home. *Volt.* Is he come now, to trouble us?
Moſ. Of Cloth of Gold, two more—
Corb. Is it done, *Moſca?*
Moſ. Of ſeveral Velvets, eight—
Volt. I like his Care.
Corb. Doſt thou not hear?
Corv. Ha? is the Hour come, *Moſca?*

Volp. I,

Volp. I now they muſter. [Volpone *peeps from behind a Traverſe.*
Corv. What does the Advocate here,
Or this *Corbaccio?*
Corb. What do theſe here? *Lad. Moſca?*
Is his Thred ſpun? *Moſ.* Eight Cheſts of Linen— *Volp.* O,
My Fine Dame *Would-be* too! *Corv. Moſca*, the Will,
That I may ſhew it theſe, and rid 'em hence.
Moſ. Six Cheſts of Diaper, four of Damask——There.
Corb. Is that the Will?
Moſ. Down Beds and Bolſters—— *Volp.* Rare!
Be buſie ſtill. Now they begin to flutter:
They never think of me. Look, ſee, ſee, ſee!
How their ſwift Eyes run over the long Deed.
Unto the Name, and to the Legacies,
What is bequeath'd them there——
Moſ. Ten Sutes of Hangings——
Volp. I, i' their Garters, *Moſca.* Now their Hopes
Are at the gaſp. *Volt. Moſca* the Heir! *Corb.* What's that?
Volp. My Advocate is dumb; look to my Merchant,
He has heard of ſome ſtrange Storm, a Ship is loſt,
He faints; my Lady will ſwoon. Old Glazen eyes,
He hath not reach'd his Deſpair yet. *Corb.* All theſe
Are out of hope; I'm ſure the Man. *Corv.* But *Moſca*—
Moſ. Two Cabinets— *Corv.* Is this in earneſt? *Moſ.* One
Of Ebony—— *Corv.* Or do you but delude me?
Moſ. The other, Mother of Pearl——I am very buſie.
Good faith, it is a Fortune thrown upon me——
Item, one Salt of Agat—— not my ſeeking.
Lad. Do you hear, Sir?
Moſ. A perfum'd Box—— 'Pray you forbear,
You ſee I am troubled— made of an *Onyx*— *Lad.* How!
Moſ. To morrow or next day I ſhall be at leiſure
To talk with you all. *Corv.* Is this my large Hopes Iſſue?
Lad. Sir, I muſt have a fairer Anſwer. *Moſ.* Madam!
Marry, and ſhall: 'Pray you, fairly quit my Houſe.
Nay, raiſe no Tempeſt with your Looks; but hark you,
Remember what your Ladiſhip offer'd me
To put you in an Heir; go to, think on't:
And what you ſaid e'en your beſt Madams did
For Maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and uſe the poor Sir *Pol* your Knight well,
For fear I tell ſome Riddles: Go, be melancholy.
Volp. O, my fine Devil! *Corv. Moſca*, 'pray you a word.
Moſ. Lord! will not you take your Diſpatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you ſhould have been th' Example.
Why ſhould you ſtay here? with what thought, what pro-
Hear you? do you not know, I know you an Aſs? (miſe?
And that you would moſt fain have been a Wittol,
If Fortune would have let you? that you are
A declar'd Cuckold, on good Terms? This Pearl,
You'll ſay, was yours? Right: This Diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here elſe?
It may be ſo. Why, think that theſe good Works
May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;
Although you be but extraordinary
And have it only in Title, it ſufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
Volp. Rare *Moſca!* How his Villany becomes him!
Volt. Certain he doth delude all theſe for me.
Corb. Moſca the Heir?
Volp. O his four Eyes have found it.
Corb. I am cozen'd, cheated, by a Paraſite-ſlave;
Harlot, t' haſt gull'd me. *Moſ.* Yes, Sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I ſhall draw the only Tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous Wretch,
With the three Legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years ſnufft about,
With your moſt grov'ling Noſe, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my Patron, Sir?
Are not you he that have to day in Court
Profeſs'd the diſinheriting of your Son?
Perjur'd your ſelf; Go home, and die, and ſtink;
If you but croak a Syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your Porters, go, go, ſtink.
Volp. Excellent Varlet! *Volt.* Now, my faithful *Moſca*,
I find thy Conſtancy. *Moſ.* Sir?
Volt. Sincere. *Moſ.* A Table
Of Porphiry—— I mar'le you'll be thus troubleſom.
Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.
Moſ. Why? who are you?
What? who did ſend for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend Sir! Good faith, I am griev'd for you,
That any Chance of mine ſhould thus defeat
Your (I muſt needs ſay) moſt deſerving Travels:
But I proteſt, Sir, it was caſt upon me,
And I could almoſt wiſh to be without it,
But that the Will o' th' Dead muſt be obſerv'd.
Marry, my joy is, that you need it not,
You have a Gift, Sir, (thank your Education)
Will never let you want, while there are Men,
And Malice, to breed Cauſes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my Fortune, Sir.
If I have any Sutes (as I do hope,
Things being ſo eaſie and direct, I ſhall not)
I will make bold with your obſtreperous Aid,
(Conceive me) for your Fee, Sir. In mean time,
You that have ſo much Law, I know ha' the Conſcience
Not to be Covetous of what is mine,
Good Sir, I thank you for my Place; 'twill help
To ſet up a young Man. Good faith, you look
As you were coſtive; beſt go home and purge, Sir.
Volp. Bid him eat Lettuce well: My witty Miſchief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a *Venus*—— *Moſca*, go,
Streight take my Habit of *Clariſſimo*,
And walk the Streets, be ſeen, torment 'em more:
We muſt purſue, as well as plot. Who would
Have loſt this Feaſt? *Moſ.* I doubt it will loſe them.
Volp. O, my Recovery ſhall recover all.
That I could now but think on ſome Diſguiſe
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em Queſtions:
How I would vex 'em ſtill at every turn?
Moſ. Sir, I can fit you.
Volp. Canſt thou? *Moſ.* Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, Sir, ſo like you;
Him will I ſtreight make drunk, and bring you his Habit.
Volp. A rare Diſguiſe, and anſwering thy Brain!
O, I will be a ſharp Diſeaſe unto 'em.
Moſ. Sir, you muſt look for Curſes——
Volp. Till they burſt;
The *Fox* fares ever beſt when he is curſt.

Act V. Scene IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3. *Woman, Politick.*

AM I enough diſguis'd? *Mer.* 1. I warrant you.
Per. All my Ambition is to fright him only.
Mer. 2. If you could Ship him away, 'twere excellent.
Mer. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Aleppo*? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' *Book of Voyages*,
And his gull'd Story regiſtred for Truth?
Well, Gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our Diſcourſe,
Know your Approaches. *Mer.* 1. Truſt it to our Care.
Per. Save you, fair Lady. Is Sir *Pol* within?
Wom. I do not know, Sir. *Per.* Pray you, ſay unto him,
Here is a Merchant, upon earneſt Buſineſs,
Deſires to ſpeak with him.
Wom. I will ſee, Sir. *Per.* Pray you.
I ſee the Family is all Female here.
Wom. He ſays, Sir, he has weighty Affairs of State,
That now require him whole; ſome other time
You may poſſeſs him. *Per.* Pray you ſay again,
If thoſe require him whole, theſe will exact him,
Whereof I bring him Tidings. What might be
His grave Affair of State now? how to make
Bolognian Sauſages here in *Venice*, ſparing

One

One o' th' ingredients. *Wom.* Sir, he ſays, he knows
By your Word, *Tidings*, that you are no Stateſman,
And therefore wills you ſtay.
Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read ſo many Proclamations,
And ſtudied them for Words, as he has done;
But— Here he deigns to come. *Pol.* Sir, I muſt crave
Your courteous Pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind Diſaſter 'twixt my Lady and me,
And I was penning my Apology
To give her ſatisfaction, as you came now.
Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worſe Diſaſter;
The Gentleman you met at th' Port to day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd— *Pol.* I, was
A fugitive Punk? *Per.* No, Sir, a Spy ſet on you;
And he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profeſt to him to have a Plot
To ſell the State of *Venice* to the *Turk*.
Pol. O me!
Per. For which, Warrants are ſign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to ſearch your Study
For Papers— *Pol.* Alas, Sir, I have none, but Notes,
Drawn out of Play-books— *Per.* All the better, Sir.
Pol. And ſome Eſſays. What ſhall I do? *Per.* Sir, beſt
Convey your ſelf into a Sugar-cheſt,
Or, if you would lie round, a Frail were rare,
And I could ſend you aboard. *Pol.* Sir, I but talk'd ſo,
For Diſcourſe-ſake merily. [*They knock without.*
Per. Heark, they are there.
Pol. I am a Wretch, a Wretch.
Per. What will you do, Sir?
Ha' you ne'er a Curran-But to leap into?
They'll put you to the Rack, you muſt be ſudden.
Pol. Sir, I have an Ingine—
(*Mer.* 3. Sir *Politick Would-be?*
Mer. 2. Where is he?)
Pol. That I have thought upon before-time.
Per. What is it? *Pol.* (I ſhall ne'er endure the Torture.)
Marry, it is, Sir, of a Tortoiſe-ſhell,
Fitted for theſe Extremities: pray you, Sir, help me.
Here I have a place, Sir, to put back my Legs,
(Pleaſe you to lay it on, Sir) with this Cap,
And my black Gloves. I'll lie, Sir, like a Tortoiſe,
Till they are gone. *Per.* And call you this an Ingine?
Pol. Mine own Device—
Good Sir, bid my Wifes Women
To burn my Papers. [*They ruſh in.*
Mer. 1. Where's he hid? *Mer.* 3. We muſt
And will ſure find him.
Mer. 2. Which is his Study? *Mer.* 1. What
Are you, Sir? *Per.* I am a Merchant, that came here
To look upon this Tortoiſe?
Mer. 3. How? *Mer.* 1. St. *Mark!*
What Beaſt is this? *Per.* It is a Fiſh.
Mer. 2. Come out here.
Per. Nay, you may ſtrike him Sir, and tread upon him:
He'll bear a Cart.
Mer. 1. What, to run over him? *Per.* Yes, Sir.
Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.
Mer. 2. Can he not go? *Per.* He creeps, Sir.
Mer. 1. Let's ſee him creep.
Per. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.
Mer. 2. (Heart) I'll ſee him creep, or prick his Guts.
Mer. 3. Come out here.
Per. Pray you Sir, (creep a little.)
Mer. 1. Forth.
Mer. 2. Yet farther. *Per.* Good Sir, (creep.)
Mer. 2. We'll ſee his Legs. [*They pull off the Shell,*
Mer. 3. Gods ſo, he has Garters! *and diſcover him.*
Mer. 1. I, and Gloves! *Mer.* 2. Is this
Your fearful Tortoiſe? *Per.* Now, Sir *Pol*, we are even;
For your next Project I ſhall be prepar'd:
I am ſorry for the Funeral of your Notes, Sir.
Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare Motion to be ſeen in *Fleetſtreet*.
Mer. 2. I, i' the Term.
Mer. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the Fair.
Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy Sight.
Per. Farewel, moſt Politick Tortoiſe.
Pol. Where's my Lady?
Knows ſhe of this? *Wom.* I know not, Sir. *Pol.* Enquire.
O, I ſhall be the Fable of all Feaſts,
The Freight of the *Gazetti*, Ship-boys Tale;
And, which is worſt, even Talk for Ordinaries.
Wom. My Lady's come moſt melancholy home,
And ſays, Sir, ſhe will ſtreight to Sea, for Phyſick.
Pol. And I, to ſhun this Place and Clime for ever,
Creeping with Houſe on Back, and think it well
To ſhrink my poor Head in my Politick Shell.

Act IV. Scene V.

Volpone, Moſca.

[*The firſt in the Habit of a* Commandatore; *the other, of a* Clariſſimo.]

AM I then like him? *Moſ.* O, Sir, you are he:
No Man can ſever you.
Volp. Good. *Moſ.* But what am I?
Volp. 'Fore Heaven, a brave *Clariſſimo*, thou becom'ſt it.
Pity thou wert not born one. *Moſ.* If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. *Volp.* I'll go and ſee
What News firſt at the Court. *Moſ.* Do ſo. My Fox
Is out on his Hole, and ere he ſhall re-enter,
I'll make him languiſh in his borrow'd Caſe,
Except he come to Compoſition with me:
Androgyno, Caſtrone, Nano. *All.* Here.
Moſ. Go, recreate your ſelves abroad; go, ſport.
So, now I have the Keys, and am poſſeſt.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his Heir,
And ſo will keep me, till he ſhare at leaſt.
To cozen him of all, were but a Cheat
Well plac'd; no Man would conſtrue it a Sin:
Let his Sport pay for't; this is call'd the Fox-trap.

Act V. Scene VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.

THey ſay, the Court is ſet. *Corv.* We muſt maintain
Our firſt tale good, for both our Reputations.
Corb. Why? mine's no Tale: my Son would there have kill'd me.
Corv. That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I am ſure.
But for your Will, Sir. *Corb.* I, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his Patron's dead.
Volp. Signior *Corvino!* and *Corbaccio!* Sir,
Much joy unto you. *Corv.* Of what?
Volp. The ſudden Good
Dropt down upon you— *Corb.* Where?
Volp. (And none knows how.)
From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corb.* Out, errant Knave.
Volp. Let not your too much Wealth, Sir, make you furious. *Corb.* Away, thou Varlet.
Volp. Why, Sir? *Corb.* Doſt thou mock me?
Volp. You mock the World, Sir;
Did you not change Wills?
Corb. Out, Harlot. *Volp.* O! belike you are the Man,
Signior *Corvino?* 'Faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your Spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your Fortune.
You ſhould ha' ſome would ſwell now, like a Wine-fat,
With ſuch an Autumn— Did he gi' you all, Sir?
Corv. Avoid, you Raſcal.
Volp. Troth, your Wife has ſhewn
Her ſelf a very Woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good Eſtate,

To

To bear it out, Sir, better by this Chance:
Except *Corbaccio* have a Share? *Corb.* Hence, Varlet.
Volp. You will not be a'known, Sir; why, 'tis wiſe.
Thus do all Gameſters, at all Games, diſſemble.
No Man will ſeem to win. Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his Beak up i' the Air, and ſnuffing.

Act V. Scene VII.

Voltore, Volpone.

OUt-ſtript thus, by a Paraſite? a Slave?
Would run on Errands, and make Legs for Crumbs?
Well, what I'll do——
Volp. The Court ſtays for your worſhip.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your Worſhips Happineſs,
And that it fell into ſo learned Hands,
That underſtand the fingering——
Volt. What do you mean?
Volp. I mean to be a Suitor to your Worſhip,
For the ſmall Tenement, out of Reparations,
That at the end of your long row of Houſes,
By the *Piſcaria:* It was, in *Volpone*'s time,
Your Predeceſſor, e'er he grew Diſeas'd,
A handſom, pretty, cuſtom'd Bawdy-houſe,
As any was in *Venice*, (none diſprais'd)
But fell with him; his Body and that Houſe
Decay'd together.
Volt. Come, Sir, leave your prating.
Volp. Why, if your Worſhip give me but your Hand,
That I may ha' the Refuſal, I have done.
'Tis a meer Toy to you, Sir, Candle-rents,
As your Learn'd Worſhip knows——
Volt. What do I know?
Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, Sir; God decreaſe it.
Volt. Miſtaking Knave! what, mock'ſt thou my Miſfortune?
Volp. His Bleſſing on your heart, Sir; would 'twere more.
(Now to my firſt again, at the next Corner.)

Act V. Scene VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Moſca paſſant) Volpone.

SEe, in our Habit! ſee the impudent Varlet!
Corv. That I could ſhoot mine Eyes at him, like Gun-ſtones.
Volp. But is this true, Sir, of the Paraſite?
Corb. Again, t'afflict us? Monſter!
Volp. In good faith, Sir,
I am heartily griev'd, a Beard of your grave length
Should be ſo over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That Paraſite's Hair; methough this Noſe ſhould cozen:
There ſtill was ſomewhat in his Look, did promiſe
The Bane of a *Clariſſimo*. *Corb.* Knave— *Volp.* Methinks
Yet you, that are ſo traded i' the World,
A witty Merchant, the fine Bird, *Corvino*,
That have ſuch mortal Emblems on your Name,
Should not have ſung your Shame, and dropt your Cheeſe,
To let the Fox laugh at your Emptineſs.
Corv. Sirrah, you think the Privilege of the Place,
And your red ſaucy Cap, that ſeems (to me)
Nail'd to your Jolt-head, with thoſe two *Cecchines*,
Can warrant your Abuſes; come you hither:
You ſhall perceive, Sir, I do know your Valour well,
Since you durſt publiſh what you are, Sir. *Corv.* Tarry,
I'ld ſpeak with you. *Volp.* Sir, Sir, another time——
Corv. Nay, now.
Volp. O God, Sir! I were a wiſe Man,
Would ſtand the Fury of a diſtracted Cuckold.
Corb. What, come again? [Moſca *walks by them.*
Volp. Upon 'em, *Moſca*; ſave me.
Corb. The Air's infected where he breaths.
Corv. Let's fly him.
Volp. Excellent Baſilisk! turn upon the Vulture.

Act V. Scene IX.

Voltore, Moſca, Volpone.

WEll, Fleſh-fly, it is Summer with you now;
Your Winter will come on. *Moſ.* Good Advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a *Solæciſm* (as Madam ſays.)
Get you a Biggen more; your Brain breaks looſe.
Volt. Well, Sir.
Volp. Would you ha' me beat the inſolent Slave?
Throw Dirt upon his firſt good Clothes? *Volt.* This ſame
Is doubtleſs ſome Familiar. *Volp.* Sir, the Court
In troth, ſtays for you; I am mad, a Mule,
That never read *Juſtinian*, ſhould get up,
And ride an Advocate. Had you no Quirk
To avoid Gullage, Sir, by ſuch a Creature?
I hope you do but jeſt; he has not don't:
This's but Confederacy, to blind the reſt.
You are the Heir? *Volt.* A ſtrange, officious,
Troubleſom Knave! thou doſt torment me. *Volp.* I know—
It cannot be, Sir, that you ſhould be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the Wit of Man to do it;
You are ſo wiſe, ſo prudent; and 'tis fit
That Wealth and Wiſdom ſtill ſhould go together.

Act V. Scene X.

Avocatori 4. *Notario, Commandadore, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.*

ARe all the Parties here? *Not.* All but the Advocate.
Avoc. 2. And here he comes.
Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to Sentence.
Volt. O, my moſt honour'd Fathers, let your Mercy
Once win upon your Juſtice, to forgive——
I am diſtracted——
(*Volp.* What will he do now?) *Volt.* O,
I know not which t'addreſs my ſelf to firſt,
Whether your Fatherhoods, or theſe Innocents——
(*Corv.* Will he betray himſelf?) *Volt.* Whom equally
I have abus'd, by my falſe Accuſation:
For which, now ſtruck in Conſcience, here I proſtrate
My ſelf at your offended Feet, for Pardon.
Avoc. 1, 2. Ariſe.
Cel. O Heav'n, how juſt thou art! *Volp.* I am caught
I' my own Nooſe— *Corv.* Be conſtant, Sir: nought now
Can help, but Impudence.
Avoc. 1. Speak forward. *Com.* Silence.
Volt. It is not Paſſion in me, Reverend Fathers,
But only Conſcience, Conſcience, my good Sires,
That makes me now tell Truth. That Paraſite,
That Knave hath been the Inſtrument of all.
Avoc. Where is that Knave? fetch him.
Volp. I go. *Corv.* Grave Fathers,
This Man's diſtracted; he confeſt it now:
For hoping to be old *Volpone*'s Heir,
Who now is dead— *Avoc.* 3. How! *Avoc.* 2. Is *Volpone* dead?
Corv. Dead ſince, Grave Fathers——
Bon. O ſure Vengeance! *Avoc.* 1. Stay,
Then he was no Deceiver. *Volt.* O no, none:
The Paraſite, Grave Fathers. *Corv.* He does ſpeak
Out of meer Envy, 'cauſe the Servant's made
The thing he gap't for: Pleaſe your Fatherhoods,
This is the Truth, though I'll not juſtifie
The other, but he may be ſome-deal faulty.
Volt. I, to your Hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino*:
But I'll uſe Modeſty. Pleaſeth your Wiſdoms
To view theſe certain Notes, and but confer them;
As I hope Favour, they ſhall ſpeak clear Truth.
Corv. The Devil has enter'd him! *Bon.* Or bides in you.
Avoc. 4. We have done ill, by a Publick Officer
To ſend for him, if he be Heir. *Avoc.* 2. For whom?

*Av.*4. Him that they call the Parasite. *Av.*3. 'Tis true,
He is a Man of great Estate, now left.
*Av.*4. Go you, and learn his Name, and say, the Court
Intreats his Presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few Doubts. *Avoc.* 2. This same's a Labyrinth!
*Av.*1. Stand you unto your first Report. *Corv.* My State,
My Life, my Fame——
Bon. (Where is't?) *Corv.* Are at the Stake.
*Av.*1. Is yours so too? *Corb.* The Advocate's a Knave,
And has a forked Tongue— (*Av.*2. Speak to the Point.)
Corb. So is the Parasite too. *Avoc.*1. This is Confusion.
Volt. I do beseech your Fatherhoods, read but those.
Corv. And credit nothing the false Spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he is possest, Grave Fathers.

Act V. Scene XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

TO make a Snare for mine own Neck! and run
My Head into it, wilfully! with Laughter!
When I had newly scap't, was free, and clear!
Out of meer Wantonness! O, the dull Devil
Was in this Brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And *Mosca* gave it second; He must now
Help to scar up this Vein, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whither go you now?
What, to buy Gingerbread, or to drown Kitlings?
Nan. Sir, Master *Mosca* call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the Keys. *And.* Yes.
Volp. Did Master *Mosca* take the Keys? why, so!
I am farther in. These are my fine Conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile Wretch was I, that could not bear
My Fortune soberly? I must ha' my Crotchets!
And my Conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His Meaning may be truer than my Fear.
Bid him, he streight come to me to the Court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my Advocate, upon new Hopes:
When I provok'd him, then I lost my self.

Act V. Scene XII.

Avocatori, &c.

THese things can ne'er be reconcil'd. He here
Professeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the Gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her Husband, and there left. *Volt.* Most true.
Cel. How ready is Heav'n to those that pray!
Avoc. 1. But that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his Impotence.
Corv. Grave Fathers, he is possest; again, I say,
Possest: Nay, if there be Possession,
And Obsession, he has both. *Av.*3. Here comes our Officer.
Volp. The Parasite will streight be here, Grave Fathers.
*Avoc.*4. You might invent some other Name, Sir Varlet.
Avoc. 3. Did not the Notary meet him?
Volp. Not that I know.
Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.
Avoc. 2. Yet it is misty.
Volt. May't please your Fatherhoods——
Volp. Sir, the Parasite [Volpone *whispers the*
Will'd me to tell you, that his Master lives *Advocate.*
That you are still the Man, your Hopes the same;
And this was only a Jest——
Volt. How? *Volp.* Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art sure he lives?
Volp. Do I live, Sir? *Volt.* O me!
I was too violent. *Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it:
They said, you were possest; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. God bless the Man! [*Voltore*
(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see! *falls.*
He vomits crooked Pins! his Eyes are set,
Like a dead Hares, hung in a Poulterer's Shop!
His Mouth's running away! Do you see, Signior?
Now 'tis in his Belly. (*Corv.* I, the Devil!)
Volp. Now in his Throat. (*Corv.* I, I perceive it plain.)
Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear. See where it flies,
In shape of a blue Toad, with Bats Wings!
Do you not see it, Sir? *Corb.* What? I think I do.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest.
Volp. Look! he comes t'himself!
Volt. Where am I?
Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, Sir.
You are dispossest. *Avoc.* 1. What Accident is this?
*Avoc.*2. Sudden, and full of wonder! *Av.*3. If he were
Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has been often subject to these Fits.
*Avoc.*1. Shew him that Writing: Do you know it, Sir?
Volp. Deny it, Sir, forswear it, know it not.
Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my Hand:
But all that it contains, is false. *Bon.* O Practice!
*Av.*2. What Maze is this! *Av.*1. Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the Parasite? *Volt.* Grave Fathers,
No more than his good Patron, old *Volpone.*
Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead?
Volt. O no, my honour'd Fathers,
He lives—— *Avoc.* 1. How! lives?
Volt. Lives. *Avoc.* 2. This is subtler yet!
Avoc. 3. You said, he was dead.
Volt. Never. *Avoc.* 3. You said so.
Corv. I heard so.
Avoc. 4. Here comes the Gentleman, make him way.
Avoc. 3. A Stool.
Avoc. 4. A proper Man; and, were *Volpone* dead,
A fit Match for my Daughter. *Avoc.* 3. Give him way.
Volp. *Mosca*, I was a'most lost; the Advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd:
All's o' the Hinge again—— Say, I am living.
Mos. What busie Knave is this! Most reverend Fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave Pleasures,
But that my Order for the Funeral
Of my dear Patron did require me—— (*Volp. Mosca!*)
Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a Gentleman.
Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all. *Av.*2. Still stranger!
More intricate! *Avoc.* 1. And come about again!
Avoc. 4. It is a Match, my Daughter is bestow'd.
(*Mos.* Will you gi' me Half?
Volp. First I'll be hang'd. *Mos.* I know
Your Voice is good, cry not so lowd.) *Avoc.* 1. Demand
The Advocate: Sir, did not you affirm
Volpone was alive? *Volp.* Yes, and he is;
This Gent'man told me so, (thou shalt have Half.)
Mos. Whose Drunkard is this same?
Speak some that know him:
I never saw his Face. (I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap. *Volp.* No?) *Av.*1. What say you?
Volt. The Officer told me. *Volp.* I did, grave Fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own Life,
And that this Creature told me. (I was born
With all good Stars my enemies.) *Mos.* Most grave Fathers,
If such an Insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent: 'Twas not this
For which you sent, I hope. *Avoc.* 2. Take him away.
(*Volp. Mosca!*) *Avoc.* 3. Let him be whipt.
(*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?) *Avoc.* 3. And taught to bear himself
Toward a Person of his Rank. *Avoc.* 4. Away.
Mos. I humbly thank your Fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?
And lose all that I have? If I confess,
It cannot be much more. *Avoc.* 4. Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be resolute:
The Fox shall here uncase. (*Mos. Patron.*)

Volp. Nay,

Volp. Nay, now [*He puts off his*
My Ruins ſhall not come alone; your Match *Diſguiſe.*
I'll hinder ſure: my Subſtance ſhall not glew you,
Nor ſcrew you into a Family. (*Moſ.* Why, Patron!)
Volp. I am *Volpone*, and this is my Knave;
This, his own Knave: this, Avarice's Fool:
This, a *Chimera* of Wittal, Fool, and Knave:
And, Reverend Fathers, ſince we all can hope
Nought but a Sentence, let's not now deſpair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it pleaſe your Fatherhoods— *Com.* Silence.
Avoc. 1. The Knot is now undone by Miracle.
Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.
Avoc. 3. Or can more prove
Theſe innocent. *Avoc.* 1. Give 'em their Liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let ſuch groſs Crimes be hid.
Avoc. 2. If this be held the High-way to get Riches,
May I be poor. *Avoc.* 3. This's not the Gain, but Torment.
Avoc. 1. Theſe poſſeſs Wealth, as ſick men poſſeſs Fevers,
Which truſier may be ſaid to poſſeſs them.
Avoc. 2. Diſrobe that Paraſite.
Corv. Moſ. Moſt honour'd Fathers.
Av. 1. Can you plead ought to ſtay the courſe of Juſtice?
If you can, ſpeak.
Corv. Volt. We beg Favour. *Cel.* And Mercy.
Avoc. 1. You hurt your Innocence, ſuing for the Guilty.
Stand forth; and firſt, the Paraſite. You appear
T' have been the chiefeſt Miniſter, if not Plotter,
In all theſe lewd Impoſtures; and now, laſtly,
Have with your Impudence abus'd the Court,
And Habit of a Gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a Fellow of no Birth, or Blood:
For which, our Sentence is, firſt, thou be whipt;
Then live perpetual Priſoner in our Gallies.
Volt. I thank you for him.
Moſ. Bane to thy Wolviſh Nature.
Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the *Saffi.* Thou, *Volpone*,
By Blood and Rank a Gentleman, canſt not fall
Under like Cenſure; but our Judgment on thee
Is, That thy Subſtance all be ſtreight confiſcate
To the Hoſpital of the *Incurabili:*
And ſince the moſt was gotten by Impoſture,
By feigning Lame, Gout, Palſie, and ſuch Diſeaſes,
Thou art to lie in Priſon, cramp't with Irons,
Till thou be'ſt ſick and lame indeed. Remove him.
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a *Fox.*
Avoc 1. Thou, *Voltore*, to take away the Scandal
Thou haſt given all worthy Men of thy Profeſſion,
Art baniſht from their Fellowſhip, and our State.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here poſſeſs
Thy Son of all thy State, and confine thee
To the Monaſtery of *San' Spirito*;
Where, ſince thou knewſt not how to live well here,
Thou ſhalt be learn'd to die well. *Corb.* Ha! what ſaid he?
Com. You ſhall know anon, Sir.
Avoc. 1. Thou, *Corvino*, ſhalt
Be ſtreight imbark'd from thine own Houſe, and row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *Grand Canale*,
Wearing a Cap, with fair long Aſſes Ears,
In ſtead of Horns; and ſo to mount (a Paper
Pinn'd on thy Breaſt) to the *Berlino*— *Corv.* Yes,
And have mine Eyes beat out with ſtinking Fiſh,
Bruis'd Fruit, and rotten Eggs— 'Tis well. I am glad
I ſhall not ſee my Shame yet. *Avoc.* 1. And to expiate
Thy Wrongs done to thy Wife, thou art to ſend her
Home to her Father, with her Dowry trebled:
And theſe are all your Judgments.
(*All.* Honour'd Fathers.)
Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
When Crimes are done, and paſt, and to be puniſh'd,
To think what your Crimes are: Away with them.
Let all that ſee theſe Vices thus rewarded,
Take Heart, and love to ſtudy 'em. Miſchiefs feed
Like Beaſts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THe ſeaſoning of a Play, is the Applauſe.
Now, though the Fox *be puniſh'd by the Laws,*
He yet doth hope there is no Suff'ring due,
For any Fact which he hath done 'gainſt you:
If there be, cenſure him; here he doubtful ſtands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your Hands.

THE END

EPICOENE,

OR, THE

Silent Woman.

A COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1609. By the Children of her MAJESTY's Revels.

With the Allowance of the Maſter of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

Ut ſis tu ſimilis Cœli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego ſim Caprî, neque Sulcî. Cur metuas me? Horat.

To the truly NOBLE by all TITLES,

Sir Francis Stuart.

SIR,

MY Hope is not ſo nouriſh'd by example, as it will conclude, this dumb Piece ſhould pleaſe you, becauſe it hath pleas'd others before: but by truſt, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have diſpleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not only in the Names of Favour, but the Names of Juſtice, to what I write; and do, preſently, call you to the exerciſe of that Nobleſt, and Manlieſt Vertue: as coveting rather to be freed in my Fame, by the Authority of a Judge, than the Credit of an Undertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and Cenſure. There is not a Line, or Sillable in it changed from the ſimplicity of the firſt Copy. And, when you ſhall conſider, through the certain hatred of ſome, how much a Man's Innocency may be indanger'd by an uncertain accuſation; you will, I doubt not, ſo begin to hate the Iniquity of ſuch natures, as I ſhall love the Contumely done me, whoſe end was ſo honourable, as to be wiped off by your ſentence.

Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

MOROSE, *a Gentleman that loves not noiſe.*
DAUP. EUGENE, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
CLERIMONT, *a Gent. his Friend.*
TRUE-WIT, *Another Friend.*
EPICŒNE, *A young Gent. ſuppos'd the Sil. Wom.*
JOH. DAW, *A Knight, her Servant.*
AMAROUS LA-FOOL, *A Knight alſo.*
THOM. OTTER, *A Land and Sea-Captain.*

CUTBERD, *a Barber.*
MUTE, *One of* MOROSE *his Servants.*
MAD. HAUGHTY, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
MAD. CENTAURE, }
MAD. MAVIS, }
Mrs. MAVIS, *the Lady* HAUGHTIES *Woman.*
Mrs. OTTER, *the Captains Wife.*
Pretenders.

PARSON.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.

The SCENE
LONDON.

The Principal COMŒDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.
GIL. CARIE.
HUG. ATTAWEL.
JOHN SMITH.
WILL. BARKSTED.
WILL. PEN.
RIC. ALLIN.
JOH. BLANEY.

EPICOENE,

OR, THE

Silent Woman.

PROLOGUE.

Truth ſays, of old, the Art of making Plays
Was to content the People; and their praiſe
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care,
And will taſte nothing that is popular.
With ſuch we mingle neither Brains nor Breaſts;
Our wiſhes, like to thoſe make publick Feaſts,
Are not to pleaſe the Cooks taſte, but the Gueſts.
Yet, if thoſe cunning Palates hither come.
They ſhall find Gueſts entreaty, and good room;
And though all reliſh not, ſure there will be ſome,
That, when they leave their Seats, ſhall make 'em ſay,
Who wrot that Piece, could ſo have wrot a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to preſent all Cuſtard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or to want Bread, and Salt, were but courſe Art.
The Poet prays you then, with better thought
To ſit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought
Be fit for Ladies: ſome for Lords, Knights, Squires;
Some for your waiting Wench, and City-wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Friers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feaſt will laſt; but you ſhall eat
A week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
If his Muſe be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another.

THE ends of all, who for the Scene do write,
Are, or ſhould be, to Profit, and Delight.
And ſtill 't hath been the praiſe of all beſt times,
So Perſons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we preſent to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear, and Sight,
On forfeit of your ſelves, think nothing true:
Leſt ſo you make the maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd
By writing Truths, but things (like Truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular ſlight
Of application) wreſt what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will ſay:
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

Act I. Scene I.

Cleremont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect I ga' you, Boy? [*He comes out making himſelf ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You ſhall, Sir; but i' faith let no body elſe.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a Poet in Town, Sir; beſides, me a perfect deal of ill will at the Manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the argument of it, where now I am the welcomſt thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the truth were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and carry me into my Lady; and ſhe kiſſes me with her oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? and I ſay, no: and then ſhe hits me a blow o' the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt your Maſter, when the entrance is ſo eaſie to you—— well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your Voice in my Ladies Ruſhes, a fortnight hence. Sing, Sir. [*Boy ſings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! what, between his Miſtris abroad, and his Engle at home, high Fare, ſoft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why what ſhould a Man do?

Tru. Why, nothing: or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-race, or Hunting-match; lay Wagers, praiſe Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; ſwear upon White-mains party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Bettor o' the Green. Theſe be the things, wherein your faſhionable Men exerciſe themſelves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay,

Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then wee'l pray, and faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that time of age to goodneſs, which our want of Ability will not let us employ in evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes; as if a Man ſhould ſleep all the term, and think to effect his buſineſs the laſt day, O, *Clerimont*, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the fineſt out of it, with vanity, and miſery indeed: not ſeeking an end of wretchedneſs, but only changing the matter ſtill.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now——

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: not hear, nor regard our ſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarchs* Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill ſpoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch things: and leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; If it will not take, I have learn'd to looſe as little of my kindneſs, as I can. I'll do good to no Man againſt his will, certainly. When were you at the Colledge?

Cler. What Colledge?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court yeſterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town, of Ladies, that call themſelves the Collegiates, an order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Huſbands; and give entertainment to all the Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Brain or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority: and every day gain to their Colledge ſome new Probationer.

Cler. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal Face, her peic'd Beauty: there's no Man can be admitted till ſhe be ready, now adays, till ſhe has painted, and perfum'd, and waſht, and ſcour'd, but the Boy here; and him ſhe wipes her oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the ſubject.

SONG.

Still to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be pow'red, ſtill perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace;
Robes looſely flowing, Hair as free:
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other ſide: I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one kind of it: ſhe may vary every hour; take often counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhow 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good Legs, wear ſhort Cloathes; a good Hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, paint, and profeſs it.

Cler. How? publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: that muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe ſleeps: nor, when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be inquiring; all is ſacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perrukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you ſee Guilders will not work, but inclos'd. They muſt not diſcover, how little ſerves, with the help of Art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Ald gate*? were the People ſuffer'd to ſee the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were painted and burniſh'd? no: No more ſhould Servants approach their Miſtriſſes but when they are compleat, and finiſh'd.

Cler. Well ſaid, my *True-wit*.

Tru. And a wiſe Lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that ſhe may do things ſecurely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haſte, and troubled, ſnatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her baldneſs: and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigie!

Tru. And the unconſcionable Knave held her in complement an Hour with that reverſt Face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould talk from the tother ſide.

Cler. Why? thou ſhouldſt ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you *Dauphine Eugene*?

Cler. Not theſe three days. Shall we go to him this Morning? he is very melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? is he? I met that ſtiff piece of formality, his Uncle, yeſterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noiſe, Man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? they ſay he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fiſh-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: marry, the Chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-men: they ſtand out ſtifly. He cannot endure a Coſtard-monger, he ſwoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Braſier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the Pariſh, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterers 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tueſdays* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the reſt were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senſes. The Waights of the City have a Penſion of him not to come near that Ward. This youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: and there left him flouriſhing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? he hath choſen a Street to lie in, ſo narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of theſe common noiſes: and therefore, we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his exerciſe, to breathe him. He would grow reſty elſe in his eaſe: his Vertue would ruſt without action. I entreated a Bareward, one day, to come down with the Dogs of ſome four Pariſhes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under

under Master *Morose*'s Window: till he was sent crying away, with his Head made a most bleeding Spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum most tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good wag. How does he for the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queens time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on Holy-day Eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a Room, with double Walls, and treble Cielings; the Windows close shut and calk'd: and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, last Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers soald with Wooll: and they talk each to other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

Act I. Scene II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

HOw now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almost, I am here, with Tales o' thine Uncle! There was never such a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once lose this Subject, my Masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will dis-inherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives the Law of plagueing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noyse of the Ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Sisters Son?

Dau. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noyse, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to harken him out a dumb Woman; be she of any Form, or any Quality, so she be able to bear Children: her silence is Dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly soft spoken; thrifty of her Speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who is his Agent i' the business?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honest Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppress me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noise!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: and that continency in a Barber he thinks so eminent a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Counsel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be seen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have some business now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never ha' that Plea against me, that I oppos'd the least Phant'sie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when some Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himself cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cle. Why right over against the Barbers; in the House where Sir *John Daw* lyes.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to speak, God b' w' you. I have some business too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say, he is a very good Scholler.

Tru. I, and he says it first. A pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing else of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the World should so conspire to belye him.

Cle. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you Gentleman.

Gle. This is very abrupt!

Act I. Scene III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

COme, you are a strange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wit* a very honest Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are mistaken *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truely, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not, *Ned*; but, with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out, *Boccace* never thought of the like. *Daw* does nothing but court her: and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in Verses; which he reads, and swears, are the best that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutines, why he is not made a Counsellor, and call'd to affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, *Boy*.

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole*.

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if ere he saw you but once, though you should meet him at Church in the midst of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, though he be none o' the *Wits*. He will salute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Bishop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when she is dancing in a Maske, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites

his Gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the purpoſe: or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Preſents, ſome Two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a ſpare-banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth laſt night, but now he is much finer! what is his Chriſten Name? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-foole.*

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Gueſts; and, the whole courſe of his Fortunes with a breath.

Act I. Scene IV.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

SAve dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Maſter *Clerimont*.

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honeſted my Lodging, with your preſence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clerimont*, to intreat you wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La F. No, Sir, diſpence with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe, believe it, Sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a day.

La-F. It ſhould be extreamly againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otter? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave the rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter*.

La F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite, any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Dau. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Eſſex*?

La F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the Weſt, the *La-Fooles* of the Eaſt and South—we are as ancient a Family as any is in Europe—but I my ſelf am deſcended lineally of the *French La-Fooles*—and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes, been ſolemnly worn by divers Nobility of our Houſe—but let that go, antiquity is not reſpected now—I had a Brace of fat Does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheaſants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and ſome other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company—there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*—and they come a' purpoſe, to ſee the ſilent Gentlewoman, Miſtris *Epicœne*, that honeſt Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither—— and then, Miſtris *Truſty*, my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your ſelf Maſter *Clerimont*—— and we'll be very merry, and have Fidlers, and dance——I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have ſpent ſome Crowns ſince I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Ladies Gentleman Uſher, who got me knighted in *Ireland*, ſince it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye—— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Iſland-Voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd my ſelf to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Countrey, and ſurvei'd my Lands, let new Leaſes, took their Money, ſpent it in the Eye o' the Land here, upon Ladies—— and now I can take up at my pleaſure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breath, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuſe me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Gueſt, or two, to invite, and ſay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail——Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La Foole*; but ſhe ſhall, that your Ladies come to ſee: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear ſuch a Wind-ſucker, as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a Rook as the other! that will betray his Maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

Act II. Scene I.

Moroſe, Mute.

CAn not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to ſave my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the diſcord of ſounds? Let me ſee: all Diſcourſes but mine own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſom. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? ſpeak not though I queſtion you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bade you? anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by ſilence; unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. And, you have faſtened on a thick Quilt, or Flockbed, on the out-ſide of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no noyſe? but with your Leg, you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. This is not only fit modeſty in a Servant, but good ſtate and diſcretion in a Maſter. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come preſently? anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your Head, or ſhrug. (——) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an hour, hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare? (——) very good. I ſee, by much Doctrine, and Impulſion, it may be effected: ſtand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with ſilence: an exquiſite Art! and I am heartily

At the breaches ſtill the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.

tily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian, to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a point of Felicity. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court——

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn, too?

Mut. Alaſs, it is a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death——

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

Act II. Scene II.

True-wit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

BY your leave, Sir, I am a ſtranger here: is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? is your Name Maſter *Moroſe*? Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all? this is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court Commend 'em to you, Sir——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! was there ever ſuch an impudence?)

Tru. And are extreamly ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword——

Tru. You ſhall taſte the one half of my Dagger, if you do, (Groom) and you the other, if you ſtir, Sir: be patient, I charge you, in the Kings name, and hear me without inſurrection. They ſay, you are to marry? to marry! do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder, Sir, the *Thames* being ſo neer, wherein you may drown, ſo handſomly; or *London* Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the Stream; or, ſuch a delicate Steeple i' the Town, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a braver height, as *Pauls*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a ſhorter way, an excellent Garret Window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the ſaid Garret, with this Halter, which they have ſent, and deſire, that you would ſooner commit your Grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Nooſe, or, take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one ſaid) with a Straw i' your Arſe: any way, rather than to follow this goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaſte Wife, in theſe times? now? when there are ſo many Maſques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other ſtrange ſights to be ſeen, daily, private and publick? if you had liv'd, in King *Ethelred*'s time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confeſſors, you might, perhaps, have found in ſome cold Countrey Hamlet, then, a dull froſty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: now, they will as ſoon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monſtrous hazards you ſhall run with a Wife.

He ſhews him a Halter.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Poſſeſſions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? beg'd a Reverſion from 'em? baſtarded their Iſſue? what have I done, that may deſerve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an aſſaſſinate upon your Father; vitiated your Mother: raviſhed your Siſters——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do——

Tru. Alaſs, Sir, I am but a Meſſenger: I but tell you, what you muſt hear. It ſeeems, your Friends are careful after your Souls health, Sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleaſure, for all them; I perſwade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his skill at his Weapon; why it is not their fault; they have diſcharged their Conſciences: when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If ſhe be fair, young, and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roſes i' the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, ſhe'll be with them, and buy thoſe Doublets and Roſes, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; ſhe'll raign in your Houſe, as imperious as a Widdow. If noble, all her kindred will be your Tyrans. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; ſhe muſt have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurſes, her Longings every hour: though it be for the deareſt Morſel of Man. If learned, there was never ſuch a Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for the Gueſts that muſt be invited, to hear her ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you muſt lye with her in thoſe Languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd Brethren, once in three days; ſalute the Siſters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long-winded Exerciſes, Singings, and Catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for; to pleaſe the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir? but this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Serving-man, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

The Mute is ſtealing away.

Mor. O, What is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather, dote on her, Sir: O, how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' you Torments! you ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it muſt be for that Jewel, or that Pearl, when ſhe does; every half hours pleaſure muſt be bought anew; and with the ſame pain, and charge, you woo'd her at firſt. Then, you muſt keep what Servants ſhe pleaſe; what Company ſhe will; that Friend muſt not viſit you without her Licenſe; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your jealouſie; or, faign to be jealous of you firſt; and for that cauſe go live with her ſhe-friend, or Couſin at the Colledge, that can inſtruct her in all the Myſteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where ſhe muſt have that rich Gown for ſuch a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be ſerv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a ſucceſſion of Grooms, Footmen, Uſhers, and other Meſſengers; beſides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semſters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while ſhe feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foreſees the change, when the Mercer has your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Pride coſts, Sir: ſo ſhe may kiſs a Page, or a ſmooth Chin, that has the deſpair of a Beard; be a Stateſwoman, know all the news, what was done at *Saliſbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at Court, what in Progreſs; or, ſo ſhe may cenſure *Poets*, and Authors, and Stiles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnſon* with the t'other Youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning in Controverſies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the ſtate of the Queſtion: and then skip to the *Mathematicks*,

and Demonſtration and Anſwer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Baud'ry to a Third.

Mor. O, O!

Tru. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in diſguiſe to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman: where the firſt queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhall dye? next, if her preſent Servant love her? next that if ſhe ſhall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the beſt Baud, Male, or Female? what precedence ſhe ſhall have by her next match? and ſets down the Anſwers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtudy the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a foot, and lies in a Month of a new Face, all Oyl, and Birdlime; and riſes in Aſſes Milk, and is clens'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almoſt forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her Virginity afore hand, as your wiſe Widdows do of their States, before they marry, in truſt to ſome Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the Wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impoſſible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

The Horn again.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: but firſt ſhut the Door. O, ſhut the Door, ſhut the Door: Is he come again?

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*! here has been a Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed, and give me Phyſick with thy Counſel.

Act II. Scene III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicœne.

NAy, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe, at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But ſhe will not be invited to the like Feaſts or Gueſts every day.

They diſwade her, privately.

Cle. O, by no means, ſhe may not refuſe—to ſtay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laught at by the Lady of the Colledge, and her Shadows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfie the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtris *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw*'s leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave ſo ſoon.

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, ſhew 'em, Miſtris, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my ſelf, too: an Author muſt recite his own works. It is a *madrigal* of modeſty.

Modeſt, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere.——

Dau. Very good.

Cle. I, Is't not?

Daw. *No noble vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John*.

Dau. It has ſomething in't like rare Wit and Senſe.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. *No noble Vertue ever was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praiſe ſweet modeſty, I praiſe
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modeſtee,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys tink i' the cloſe, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca*.

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch*.

Daw. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder thoſe Fellows have ſuch credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Aſſes! meer *Eſſayiſts*! a few looſe Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk ſo, his whole Age; I do utter as good things every Hour, if they were collected and obſerv'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed! Sir *John*?

Cle. He muſt needs, living among the *Wits* and *Braveries* too.

Dau. I, and being Preſident of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Ariſtotle*, a meer Common-place Fellow; *Plato*, a diſcourſer; *Thucidides*, and *Livie*, tedious and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John*?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Aſs, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of Dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Auſonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the reſt——

Cle. What a Sack full of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus*!

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Perſius*, a crabbed Cockſcom, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spains* Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spains* Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard*.

Daw. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch* man.

Cle. I, both the *Corpuſſes*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholler.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Councellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtris can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John*?

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtifie your own being of a *Poet*, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets*?

Daw. Why?

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not a Poet; you have of the Wits that write Verſes, and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John?*

Cle. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd.

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much! Do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Vertue Male,
Or Maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with increaſe;
I know to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increaſe, Sir *John?*

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the Common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida.*

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.

Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again!

Act II. Scene IV.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw, Epicœne.

WHere haſt thou been, in the name of Madneſs! thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have forbid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me entrance; kiſs it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were ſeen in the ſhape of a Woman, he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him off o' that ſcent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!——

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing, that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters, do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the requital of ſuch a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried, by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did abſurder Part i' your life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Frienſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith, you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd?* what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatning him from Marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will ſee the Party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to day, inſtantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, ſweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the abſurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou aſcribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

Tru. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in Nature fall out ſo: My *Genius* is never falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me how it could be otherwiſe.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconſiderate, and raſh, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou ſtrange Juſtifier of thy ſelf, to be wiſer than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou ſhalt never perſwade me, but I foreſaw it, as well as the Stars themſelves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with Inſtructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her firſt, by your favour.

Cle. Maſter *True wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am ſorry I have not known you ſooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s Madrigals.

Tru. Jack Daw, God ſave you; when ſaw you *La-Fool?*

Daw. Not ſince laſt night, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you two had been inſeparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Gueſts.

Tru. Gods ſo! 'tis true! What a falſe Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horſe, rid into a Foant, with poſting from place to place, and Perſon to Perſon, to give 'em the *Cue*——

Cle. Leſt they ſhould forget?

Tru. Yes:

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muſter to ſhew Men, than he, at this Meal, to ſhew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feaſt, Sir.

Cle. What! do you ſay ſo, Sir *John?*

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the beſt Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: VVhere's his Miſtriſs, to hear and applaud him? Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Miſtriſs *Epicœne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifeſt Injury, a Diſgrace and a half; to refuſe him at ſuch a Feſtival-time as this, being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to eſteem any thing a Diſgrace is offer'd him from a Miſtriſs.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does ſhe refuſe me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it ſo to heart: ſhe does not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame, to put it into his Head, that ſhe does refuſe him.

Tru. Sir, ſhe does refuſe him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would ſwear to ſpeak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body elſe, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John.*

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louſe: I would roll my ſelf up for this day in troth, they ſhould not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, ſo I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John.*

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever ſuch a two Yards of Knighthood meaſur'd out by Time, to be ſold to Laughter?

Tru. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Muſhrom was ever ſo freſh. A Fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but firſt, les's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the Houſe, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

Act II. Scene V.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Cutberd, Mute.

WElcome *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair Charge: and in her Ear, ſoftly intreat her to unmask (——) So. Is the Door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the ſame Diſcipline I uſe to my Family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hope ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, *Cutberd.* I conceive beſides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Conſequence of Marriage. (——) This I conceive, *Cutberd.* Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very well done, *Cutberd.* Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition, or Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the true height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. (——) Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, ſay, Lady, out of the firſt Fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from you, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

He goes about her, and views her.

She curtſies.

Curtſie.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches jump right with what you conceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine Ears Banquetted with pleaſant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuſe for my Bed-pheere. The Ladies in Court think it a moſt deſperate impair to their quickneſs of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good Matter to continue it, as himſelf: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much circumſtance) affect and toil for, to ſeem learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, you can bury in your ſelf with ſilence, and rather truſt your Graces to the fair Conſcience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Curtſie.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Good Lady, ſpeak out.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladneſs. O *Moroſe!* thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou maiſt contain thy ſelf. I will only put her to it once more, and it ſhall be with the utmoſt Touch and Teſt of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do alſo love to ſee her whom I ſhall chuſe for my Heifer, to be the firſt and principal in all Faſhions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Linneners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and ſit with 'em ſometimes twice a day upon *French* Intelligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or oftner than ſhe, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect: And how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but neceſſary) Inſtructions, for that Bodies, theſe Sleeves, thoſe Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, thoſe Knots, that Ruff, thoſe Roſes, this Girdle, that Fan, the tother Scarf, theſe Gloves? Ha! what ſay you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you riſe a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wiſdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more:

more: I will not ſin againſt ſo ſweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on thoſe divine Lips the Seal of being mine. *Cutberd*, I give thee the Leaſe of thy Houſe free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (——) I know what thou would'ſt ſay, She's poor, and her Friends deceaſed; ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutberd*, I ſhall have her more loving and obedient, *Cutberd*. Go thy ways, and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: ſoftly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your Miſtriſs into the Dining-room, your now-Miſtriſs. O my Felicity! How ſhall I be reveng'd on mine inſolent Kinſman, and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thruſt him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be Knighted, forſooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title muſt do it: No, Kinſman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the ſixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, Kinſman. Your Knighthood it ſelf ſhall come on its Knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the Twelve-penny Ordinary, it Knighthood, for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hoſteſs; or it Knighthood ſhall do worſe, take Sanctuary in *Coleharbor*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it Knighthood Ten ſhillings, it Knighthood ſhall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridg-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it ſhall not have Money to diſcharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it Knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone-Jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it Knighthood forth for the attempting of a Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It ſhall give it Knighthoods Name, for a Stallion, to all gameſom Citizens Wives, and be refus'd, when the Maſter of a Dancing-School, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt Reveller in the Town is taken: It ſhall want Clothes, and by reaſon of that, Wit, to fool to Lawyers. It ſhall not have hope to repair it ſelf by *Conſtantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the beſt and laſt Fortune to it Knighthood ſhall be, to make *Dol Tear-ſheet* or *Kate Common* a Lady, and ſo it Knighthood may eat.

Act II. Scene VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd,

ARe you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a very good Sign, *Dauphine*.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*, ſucceeds it, or no?

Cut. Paſt imagination, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat ſenex*, as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of my Houſe too! and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the Silenc'd Miniſters; a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: When 'tis done and finiſhed, I am for you, for any Device of vexation.

Cut. And that ſhall be within this half-hour, upon my dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jeſt to Poſterity, Sirs, this days Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beſhrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To tranſlate all *La-Fool*'s Company, and his Feaſt hither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-gueſts thither, and then the Meat muſt follow.

Cle. For God's ſake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent Comedy of Affliction, ſo many ſeveral Noiſes.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one o' their Faces has not the Priming-Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock ſleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll riſe earlier than ordinary to a Feaſt.

Tru. Beſt go ſee, and aſſure our ſelves.

Cle. Who knows the Houſe?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter*!

Cle. No: For Gods ſake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Fool*, if not tranſcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls her Princeſs, and at ſuch times as theſe follows her up and down the Houſe like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this inſtant he is marſhalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horſe.

Dau. What be thoſe, in the Name of *Sphinx*?

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that ſubtle Sport has tane the witty Denomination of his chief carowſing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horſe. And then he has his leſſer Glaſſes, that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and ſeveral Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any Entertainment perfect, till theſe be brought out, and ſet o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's love! we ſhould miſs this, if we ſhould not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thouſand things as good, that will ſpeak him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her back; and to her Face——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go ſee him, I petition you.

Act III. Scene I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*.

NAy, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Ott. By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to Kennel, i' faith. You were beſt bait me with your Bull, Bear, and Horſe? Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the Houſe, but you make it a *Shrove-tueſday*! I would have you get your *Whitſontide*-Velvet-Cap, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em: yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not ſo, Princeſs, neither; but, under correction, ſweet Princeſs, gi' me leave—— Theſe things I am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it ſo, and do expect it. *Tom Otter*'s Bull, Bear, and Horſe, is known all over *England*, *in rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em

'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beaſt, or a Bull, to mix in ſociety with great Ladies? Think 'i your Diſcretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horſe then, good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the Horſe; they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it my ſelf.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horſe, this *Poetarum Pegaſus*. Under correction, Princeſs, *Jupiter* did turn himſelf into a —— *Taurus*, or Bull, under correction, good Princeſs.

Mrs. Ott. By my Integrity, I'll ſend you over to the Bank-ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Muſt my Houſe or my Roof be polluted with the ſcent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Inſtrument, when I married you? That I would be Princeſs, and reign in mine own Houſe; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, ſhould make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to ſpend where you will, among your Gameſters, to vex and torment me at ſuch times as theſe? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horſe-meat and Mans meat? your three Sutes of Apparel a Year? your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worſted? your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Perſonages, to ſpeak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your Houſe? Were you ever ſo much as look'd upon by a Lord, or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Eaſter* or *Whitſon* Holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting-houſe Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's ſake, let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs. Ott. Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſie Buff Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Ott. O, here are ſome o' the Gallants! Go to, behave your ſelf diſtinctly, and with good Morality; or, I proteſt, I'll take away your Exhibition.

Act III. Scene II.

True-wit, Mrs. Otter, Cap. Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutberd.

BY your leave, fair Miſtriſs *Otter*, I'll be bold to enter theſe Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It ſhall not be obnoxious, or difficil, Sir.

Tru. How does my Noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horſe in *rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Toſts and Butter made for the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licenſe: but mark her Language in the mean time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My Couſin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here, to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit*. Here was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that demanded my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed ſtreight, I can reſolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady expreſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon truſt, Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo, Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the Servant of the Court and Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*? Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a Bulruſh that were not pickt, or his Throat were full of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they ſay) be ready with your Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cutberd*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd, by the Phiſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure's* Chamber, in the College, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banqnet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Sute all over (a Crimſon Satten Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewers Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and kept my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtriſs *Otter*.

Mrs. Ott. Will it pleaſe you to enter the Houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour, Lady: But we ſtay to ſpeak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, Sir. It is my Couſin Sir *Amorous* his Feaſt——

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinſwoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your Servant, Sir.

Act III. Scene III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Fool, Dauphine, Otter.

WHy, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that she was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistris so acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her Injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your presence to day—— She is to be married to a very good Fortune, she says, his Uncle old *Morose*: and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more Favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John*! ask Sir *Dauphine*.

Dau. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cle. I assure you, Sir *John*, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be *jovial*.

Cle. Yes, for look you Sir, this was the injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feast to honour her Bridal day, and made you the Property to invite the College Ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time she would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor*. Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the Ladies to the place where she is, and be very *jovial*; and there, she will have a Dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a saver i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her hartily.

Cle. About it then presently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Joyn with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very *jovial*.

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your Mistris? Sir *Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcom, and honest Master *Clerimont*. Where's my Cousin? did you see no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Dau. 'Collegiats! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you speak so kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you such an affront

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a tutor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his Mistris is married to day to Sir *Dauphins* Uncle, your Cousins Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to frustrate your Provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have intic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, most maliciously and treacherously: but if you'll be rull'd by us, you shall quit him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheasants, and your Godwits, and your best Meat, and dish it in Silver Dishes of your Cousins presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the Board, and bid 'em welcom to't which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your Cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcom, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Guest her self, sit rank'd with the Colledge Honors, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be Guests, and Meat now, how shall we do for Musick?

Cle. The smell of the Venison, going through the Street, will invite one noise of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith, there is hope, they have intelligence of all Feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my Uncle, and an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* says) and you may take their Understandings in a Purse net. They'll believe themselves to be just such Men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their Senses, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perswaded your Cousin? [*He enters like a Sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the *La Fooles* shall be disgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your Enemies Practises to Powder, and blow him up with his own Mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire I warrant you.

Cle. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means———

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princess says you shall have all her Silver Dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your self too, Captain *Otter*.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my Cousin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be tutors to my Princess, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horse.

Cle. That you shall do, Captain *Otter*.

La-F. My Cousin will never consent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She must consent, Sir *Amorous*, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, she must hear Argument. Did not *Pasiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Calisto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a Star, Mistris *Ursula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' said as much! I will have these Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphosi*.

Dau. Where is your Princess, Captain? pray' be our Leader.

Ott. That I shall, Sir.

Cle. Make haste, good Sir *Amorous*.

Act III. Scene IV.

Morose, Epicœne, Parson, Cutberd.

SIr, there's an Angel for your self, and a brace of Angels for your Cold. Muse not at this manage of my Bounty. It is fit we should thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your Imperfection but my Solace. [*The Parson speaks at having a Cold.*

Par. I thank your Worſhip; ſo it is mine, now.

Mor. What ſays he, *Cutberd*?

Cut. He ſays, *præſto*, Sir, whenſoever your Worſhip needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this Cold with ſitting up late, and ſinging Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worſhip, and give you much joy with your fair Spouſe. (Umh, umh.) [*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, ſtay *Cutberd*! let him give me Five Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to reward Benefits, ſo is it equity to mulct Injuries. I will have it. What ſays he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It muſt be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What ſays he?

Cut. He will cough out the reſt, Sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, ſtop his Mouth, away, I forgive it.——

Epi. Fye, Maſter *Moroſe*, that you will uſe this violence to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding, (as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outrage on a Water-man, or any more boiſtrous Creature, much leſs on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can ſpeak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I Sir, Why, did you think you had married a Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or ſome Innocent out of the Hoſpital, that would ſtand with her Hands thus, and a Plaiſe-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodeſty! a manifeſt Woman! what *Cutberd*?

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confeſs it doth bate ſomewhat of the Modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply Maid: but I hope I ſhall make it a ſtock ſtill competent to the Eſtate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impoſtor, *Cutberd*?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbneſs in my Houſe, in a Family where I Govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Pentheſilea*, a *Semiramis*, ſold my Liberty to a Diſtaff!

Act III. Scene V.

True-wit, Moroſe, Epicœne.

WHere's Maſter *Moroſe*?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wiſh you all joy, Miſtris *Epicœne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Maſter *True-wit*, ſo friendly a wiſh deſerves.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Meſſenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the glad wiſhes of many Friends to the celebration of this good Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your reſolution, that (notwithſtanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a Night-crow) would yet go on, and be your ſelf. It ſhews your are a Man conſtant to your own Ends, and upright to your Purpoſes, that would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the knowledge of ſo much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the ſecrecy of it to a Barber, that leſs than the whole Town ſhould know it? you might as well ha' told it the Conduit, or the Bake-houſe, or the Infant'ry that follow the Court, and with more ſecurity. Could your Gravity forget ſo old and noted a Remnant, as, *lippis & tonſoribus notum*? Well Sir, forgive it your ſelf now, the Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Here will be three or four faſhionable Ladies from the College to viſit you preſently, and their Train of Minions and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are all my Eaters? my Mouthes now? bar up my Doors, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an office. Let 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move his Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *barricado* made againſt my Friends, to be barr'd of any pleaſure they can bring in to me with honourable Viſitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon: and me thinks is more continent than you. Would you go to Bed ſo preſently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man of your Head and Hair, ſhould owe more to that Reverend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but ſtay the due Seaſon; and aſcend it then with Religion and Fear. Thoſe delights are to be ſteep'd in the Humour, and ſilence of the Night? and give the day to other open Pleaſures, and Jollities of Feaſting, of Muſick, of Revels, of Diſcourſe: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you indure the firſt half hour, Sir, ſo tediouſly, and with this irkſomneſs; what comfort, or hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her ſelf hereafter, in the conſideration of ſo many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir.

Mor. That curſed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curſed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague——

Tru. (All *Ægypts* ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curſe or two more I'll aſſure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with ſeeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Mans Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning ſome Male-bauds Lock, he may have his Brain beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop ſo louſie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would ſwallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Froſt underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to ſee Fire again,

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciſſars ruſt, and his Combs mould in their Caſes.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he loſe the invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper)

Mor. Let there be no Baud carted that year, to employ a Baſon of his: but let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of Bread——

Tru. Eat

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make Make Meal o' the Mill ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his Linnen into Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him for to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the Gout in his hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might go leſs with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to New-paint his Pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb-maker———

Mor. No more Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another———

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with triming of any but Chimney-Sweepers———

Mor. Sir———

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Raſor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beſeech you, Sir.

Act III. Scene VI.

Daw, Moroſe, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Truſty.

THis way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be orewhelm'd with noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feell an Earthquake in my ſelf, for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Miſtris.

Mor. Has ſhe Servants too!

She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.

Daw. I have brought ſome Ladies here to ſee, and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*, Miſtris *Truſty* my Lady *Haughties* Woman. Where's your Husband? let's ſee him: can he endure no noiſe? let me come to him.

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch Servants.

Tru. Nay Sir, you muſt kiſs the Ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Maſter *Moroſe*, would you ſteal a Marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you, notwithſtanding the juſtice of my Quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtris, to uſe a becoming familiarity with your Husband.

Epi. Your Ladiſhip do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your favour: as, you have done both him and me grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement!

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Miſtris *Moroſe*; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſt.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent Woman?

Cen. Nay, ſhe has found her Tongue ſince ſhe was married, Maſter *True-wit* ſays.

Hau. O, Maſter *True-wit*! 'ſave you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? ſhe ſpeaks me thinks!

Tru. Yes Madam, believe it, ſhe is a Gentlewoman of very abſolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jac Daw* told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but ſhe is a Woman of an excellent aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with *Daw* ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the Maſter-wit, is the Maſter Fool. I aſſure your Ladiſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the Colledge: an' ſhe have Wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! ſhall ſhe not *Centaure*? we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, Madam, and *Mavis*, and ſhe will ſet up a ſide.

Tru. Believe it Madam, and Miſtris *Mavis*, ſhe will ſuſtain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed minute! that they would whiſper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your Ladiſhip help to vex him a little: you know his Diſeaſe, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or———

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure* help me. Maſter Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no Enſigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your Brides Colours, and yours at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladiſhips Painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, M. *Moroſe*, a Jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong Meats and Wine of it; been a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night-cap: (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you loſt to day (if you had but regarded your Profit,) what Gifts, what Friends, through your meer ruſticity?

Mor. Madam———

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errours to you, No, Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epithalamium*? no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promiſe my Miſtris, I have begun it already: will your Ladiſhip hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladiſhip command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have your choice of Rooms to retire to after: my whole Houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladiſhips Errand, into the City at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be loth to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Ladiſhips. And therefore, good Madam———

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deſerve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the Ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Bravo* Ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Miſtris Bride in, and begin to you in a very ſad Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends, and ſuch as love you.

Act III. Scene VII.

Clerimont, Moroſe, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtris Otter, &c.

BY your leave Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you variety of noyſes. Play, Sirs, all of you. [*Muſick of ſorts.*

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! This day I ſhall be their Anvile to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Roſin, and Guts. I can give you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I ſay.

Tru. Peace, Raſcals. You ſee who's your Friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyrs reſolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would ſuffer heroically. Should an Aſs exceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirmity with your hanging dull Ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely, and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight-ſewer before it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter*, your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it.

[*La-Foole paſſes over ſewing the Meat.*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Gueſts in. No, Miſtris Bride will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is ſo ſhame-fac'd, here——

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladiſhip Madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your Company, Miſtris.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtris.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis*?

Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.

M. Ot. 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Miſtris *Otter*.

M. Ot. Why I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. Ot. But I am.

Mav. We'll diſpute that within.

Cle. Would this had laſted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had ſent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, what News.

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum Gentlemen,

Mor. O, O, O. [*The Drum and Trumpets ſound.*

Ot. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

Act IV. Scene I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

WAs there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Chronicles* of the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of reſt, after all this Purgatory.

Cle. He may preſume it I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neeſing, the Farting, Dancing, noiſe of the Muſick, and her maſculine and loud Commanding, and urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, ſhe takes any occaſion to ſpeak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how ſoberly *Dauphine* labours to ſatisfie him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him *Dauphine*?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the Jeſt elſe. He has got on his whole neſt of Night-caps, and lock'd himſelf up i' the top o' the Houſe, as high as ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a Crany, and ſaw him ſitting over a croſs Beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadlers Horſe in *Fleetſtreet*, up-right: and he will ſleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are inſtructing her i' the Colledge-Grammar. If ſhe have grace with them, ſhe knows all their ſecrets inſtantly.

Cle. Me thinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my diſpraiſe of her i' the Morning. I think, I ſhall come about to thee again, *True-wit*.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the loſſes, time and years have made i' their Features, with dreſſings. And an intelligent Woman, if ſhe know by her ſelf the leaſt defect, will be moſt curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If ſhe be ſhort, let her ſit much, leſt when ſhe ſtands, ſhe be thought to ſit. If ſhe have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shooe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and ſcald Nails, let her carve the leſs, and act in Gloves. If a ſowre Breath let her never diſcourſe faſting; and always talk at her diſtance. If ſhe have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the leſs at laughter, eſpecially if ſhe laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you ſhall have ſome Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is ſo rude and—

Tru. I, and others, that will ſtalk i' their Gate like an *Eſtrich*, and take huge ſtrides. I cannot endure ſuch a ſight. I love meaſure i' the Feet, and number i' the Voyce: they are gentleneſſes, that oftentimes draw no leſs than the Face.

Dau. How cam'ſt thou to ſtudy theſe Creatures ſo exactly? I would thou wouldſt make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you muſt leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feaſts, to Plays, and Church ſometimes: thither they come to ſhew their new Tyres too, to ſee, and to be ſeen. In theſe Places a Man ſhall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arreſts his Judgment. A Wench to pleaſe a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He muſt go where ſhe is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer.

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee worthy it ſhould be ſo.

Cle. He ſays true to you, *Dauphine*.

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man ſhould not doubt to over-come any Woman. Think he can vanquiſh 'em, and he ſhall: for though they deny, their deſire is to be tempted. *Penelope* her ſelf cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and hold to your purpoſe.

purpoſe. They would ſollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howſoever, they with in their Hearts we ſhould ſollicite them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never want Eloquence or Truſt: even the chaſteſt delight to feell themſelves that way rub'd. With Praiſes you muſt mix Kiſſes too. If they take them, they'll take more. Though they ſtrive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man muſt beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-times the place of the greateſt Courteſie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, though then ſhe ſeem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is aſſuredly ſad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fiſhes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a ſad, or witty to a fooliſh, why ſhe preſently begins to miſtruſt her ſelf. You muſt approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themſelves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Raſcal. If ſhe love Wit, give Verſes, though you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, though you be ſtaunch in fighting. If Activity, be ſeen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the credit of your Back. If ſhe love good Clothes or Dreſſing, have your Learned Council about you every morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, *&c.* Let your Powder, your Glaſs, and your Comb be your deareſt Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wiſh the Commonwealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if ſhe be covetous and craving, do you promiſe any thing, and perform ſparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite ſtill. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to fooliſh and hoping Gameſters. Let your Gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Coſt. Give Cherries at time of Year, or Apricots; and ſay, they were ſent you out o' the Country, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapſide*. Admire her Tires; like her in all Faſhions; compare her in every Habit to ſome Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if ſhe be a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to her; like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fail not to make the Houſhold and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and ſalute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo) and make her Phyſician your Penſioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make Love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her Ladies Pleaſure. All Blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo hearkning after theſe Myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your Diligence, *Daupbine*. Speak, art thou in love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be ſuch a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all Women; ſome one for the Face, and let her pleaſe the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pleaſe the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo too. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the World, and couldſt do more than Madam *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

Act IV. Scene II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.

O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee a Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended, if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign when you are ready Here's my Bull for my ſelf, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *Amorous*. Now ſet your Foot to mine, and you to his, and ——

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George* and Saint *Andrew!* Fear no Couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods ſo, off with his Spurs, ſome body.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience. My Couſin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething; you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir *Amorous*; fear no Couſins. *Facta eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The leaſt hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain He *Otter*, your She *Otter* is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſuch thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name dulls Appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another Bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh Animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Maſter *True-wit*?

Daw. He's ſlipt aſide, Sir.

Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes,

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Bear, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. Sound *Tritons* o' the *Thames*. *Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero*———

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Moroſe *ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid Bear-whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox—— I married with Six thouſand pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Fury theſe forty Weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She has a Breath worſe than my Grandmothers *Profecto.*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a Perruke, that's like a pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threds.

Mrs. Ott. O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me Forty pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Friers*, both her Eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Silver-ſtreet*. Every part o' the Town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her ſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to Bed, into ſome twenty Boxes; and about next day Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock; and ſo comes forth, and rings a tedious Larum to the whole Houſe, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Quarters, with my Quarters. [*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſs.

Tru. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel.

Mrs. Ott. You notorious ſtinkardly Bearward, does my Breath ſmell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my Bear and my Horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under correction——

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are under correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before Correction, Sir. Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an Example———

[Moroſe *deſcends with a long Sword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch Examples in my Houſe, Lady *Otter.*

Mrs. Ott. Ah———

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my Doors, you Sons of Noiſe and Tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foiſt is afloat to *Weſtminſter!* A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows aſunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Beſt follow him, *Dauphine.*

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Fool?*

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the great Ladies for me. Now muſt I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my Bull head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Courſe i' faith, for all theſe Diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unleſs we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

Act IV. Scene III.

Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Mavis, Daw, La Fool, Centaure, Epicœne, True-wit, Clerimont.

WE wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs. *Otter.*

Mrs. Ott. O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and look'd ſo dreadfully! Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter?*

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. *Mavis*, I was chaſtiſing my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtris, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Miſtris *Otter* corrects her Husband ſo, he dares not ſpeak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature Counſel; practiſe it, *Moroſe.* I'll call you *Moroſe* ſtill now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horſes, your Woman, your Chambermaid, your Page, your Gentleman-Uſher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China*-houſes, and to the *Exchange.*

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her ſelf, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, ſhe has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi. But Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worſe?

Daw. Is the *Thames* the leſs for the Dyers Water, Miſtris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, *La Fool*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Loſſes Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Uſe. The beſt of our Days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forſaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiſs our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my Miſtris is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horſe is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent Receits, Madam, to keep your ſelves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Moroſe*: How ſhould we maintain our Youth and Beauty elſe? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Moroſe, Dauphine, True wit, Epicœne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Truſty.

O My curſed Angel, that inſtructed me to this Fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a Devil as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counſel; you ſhould never have truſted it to ſuch a Miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of an Eye (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould geld your ſelf, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did ſupererogatory Penance in a Belfry, at *Weſtminſter-hall*, i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what Place is there elſe?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-garden*, *Belins-gate*, when the Noiſes are at their height, and lowdeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee it, for ever. Striſe and Tumult are the Dowry that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *True-wit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinencies! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come, and be no otherwiſe—— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence—

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir,

Mor. Not for love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his Phyſician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend for one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to poiſon me, that I might die Inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heavens ſake, counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I, to marry a diſtracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtris——

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in *Greek* is called *Mavia*, in *Latin*, *Inſania*, *Furor*, *vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Miſtris; and *Phrenetis* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſure enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beaſts, call'd *Done*'s Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs. Ott. I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommended them too, to day, Sir *John*.

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and *Ariſtotle*'s *Ethicks*.

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John*? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green's Groats worth of Wit*.

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. Ott. My Lady call'd for you, Miſtris *Truſty*: you muſt decide a Controverſie.

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Father or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve*?

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve*.

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve*.

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit*. But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Phyſician, thrice a week——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. Oh.

La-F. I

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtris *Moroſe*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I ſhall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous:* Can you ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it my ſelf to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ſleep.

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ſleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Ladanum*, or *Opium?*

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you not know that, Sir? never ceaſes all night.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porcpiſce.*

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru. Some Divine muſt reſolve you in that, Sir, or Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not reſt, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you purſue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or ſo.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie.*

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight——

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purſe, Madam——

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

Fa-F. A very Shark; he ſet me i' th' nick t'other night at *Primero.*

Tru. How theſe Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has ſwell'd their Humours above a Spring tide.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have 'em as ſilent as Signs, and their Poſt too, e're I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady-Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Diſcourſe of *Dauphine* within; but praiſe him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou canſt; (I have ſome purpoſe in't) and but beat off theſe two Rooks, *Jack Daw*, and his Fellow, with any Diſcontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the Soul, to hear 'em begin to talk ſo malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'ſt me an Idolater to thee everlaſting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru. No, I'll ſtay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have ſo ſlighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you ſhall expect one of 'em preſently.

Cle. What a Caſt of Caſtrils are theſe, to Hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an Eagle as *Dauphine.*

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

Act IV. Scene V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

O Sir, you are welcom.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' doors in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Caſuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou hadſt been here! The Ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine.*

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons anſwer'd, Yes; and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didſt live upon Poſts, and hadſt nothing but three Sutes of Apparel, and ſome few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind em both to Grand Madams Bed-poſts, and have 'em baited with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, *Dauphine.* I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine:* Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. Do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomœdy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole*—— which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeiſe on: (You two ſhall be the *Chorus* behind he Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and ſpeak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once—— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for God's ſake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack Daw!* I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this Matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Daw. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you ſhall make uſe of your Philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, though there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated me I will ſee no Blood ſhed at her Bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me e're-while.

Daw. As I hope to finiſh *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarſhip too?

Daw. And my Scholarſhip too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be aſſaulted. I underſtood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no ſuch thing, I aſſure you. He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Truſt not you to that Viſor. I ſaw him ſince Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Loſſes, with Deaths, and with Abuſes; but ſo offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never ſee or read of. For taking away his Gueſts, Sir, to day, that's the Cauſe; and he declares it behind your back with ſuch Threatnings and Contempts—— He

ſaid

ſaid to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'ſt Aſs——

Dau. I, he may ſay his Pleaſure.

Tru. And ſwears, you are ſo proteſted a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or ſingle Right; and therefore he will take his courſe.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir—— but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirſts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himſelf?

Daw. I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your ſelf then in this Study till I return. Nay, you muſt be content to be lock'd in; for, mine own Reputation, I would not have you ſeen to receive a Publick Diſgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods ſo, here he comes; keep your Breath cloſe, that he do not hear you ſigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Chriſtian, as good as you: You are arm'd as if you ſought a Revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his Friends, he would hear Reaſon. *Jack Daw*, *Jack!* aſleep?

He puts him up.

Daw. Is he gone, Maſter *True-wit*?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

Tru. Arm'd? Did you ever ſee a Fellow ſet out to take Poſſeſſion?

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe Brother i' the Houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the Houſe, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinſwoman.

Tru. He has got ſome bodies old two-hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword hath ſpawn'd ſuch a Dagger!—— But then he is ſo hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muskets, that he looks like a Juſtice of Peace's Hall: A Man of Two thouſand a Year is not ſeſs'd at ſo many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer challeng'd at ſo many ſeveral Foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. *Pulchres* Pariſh. If he could but Victual himſelf for half a Year in his Breeches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loſe my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals*.

Tru. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a Thumb, or a Little-finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw. Good Sir, do. [*He puts him up again,*

Cle. What haſt thou done? *and then came forth.*

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his Left Arm.

Cle. His Left Wing, for a *Jack Daw*.

Dau. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jeſt? What a Conſcience haſt thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no Employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beſide, as good maim his Body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no Reputation with us; for we all reſolv'd him an Aſs before. To your Places again.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Maſter *True-wit*.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Queſtion till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. *Daw* it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been ſome hope to attone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my ſelf.

Tru. Do, good Sir. But what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome Jeſt upon him afore the Ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke Jeſt upon any Man. The Bride was praiſing Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in ſnuff, and I followed him; unleſs he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Horſe full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, through every Room o' the Houſe, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole*? Who ſaw *La-Foole*? And when *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cauſe, we can force no Anſwer from him, but (O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this Towel) Which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cauſe of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll ſtay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country preſently.

Tru. How will you get out o' the Houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' the Houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

Tru. You muſt think how to victual your ſelf in time then.

La-F. Why, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, will you entreat my Couſin *Otter* to ſend me a cold Veniſon Paſty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear——

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my Back againſt it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battry againſt him.

Tru. Caſt you the worſt. He has ſent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows: perhaps

perhaps blow up the Corner o' the Houſe where he ſuſpects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I proteſt, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you ſhall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be ſatisfied. Sir *Amorous*, there's no ſtanding out: He has made a *Petard* of an old Braſs Pot, to force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

He feigns as if one were preſent, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himſelf.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two fear'd moſt?

He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine.

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe*?

Tru. Umh? I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extreme Vanity now: Thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine's* Plot. Truſt me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away—— *John Daw.*

Daw. What good News, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him, you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir.

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreaſonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Concluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very good Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon; he is to come here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you up in that Study during pleaſure: Which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſelf, to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it withal my heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a Man that reads *Seneca?*

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Tru. Sir *Amorous.* No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks him.*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir *Amorous*, you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come, give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your ſafe cuſtody; you ſhall preſently meet afore the Ladies, and be the deareſt Friends one to another—Give me the Scarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other barefac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the Quarrel upon my ſelf. Here he has ſent you his Sword——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a Wall, and break your Head in ſome few ſeveral places againſt the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it againſt a fair flat Wall, if that will ſatisfie him: If not, he ſhall beat it himſelf, for *Amorous.*

Tru. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you muſt ſubmit your ſelf to be hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules*, and Tweaks by the Noſe *ſans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your diſgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might ſwear ſafely, and proteſt, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he ſhould—— Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John.* [Dauphine *enters to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John.* Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh——

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Noſe off. 'Tis Sir *John's* pleaſure, you ſhould retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All Bitterneſs between you, I hope, is buried; you ſhall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankneſs of Friendſhip that can be. I truſt, we ſhall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worſhip thee. God's will, the Ladies have ſurpriz'd us.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicœne, Truſty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.
Having diſcovered part of the paſt Scene above.

Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on by theſe adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it ſeems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. Ott. So Maſter *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? He ſeems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is ſo, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horſes.

Hau. No, to morrow, good *Moroſe*; *Centaure* ſhall ſend you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis*.

Mav He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he ſhews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not ſo ſuperlatively neat as ſome, Madam, that have their Faces ſet in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our ſelves, and profeſs more Neatneſs than the *French Hermaphrodite!*

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thouſand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconſcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Careleſneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for ſuch a Noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Lock!

Cen. Good *Moroſe*, bring him to my Chamber firſt.

Mrs. Ott. Pleaſe your Honours to meet at my Houſe, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Maſter *True-wit*.

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s ingine; who, if he have diſfurniſh'd your Ladiſhip of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no ſuſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. Gods ſo, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beſide the Diſcovery of two ſuch empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of ſo rich a Mine of Vertue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our Friendſhip, and ſee him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I'll propheſie; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their Actions are governed by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Dau. I; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what aſſurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw.*

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Anger i' your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw!* where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuſes meet!

Cle. What a conſent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is ſo i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Moroſe, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

WHat make theſe naked Weapons here, Gentlemen? [*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder ſince you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your Houſe had been begg'd by this time elſe——

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-ſlaughter, Sir, as being Acceſſory.

Mor. And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. *Clerimont*, carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is ſuch a noiſe i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! Such ſpeaking, and counter-ſpeaking, with their ſeveral Voices of *Citations*, *Appellations*, *Allegations*, *Certificates*, *Attachments*, *Interrogatories*, *References*, *Convictions*, and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noiſe here is Silence too't! a kind of calm Mid-night!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very ſufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that ſhall inquire into every leaſt Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Tru. Yes, and are very ſober grave Perſons, that will diſpatch it a Chamber, with a Whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this Benefit from you, and truſt my ſelf into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft-times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your ſelf up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deſerves no Deluſion——

Tru. You ſhall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of Vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit*?

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Dau. Why? to what purpoſe?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepeſt Divine, and graveſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou canſt not, Man; theſe are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown with a Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloke with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' their Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parſon, for this turn, as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profeſſion, ſince they are but Perſons put on, and for Mirths ſake, to torment him. The Barber ſmatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this Caſe, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La Foole*, or any thing worſe. Go you to your Ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

Act V. Scene I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

WHere had you our Swords, Maſter *Clerimont*?

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Mad-man.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Maſter *Clerimont*. Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you ſo, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to tranſlate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La F. No, he has his Box of Inſtruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks*: his Square, his Compaſſes, his Braſs Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Perſon where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Perſons!

La F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Miſtris, Miſtris *Epicœne*.

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La F. You are a pleaſant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggiſhly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where-ere you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do, withal—— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions——

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe—— and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joyn'd-Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth of Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſeen ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have—Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and——

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the pleaſure of hearing, when you have had the delight of taſting.

Daw. Why——a—— do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I' faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, Sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous*.

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter—— they were theſe, or others. Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the ſame Houſe with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and converſt with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what Humour is ſhe of? Is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard ſo much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, ſhe is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many times, i' faith? which of you led firſt? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Doſt thou, i' faith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows *Don* Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak ſoftly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

Act V. Scene II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

I Aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and Eſtimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you ſo: Nor can I repent me of the Act, ſince it is always an Argument of ſome Vertue in our ſelves, that we love and affect it ſo in others.

Dau. Your Ladiſhip ſets too high a Price on my Weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh Gems for Pebbles——

Dau. (Are you ſo skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a Judgment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis*——

Dau. You

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty?*

Hau. I come preſently, *Centaure.* My Chamber, Sir, my Page ſhall ſhew you; and *Truſty*, my Woman, ſhall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for ſhe is a *Fidelia.* I pray you wear this Jewel for my ſake, Sir *Dauphine.* Where's *Mavis, Centaure?*

Cen. Within, Madam, a writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not truſt *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do beſides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, ſhe is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty, Mavis?*

Mav. Within, *Centaure.*

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you ſhall not ſee it i' faith, *Centaure.*) Good Sir *Dauphine*, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine?* how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like Fairies, and give me Jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cle. O, you muſt not tell though.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me ſee't.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I chooſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a ſame of taking Phyſick to morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* MAVIS.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I would not give a Flies Leg in ballance againſt all the Womens Reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* againſt her directly——

Dau. What, that they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumſtances, with the Cauſe why, and the Place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under their Hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſtill, whether we will or no.

Act V. Scene III.

True-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

O Are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of eſcape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the Women (as I have given the Bride her Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *Tenvoy.* O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, look to your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; you are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; uſe vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are ſafe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do ſo. But at firſt be very ſolemn and grave, like your Garments, though you loſe your ſelves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look ſuperciliouſly, while I preſent you.

Mor. Are theſe the two Learned Men?

Tru. Yes, Sir; pleaſe you ſalute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time ſo unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how theſe common Forms, as *God ſave you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives! or, *I am glad to ſee you!* When I cannot ſee what the Profit can be of theſe Words, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe Affairs are ſad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, I have acquainted you ſufficiently with the Buſineſs for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your ſelves in the State of the Queſtion, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Reſolution, and therefore when you pleaſe, begin.

Ott. Pleaſe you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. Pleaſe you, good Maſter Parſon.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law ſpeak firſt.

Cut. It muſt give place to poſitive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumſtances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, thoſe that are. Be ſwift in affording me my Peace, if ſo I ſhall hope any. I love not your Diſputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not ſtrange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to adviſe me, that I ſhould always collect and contain my Mind, not ſuffering it to flow looſely; that I ſhould look to what things were neceſſary to the Carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eſchewing the other: In ſhort, that I ſhould endear my ſelf to reſt, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noiſe; not that I neglect thoſe things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be ſilent. And for the Cauſe of Noiſe, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a miſery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very Houſe turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The Perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham.*

Tru. Well, good Maſter Doctor, will you break the Ice? Maſter Parſon will wade after.

Cut. Sir,

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will preſume.

Ott. 'Tis no preſumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Queſtion is, For how many Cauſes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce. Firſt, you muſt underſtand the Nature of the word Divorce, *à divertendendo*——

Mor. No excurſions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Queſtion briefly.

Cut. I anſwer then, The Canon-Law affords Divorce but in few Caſes; and the principal is in the common Caſe, the Adulterous Caſe: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve Impediments, (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we ſay in the Cannon-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cauſe a Nullity therein.*

Mor. I underſtood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Tranſlation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you muſt give the Learned Men leave, Sir. To your Impediments, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. The firſt is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are ſeveral *ſpecies.*

Cut. I, as *error perſonæ.*

Ott. If you contract your ſelf to one Perſon, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If ſhe be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If ſhe prove ſtubborn or head-ſtrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *poſt copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Maſter Parſon ſays right. *Nec poſt nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere ſponſalia*, annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no obſtancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fall'n from by this time.

Cut. The next is *Conditio*: If you thought her free-born, and ſhe prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Eſtate and Condition.

Ott. I, but, Maſter Doctor, thoſe Servitudes are *ſublatæ* now, among us Chriſtians.

Cut. By your favour, Maſter Parſon——

Ott. You ſhall give me leave, Maſter Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Queſtion; it concerns not my Caſe: Paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: If either Party have made a Vow of Chaſtity. But that Practice, as Maſter Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Perſons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*: If you were her Godfather, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd, and ſuperſtitious, Maſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Siſters, and as much a kin in that, as Godfathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never was a Godfather, I never was a Godfather in my life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Caſe. The ſixth, *cultus diſparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion ſhe is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *vis*; if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor. No matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat*——

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur——.

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravisſimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a Boy, or Child, under years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes*——

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium? We ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimenia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigitate præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and meerly *apoſtatical.*

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Maſter Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Maſter Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the Verſe of your own *Canon* ſay, *Hæc ſociandæ vetant connubia, facta retractant*——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Maſter Parſon?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis

Ott. 'Tis falſe in Humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *prorſus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præſtare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere*?

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum*, *odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, Sir——

Cut. I, if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, I grant you——

Ott. Why, that was my Concluſion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Concluſion, Sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis cauſa*——

Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.

Mor. Good *Echo's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confeſs it——

Cut. Which I would do, Sir——

Mor. I will do any thing——

Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ*——

Cut. Becauſe you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi poteſtate.*

Act V. Scene IV.

Epicœne, Moroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.

I Will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife——

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket 'em i' the Hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'lld ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears as good Colours when he liſts.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confeſs your Infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your Pardons——

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewoman.——

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which before I conferr'd with theſe Learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give ſatisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reaſon of *frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the leaſt Office of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the ſame in *Theology*.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartned; we have yet a ſmall Relick of Hope left, as neer as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Maſter Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whiſper the Bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſſham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Maſter Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a Maid——

Mor What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that ſhall affirm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Maſter *Clerimont*.

La F. You ſhall excuſe us, Maſter *Clerimont*.

Cle. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you ſpoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worſe than Sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daws* in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd.

Tru. So ſhould you be too, *Jack Daw*: What ſhould keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in diſgrace: He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be done, i' faith.

Tru. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſay. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſure me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir——

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our Miſtris, or ſo——

Cle. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Queſtion is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter? What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity.*

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank theſe Knights. Maſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe.

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You ſee what Creatures you may beſtow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except againſt 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witneſſes in Law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor Gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Moroſe*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *Matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to day, Maſter Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to day.

Cut. Why, then I ſay, For any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the Worſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithſtanding the Premiſſes; and they do no way *impedire.* And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Maſter Doctor's reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worſt of all worſt worſts that Hell could have deviſ'd! Marry a Whore! and ſo much noiſe!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a Gentleman. You ſtudy his Affliction. I pray' be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleaſure of dying in ſilence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd Kinſman, and many a hard Thought has ſtrengthned you againſt me: But now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, now——

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what ſhall I hope for, or deſerve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou ſhalt deſerve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beſide. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Eſtate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be ſo unreaſonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suiter to you, Uncle, that out of your Eſtate, which is Fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but Five hundred during Life, and aſſure the reſt upon me after; to which I have often, by my ſelf and my Friends, tendred you a Writing to ſign, which you would never conſent or incline to. If you pleaſe but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou ſhalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not preſently, and for ever of this Cumber, you ſhall have power inſtantly, afore all theſe, to revoke your Act, and I will become whoſe Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will ſeal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, moſt unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have ſome compaſſion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knows you belike; away, *Crocodile.*

Cen. He does it not ſure without good ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will ſubſcribe to any thing, and ſeal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Reſtorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with falſe Orthography, I proteſt before—— I will not take the advantage.

Dau. Then here is your Releaſe, Sir; you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's Son, that I have brought up this half-year, at my great Charges, and for this Compoſition, which I have now made with you. What ſay you, Maſter Doctor? This is *juſtum impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ?* *He takes off Epicœne's Perruke.*

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. In primo gradu.

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutberd*, and Parſon *Otter.* You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Maſter *True-wit*, who enabled 'em for the Buſineſs. Now you may go in and reſt, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Leaſe good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd.* And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me? *He puts off their Beards and Diguiſe.*

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Miſtris *Epicœne.*

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, though not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd perſons, and ſo lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lie with their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. Away, you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you deſerve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphoſis!* But here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſectæ* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have diſcover'd any Myſteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a'moſt) of Years, and will make a good Viſitant within this Twelve-month. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, riſe chearfully, and now *Moroſe* is gone in, clap your Hands. It may be, that Noiſe will cure him, at leaſt pleaſe him.

THE END.

THE

ALCHEMIST.

A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1610. By the KINGS MAJESTY's Servants.

With the Allowance of the Maſter of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

--------petere inde coronam,
Unde priùs nulli velarint tempora Muſæ. Lucret.

To the LADY moſt deſerving Her NAME and BLOOD,

Mary Lady Wroth.

MADAM,

IN the Age of Sacrifices, the Truth of Religion was not in the Greatneſs and Fat of the Offerings, but in the Devotion and Zeal of the Sacrificers. Elſe what could a Handful of Gums have done in the ſight of a Hecatomb? *Or, how might I appear at this Altar, except with thoſe Affections that no leſs love the Light and Witneſs, than they have the Conſcience of your Vertue? If what I offer bear an acceptable Odour, and hold the firſt Strength, it is your Value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwiſe, as the Times are, there comes rarely forth that Thing ſo full of Authority or Example, but by Aſſiduity and Cuſtom grows leſs, and loſes. This, yet, ſafe in your Judgment (which is a* SIDNEYS) *is forbidden to ſpeak more, leſt it talk or look like one of the Ambitious Faces of the Time, who the more they paint, are the leſs themſelves.*

Your Ladiſhips true Honourer,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

SUBTLE, *the Alchemiſt.*
FACE, *the Houſe-keeper.*
DOL. COMMON, *their Colleague.*
DAPPER, *a Clerk.*
DRUGGER, *a Tabacco-man.*
LOVE-WIT, *Maſter of the Houſe.*
EPICURE MAMMON, *a Knight.*
SURLEY, *a Gameſter.*
TRIBULATION, *a Paſtor of* Amſterdam.
ANANIAS, *a Deacon there.*
KASTRILL, *the angry Boy.*
DA. PLIANT, *his Siſter, a Widow.*

NEIGHBOURS.
OFFICERS.
MUTES.

The SCENE
LONDON.

The Principal COMŒDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
JOH. LOWIN.
HEN. CONDEL.
ALEX. COOKE.
ROB. ARMIN.
JOH. HEMINGS.
WILL. OSTLER.
JOH. UNDERWOOD.
NIC. TOOLY.
WILL. EGLESTONE.

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
His Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there.
Eaſe him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cos'ners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act.
Much Company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawdry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume *are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

FOrtune, *that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours*
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes, and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place,
To th' Author Juſtice, to our ſelves but Grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cauſe we would make known,*
No Countries Mirth is better than our own:
No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, Squire, Impoſtor, many Perſons more,
Whoſe Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have ſtill been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of Comick Writers. Though this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that ſhe breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholeſom Remedies are ſweet,
And in their working Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will ſit ſo nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural Follies, but ſo ſhown,
As even the Doers may ſee, and yet not own.

Act I. Scene I.

Face, Subtle, Dol Common.

BElieve't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for love——
Fac. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you— *Sub.* What to do? lick Figs
Out at my— *Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your ſleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll Gum your Silks
With good Strong-warter, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear ſome body. *Fac.* Sirrah— *Sub.* I ſhall mar
All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Fac. You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Fac.* Why, who
Am I, my Mungril? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not your ſelf— *Fac.* Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes. You were once (time's not long paſt) the good,
Honeſt, plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſters Worſhips Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations—— *Fac.* Will you be ſo lowd?
Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated Suburb Captain.
Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's memory,
All this I ſpeak of. *Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well. *Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-corner*,
Taking your meal of Steam in, from Cooks Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn-noſe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns ſhot at th' *Artillery-yard*.
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your Voice a little.
Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloke,
That ſcarce would cover your no Buttocks——
Sub. So, Sir!
Fac. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,

Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I ga' you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Fornace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,
A Houſe to practiſe in—— *Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?
Fac. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Buttry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ* men,
The which, together with you *Chriſtmaſs* Vails
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,
And gave you credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtris Death hath broke up Houſe.
Fac. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal. *Sub.* No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Fac. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Clothes.
Thou Vermin, have I tane thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quinteſſence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philoſopher's Work*?
Put thee in Words and Faſhion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowſhips?
Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarelling Dimenſions?
Thy Rules to cheat at Horſe-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture elſe?
Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?
And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadſt had no Name—
Dol. Will you undo your ſelves with Civil War?
Sub. Never been known, paſt *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of Horſe dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-houſe darker than deaf *John*'s; been loſt
To all Mankind, but Laundreſſes and Tapſters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Fac. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil——
Fac. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus lowd.
Sub. And hang thy ſelf, I care not.
Fac. Hang thee, Colliar,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou haſt mov'd me——
Dol. (O, this 'll orethrow all.)
Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Duſt, Scrapings,
Searching for things loſt with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houſes,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glaſs,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worſe than *Gamaliel Ratſey*'s. *Dol.* Are you ſound?
Ha' you your Senſes, Maſters? *Fac.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall prove a true *Philoſophers Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Raſcal.
Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Priſons—— *Dol.* Will you be
Your own Deſtructions, Gentlemen? Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.
Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purſe.
Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet ſome care of me, o' your Republick——
Fac. Away, this Brach. I'll bring thee, Rogue, within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Triceſimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Nooſe, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.
Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will you?
[*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs.*
And you, Sir, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats:
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bol. o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo'have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen your ſelves?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute*? Who ſhall take your word?
A whoreſon, upſtart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friars* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you ſhould,
And loſe not the beginning of a *Term*,
Or, by this Hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. *Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And ſays, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, ſo it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Suſtain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your Part exceed to day, I hope
Ours may to morrow match it. *Sub.* I, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Maſtiff! I, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. *Sub. Dorothee*, Miſtris *Dorothee*,
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Becauſe o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*?
Sub. Not I, by Heaven——
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*—— help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my ſelf.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do ſo then, and quickly: ſwear.
Sub. What ſhould I ſwear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the Common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beſide.
I only us'd thoſe Speeches as a Spur
To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Fac. 'Slid, prove to day, who ſhall ſhark beſt.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work cloſe, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the ſtronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, ſo, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A ſort of ſober, ſcurvy, preciſe Neighbours,
(That ſcarce have ſmil'd twice ſin' the King came in)
A Feaſt of Laughter at our Follies? Raſcals,
Would run themſelves from breath, to ſee me ride,
Or you t'have but a Hole to thruſt your Heads in,
For which you ſhould pay Ear-rent? No, agree.
And may *Don Provoſt* ride a feaſting long,
In his old Velvet Jerkin and ſtain'd Scarfs,
(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)

Ere

Ere we contribute a new Crewel Garter
To his moſt Worſted Worſhip. *Sub.* Royal *Dol!*
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy ſelf.
Fac. For which, at Supper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtyl'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Dol Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the Windo', *Dol.*
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague, he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſie at his Hop-yards now:
I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol?*
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyers Clerk, I lighted on laſt night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To riſle with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who ſhall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? *Fac.* Not be ſeen, away.
Seem you very reſerv'd.
Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid, but—

Act I. Scene II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

CAptain, I am here.
Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad.
I had a ſcurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch laſt night to one
That dines to day at the Sheriffs, and ſo was robb'd
Of my paſs-time. Is this the Cunning-man?
Fac. This is his Worſhip. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor? *Fac.* Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?
Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay— *Dap.* Not ſo, good Captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould you
wiſh ſo?
I dare aſſure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is ſuch a thing— And then he ſays, *Read*'s Matter
Falling ſo lately— *Dap.* *Read*? He was an Aſs,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.
Dap. A Clerk?
Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think— *Dap.* I ſhould, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I ſhew'd the *Statute* to you? *Fac.* You did ſo.
Dap. And will I tell then? By this Hand of Fleſh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I diſcover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiauſe*?
Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here—
As one would ſay, Do you think I am a *Turk*?
Fac. I'll tell the Doctor ſo.
Dap. Do, good ſweet Captain.
Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiauſe*.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Anſwer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love— But this
I neither may, nor can. *Fac.* Tut, do not ſay ſo.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiauſe*:
Let that, Sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear— *Fac.* He has
Four Angels here— *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.
Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with theſe Spirits?
Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my peril.
'Fore Heav'n, I ſcarce can think you are my Friend,
That ſo would draw me to apparent danger.
Fac. I draw you? A Horſe draw you, and a Halter,
You, and your Flies together— *Dap.* Nay, good Captain.
Fac. That know no difference of Men.
Sub. Good words, Sir.
Fac. Good deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.
'Slight, I bring you
No cheating *Clim o' the Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five-and fifty*, and *Fluſh*,
And ſpit out Secrets like hot Cuſtard— *Dap.* Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-ſcribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a ſpecial Genteel,
That is the Heir to Forty Marks a Year,
Conſorts with the ſmall Poets of the time,
Is the ſole Hope of his old Grandmother,
That knows the Law, and writes you ſix fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can court
His Miſtris out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.
Fac. Did you not tell me ſo? *Dap.* Yes, but I'ld ha' you
Uſe Maſter Doctor with ſome more reſpect.
Fac. Hang him, proud Stag with his broad Velvet Head.
But for your ſake, I'ld choak, ere I would change
An Article of Breath with ſuch a Puck'o'ſt—
Come, let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you let me ſpeak with you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain. *Fac.* I am ſorry
I ere imbark'd my ſelf in ſuch a Buſineſs,
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Fac. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt, hear me—
Fac. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir—
Fac. Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit*.
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law. [*He takes the Money.*
Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir— *Fac.* No whiſpering.
Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do your ſelf, in this. *Fac.* Wherein? For what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the Money i' the Town.
Fac. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.
If I do give him a *Familiar*,
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will have it. *Fac.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for Cups and Horſes,
A riffling *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars*.
Dap. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Twice in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights,
When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore— *Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do' you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Fac.* What! for that Money?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make the Requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean

To

To add Conſideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the Treaſure of the Realm,
If it be ſet him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. I, Sir, and Reaſon too, the Ground of Art.
H' is o' the only beſt Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Fac.* What! is he! *Sub.* Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, ſhould ſhe but ſee him——
Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Fac. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Iſaac*,
You'ld ſwear, were in him; ſuch a vigorous Luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.
Fac. A ſtrange Succeſs, that ſome Man ſhall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, Man——
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Fac. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he ſays he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you pleaſe; my Venture follows yours.
Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truſty, and make him
He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win ſome five thouſand Pound, and ſend us two o' it.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you ſhall, Sir.
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? nothing, I, Sir.
Fac. Nothing? [Face *takes him aſide.*
Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Fac. Allied to the Queen of *Fairy*.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no ſuch matter—— *Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a Cawl o' your Head.
Dap. Who ſays ſo? *Fac.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you diſſemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are miſtaken. *Fac.* How!
Swear by your fac? and in a thing ſo known
Unto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or ſix thouſand Pound,
You'll ſend us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By *Jove*, Sir,
I'll win ten thouſand Pound, and ſend you half.
I fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jeſt.
Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it ſo. *Dap.* I thank his Worſhip. *Fac.* So:
Another Angel. *Dap.* Muſt I? *Fac.* Muſt you? 'Slight,
What elſe is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When muſt he come for his *Familiar*?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good Sir!
There muſt a World of Ceremonies paſs,
You muſt be bath'd and fumigated firſt:
Beſides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not riſe
Till it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if ſhe danc'd, to night.
Sub. And ſhe muſt bleſs it. *Fac.* Did you never ſee
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of *Fairy*?
Sub. Not ſince ſhe kiſt him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can reſolve you that. *Fac.* Well, ſee her Grace,
Whatere it coſt you, for a thing that I know.
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſs; but
However, ſee her. You are made, believe it,
If you can ſee her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if ſhe take a Phant'ſie,
She will do ſtrange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leave you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But ſay to me, Captain, I'll ſee her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll ſee her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.

Sub. VVho's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way.)
Sir, againſt one a clock prepare your ſelf:
Till when you muſt be faſting; only take
Three drops of Vinegar in at your Noſe,
Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;
Then bath your Fingers ends, and waſh your Eyes,
To ſharpen your Five Senſes, and cry *Hum*
Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.
Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Fac. VVell then, away. 'Tis but your beſtowing
Some Twenty Nobles 'mong her Graces Servants,
And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
VVhat grace her Grace may do you in clean Linnen.

Act I. Scene III.

Subtle, Drugger, Face.

COme in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth I can do you no good till after-noon.)
What is your Name, ſay you? *Abel Drugger?* *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tabacco? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.
Free of the *Grocers?* *Dru.* I, an't pleaſe you. *Sub.* Well—
Your Buſineſs, *Abel?* *Dru.* This, an't pleaſe your Worſhip;
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worſhip, juſt
At corner of a Street: (Here's the Plot on't.)
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your VVorſhip,
VVhich way I ſhould make my Door, by *Necromancy*,
And where my Shelves; and which ſhould be for Boxes,
And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wiſh'd to your VVorſhip by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face*, that ſays you know Mens *Planets*,
And their good *Angels*, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
If I do ſee 'em— *Fac.* VVhat! my honeſt *Abel?*
Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was ſpeaking,
Juſt as your VVorſhip came here, of your VVorſhip.
I pray you ſpeak for me to Maſter Doctor.
Fac. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honeſt Fellow;
He lets me have good Tabacco, and he does not
Sophiſticate it with Sack-lees or Oil,
Nor waſhes it in Muſcadel and Grains,
Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,
VVrapp'd up in greaſie Leather, or piſs'd Clouts:
But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like Conſerve of Roſes, or *French* Beans.
He has his Maple Block, his Silver Tongs,
Wincheſter Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
A neat, ſpruce, honeſt Fellow, and no Goldſmith.
Sub. H' is a fortunate Fellow, that I am ſure on——
Fac. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel*!
Sub. And in right way to'ward Riches——
Fac. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
He will be of the Clothing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet; ſpend what he can.
Fac. What, and ſo little Beard? *Sub.* Sir, you muſt think,
He may have a Receit to make Hair come:
But he'll be wiſe, preſerve his Youth, and fine for't;
His Fortune looks for him another way.
Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoon?
I am amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In *Metaposcopy*, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you ſee not.
Your Cheſtnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Do's never fail: and your long Ear doth promiſe.
I knew't, by certain ſpots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.
Fac. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger. Look.
Yo' were born upon a Wedneſday?
Dru. Yes indeed, Sir.
Sub. The Thumb, in *Chiromanty*, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midſt, to *Saturn*;

The

The ring, to *Sol*; the leaſt, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoſcope*,
His *houſe of life* being *Libra*; which fore ſhew'd,
He ſhould be a Merchant, and ſhould trade with Ballance.
Fac. Why, this is ſtrange! Is't not, honeſt *Nab*?
Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormus*,
That ſhall yield him, ſuch a commodity
Of drugs—— This is the Weſt, and this the South?
Dru. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And thoſe are your two ſides?
Dru. I, Sir.
Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your Broad-ſide, Weſt:
And, on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the names of thoſe *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flyes from Boxes. *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And
Beneath your threſhold, bury me a Load-ſtone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The reſt,
They'll ſeem to follow. *Fac.* That's a ſecret, *Nab!*
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*ſucus* to call City-dames.
You ſhall deal much with *Minerals*. *Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already— *Sub.* I, I know, you have *Arſnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal tartre*, *Argaile*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And give a Say (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the *Philoſophers ſtone*.
Fac. Why, how now, *Abel*! is this true? *Dru.* Good Captain,
What muſt I give? *Fac.* Nay, I'll not counſel thee.
Thou hear'ſt what Wealth (he ſays, ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come too. *Dru.* I would gi' him a Crown.
Fac. A Crown! and toward ſuch a Fortune? Heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?
Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half year.
Fac. Out on thee, *Nab*! 'Slight, there was ſuch an offer—
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worſhip to drink this, and ſwears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Do's raiſe him in the World. *Dru.* I would intreat
Another favour of his Worſhip. *Fac.* What is't, *Nab*?
Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſs out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor truſt upon them. *Fac.* That he ſhall *Nab*.
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt Afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Fac.* Now, *Nab*?
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab*? *Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips.
Fac. Away.
Why, now you ſmoky perſecuter of Nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſome-thing's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And, yet, you think, I am at no expence,
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Coſt me more Money, than my ſhare oft comes too,
In theſe rare Works. *Sub.* You're pleaſant, Sir. How now?

Act I. Scene IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

WHat ſays my dainty *Dolkin*? *Dol.* Yonder Fiſh-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Thorough the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars*.
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon*—— *Sub.* Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub. Face*, go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too——
Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look for him
With the Suns riſing: 'Marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our *great work*, the *Stone*:
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Me thinks I ſee him entring Ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the Pox, and Plaguy-houſes,
Reaching his Doſe, walking *Moore-fields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens-wives Pomander-bracelets,
As his preſervative, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,
In her beſt to love to Mankind, ever could.
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

Act II. Scene I.

Mammon, Surly.

COme on, Sir. Now, you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon*'s *Ophir*! He was ſayling to't,
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be Rich*.
This day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi*.
You ſhall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
Or the frail Card. No more be at charge of keeping
The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that muſt
Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the Commodity. No more
Shall thirſt of Sattin, or the Covetous hunger
Of Velvet Entrails, for a rude-ſpun Cloke,
To be diſplaid at *Madam Auguſta*'s, make
The Sons of *Sword*, and *Hazzard* fall before
The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
Or go a feaſting, after Drum and Enſign.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart up young *Vice-roys*,
And have your Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly*.
And unto thee, I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich*.
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within hough? *Within* Sir.
He'll come to you, by and by.
Mam. That's his Fire-drake,
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
Till he ſirk Nature up, in her own Center.
You are not faithful, Sir. This night, I'll change
All, that is Metal, in thy Houſe, to Gold.
And, early in the Morning, will I ſend
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,
And buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Devonſhire*, and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies*! You admire now?
Sur. No faith. *Mam.* But when you ſee th' effects of the great Medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,
Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;
Nay, to a thouſand, ſo *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
But, if my Eyes do cozen me ſo (and I

Giving

Giving 'em no occaſion) ſure I'll have
A Whore, ſhall piſs 'em out, next day. *Mam.* Ha! Why?
Do you think, I Fable with you? I aſſure you,
He that has once the *flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by it's Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Reſpect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In Eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourſcore, a Child,
Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam.* Nay, I mean,
Reſtore his years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philoſophers* have done
(The antient *Patriarks* afore the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knives Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Muſtard of it:
Become ſtout *Marſes*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The decay'd *Veſtals* of *Pickt-hatch* would thank you,
That keep the Fire a-live, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the ſecret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainſt all Infections,
Cures all Diſeaſes, coming of all Cauſes;
A month's Grief in a day; a years in twelve:
And, of what Age ſoever, in a month.
Paſt all the Doſes of your drugging Doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players ſhall ſing your Praiſes, then,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away ſo much unto my Man,
Shall ſerve th' whole City, with preſervative,
Weekly; each Houſe his Doſe, and at the rate——
Sur. As he that built the Water-work, do's with Water?
Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a Humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me. *Mam. Pertinax Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
I, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſophers Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He did:
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. *Sur.* What Paper?
Mam. On Cedar Board. *Sur.* O that, indeed (they ſay)
Will laſt 'gainſt Worms. *Mam.* 'Tis like your *Iriſh* Wood,
'Gainſt Cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jaſons*'s Fleece, too,
Which was no other than a Book of *Alchemy*,
Writ in large Sheep-skin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
Such was *Pythagoras*'s Thigh, *Pandora*'s Tub;
And, all that Fable of *Medeas* Charms,
The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace,
Still breathing Fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragons Teeth, *Mercury* Sublimate,
That keeps the whiteneſs, hardneſs, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into *Jaſon*'s Helm,
(Th' *Alembick*) and then ſow'd in *Mars* his Field,
And thence ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th' *Heſperian* Garden, *Cadmus* Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of *Midas*, *Argus* Eyes,
Boccace his *Demogorgon*, thouſands more,
All abſtract Riddles of our *Stone*. How now?

Act II. Scene II.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

DO we ſucceed? Is our day come? and hold's it?
Fac. The Evening will ſet red upon you, Sir;
You have colour for it, Crimſon: the red *Ferment*
Has done his Office, Three Hours hence, prepare you
To ſee Projection. *Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, *Be Rich.*
This day, thou ſhalt have Ingots: and, to Morrow,
Give Lords th' affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Bluſhes the *Bolts-head*? *Fac.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her Maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs*! My only care is,
Where to get ſtuff enough now, to project on,
This Town will not half ſerve me. *Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true. *Fac.* Yes.
Let 'em ſtand bare, as do their Auditory.
Or cap 'em, new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch:
Thatch will lye light upo' the Rafters, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
I will reſtore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Loſt in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Mettals. *Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worſhip; thrown by many a Coal,
When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd thoſe I put in, juſt,
To keep your heat ſtill even; Theſe Bleard-eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral Colours, Sir,
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacocks Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And, laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcryed the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*?
Fac. Yes Sir. *Mam.* Where's Maſter? *Fac.* At's Prayers, Sir, he,
Good Man, he's doing his Devotions,
For the ſucceſs. *Mam. Lungs*, I will ſet a Period
To all thy Labours: Thou ſhalt be the Maſter
Of my *Seraglio*. *Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean
To have a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a night.
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it *Blood*? *Fac.* Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.
Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not ſtuft:
Down is too hard. And then, mine Oval Room
Fill'd with ſuch Pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glaſſes
Cut in more ſubtil Angles, to diſperſe,
And multiply the Figures, as I walk
Naked betweeen my *Succubæ*. My Miſts
I'll have of Perfume, vapor'd 'bout the Room,
To loſe our ſelves in; and my Baths, like Pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in Goſſamour and Roſes.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby*?)——Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.
Fac. And I ſhall carry it? *Mam.* No. I'll ha' no Bawds,
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines,
That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtily of the *Fart*.
Whom I will entertain ſtill for that Subject.
The few that would give out themſelves, to be
Court and Town-ſtallions, and, each-where, belye
Ladies, who are known moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with Ten Eſtrich Tails
A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind.
We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
My Meat ſhall all come in in *Indian* Shels,
Diſhes of Agat ſet in Gold, and ſtudded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
The Tongues of Carps, Dormiſe, and Camels Heels,
Boil'd i' the Spirit of *Sol*, and diſſolv'd Pearl,
(*Apicius* Diet, 'gainſt the *Epilepſie*)
And I will eat theſe Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed

Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.
My Foot-boy ſhall eat Pheaſants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my ſelf will have
The Beards of Barbels ſerv'd, in ſtead of Sallads;
Oil'd Muſhromes; and the ſwelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dreſt with an exquiſite, and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Fac.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft, and light
As Cob-webs; and for all my other Rayment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the *Perſian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fiſhes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſtern Air——
Sur. And do' you think to have the *Stone*, with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the *Stone*.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My venture brings it me. He, honeſt Wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Faſting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do' it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poyſon.

Act II. Scene III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

GOod morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good morrow,
And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An Heritick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues ſomething, worthy of a fear
Of importune, and carnal Appetite.
Take heed, you do not cauſe the Bleſſing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (Heaven I call to witneſs, with your ſelf,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So Great and Catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret way. *Mam.* I know, Sir,
You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of belief
Toward your *Stone*: would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,
All that I can convince him, is this,
The work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe*.
We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple Soul*,
The *glorified Spirit*. Thanks be to Heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen ſpiegel.
Fac. Anon, Sir. *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your heat ſtill leſſen by degrees,
To the *Aludels*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O' the *Bolts-head* yet? *Fac.* Which, on *D.* Sir? *Sub.* I.
What's the Complexion? *Fac.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe Vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance*, and his *Tincture*:
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be *feltred*,
And put into the *Gripes egg*. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Fac.* I will, Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to canting?
Sub. I' have another work, you never ſaw, Son,
That three days ſince paſt the *Philoſophers wheel*,
In the lent heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o'Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me? *Sub.* What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam.* O, but——
Sub. Why, this is covetiſe! *Mam.* No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious uſes,
Founding of Colledges, and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hoſpitals,
And now, and then, a Church. *Sub.* How now?
Fac. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *feltre*? *Sub.* Marry, yes.
And bring me the Complexion of *Glaſs B.*
Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I aſſur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-heat*, to morrow,
And give him *Imbibition*. *Mam.* Of white Oyl?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the *Helm* too,
I thank my Maker, in *S. Maries Bath*,
And ſhews *Lac Virginis*. Bleſſed be Heaven.
I ſent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I' ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*,
Mam. By powring on your *rectified water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*.
How now? What colour ſays it? *Fac.* The ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crowes head*?
Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.
That work wants ſomething. *Sur.* (O, I look'd for this.
The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you ſure, you loos'd 'em
I' their own *menſtrue*? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digeſtion*,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame heat. *Sub.* The proceſs, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſav'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,
And ſign'd with *Hermes Seal*. *Sub.* I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur.* O, this Ferret
Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en dye; we have enough beſide,
In *Embrion. H.* ha's his *white ſhirt* on? *Fac.* Yes, Sir,
He's ripe for *inceration*: He ſtands warm,
In his *Aſh-fire*. I would not, you ſhould let
Any dye now, if I might counſel, Sir,
For lucks ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
Mam. He ſays right. *Sur.* I, are you bolted?
Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I' have ſeen th'ill Fortune. What is ſome three Ounces
Of freſh *materials*? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t' *Amalgame*, with ſome ſix of *Mercury*.
Mam. Away, here's Money. What will ſerve?
Fac. Ask him, Sir.
Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him Nine pound: you may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes, Twenty, and be cozen'd, do. *Mam.* There 'tis.
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it ſo,
To ſee concluſions of all. For two
Of our inferiour Works, are at *fixation*.
A third is in *aſcenſion*. Go your ways.
Ha' you ſet the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?
Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philoſophers* Vinegar. *Fac.* I.
Sur. We ſhall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection*?
Sub. Son, be not haſty, I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoſo*,
And giving him ſolution; then *congeal* him;
And then *diſſolve* him; then again *congeal* him;
For look, how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Vertue.

As, if at firſt one Ounce convert a hundred,
After his ſecond looſe, he'll turn a thouſand;
His third ſolution, ten; his fourth, a hundred.
After his fifth, a thouſand thouſand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here againſt Afternoon,
Your Braſs, your Pewter, and your Andirons.
Mam. Not thoſe of Iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?
Sub. Yes, and your Racks.
Sub. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. *Sur.* To be an Aſs.
Sub. How, Sir!
Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal:
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir;
But much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull my ſelf.
Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd, Sir, in our Art,
Seems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Egg's ordain'd by Nature to that end,
And is a Chicken in *potentia*.
Sub. The ſame we ſay of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub* I, for 'twere abſurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote Matter. *Sur.* I, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we ſay—*Mam.* I, now it heats: ſtand Father,
Pound him to duſt—— *Sub.* It is, of the one part,
A humid Exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *unctuous Water*;
On th' other part, a certain craſs and viſcous
Portion of Earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the Elementary Matter of Gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But commune to all Metals, and all Stones.
For, where it is forſaken of that moiſture,
And hath more drineſs, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retains more of the humid fatneſs,
It turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quickſilver*,
Who are the Parents of all other Metals.
Nor can this remote Matter ſuddenly
Progreſs ſo from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leap o're all the Means.
Nature doth firſt beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds ſhe to the perfect. Of that aiery
And oily Water, *Mercury* is engendred;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one
(Which is the laſt) ſupplying the place of Male,
The other of the Female, in all Metals.
Some do believe *Hermaphrodeity*,
That both do act and ſuffer. But theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, malleable, extenſive.
And even in Gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;
And can produce the *ſpecies* of each Metal
More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily practice,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Waſps,
Out of the Carcaſſes and Dung of Creatures;
Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
And theſe are living Creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* Well ſaid, Father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an Argument,
He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, ſtay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll believe
That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o' the Cards, to cheat a Man
With charming. *Sub.* Sir?
Sur. What elſe are all your Terms,
Whereon no one o' your Writers 'grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Med'cine*, and your *Chryſoſperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marcheſite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magneſia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
And then your *Red Man*, and your *White Woman*,
With all your *Broths*, your *Menſtrues*, and *Materials*,
Of *Piſs* and *Egg ſhells*, *Womens Terms*, *Mans Blood*,
Hair o'th' Head, *burnt Clouts*, *Chalk*, *Merds*, and *Clay*,
Powder of Bones, *Scalings of Iron*, *Glaſs*,
And Worlds of other ſtrange *Ingredients*,
Would burſt a Man to name? *Sub.* And all theſe, nam'd,
Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
Us'd to obſcure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, ſo I told him,
Becauſe the ſimple Idiot ſhould not learn it,
And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the Knowledge
Of the *Ægyptians* writ in myſtick *Symbols*?
Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choiceſt *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the Fountains and firſt Springs of Wiſdom,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that *Syſiphus* was damn'd
To roll the ceaſleſs Stone, only becauſe
He would have ours common. Who is this? [*Doll is ſeen.*
God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?
Sub. You very Knave! do you uſe me thus?
Fac. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and ſee, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd. Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have ſtill had, Sir, their Adverſaries;
But ours the moſt ignorant. What now? [*Face returns.*
Fac. 'Twas not my fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak with you.
Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! Pray thee ſtay.
Fac She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither——
Mam. Stay Man, what is ſhe? *Fac.* A Lords Siſter, Sir.
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.)
Why ſent hither?
Fac. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sur.* Why Raſcal!
Fac. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. H'is
Too ſcrupulous that way. It is his Vice.
No, h' is a rare Phyſician, do him right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cures with *Mineral Phyſick*. He deals all
With Spirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe*'s.
How now, *Lungs*! [Face *again.*
Fac. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your VVorſhip all. This muſt not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.
Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare Scholar,
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Braughton*'s VVorks.
If you but name a word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir. (*Lungs*?
Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her,

Fac. O,

Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon.*
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, **Ulen**,
One word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good faith.
Mam. Stay, knave.
Fac. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her fit?
Fac. O, the moſt affableſt creature, ſir! ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver*,
Over the Helm; and *circulate*, like *Oyl*,
A very *Vegetal*: Diſcourſe of *State*,
Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing——
Mam. Is ſhe no way acceſſible? no means,
No trick, to give a man a taſte of her——wit——
Or ſo?——**Ulen**. *Fac.* I'll come to you again, Sir.
Mam. *Surly*, I did not think, one o'your breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,
Your friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,
Without this bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe your ſelf.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Diſaſter. Her brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you ne're ſaw her
Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o' the treacherouſeſt memories, I do think,
Of all mankind. *Sub.* What call you her brother?
Mam. My Lord——
He wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory! *Mam.* O' my faith——
Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my Noble Friend,
And I reſpect his houſe. *Sur.* Heart! can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard means
To gull himſelf? And this be your *Elixir*,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
Give me your honeſt trick, yet, at *Primero*,
Or *Gleek*; and take your *lutum ſapientis*,
Your *menſtruum ſimplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
And with leſs danger of the *Quick-ſilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.
Fac. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir, [*To* Surly.
Deſires you meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half hour hence, and upon earneſt buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us, now; and come [*He whiſpers*
Again within two hours, you ſhall have Mammon.
My Maſter buſie examining o' the works;
And I will ſteal you in unto the party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captains Worſhip? *Sur.* Sir, I will.
But, by Attorny, and to a ſecond purpoſe.
Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me:
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! Why, h' is the moſt authentick Dealer
I' theſe commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
He is their *Viſitor*, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which Gowns; and in what Smock; what Fall; what
Him will I prove, by a third perſon, to find (Tyre.
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor friend leave, tho no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.
Fac. Sir, He does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you?
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight.
Fac. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid ſuſpicion.
This Gent'man has a par'lous head.
Mam. But wilt thou, **Ulen**,
Be conſtant to thy promiſe? *Fac.* As my life, Sir. (me?
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow? *Fac.* O, what elſe, Sir?
And, that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and your ſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Fac. Will I, Sir? *Mam. Lungs*, my *Lungs!*
I love thee. *Fac.* Send your ſtuff, Sir, that my Maſter,
May buſie himſelf about projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue: Take, go.
Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will ſend my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou doſt not care for me. *Fac.* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weaſel,
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the beſt Lords Vermine of 'em all. *Fac.* Away, Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine*——
Fac. Good Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faſter.

Act II. Scene IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

HAs he bit? Has he bit?
Fac. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' giv'n him Line, and now he plays, yfaith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?
Fac. Thorow both the Gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firks mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord *Wha'ts'hums* Siſter, you muſt now
Bear your ſelf **ſtatelich**. *Dol.* O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my diſtance, laugh, and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her woman. *Fac.* Well ſaid, *Sanguine*.
Sub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
Fac. His Jack too;
And's Iron ſhooing-horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. Well,
I muſt not loſe my wary Gameſter, yonder.
Sub. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Fac. I, if I can ſtrike a fine hook into him, now,
The *Temple*-Church, there I have caſt mine Angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
Sub. What, more Gudgeons! [*One knocks.*
Dol, ſcout, ſcout; ſtay, *Face*, you muſt go to the door:
'Pray God it be my *Anabaptiſt*. Who is't, *Dol*?
Dol. I know him not. He looks like a Gold-end-man.
Sub. Gods ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deal
For *Mammon*'s Jack and Andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, firſt, with my Gown. Away
Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,
In a new tune, new geſture, but old language,
This fellow is ſent from one negotiates with me
About the *Stone* too; for the *holy Brethren*
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope
To raiſe their *Diſcipline* by it. I muſt uſe him
In ſome ſtrange faſhion, now, to make him admire me.

Act II. Scene V.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

WHere is my drudge? *Fac.* Sir.
Sub. Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectifie your *Menstrue* from the *Phlegma*.
Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together. *Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And save the ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the *work*. Who are you?
Ana. A *faithful Brother*, if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?
Can you *sublime* and *dulcifie*? *calcine*?
Know you the *Sapor Pontick*? *Sapor Stybtick*?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?
Ana. I understand no *Heathen* language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper Doling*? Is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chrysopœia*, or *Spagyrica*,
Or the *Pamphysick*, or *Panarchick* knowledge,
A *Heathen* language? *Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub. How? *Heathen Greek*?
Ana. All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*. (him,
Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speak to
Like a *Philosopher*: Answer i' the language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the work. *Fac.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you, now?
And when comes *Vivification*? *Fac.* After *Mortification*.
Sub. What's *Cohobation*? *Fac.* 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Spheares*.
Sub. What's the proper passion of Metals?
Fac. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?
Fac. Antimonium. (*Mercury*?
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your
Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.
Sub. How know you him? *Fac.* By his *Viscositie*,
His *Oleositie*, and his *Susceptibility*.
Sub. How do you *sublime* him?
Fac. With the *calce* of Egg-shells,
White Marble, *Chalk*. *Sub.* Your *Magisterium*, now?
What's that? *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into dry.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you still?
Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? *Fac.* 'Tis a *Stone*, and not
A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth*. *Sub.* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a just account unto the *Saints*:
A *Deacon*. *Sub.* O, you are sent from Master *Wholsome*,
Your Teacher? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholsome*,
Our very zealous *Pastor*. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter, and Brass, Andirons, and Kitchin-ware,
Metals, that we must use our Med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Professors?
Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cozen else,
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful*?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your *Pastor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coals?
Ana. No, surely. *Sub.* No? How so?
Ana. The *Brethren* bid me say unto you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see *projection*.
Sub. How! *Ana.* Yo' have had,
For the Instruments, as Bricks, and Lome, and Glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They say, some ninety more: And they have heard since,
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg.
And a small paper of Pin-dust.
Sub. What's your Name?
Ana. My Name is *Ananias*.
Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the *Apostles*! Hence, away,
Flee *Mischief*; had your *holy Consistory*
No Name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked *Ananias*? send your *Elders*
Hither, to make attonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire: and down th' *Alembeks*, and the fornace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The *Aqueity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

Act II. Scene VI.

Face, Subtle, Drugger.

HIs busie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! What mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another piece of Gold to look on:
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise (what is it *Nab*?) *Dru.* A sign, Sir.
Fac. I, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, Doctor.
Sub. I was devising now.
Fac. (Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?
The *Ballance*?
Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A Townsman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in some mystick Character; whose *Radii*,
Striking the Senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus—— *Fac. Nab!*
Sub. He first shall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose Name is *Dee*,
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug!*
And right anenst him a Dog snarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.
And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick!*
Fac. Abel, thou art made.
Dru. Sir, I do thank his Worship.
Fac. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab*.
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.
Dru. Yes, Sir:
I have another thing I would impart——
Fac. Out with it, *Nab*.

Dru.

Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me
A rich young Widow—— *Fac.* Good! a *bona roba?*
Dru. But Nineteen at the moſt.
Fac. Very good, *Abel.*
Dru. Marry, ſh'is not in faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A hood; but 't ſtands acop. *Fac.* No matter, *Abel.*
Dru. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——
Fac. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab?*
Sub. I did tell you, Captain. (truſts me
Dru. And Phyſick too ſometime, Sir: for which ſhe
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpoſe
To learn the Faſhion.
Fac. Good (his match too!) on, *Nab.*
Dru. And ſhe do's ſtrangely long to know her fortune.
Fac. Gods lid, *Nab*, ſend her to the Doctor hither.
Dru. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his Worſhip already:
But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. *Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought: *Nab*, thou ſhalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their Honour is their multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou doſt not know. *Dru.* No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.
Fac. What, and doſt thou diſpair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the City dubb'd?
One Glaſs o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab.* What's her Brother? a Knight?
Dru. No Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in 'his land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
His Siſter here; and is a man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the Countrey.
Fac. How! to quarrel?
Dru. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,
As Gallants do, and manage 'em by Line.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab!* The Doctor is the only man
In *Chriſtendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Inſtrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Siſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſwade. Go to.
'Shat give his Worſhip a new Damask Suit
Upon the premiſſes.
Sub. O, good Captain. *Fac.* He ſhall,
He is the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No Offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.
Dru. I'll try my power, Sir.
Fac. And thy will too, *Nab.*
Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't an Ounce?
Fac. He'll ſend you a pound, Doctor.
Sub. O, no. *Fac.* He will do't.
It is the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
(Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
A miſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
And has the worms. That was the Cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Fac. A wife, a wife for one on 'us, my dear *Subtle:*
We'll e'ne draw lots, and he that fails, ſhall have
The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.
Sub. Rather the leſs. For ſhe may be ſo light
She may want Grains.
Fac. I, or be ſuch a burden,
A man would ſcarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
Fac. Content. But *Dol* muſt ha' no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it.

Act III. Scene I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

THeſe chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch rebukes we of the *ſeparation*
Muſt bear, with willing ſhoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure Zeal
I do not like the man, He is a *Heathen*,
And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears
The viſible mark of the Beaſt in his fore-head.
And for his *ſtone*, it is a work of darkneſs,
And with *Philoſophy* blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good *Brother*, we muſt bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the *holy Cauſe.*
Ana. Which his cannot: The *ſanctified Cauſe*
Should have a *ſanctified Courſe.*
Tri. Not always neceſſary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Inſtruments even of the greateſt works.
Beſide, we ſhould give ſomewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, ſtill about the fire,
And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to Paſſion.
Where have you greater *Atheiſts* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glaſs-men?
More *Antichriſtian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil ſo devilliſh, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimſtone and *Arſnick*? We muſt give, I ſay,
Unto the motives, and the ſtirrers up
Of Humors in the blood. It may be ſo.
When as the work is done, the *ſtone* is made,
This heat of his may turn into a Zeal,
And ſtand up for the beauteous diſcipline,
Againſt the menſtruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome.*
We muſt await his calling, and the coming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him
With the *Bretbrens* bleſſing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to haſten on the work,
For the reſtoring of the *ſilenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philoſophers Stone.*
And ſo a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Aſſur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Med'cine, for the civil Magiſtrate,
T'incline him to a feeling of the Cauſe;
And muſt be daily us'd in the Diſeaſe.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not ſince the beautiful light firſt ſhone on me:
And I am ſad my Zeal hath ſo offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.

Act III. Scene II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

O 'Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore minutes
Were at laſt thread, you ſee; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, Turris circulatorius:
Lembek, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pellicane*
Had all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.

Tri.

Tri. Sir, be appeaſed, he is come to humble
Himſelf in Spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much Zeal hath carried him aſide
From the due path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!
Tri. The *Bretbren* had no purpoſe, verily,
To give you the leaſt Grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The Spirit and you direct.
Sub This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful elſe to the holy work,
It ſhall be numbred; here, by me, the *Saints*
Throw down their Purſe before you.
Sub. This qualifies moſt!
Why, thus it ſhould be, now you underſtand.
Have I diſcours'd ſo unto you of our *Stone*,
And of the good that it ſhall bring your Cauſe?
Shew'd you, (beſide the main of hiring Forces
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,
From th' *Indies*, to ſerve you, with all their Fleet)
That even the med'cinal uſe ſhall make you a Faction,
And Party in the Realm? As, put the caſe,
That ſome great man in State, he have the Gout,
Why, you but ſend three drops of your *Elixir*,
You help him ſtraight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the Palſie, or the Dropſie,
He takes of your incombuſtible ſtuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A Lady that is paſt the feat of body,
Tho not of mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of Paintings, you reſtore
With the Oyl of *Talek*; there you have made a friend:
And all her friends. A Lord that is a *Leper*,
A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'em ſmooth and ſound,
With a bare *fricace* of your Med'cine: ſtill
You increaſe your friends.
Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Chriſtmaſs*——
Ana. *Chriſt tide*, I pray you.
Sub. Yet *Ananias*?
Ana. I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
His parcel gilt to maſſie Gold. You cannot
But raiſe your friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an Army in the field, to buy
The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
Out of his *Indies*. What can you not do
Againſt Lords ſpiritual or temporal,
That ſhall oppone you? *Tri.* Verily 'tis true.
We may be temporal Lords our ſelves, I take it.
Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
Long-winded Exerciſes: or ſuck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced in a State,
May, for their Ends, be adverſe in Religion,
And get a tune to call the Flock together:
For (to ſay ſooth) a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your Bell.
Ana. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.
Sub. No warning with you? Then farewel my patience.
'Slight, it ſhall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.
Tri. I pray you, Sir.
Sub. All ſhall periſh. I have ſpoke it.
Tri. Let me find Grace, Sir, in your eyes; the man
He ſtands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as your ſelf) allow a tune ſomewhere.
Which now being to'ard the Stone, we ſhall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win widows
To give you Legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the *Common Cauſe*:
Nor take the ſtart of Bonds broke but one day,
And ſay, *they were forfeited by Providence.*
Nor ſhall you need o're night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next days Faſt the better:
The whilſt the *Bretbren* and the *Siſters* humbled,
Abate the ſtiffneſs of the fleſh. Nor caſt
Before your hungry Hearers ſcrupulous Bones;
As whether a Chriſtian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether *Matrons of the Holy Aſſembly*
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublets;
Or have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.
Ana. It is indeed an Idol.
Tri. Mind him not, Sir.
I do command thee, Spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.
Sub. Nor ſhall you need to libel 'gainſt the *Prelates*,
And ſhorten ſo your Ears againſt the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of neceſſity
Rail againſt Plays, to pleaſe the Alderman,
Whoſe daily Cuſtard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous Rage till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular Arts. Nor call your ſelves
By Names of *Tribulation*, *Perſecution*,
Reſtraint, *Long Patience*, and ſuch like affected
By the whole family, or wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the *Diſciple*. *Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the *Godly Bretbren* have invented
For propagation of the *Glorious Cauſe*,
As very notable means, and whereby alſo
Themſelves grow ſoon, and profitably famous.
Sub. O, but the *Stone*, all's idle to't! nothing!
The Art of Angels, Natures Miracle,
The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*; and whoſe tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits.
Ana. I hate *Traditions*:
I do not truſt them—— *Tri.* Peace.
Ana. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not peace. I will not—— *Tri.* *Ananias.*
Ana. Pleaſe the prophane, to grieve the godly: I may not.
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou ſhalt over-come.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, elſe, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent ſum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And muſt, for Charity and Conſcience ſake,
Now ſee the moſt be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho I deſire the *Bretbren* too, good Gainers.
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em.
And tane the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Caſt on the *Med'cine*, ſo much Silver
As there is Tin there, ſo much Gold as Braſs,
I'll gi' it you in by weight. *Tri.* But how long time,
Sir, muſt the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me ſee,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence
He will be *Silver Potate*; then three days
Before he *Citroniſe*: ſome fifteen days
The *Magiſterium* will be perfected.
Ana. About the ſecond day of the third week,
In the ninth month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias.*
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods ariſe to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd three Cars,
Unladed now: you'll make ſix Millions of 'em.
But I muſt ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How! *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finiſh'd. We muſt now increaſe
Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are paſt
Fimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
And all thoſe lenter heats. If the holy Purſe
Should with this draught fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a preſent ſum, I have a trick

To melt the Pewter, you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,
And with a tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
As any are in *Holland*. *Tri.* Can you ſo?
Sub. I, and ſhall 'bide the third Examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the *Brethren*.
Sub. But you muſt carry it ſecret. *Tri.* I, but ſtay,
This act of coyning, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
We know no Magiſtrate. Or, if we did,
This 's forreign Coin.
Sub. It is no coining, Sir.
It is but caſting. *Tri.* Ha? you diſtinguiſh well.
Caſting of Money may be lawful. *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it ſo.
Sub. There is no ſcruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This Caſe of Conſcience he is ſtudied in.
Tri. I'll make a queſtion of it to the *Brethren*.
Ana. The *Brethren* ſhall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where ſhall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. (*Knock without.*
There's ſome to ſpeak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the Inventory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. Who is it? *Face!* Appear.

Act III. Scene III.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

HOw now? Good Prize?
Fac. Good Pox! Yond' cauſtive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub.* How then?
Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no ſuch thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him? (happy.
Fac. Quit him? an hell would quit him too, he were
'Slight would you have me ſtalk like a Mill-Jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us Grains?
I know him of old. *Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a maiſtry. *Fac.* Let him go, black Boy,
And turn thee, that ſome freſh news may poſſeſs thee.
A Noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private for his Conſcience,
And brought Munition with him, ſix great Sloops,
Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, beſide round trunks,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will ſtreight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
(That is the colour) and to make his Battry
Upon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover* Pire, our what thou wilt. Where is ſhe?
She muſt prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
The Bath in chief, a Banquet, and her Wit,
For ſhe muſt milk his *Epididymis*.
Where is the *Dexy*? *Sub.* I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again my ſelf. *Fac.* Are they within then?
Sub. Numbring the ſum. *Fac.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of *Mammon!*
Three o' my Clark! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethren!* beſide Reverſions,
And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count!*
My ſhare to day will not be bought for forty——
Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou ſo near?
Dol. Yes, ſay Lord General, how fares our Camp?
Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themſelves
Safe, by their Diſcipline, againſt a world, *Dol.*
And laugh'd within thoſe Trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the Booties, *Dol*, brought in
Daily by their ſmall Parties. This dear hour
A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou maiſt make his Ranſom what thou wilt,
My *Douſabel*: He ſhall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks before he ſees thee; and thrown
In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keep him waking with thy Drum;
Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame,
As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Froſt,
Or Bees are with a Baſon; and ſo hive him
I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little *Gods-gift*.
Dol. What is he, General? *Fac.* An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?
Dol. No. *Fac.* Nor my *Drugger*?
Dol. Neither. *Fac.* A Pox on 'em,
They are ſo long a furniſhing! Such Stinkards
Would not be ſeen upon theſe feſtival days.
How now! ha' you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall do't againſt he ha' the widow,
To furniſh houſhold. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Fac.* I pray he keep away
Till our new buſineſs be o're paſt. *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'ſt thou by this Secret *Don*? *Fac.* A Spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,
You muſt go tune your Virginal, no loſing
O' the leaſt time. And do you hear? good action.
Fisk, like a Flounder; kiſs, like a Scallop, cloſe:
And tickle him with thy Mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoſhip has not a jot of Language:
So much the eaſier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our own Coach-man, whom I have ſent as Guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? (*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Fac. O no, not yet this hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,
Your Clark. *Fac.* God's will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tyre; and, Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Fac. I warrant you, take but the *Cues* I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow? *Fac.* No,
Not that I ſee. Away. O, Sir, you are welcome.

Act III. Scene IV.

Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kaſtril.

THe Doctor is within a moving for you;
(I have had the moſt ado to win him to it)
He ſwears you'll be the dearling o' the Dice:
He never heard her Highneſs dote till now (he ſays.)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I ſee her Grace?
Fac. See her, and kiſs her too. What, honeſt *Nab!*
Ha'ſt brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's *Tobacco*.
Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Damask too?
Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Maſter *Kaſtril*,
I have brought to ſee the Doctor.
Fac. Where's the widow?
Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Siſter (he ſays) ſhall come.
Fac. O, is it ſo? 'Good time. Is your Name *Kaſtril*, Sir?
Kaſ. I, and the beſt of the *Kaſtrils*, I'lld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this Doctor?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Fac.* Wherein, Sir?
Kaſ. To carry a buſineſs, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Fac.* It ſeems, Sir, yo' are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Queſtion!

Kaſ.

Kaſ. Sir, not ſo young, but I have heard ſome ſpeech
Of the angry Boys, and ſeen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practiſe i' the Countrey. *Fac.* Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt ſhadow of a hair: and ſhew you
An Inſtrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no ſooner ſhall you make report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Moſt inſtantly, and tell in what degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality.
And how it may be born, whether in a *Right Line*
Or a *Half Circle*; or may elſe be caſt
Into an *Angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lie by. *Kaſ.* How? to take it?
Fac. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll ſhew you, or in *Circle*;
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town
Study his *Theoremes*, and diſpute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the wits too? *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It is not two months ſince. I'll tell you his method:
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary.
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Fac. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Fac. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? *Kaſ.* I, 'twill ſpend a man.
Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are ſpent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your Fortunes?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a year!
Fac. I, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Fac.* I, Sir.
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *ſtye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unreſiſtable luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*. They will ſet him
Upmoſt at the Groom Porters all the *Chriſtmaſs*!
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, preſent him with the Chair;
The beſt Attendance, the beſt Drink; ſometimes
Two Glaſſes of *Canary*, and pay nothing;
The pureſt Linnen, and the ſharpeſt Knife,
The Partridg next his Trencher: and ſomewhere
The dainty Bed, in private, with the dainty.
You ſhall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houſes for a Poet; and the Maſter
Pray him aloud to name what Diſh he affects,
Which muſt be butter'd Shrimps: and thoſe that drink
To no mouth elſe, will drink to his, as being
The goodly, *preſident* Mouth of all the Board.
Kaſ. Do you not gull one?
Fac. 'Od's my life! Do you think it?
You ſhall have a caſt Commander, (can but get
In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
For ſome two pair of either's ware, afore hand)
Will, by moſt ſwift Poſts dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himſelf,
His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent faſhion,
And be admir'd for't. *Kaſ.* Will the Doctor teach this?
Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone,
(As men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
In a vacation, when ſmall money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the Term,
He'll ſhew a perſpective, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the Faces and the Perſons
Of all ſufficient young Heirs in Town,
Whoſe Bonds are currant for Commodity;
On th' other ſide, the Merchants Forms, and others,
That without help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a ſhare) will truſt ſuch parcels.
In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Woad, or Cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enjoy
To your own uſe, and never ſtand oblig'd.
Kaſ. I'faith! Is he ſuch a Fellow?
Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt man!
He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. Gods will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange thing!
(By the way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds
Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me, honeſt *Nab*, here, was ne're at Tavern
But once in's life! *Dru.* Truth, and no more I was not.
Fac. And then he was ſo ſick——
Dru. Could he tell you that too?
Fac. How ſhould I know it?
Dru. In troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat Ram-mutton to ſupper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my ſtomack——
Fac. And he has no head
To bear any Wine; for what with the noiſe o' the Fidlers,
And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servants——
Dru. My head did ſo ake———
Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman——
Dru. (Yes faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me,
With ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Coſt me but two pence. I had another ſickneſs
Was worſe than that. *Fac.* I, that was with the grief
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at eighteen pence,
For the Water-work. *Dru.* In truth, and it was like
T'have coſt me almoſt my life. *Fac.* Thy hair went off?
Dru. Yes, Sir, 'twas done for ſpight.
Fac. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe. *Fac.* Sir, he is buſie now:
But if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her ſooner;
And he by that time will be free. *Kaſ.* I go.
Fac. Drugger, ſhe's thine: the Damask. (*Subtle* and I
Muſt wraſtle for her.) Come on, Maſter *Dapper*.
You ſee how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The Ceremonies were enjoyn'd you?
Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.
Fac. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More worſhip than you think. Your Aunt's afire,
But that ſhe will not ſhew it, t' have a ſight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Graces Servants?
Dap. Yes, here are ſix ſcore *Edward* Shillings.
Fac. Good.
Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Soveraign. *Fac.* Very good.
Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat,
Juſt twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too juſt.
I would you had had the other Noble in *Maries*.
Dap. I have ſome *Philip* and *Maries*. *Fac.* I, thoſe ſame
Are beſt of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

Act III. Scene V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle *diſguis'd like a Prieſt of* Fairy.

IS yet her *Graces* Couſin come? *Fac.* He is come.
Sub. And is he faſting? *Fac.* Yes.
Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum?*
Fac. Thrice, you muſt anſwer. *Dap.* Thrice.
Sub. And as oft *Buz?*
Fac. If you have, ſay. *Dap.* I have. *Sub* Then, to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath Vinegar'd his Senſes,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune*;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune.
And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,
Yet nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece ſhe hath ſent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
About his Eyes, to ſhew he is fortunate. [*They blind him*
And, truſting unto her to make his State, *with a Rag.*
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, ſhe doth not doubt him.
Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her *Graces* word (Throw away your Purſe.)
As ſhe would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, caſt it off,
Or a ſilver Seal at your Wriſt; her *Grace* will ſend
Her *Fairies* here to ſearch you, therefore deal
Directly with her *Highneſs*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*H throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.
Fac. Keep nothing that is tranſitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Muſick.) Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Adviſe you.
[Dol *enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't. *Fac. Ti, ti,*
They knew't, they ſay. *Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the t'other Pocket?
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.
They muſt pinch him, or he will never confeſs, they ſay.
Dap. O, o.
Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Graces* Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you ſhall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and ſhame the *Fairies*. Shew
You are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to ta. He does equivocate, ſhe ſays,
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and ſwears by the Light, when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-crown
Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me;
And a Leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.
Fac. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your Aunts diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns
You may wear your Leaden Heart ſtill. How now?
Sub. What News, *Dol?*
Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon.*
Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he? *Dol.* Here, hard by. H'is at the Door.
Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol*, get his Suit.
He muſt be ſent back. *Fac.* O, by no means.
What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here,
Now he's o' the Spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome Device. *Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti.* Would her *Grace* ſpeak with me?
I come. Help, *Dol.* *Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*,
[*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.*
My Maſter's i' the way. Pleaſe you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper.*
Dap. I long to ſee her *Grace.* *Sub.* She now is ſet
At Dinner in her Bed, and has ſent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouſe,
And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting:
Yet if you could hold out till ſhe ſaw you (ſhe ſays)
It would be better for you. *Fac.* Sir, he ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her *Highneſs*;
I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe
All we ha' done—— *Sub.* He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak
To any body, till then. *Fac.* For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Fac.* Of Gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*
Thus far, ſhall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape Sir, and let him fit you. *Sub.* Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,
I now muſt ſhew you *Fortune*'s Privy Lodgings.
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's ſomewhat ſtrong.
Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

Act IV. Scene I.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only fineſt time——
Mam. Where's Maſter?
Fac. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd ſhortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Fac. To Gold and Silver, Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for.
Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her ſuch brave things o' you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit——
Mam. Haſt thou?
Fac. As ſhe is almoſt in her Fit to ſee you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage— *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man ſhould hear or ſee you— *Mam.* Fear not.
Fac. The very Houſe, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainſt the leaſt act of Sin. *Phyſick*, or *Mathematicks*,
Poetry, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)
She will endure, and never ſtartle: But
No word of Controverſie. *Mam* I am ſchool'd, good Uſher.
Fac. And you muſt praiſe her Houſe, remember that,
And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:
No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,
Shall do it better. Go. *Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thy ſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae*: Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon*. What? the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my talk to her. Here ſhe comes.
Fac. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight,
I told your Ladiſhip— *Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady.

Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
Fac. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam——
Fac. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.)
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſie. (to me,
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Vertues
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir, a poor Barons Daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his Life
After that Act, lien but there ſtill, and panted,
H' had done enough to make himſelf, his Iſſue,
And his Poſterity Noble. *Dol.* Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the Gilt and Trapings,
The Dreſs of Honour, yet we ſtrive to keep
The Seeds and the Materials. *Mam.* I do ſee
The old Ingredient, Vertue, was not loſt,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compound.
There is a ſtrange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do reſemble
One o' the *Auſtriack* Princes. *Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Iriſh* Coſtarmonger.
Mam. The Houſe of *Valois* juſt had ſuch a Noſe,
And ſuch a Forehead yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boaſt. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all theſe Princes. *Fac.* I'll be ſworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.
Fac. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain Touch, or Air,
That ſparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.
Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave——
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn i' this ſweet Flame;
The *Phœnix* never knew a nobler Death.
Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and deſtroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole Faith in queſtion. *Mam.* By my Soul—
Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the ſame air, Sir. *Mam.* Na-
Never beſtow'd upon Mortality (ture
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces elſe.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular——
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you know your Diſtance.
Mam. In no ill ſenſe, ſweet Lady, but to ask
How your fair Graces paſs the Hours? I ſee
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the Houſe of a rare Man,
An excellent Artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir; I ſtudy here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Diſtillation*. *Mam.* O, I cry you pardon.
He's a Divine Inſtructer, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Vertues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature
What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelley*; ſent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.
Dol. I, and for his Phyſick, Sir——
Mam. Above the Art of *Æſculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with theſe Studies, that contemplate Nature.
Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to ſo dark a uſe.
Had you been crooked, foul, of ſome courſe Mold,
A Cloyſter had done well; but ſuch a Feature
That might ſtand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluſe! is a meer *Solæciſm*,
Though in a Nunnery. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamant better on my Finger,
Than i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt Pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In Chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure*!
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Styles. *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir!
Mam. No, I will take away that Jealouſie.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſophers Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Maſtery*.
This day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe
Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think therefore thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it:
And it ſhall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.
Mam. I'm pleas'd, the Glory of her Sex ſhould know,
This Nook, here, of the *Friers* is no Climate
For her to live obſcurely in, to learn
Phyſick and Surgery, for the Conſtables Wife
Of ſome odd Hundred in *Eſſex*: but come forth,
And taſte the Air of Palaces; eat, drink
The Toils of *Emp'ricks*, and their boaſted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl and Corral, Gold and Amber;
Be ſeen at Feaſts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a-fire, like a Burning-glaſs,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty States adorn thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but ſhewing our Love,
Nero's Poppæa may be loſt in Story!
Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well conſent, Sir.
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take notice, and both ſeiſe
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.
Dol. Your ſelf do boaſt it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my Life.
Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a Free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-Country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs,
And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver Shells,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet our ſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And ſo enjoy a Perpetuity
Of Life and Luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe
Richer than *Natures*, ſtill to change thy ſelf,
And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than ſhe,
Or *Art*, her wiſe and almoſt-equal Servant.
Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the Labaratory. Some fitter place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you her?
Mam. Excellent! *Lungs*. There's for thee.
Fac. But do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.
Mam. We think not on 'em.
Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

Act IV. Scene II.

Face, Subtle, Kaſtril, Dame Pliant.

DOſt thou not laugh?
Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Fac.* All's clear.
Sub. The Widow is come.
Fac. And your quarrelling Diſciple?
Sub. I. *Fac.* I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.
Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.
Fac. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell*? *Sub.* I know not. *Fac.* We'll draw Lots,
You'll ſtand to that?
Sub. What elſe? *Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap. *Sub.* To th' Door, Man.
Fac. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Noſtrils.
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with?
Kaſ. Where's the Captain? *Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.
Kaſ. Gone? *Fac.* He'll return ſtraight.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.
Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſerve and ſatisfie 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kaſ.* You lie.
Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the lowd Lie?
For what, my ſudden Boy? *Kaſ.* Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick*! You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diviſions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
Your *Predicaments*, *Subſtance*, and *Accident*,
Series extern and *intern*, with their *Cauſes*
Efficient, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,
And ha' your *Elements* perfect—— *Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That falſe Precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their Wills. *Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?
Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and buxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*
Kaſ. Is ſhe, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.
Kaſ. How know you?
Sub. By inſpection on her Forehead,
And ſubtilty of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts [*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.
Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:
But, moſt of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady.
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly. *Pli.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kaſ.* Hold your peace.
Here comes the t'other rare Man. 'Save you, Captain.
Fac. Good Maſter *Kaſtril*. Is this your Siſter? *Kaſ.* I, Sir.
Pleaſe you to kuſs her, and be proud to know her?
Fac. I ſhall be proud to know you, Lady. *Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Lady too. *Kaſ.* I, peace. I heard it.
Fac. The *Count* is come.
Sub. Where is he? *Fac.* At the Door.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him. *Fac.* What'll you do
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs. *Fac.* 'Fore God,
She is a delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her.
Sub. Muſt you? I, if your Fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straws-breadth, by Moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me.

Act IV. Scene III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

WHere are you, Doctor?
Sub. I'll come to you preſently.
Fac. I will ha' this ſame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition. *Sub.* What do you ſay?
Fac. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' ſent 'em up.
Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs muſt have this Widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Fac. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.
Fac. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but conceive:
Thou art old, and canſt not ſerve——
Sub. Who, cannot I?
'Slight, I will ſerve her with thee, for a—— *Fac.* Nay,
But underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, ſell my Fortune?
'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly. *Fac.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in ſtate?
Sub. I follow you, Sir: We muſt keep *Face* in awe,
Or he will over-look us like a Tyrant.
Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John*!
[*Surly like a Spaniard.*
Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos, à vueſtras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſt our *anos*.
Fac. Peace, *Subtle*. *Sub.* Stab me; I ſhall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
Serv'd in by a ſhort Cloke upon two Treſſils.
Fac. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut
Beneath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Knife? (down
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard*.
Fac. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
In *d'Alva*'s time; *Count Egmont*'s Baſtard. *Sub. Don*,
Your ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia. *Sub.* He ſpeaks out of a Fortification.
Pray God he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy linda caſa!
Sub. What ſays he? *Fac.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think;
I know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
Be cozen'd, *Diego*. *Fac.* Cozen'd, do you ſee?
My worthy *Donzel*, cozen'd. *Sur. Entiendo*.
Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.
Have you brought Piſtolets, or Portagues,
My ſolemn *Don*? Doſt thou feel any? *Fac.* Full.
[*He feels his Pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped, and drawn
Dry, as they ſay. *Fac.* Milked, in troth, ſweet *Don*.
Sub. See all the Monſters; the great Lion of all, *Don*.
Sur. Con licencia, ſe puede ver à eſta Sennora?
Sub. What talks he now?
Fac. O' the *Sennora*. *Sub.* O, *Don*,
That is the Lioneſs, which you ſhall ſee
Alſo, my *Don*. *Fac.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?

Sub. For what?
Fac. Why *Dol*'s employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.
Fac. Stay! That he muſt not, by no means.
Sub. No! Why?
Fac. Unleſs you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll ſuſpect it:
And then he will not pay, not half ſo well.
This is a travell'd Punk-maſter, and do's know
All the Delays; a notable hot Raſcal,
And looks already rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and *Mammon*
Muſt not be troubled. *Fac. Mammon!* in no caſe.
Sub. What ſhall we do then?
Fac. Think: you muſt be ſudden.
Sur. Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tan à ver la, como la bien aventurânza de mi vida.
Fac. Mi vida? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha? (Widow.
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide,
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt.
What doſt thou think on't, *Subtle?*
Sub. Who, I? Why——
Fac. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an Offer for my Share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith? *Fac.* O, by that Light,
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out, for me.
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Fac. It is the Common Cauſe; therefore bethink you.
Dol elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid. *Sub.* I care not.
Sur. Sennores, por que ſe tarda tanta?
Sub. Faith I am not fit, I am old.
Fac. That's now no Reaſon, Sir.
Sur. Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.
Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call,
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol. Sub.* A Plague of Hell—
Fac. Will you then do? *Sub.* Yo'are a terrible Rogue;
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my heart, Sir;
Am I diſcharg'd o' the Lot? *Fac.* As you pleaſe. *Sub.* Hands.
Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch firſt.
Sur. Por eſtas honrada's barbas——
Sub. He ſwears by his Beard.
Diſpatch, and call the Brother too.
Sur. Tiengo dùda, Sennores,
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.
Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *preſto Sennor.* Pleaſe you
Entbratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don?*
Where, if it pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
And ſcrub'd, and fub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
You ſhall, in faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartilier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punk ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Face, Kaſtrill, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Surly.

COme, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.
Kaſ. To be a *Counteſs*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſs*, Sir?
Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh Counteſs?*
Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Queſtion, Lady?
Kaſ. Nay, ſhe is a Fool, Captain, you muſt pardon her.
Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,
To your meer Millener; they will tell you all,
Your *Spaniſh* Gennet is the beſt Horſe; your *Spaniſh*
Stoup is the beſt Garb; your *Spaniſh* Beard
Is the beſt Cut; your *Spaniſh* Ruffs are the beſt
Wear; you *Spaniſh Pavin* the beſt Dance;
Your *Spaniſh* Titillation in a Glove
The beſt Perfume. And for your *Spaniſh* Pike,
And *Spaniſh* Blade, let your poor Captain ſpeak.
Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtyle you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly.)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——
Fac. I had told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A *Counteſs*; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spaniſh Counteſs.*
Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir.
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then: Nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard.* *Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' *Eighty-eight* could I abide em,
And that was ſome three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable;
Chuſe which you will.
Fac. By this good Ruſh, perſwade her,
She will cry Strawberries elſe, within this Twelve-month.
Sub. Nay, Shads and Mackerel, which is worſe.
Fac. Indeed, Sir?
Kaſ. Gods lid, you ſhall love him, or I'll kick you.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maull you. *Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not ſo fierce. *Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when ſhe comes to taſte
The Pleaſures of a Counteſs! to be courted——
Fac. And kiſt, and ruffled! *Sub.* I, behind the Hangings.
Fac. And then come forth in pomp!
Sub. And know her State!
Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber
Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is ſerv'd
Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And has her Pages, Uſhers,
Foot-men, and Coaches——
Sub. Her ſix Mares—— *Fac.* Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,
Bet'lem, the *China houſe*,—— *Fac.* Yes, and have
The Citizens gape at her, and praiſe her Tires!
And my Lords Gooſe-turd Bands, that rides with her!
Kaſ. Moſt brave! By this Hand, you are not my Siſter,
If you refuſe. *Pli.* I will not refuſe, Brother.
Sub. Que es eſto, Sennores, que non ſe venga?
Eſta tardanza me mata! *Fac.* It is the *Count* come?
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.
Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!
Sur. Por tódos los dioſes, la mas acabada
Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Fac. Is't not a gallant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French?*
Fac. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir. *Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French*,
And that, they ſay, is the Courtlieſt Language. *Fac.* Liſt,
Sur. El Sol ha perdido ſu lumbre, con el (Sir.
Reſplandor, que trae eſta dama. Valga me dios!
Fac. He admires your Siſter.
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make Curt'ſie?
Sub. 'Ods will, ſhe muſt go to him Man, and kiſs him!
It is the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Women
To make firſt court. *Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:
His Art knows all. *Sur. Por que no ſe acùde?*
Kaſ. He ſpeaks to her, I think. *Fac.* That he does, Sir.
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay,

Kaſ. Nay, ſee: ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull.
Noddy. *Pli.* What ſay you Brother? *Kaſ.* Aſs, Suſter,
Go kuſs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you,
I'll thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe. *Fac.* O, no Sir.
Sur. Sennora mia, mi perſona muy indigna eſta
Alle gar a tanta Hermoſura.
Fac. Does he not uſe her bravely? *Kaſ.* Bravely, i-faith!
Fac. Nay, he will uſe her better. *Kaſ.* Do you think ſo?
Sur. Sennora, ſi ſera ſervida, entremus.
Kaſ. Where does he carry her?
Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no thought: I muſt interpret for her.
Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my fierce Child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling Leſſon again. *Kaſ.* Agreed.
I love a *Spaniſh* Boy with all my Heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you ſhall be Brother
To a great *Count*. *Kaſ.* I, I knew that at firſt.
This match will advance the Houſe of the *Kaſtrils*.
Sub. 'Pray God your Siſter prove but pliant.
Kaſ. Why,
Her name is ſo, by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!
Kaſ. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?
Sub. No faith, Sir:
Yet, by erection of her Figure, I gueſt it.
Come, let's go practice. *Kaſ.* Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

Act IV. Scene V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtle.

FOR, *after* Alexanders *death*— [*In her fit of talking.*
Mam. Good Lady—
Dol. That Perdiccas *and* Antigonus *were ſlain,*
The two that ſtood, Seleuc', *and* Ptolomee——
Mam. Madam. *Dol. Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beaſt.*
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg— *Mam.* Lady—
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——.
Mam. Sweet Madam.
Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall
In the laſt Link of the fourth Chain. And theſe
Be Stars in ſtory, which none ſee, or look at——
Mam. What ſhall I do? *Dol. For, as he ſays, except*
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks——
Mam. Dear Lady. *Dol. To come from* Salem, *and from* Athens,
And teach the People of great Britain——
Fac. What's the matter, Sir?
Dol. To ſpeak the tongue of Eber, *and* Javan— *Mam.* O,
She's in her fit. *Dol. We ſhall know nothing*— *Fac.* Death, Sir,
We are undone. *Dol. Where then a learned Linguiſt*
Sall ſee the ancient us'd communion
Of Vowels and Conſonants—— *Fac.* My Maſter will hear!
Dol. A wiſdom, which Pythagoras *held moſt high*——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. *Dol. To compriſe*
All ſounds of Voyces, in few marks of Letters——
Fac. Nay, you muſt never hope to lay her now.
Dol. And ſo we may arrive by *Talmud* skill,
And prophane *Greek*, to raiſe the building up
Of *Helens* Houſe againſt the *Iſmaelite*,
King of *Thogarma*, and his *Habergions*
Brimſtony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of King *Abaddon*, and the Beaſt of *Cittim*;
Which *Rabbi David Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,
And *Aben-Ezra* do interpret *Rome*.
Fac. How did you put her into't? *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth *Monarchy* I would erect, [*They ſpeak together.*
With the *Philoſophers* (by chance) and ſhe
Falls on the other four ſtrait. *Fac.* Out of *Broughton!*
I told you ſo. 'Slid ſtop her Mouth. *Mam.* Is't beſt?
Fac. She'll never leave elſe. If the old Man hear her,
We are but *fæces*, Aſhes. *Sub.* What's to do there?
Fac. O, we are loſt. Now ſhe hears him, ſhe is quiet.
Mam. Where ſhall I hide me?
[*Upon* Subtle's *entry they diſperſe.*
Sub. How! what ſight is here!
Cloſe deeds of darkneſs, and that ſhun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? what, my Son!
O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay good, dear Father,
There was no unchaſte purpoſe. *Sub.* Not? and flee me,
When I come in? *Mam.* That was my error. *Sub.* Error?
Guilt, guilt, my Son. Give it the right name. No marvel,
If I found check in our *great work* within,
When ſuch affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half hour:
And all the reſt of our *leſs works* gone back.
Where is the inſtrument of wickedneſs, (him.
My lewd falſe drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not
Believe me, 'twas againſt his will, or knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more ſin,
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you, for whom
The bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your fortunes. *Mam.* VVhy, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* VVhy, if it do,
VVhat remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to us. VVhat's that?
[*A great crack and noiſe within.*
Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *works*
Are flown *in fumo:* every Glaſs is burſt.
Fornace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the Houſe.
Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! Alas,
[Subtle *falls down as in a ſwoon.*
Coldneſs and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fair offices of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
VVho's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs?*
Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his ſight,
[*One knocks.*
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad.
Mam. Alas!
Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.
Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs?* VVill nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our coſt? *Fac.* Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of Coals, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am juſtly puniſh'd.
Fac. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my hopes——
Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe affections.
Sub. O, the curſt fruits of Vice and Luſt!
[Subtle *ſeems come to himſelf.*
Mam. Good Father,
It was my ſin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O juſtice,
Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. *Mam.* I'll go.
Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may ha't yet;
A hundred pound to the Box at *Bet'lem*— *Mam.* Yes.
Fac. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Fac. I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *projection* left? *Fac.* All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.

Mam.

Mam. Will nought be ſav'd, that's good for Med'cine, think'ſt thou?

Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
VVill cure the Itch, though not your itch of mind, Sir.
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you. *Sub. Face.*

Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for joy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.

Fac. Now to our *Don.*

Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſs, Face:* Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.

Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
VVill you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir:
VVould *Dol* were in her place, to pick his Pockets now.

Fac. VVhy, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you prove your vertue. *Sub.* For your ſake, Sir.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Surly, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Face.

LAdy, you ſee into what hands you are faln;
'Mongſt what a neſt of Villains! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap
(Through your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumſtances would ha' made a Man:
For yo'are a handſome wŏman: would yo'were wiſe too.
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this *Citadel,* (not,
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have
I claim ſome intereſt in your love. You are,
They ſay, a widow, rich: and I am a Batchellor,
VVorth nought: your fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' prefer'vd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for theſe houſhold-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego?*
And my dear Madam *Counteſs?* Hath the *Count*
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholick,
After your *coitum,* and ſcurvy! True-ly,
I do not like the dulneſs of your Eye:
It hath a heavy caſt, 'tis *upſee Dutch,*
And ſays you are a lumpiſh whore-maſter.
Be lighter, I will make your Pockets ſo.
[*He falls to picking of them.*

Sur. VVill you, *Don* Bawd, and pick-purſe? How now?
Reel you?
Stand up Sir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir.
There's no ſuch thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip ſhall eaſe you of that fear.
I am the *Spaniſh Don,* that ſhould be cozened,
Do you ſee? cozened? where's your Captain *Face?*
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all Raskal.

Fac. How, *Surly!*

Sur. O, make your approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your Copper Rings, and Spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t'anoint your Boot with Brimſtone,
Then rub Mens Gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And ſay 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your ſooty, ſmoky-bearded compeer, he
Will cloſe you ſo much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i' the ſtead) another
With *ſublim'd Mercury,* that ſhall burſt i' the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo?* Then weeps *Mammon:*
Then ſwoons his worſhip. Or, he is the *Fauſtus,*
That caſteth Figures, and can Conjure, cures
Plague, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides,*
And holds intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? while you ſend in —
Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'ſels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting maid
With the Green ſickneſs? Nay Sir, you muſt tarry
Though he be ſcap't; and anſwer, by the Ears, Sir.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Face, Kaſtril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame Pliant, Dol.

WHy, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor, and your Siſter both are abus'd.

Kaſ. VVhere is he? which is he? he is a ſlave
VVhat ere he is, and the Son of a VVhore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know?

Sur. I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much.

Kaſ. Then you lye i' your Throat. *Sur.* How?

Fac. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,
If he knew how— *Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd.

Kaſ. You lye:
And 'tis no matter. *Fac.* VVell ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt Raskal——

Sur. You are indeed. VVill you hear me, Sir?

Fac. By no means: Bid him be gone.

Kaſ. Be gone, Sir, quickly.

Sur. This's ſtrange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Fac. There is not ſuch a foiſt in all the Town,
The Doctor had him preſently: and finds yet,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come here. Bear up *Subtle.*

Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this hour.

Fac. And yet this Rogue would come in a diſguiſe,
By the temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, though he could not hurt it. *Kaſ.* I,
I know— Away, you talk like a fooliſh Mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, ſhe ſays.

Fac. Do not believe him, Sir:
He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your ways, Sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company.

Kaſ. Yes, how then, Sir?

Fac. Nay, here's an honeſt fellow too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I ſay, *Abel.*)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.
He owes this honeſt *Drugger,* here, ſeven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tabacco.*

Dru. Yes Sir. And h' has damn'd himſelf three Terms to pay me.

Fac. And what does he owe for *Lotium?*

Dru. Thirty Shillings, Sir:
And for ſix *Syringes.* *Sur. Hydra* of villany!

Fac. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o' the Houſe.

Kaſ. I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lye:
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* VVhy, this is madneſs, Sir,
Not valor in you: I muſt laugh at this.

Kaſ. It is my humour: you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule,* or a *Don Quixot.*

Dru. Or

Dru. Or a Knight o' the *curious Cox-comb.* Do you ſee?
Ana. Peace to the Houſhold.
Kaſ. I'll keep Peace for no Man.
Ana. Caſting of Dollers is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable?
Sub. Peace *Ananias.* *Fac.* No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim.* *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir? *Kaſ.* I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the young Gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* ſlops— *Ana.* They are prophane,
Lewd, ſuperſtitious, and idolatrous Breeches.
Sur. New Raskals! *Kaſ.* Will you be gone, Sir?
Ana. Avoid *Satan.*
Thou art not of the light. That Ruff of pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: 'and is the ſame
With that which the unclean Birds, in *ſeventy-ſeven*,
Were ſeen to prank it with, on divers Coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Antichriſt*, in that lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir.
Sur. But I'll take
A courſe with you———
Ana. Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain, and Doctor— *Ana.* Child of perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Fac. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then.
Fac. Drugger, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Sute, and ha' carried her ſo; and he
A brokerly ſlave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt' brought the Damask? *Dru.* Yes, Sir.
Fac. Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Sute. Haſt thou no credit with the Players?
Dru. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the fool?
Fac. I know not, *Nab:* thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſpered with him this while.*
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em. *Ana.* Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Bretbren*, and hath ſpies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no ſcruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer, and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of money is moſt lawful. *Sub.* True:
But here I cannot do it; if the Houſe
Shou'd chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Bretbren*,
That the whole company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Faſting.)
Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter place. The peace of mind
Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias.*
Fac. What did he come for?
Sub. About caſting Dollers,
Preſently out of hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to ſpie,
Againſt the faithful— *Fac.* I conceive. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt diſaſter!
How wouldſt tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
Sub. I thank thee *Face*, for the angry Boy, i-faith.
Fac. Who would ha' lookt it ſhould ha' been that Raskal
Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come to make you a Sute.
Sur. Where's *Drugger?*
Fac. He is gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* habit;
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the widow?
Fac. Within, with my Lord's Siſter: Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*,
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Fac. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why?
Fac. Stand to your word,
Or—— here comes *Dol.* She knows—
Sub. Yo'are tyrannous ſtill.
Fac. Strict for my right. How now, *Dol?* Haſt' told her,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come?
Dol. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for! *Fac.* Who's that?
Dol. Your Maſter:
The Maſter of the Houſe. *Sub.* How, *Dol!*
Fac. She lyes.
This is ſome trick. Come, leave your quiblins, *Dorothee.*
Dol. Look out, and ſee. *Sub.* Art thou in earneſt?
Dol. 'Slight.
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day,
For ſome on us. *Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I' am afraid.
Sub. You ſaid he would not come,
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Fac. No: 'twas within the Walls.
Sub. Was't ſo? Cry' you mercy:
I thought the Liberties. What ſhall we do now, *Face?*
Fac. Be ſilent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ſhip you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to morrow, and there we'll ſhare.
Let *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly,
Subtle muſt ſhave me. All my Captains Beard
Muſt off, to make me appear ſmooth *Jeremy.*
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll ſhave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me?
Sub. You ſhall ſee, Sir.

Act V. Scene I.

Love-Wit, Neighbours.

HAS there been ſuch reſort, ſay you?
Nei. 1. Daily, Sir.
Nei. 2. And nightly, too.
Nei. 3. I, ſome as brave as Lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen.
Nei. 5. Citizens Wives.
Nei. 1. And Knights. *Nei.* 6. In Coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyſter-women.
Nei. 1. Beſide other Gallants. *Nei.* 3. Sailors wives.
Nei. 4. *Tabacco*-men.
Nei. 5. Another *Pimlico!*
Lov. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? *Nei.* 6. No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir. *Lov.* He has no gift
Of teaching i' the Noſe, that ere I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei.* 2. No ſuch thing, Sir.
Lov. Nor heard a Drum ſtrook, for Baboons, or Puppets?
Nei. 5. Neither, Sir.
Lov. What device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my nouriſhment.
'Pray God he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding:

I left

I left him nothing elſe. If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o'the Moath, ſay I. Sure he has got
Some bawdy Pictures, to call all this ging;
The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
Of the Knights Courſer, covering the Parſons Mare;
The Boy of ſix year old, with the great Thing:
Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
Upon a Table, or ſome Dog to dance?
When ſaw you him? *Nei.* 1. Who Sir, *Jeremy*?
Nei. 2. *Jeremy* Butler?
We ſaw him not this Month. *Lov.* How!
Nei. 4. Not theſe five weeks, Sir.
Nei. 6. Theſe ſix weeks, at the leaſt.
Lov. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!
Nei. 5. Sure, if your worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipt away. *Nei.* 6. Pray God, he be not made away.
[*He knocks.*
Lov. Ha? It's no time to queſtion, then. *Nei.* 6. About
Some three weeks ſince, I heard a doleful cry,
As I ſate up, a mending my Wives Stockings.
Lov. This's ſtrange! that none will anſwer! Didſt thou hear
A cry, ſaiſt thou? *Nei.* 6. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been ſtrangled an hour, and could not ſpeak.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, juſt this day three weeks, at two a Clock
Next morning. *Lov.* Theſe be Miracles, or you make ('em ſo!
A Man an hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry? *Nei.* 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
Lov. Thou art a wiſe fellow: Give me thy Hand I pray thee.
What Trade art thou on?
Nei. 3. A Smith, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Lov. A Smith? Then lend me thy help to get this Door open.
Nei. 3. That I will preſently, Sir, but fetch my Tools—
Nei. 1. Sir, beſt to knock again, afore you break it.

Act V. Scene II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbours.

I Will. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?
Nei. 1, 2, 4. O, here's *Jeremy!*
Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Lov. Why! what's the matter?
Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Lov. I' the name of Wonder!
What means the fellow?
Fac. The Houſe, Sir, has been viſited.
Lov. What? with the Plague? ſtand thou then farther.
Fac. No, Sir,
I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left
None elſe, but thee, i'the Houſe!
Fac. Yes, Sir, my fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her
A week before I ſpied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the night. And ſo I ſhut
The Houſe up for a month——
Lov. How! *Fac.* Purpoſing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Roſe-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar,
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known it:
Becauſe I knew the news would but afflict you, Sir.
Lov. Breathe leſs, and farther off. Why, this is ſtranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have ſtill been open—— *Fac.* How, Sir!
Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, been ſeen to flock here
In threaves, theſe ten weeks, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright!* *Fac.* Sir,
Their wiſdoms will not ſay ſo! *Lov.* To day, they ſpeak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
VVent in, they tell me: and another was ſeen
In a Velvet Gown at the window! divers more
Paſs in and out!
Fac. They did paſs through the Doors then,
Or Walls, I aſſure their Eye-ſights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been,
In this my Pocket, now above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,
I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Through the black-pot, and made theſe apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worſhip, for theſe three weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd.
Lov. Strange!
Nei. 1. Good faith, I think I ſaw a Coach!
Nei. 2. And I too,
I'lld ha' been ſworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? *Nei.* 4. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honeſt fellow. *Fac.* Did you ſee me at all?
Nei. 1. No; that we are ſure on.
Nei. 2. I'll be ſworn o'that.
Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!
Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come?
Nei. 1. O, yes, you mave leave your Tools,
We were deceiv'd, he ſays. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys:
And the Door has been ſhut theſe three weeks.
Nei. 3. Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings.
Fac. *Surly* come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do?)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.

Act V. Scene III.

Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.

NO, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This,
It was no Bawdy-houſe: but a meer *Chancel.*
You knew the Lord, and his Siſter.
Mam. Nay, good *Surly*——
Sur. The happy word, *Be rich*——
Mam. Play not the Tyran——
Sur. Should be to day pronounc'd to all your Friends.
And where be your Andirons now? and your Braſs-pots,
That ſhould ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,
Methinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, Impoſtors, Bawds. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir?
[Mammon *and* Surly *knock.*
Mam. To enter, if we can. *Fac.* Another Mans Houſe?
Here is the owner, Sir. Turn you to him,
And ſpeak your buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the owner?
Lov. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are thoſe Knaves within your Cheaters?
Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters?
Mam. *Subtle*, and his *Lungs.*
Fac. The Gentleman is diſtracted, Sir! No Lungs,
Nor Lights ha' been ſeen here theſe three weeks, Sir,
Within theſe Doors, upon my word! *Sur.* Your word,
Groom arrogant? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the Houſe-keeper,
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face.*
Fac. You do miſtake the Houſe, Sir!
What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raskal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you ſtay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.
Mam. I, and then
We ſhall ha' your Doors open. *Lov.* What means this?
Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.
Nei. 1. Theſe are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we ſaw. *Fac.* Two o' the Fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,

I think

I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noiſe,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)
Kaſ. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon, [Kaſtril *knocks.*
Punck, Cocatrice, my Suſter. By this light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Caſtle —
Fac. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Pus my Suſter. *Lov.* This is ſomething, ſure!
Fac. Upon my truſt, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another. *Fac. Ananias* too?
And his *Paſtor*? *Tri.* The Doors are ſhut againſt us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your ſtench it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the Houſe. *Kaſ.* I, my Suſter's there. *Ana.* The place,
It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall do well.
Ana. We'll joyn to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then? Punck, device, my Suſter!
Ana. Call her not Siſter. She's a Harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the ſtreet.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.
Lov. The world's turn'd *Bet'lem.*
Fac. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of S. *Kather'nes*, where they uſe to keep
The better ſort of mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All theſe Perſons
We ſaw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.
Nei. 3. Theſe were the Parties.
Fac. Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus.*
Would I could get him away. [Dapper *cries out within.*
Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor.
Lov. Who's that?
Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.
Dap. For God's ſake, when will her *Grace* be at leiſure?
Fac. Ha!
Illuſions, ſome Spirit o' the Air: (his Gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the Throat.)
Dap. I am almoſt ſtifled——
Fac. (Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Ha! Liſt. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i' the Air!
Lov. Peace, you——
Dap. Mine Aunts *Grace* does not uſe me well.
Sub. You Fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
Fac. Or you will elſe, you Rogue.
Lov. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
Come Sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Jeremy*,
The truth, the ſhorteſt way.
Fac. Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good Neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Maſter:
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral ſorts of wild fowl?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the Street.)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuſe of your Houſe:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you ſeven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spaniſh* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the Houſe,
It was not viſited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Well, let's ſee your widow.

Act V. Scene IV.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

HOw! ha' you eaten your Gag?
Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: but in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The fume did over-come me,
And I did do't to ſtay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her *Grace.* Here comes the Captain.
Fac. How now! Is his Mouth down?
Sub. I! he has ſpoken!
Fac. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone then.
(I have been fain to ſay, the Houſe is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.
Sub. And haſt thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
Of *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
Of preſent wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the coil,
About the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)
Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
I'll ſend her to you. *Sub.* Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,
Will give you Audience preſently, on my ſute,
And the Captains word, that you did not eat your Gag
In any contempt of her *Highneſs.*
Dap. Not I, in troth, Sir.
[Dol *like the Queen of* Fairy.
Sub. Here ſhe is come. Down o' your Knees and wriggle:
She has a ſtately preſence. Good. Yet nearer,
And bid, God ſave you. *Dap.* Madam.
Sub. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt gracious Aunt, God ſave you *Grace.*
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:
But that ſweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
Ariſe, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
And kiſs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now ſtroke that Head.
Much, Nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
Much ſhalt thou give away: much ſhalt thou lend.
Sub. (I, much, indeed.) Why do you not thank her *Grace.*
Dap. I cannot ſpeak for joy.
Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your *Graces* Kinſman right. *Dol.* Give me the *Bird.*
Here is your *Fly* in a Purſe, about your Neck, Couſin,
Wear it, and feed it about this day ſev'night,
On your right Wriſt— *Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
And let it ſuck but once a week: till then,
You muſt not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinſman,
Bear your ſelf worthy of the Blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolſack* Pies,
Nor *Dagger* Frume'ty. *Dol.* Nor break his faſt,
In *Heaven* and *Hell.* *Sub.* She's with you every where!
Nor play with Coſtar-mongers, at *mum chance, tray trip,*
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it:)
but keep
The gallant'ſt Company, and the beſt Games—
Dap. Yes, Sir.
Sub. Gleek and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.

Dap. By this Hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thouſand Pound
Before to morrow night, (if but three thouſand
Be ſtirring) an' you will. *Dap.* I ſwear, I will then.
Sub. Your *Fly* will learn you all Games.
Fac. Ha' you done there?
Sub. Your *Grace* will command him no more duties?
Dol. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred Cheſts of Treaſure,
And ſome twelve thouſand Acres of *Fairy* Land,
If he game well, and comely, with good Gameſters.
Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kiſs her departing part.
But you muſt ſell your forty Mark a year, now.
Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Pox on't.
Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.
Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Fac.* Where's *Subtle*?
Sub. Here. What news?
Fac. Drugger is at the Door, go take his Sute,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marry the widow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſervice! Now Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull innocent.
Sub. Here's your *Hieronymo*'s Cloke, and Hat.
Fac. Give me 'em.
Sub. And the Ruff too?
Fac. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
Sub. Now he is gone about his project *Dol*,
I told you of, for the widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't.
Sub. Soon at night, my *Dolly*,
When we are ſhipt, and all our Goods aboard,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our courſe
To *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou laiſt the word,
And take our leaves of this ore-weening Raskal,
This peremptory *Face*.
Dol. Content, I' am weary of him.
Sub. Thou'haſt cauſe, when the ſlave will run a wiving, *Dol*,
Againſt the Inſtrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can.
Sub. Yes, tell her,
She muſt by any means addreſs ſome preſent
To th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
His Art with her ſuſpicion; ſend a Ring,
Or Chain of Pearl; ſhe will be tortur'd elſe
Extremely in her ſleep, ſay: and ha' ſtrange things
Come to her. Wilt thou? *Dol.* Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouſe,
My Bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And ſay, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.
[*They kiſs.*
Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good paſſage of our ſtock-affairs.
Fac. Drugger has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
And ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf?
Fac. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what ere it is!
Fac. A trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten pound a Month by.
Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.
Fac. I'll go beſtow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her, inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her of all thou canſt. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but Juſtice, that would break
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.
Fac. Come, my ventures,
You ha' packt up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.
Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's ſee 'em. Where's the mony?
Sub. Here,
In this. *Fac. Mammon*'s ten pound: eight ſcore before.
The *Brethrens* money, this. *Druggers*, and *Dappers*.
What Papers that?
Dol. The Jewel of the waiting Maids,
That ſtole it from her Lady, to know certain——
Fac. If ſhe ſhould have precedence of her Miſtris?
Dol. Yes.
Fac. What Box is that?
Sub. The Fiſh-wives Rings, I think:
And th' Ale-wives ſingle money. Is't not *Dol*?
Dol. Yes: and the whiſtle, that the Sailors Wife
Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Ward*.
Fac. We'll wet it to morrow: and our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Peti-coats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn.
Fac. Is *Druggers* Damask there?
And the *Tabacco*? *Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.
Dol. Why you the Keys!
Sub. No matter, *Dol:* becauſe
We ſhall not open 'em, before he comes.
Fac. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, *Dol*.
Dol. No!
Fac. No, my ſmock-rampant. The right is, my Maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfied: for here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite*,
'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back-ſide;
Or lend you a Sheet to ſave your Velvet Gown, *Dol*.
Here will be Officers preſently; bethink you,
Of ſome courſe ſuddainly to ſcape the Dock:
For thither you'll come elſe. Hark you, Thunder.
[*Some knock.*
Sub. You are a precious Fiend!
Off. Open the Door.
Fac. Dol, I am ſorry for thee i-faith. But hearſt thou?
It ſhall go hard, but I will place thee ſome-where:
Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Miſtris *Amo*.
Dol. Hang you——
Fac. Or Madam *Cæſarean*.
Dol. Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. *Fac. Subtle*,
Let's know where you ſet up next; I'll ſend you
A cuſtomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new courſe ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my ſelf:
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

Act V. Scene V.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kaſtril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Da. Pliant.

WHat do you mean, my Maſters?
Mam. Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers.
Off. Or we'll break it open.
Lov. What Warrant have you?
Off. Warrant enough, Sir, doubt not:
If you'll not open it. *Lov.* Is there an Officer, there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing.
Lov. Have but patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. *Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect? *Lov.* Yes, my Brain.
Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your ſelf,
Sur. Down with the Door. (Sir.
Kaſ. 'Slight,

Kaſ. 'Slight, ding it open. *Lov.* Hold:
Hold Gentlemen, what means this violence?
Mam. VVhere is this Colliar?
Sur. And my Captain *Face*?
Mam. Theſe day-Owls.
Sur. That are birding in Mens Purſes.
Mam. Madam *Suppoſitory*.
Kaſ. Doxey, my Siſter. *Ana.* Locuſts
Of the foul Pit. *Tri.* Profane as *Bel* and the *Dragon*.
Ana. Worſe than the Graſhoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.
Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you (ſeek?
Mam. The *Chimical* cozener.
Sur. And the Captain *Pander*.
Kaſ. The *Nun* my Suſter.
Mam. Madam *Rabbi*. *Ana.* Scorpions,
And Caterpillers. *Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my ſtaff— *Ana.* They are the veſſels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill,
A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.
Lov. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:
If there be any ſuch Perſons as you ſeek for,
Uſe your authority, ſearch on o' Gods Name.
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my Houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my known averſion
From any Air o' the Town, while there was Sickneſs)
To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?
[*They enter.*
Lov. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Fornace;
The Ceiling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle:
And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the Walls.
Onely one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a widow——
Kaſ. I, that's my Suſter. I'll go thump her. Where is ſhe?
Lov. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
VVhen he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You ſwore, and told her, you had tane the pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrowed a Sute, and Ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. VVhat an over-ſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
VVell fare an old Harquebuzier, yet,
Could prime his Powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling. *Mam.* The whole neſt are fled!
Lov. VVhat ſort of Birds were they?
[Mammon *comes forth.*
Mam. A kind of Choughs,
Or thieviſh Daws, Sir, that have pickt my Purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten pounds, within theſe five weeks,
Beſide my firſt Materials; and my Goods,
That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you ſo Sir? *Mam.* I.
Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine own ſtuff?
Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledg,
That they are yours, but by publick means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal VVrit out of a Court,
That you did cozen your ſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em. *Lov.* That you ſhall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon theſe terms they are yours.
What ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Lov. What a great loſs in hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has.
Fac. I, he would ha' built
The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, ſhould have run with Cream from *Hogſden*;
That every Sunday in *Moor-fields*, the youngkers,
And tits, and tom-boys ſhould have fed on, *gratis*.
Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within theſe two months. *Surly*,
What! in a dream? *Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat my ſelf,
With that ſame fooliſh vice of honeſty!
Come let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your Lodging: for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'em honeſt, as my ſelf, Sir.
[*They come forth.*
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go,
And get ſome Carts— *Lov.* For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometimes the Orphans, that the *Brethren*
Bought with their Silver Pence.
Lov. What, thoſe i' the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do defie
The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the *Brethren*.
Thou prophane Man, I ask thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the Table dormant,
The year of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?
Lov. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you,
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.
Tri. Be patient *Ananias*. *Ana.* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Lov.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt thy Houſe: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
And Waſps, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This ſeat of falſhood, and this cave of coz'nage.
Lov. Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.
[Drugger *enters, and he beats him away.*
Lov. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?
Fac. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, Go,
[*To the Parſon.*
And ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtaid too long a waſhing of his Face.
The Doctor, he ſhall hear of him at *Weſtcheſter*;
And of the Captain, tell him, at *Yarmouth*, or
Some good Port-town elſe, lying for a wind.
If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——
Kaſ. Come on, you yew, you have match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
Did not I ſay, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady-*Tom*?
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun' you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you.
Kaſ. Anon?
Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your Tools?
Kaſ. Gods light!
This is a fine old Boy, as ere I ſaw!

Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
Here ſtands my Dove: ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe, i-faith!
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Sufter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this match. *Lov.* O, do you ſo, Sir?
Kaſ. Yes, an' thou canſt take *Tobacco*, and drink, old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her marriage,
Than her own State. *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
Kaſ. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Jovy*' Boy!
Come let's in, I pr'y thee, and take our whiffs.
Lov. Whiff in with your Siſter, brother Boy. That Maſter
That had receiv'd ſuch happineſs by a Servant,
In ſuch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servants wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtrain
Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have out-ſtript
An old Mans gravity, or ſtrict Canon, think
What a young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy ſelf, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelf
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

THE END.

CATILINE
HIS
CONSPIRACY.
A TRAGEDY.

Acted in the Year 1611. By the KINGS MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

The Author B. J.

——His non plebecula gaudet:
Verùm equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana. Horat.

To the Great Example of HONOUR and VERTUE, the most Noble

WILLIAM

EARL of PEMBROKE, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

MY LORD,

IN so thick and dark an Ignorance, as now almost covers the Age, I crave leave to stand near your Light, and by that to be read. Posterity may pay your Benefit the Honour and Thanks, when it shall know, that you dare, in these fig-given times, to countenance a Legitimate Poem. I must call it so, against all noise of Opinion: from whose crude and airy Reports, I appeal to that great and singular Faculty of Judgment in your Lordship, able to vindicate Truth from Error. It is the First (of this Race) that ever I dedicated to any Person; and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less Ambition. Now it approacheth your Censure chearfully, and with the same assurance that Innocency would appear before a Magistrate.

Your Lordships most faithful Honourer,

BEN. JOHNSON.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

SYLLA's GHOST.

CATILINE.
LENTULUS.
CETHEGUS.
CURIUS.
AUTRONIUS.
VARGUNTEIUS.
LONGINUS.
LECCA.
FULVIUS.
BESTIA.
AURELIA.
FULVIA.
SEMPRONIA.

GABINIUS.
STATILIUS.
CEPARIUS.
CORNELIUS.
VOLTURTIUS.
CICERO.
ANTONIUS.
CATO.
CATULUS.
CRASSUS.
GALLA.
PORTER.
LICTORS.

CÆSAR.
Qu. CICERO.
SYLLANUS.
FLACCUS.
POMTINIUS.
SANGA.
SENATORS.
ALLOBROGES.
PETREIUS.
SOLDIERS.
SERVANTS.
PAGES.

CHORUS.

The SCENE

ROME.

The Principal TRAGŒDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
ALEX. COOKE.
JOH. LOWIN.
WILL. OSTLER.
RICH. ROBINSON.

JOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.
JOH. UNDERWOOD.
NIC. TOOLY.
WILL. EGLESTONE.

CATILINE.

Act I.

Sylla's Ghoſt.

DOſt thou not feel me, *Rome?* not yet? Is Night
So heavy on thee, and my weight ſo light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghoſt ariſe within thy Walls
Leſs threatning than an Earthquake, the quick falls
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frighted heads
Of thy ſteep Towers? or ſhrink to their firſt Beds?
Or, as their Ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that ſwell up, and drown thy ſeven proud Hills?
What ſleep is this doth ſeize thee ſo like Death,
And is not it? VVake, feel her my in breath:
Behold I come, ſent from the *Stygian* Sound,
As a dire Vapor that had cleft the ground,
T' ingender with the Night, and blaſt the Day;
Or like a Peſtilence that ſhould diſplay
Infection through the world: which thus I do.

[*Diſcovers* Catiline *in his Study.*

Pluto be at thy Councels, and into
Thy darker boſome enter *Sylla's* Spirit:
All that was mine, and bad, thy breaſt inherit.
Alas how weak is that for *Catiline!*
Did I but ſay (vain voice!) all that was mine?
All that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would:
VVhat now, had I a Body again, I could,
Coming from Hell; what Fiends would wiſh ſhould be;
And *Hannibal* could not have wiſh'd to ſee:
Think thou, and practice. Let the long hid Seeds
Of Treaſon in thee, now ſhoot forth in Deeds
Ranker than Horror; and thy former Facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new Acts:
Conſcience of them provoke thee on to more.
Be ſtill thy Inceſts, Murders, Rapes before
Thy Senſe; thy forcing firſt a *Veſtal* Nun;
Thy Parricide, late, on thy own only Son,
After his Mother; to make empty way
For thy laſt wicked Nuptials; worſe than they
That blaze that act of thy inceſtuous Life,
VVhich got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
I leave the ſlaughters that thou didſt for me
Of *Senators*, for which, I hid for thee
Thy Murder of thy Brother, (being ſo brib'd)
And writ him in the Liſt of my proſcrib'd
After thy Fact, to ſave thy little ſhame:
Thy Inceſt with thy Siſter, I not name.
Theſe are too light. *Fate* will have thee purſue
Deeds, after which no miſchief can be new;
The Ruin of thy Countrey: thou wert built
For ſuch a work, and born for no leſs guilt.
What though defeated once th' haſt been, and known,
Tempt it again: That is thy act, or none.
What all the ſeveral Ills that viſit Earth,
(Brought forth by Night, with a ſiniſter birth)
Plagues, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto,
The Sword, nor Surfeits; let thy Fury do:
Make all paſt, preſent, future Ill thine own;
And conquer all Example in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but ſtill a freſher Crime
Drown the remembrance: let not miſchief ceaſe,
But while it is in puniſhing, increaſe.
Conſcience and Care die in thee; and be free
Not Heav'n it ſelf, from thy Impiety:
Let Night grow blacker with thy Plots, and Day,
At ſhewing but thy Head forth, ſtart away
From this half-ſphear: and leave *Rome's* blinded Walls
T' embrace Luſts, Hatreds, Slaughters, Funerals,
And not recover ſight till their own flames
Do light them to their Ruines. All the Names
Of thy Confederates too, be no leſs great
In Hell than here: that when we would repeat
Our ſtrengths in muſter, we may name you all,
And *Furies* upon you for *Furies* call.
Whilſt what you do may ſtrike them into fears,
Or make them grieve, and wiſh your miſchief theirs.

Catiline.

IT is decree'd. Nor ſhall thy Fate, O *Rome*,
Reſiſt my vow. Tho Hills were ſet on Hills,
And Seas met Seas to guard thee, I would through:
I plough up Rocks, ſteep as the *Alpes*, in duſt;
And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
But I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
The Ills that I have done cannot be ſafe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A Spirit within me chides my ſluggiſh hands,
And ſays, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a man bred great as *Rome* her ſelf?
One form'd for all her Honours, all her Glories?
Equal to all her Titles? that could ſtand
Cloſe up with *Atlas*, and ſuſtain her Name
As ſtrong as he doth Heaven? And was I,
Of all her Brood, mark'd out for the repulſe
By her no voice, when I ſtood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Pontick* War?
I will hereafter call her Step-dame ever!
If ſhe can loſe her Nature, I can loſe
My Piety; and in her ſtony Entrails
Dig me a Seat: where I will live again,
The labour of her Womb, and be a burden
Weightier than all the Prodigies and Monſters
That ſhe hath teem'd with, ſince ſhe firſt knew *Mars*.

Catiline, Aurelia.

WHo's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat. Aurelia?*
Aur. Yes. *Cat.* Appear,
And break like day, my Beauty, to this Circle:
Upbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is ſo long
In mounting to that point, which ſhould give thee
Thy proper ſplendor. Wherefore frowns my Sweet?
Have I too long been abſent from theſe Lips,

[*He kiſſeth them.*

This Cheek, theſe Eyes? What is my treſpaſs? ſpeak.
Aur. It ſeems you know, that can accuſe your ſelf.
Cat. I will redeem it.
Aur. Still you ſay ſo. When?
Cat. When *Oreſtilla*, by her bearing well
Theſe my Retirements, and ſtoln times for thought,
Shall give their Effects leave to call her Queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur.

Aur. You court me now.
Cat. As I would always, Love,
By this *Ambroſiack* Kiſs, and this of *Nectar*,
Wouldſt thou but hear as gladly as I ſpeak.
Could my *Aurelia* think I meant her leſs;
When wooing her, I firſt remov'd a Wife,
And then a Son, to make my Bed and Houſe
Spatious, and fit t' embrace her? Theſe were Deeds
Not t' have begun with, but to end with more
And greater: "He that, building, ſtays at one
"Floor, or the ſecond, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raiſe thee I was meditating;
To make ſome act of mine anſwer thy Love:
That Love, that when my State was now quite ſunk,
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
And made my 'emergent Fortune once more look
Above the Main; which now ſhall hit the Stars,
And ſtick my *Oreſtilla* there amongſt 'em,
If any Tempeſt can but make the Billow,
And any Billow can but lift her Greatneſs.
But I muſt pray my Love, ſhe will put on
Like Habits with my ſelf. I have to do
With many Men and many Natures. Some
That muſt be blown and ſooth'd; as *Lentulus*,
Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his Blood,
And a vain Dream out of the *Sybill's* Books,
That a third man of that great Family
Whereof he is deſcended, the *Cornelii*,
Should be a King in *Rome:* which I have hir'd
The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna and *Sylla* dead. Then bold *Cethegus*,
Whoſe Valour I have turn'd into his Poyſon,
And prais'd ſo into daring, as he would
Go on upon the Gods, kiſs Lightning, wreſt
The Engine from the *Cyclops*, and give fire
At face of a full Cloud, and ſtand his Ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there are,
Whom Envy to the State draws, and puts on
For Contumelies receiv'd, (and ſuch are ſure ones)
As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
Both which have been degraded in the *Senate*,
And muſt have their Diſgraces ſtill new rubb'd,
To make 'em ſmart, and labour of Revenge.
Others whom meer Ambition fires, and dole
Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have feign'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
Theſe, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Beſtia*, *Autronius*.
Some whom their Wants oppreſs, as th' idle Captains
Of *Sylla's* Troops: and divers *Roman* Knights
(The profuſe waſters of their Patrimonies)
So threatned with their Debts, as they will now
Run any deſperate Fortune for a Change.
Theſe for a time we muſt relieve, *Aurelia*,
And make our Houſe the Safe-guard: like for thoſe
That fear the Law, or ſtand within her gripe,
For any act paſt, or to come. Such will
From their own Crimes be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, ſlight Airlings, will be won
With Dogs and Horſes, or perhaps a Whore;
Which muſt be had: and if they venture Lives
For us, *Aurelia*, we muſt hazard Honours
A little. Get thee ſtore and change of women,
As I have boys; and give 'em time and place,
And all connivence: be thy ſelf, too, courtly;
And entertain, and feaſt, ſit up, and revel;
Call all the great, the fair, and ſpirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee: and begin a faſhion
Of Freedom and Community. Some will thank thee,
Tho the ſowr *Senate* frown, whoſe heads muſt ake
In fear and feeling too. We muſt not ſpare
Or coſt or modeſty. It can but ſhew
Like one of *Juno's*, or of *Jove's* diſguiſes,
In either thee or me; and will as ſoon,
When things ſucceed, be thrown by, or let fall,
As is a Vail put off, a Viſor chang'd,
Or the *Scene* ſhifted, in our *Theaters*— [*A noiſe without.*
Who's that? It is the voice of *Lentulus*.
Aur. Or of *Cethegus*.
Cat. In, my fair *Aurelia*,
And think upon theſe Arts. They muſt not ſee
How far you are truſted with theſe Privacies;
Tho on their ſhoulders, necks, and heads you riſe.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

IT is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riſeth ſlowly, as her ſullen care
Had all the weights of ſleep and death hung at it!
She is not Roſie-finger'd, but ſwoln black!
Her Face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her ſick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if ſhe threatned Night e're Noon of Day!
It does not look as it would have a Hail
Or Health wiſh'd in it, as on other Morns.
Cet. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus:* Our coming
Is not for Salutation, we have Buſineſs.
Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus*. Where's *Autronius*?
Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here.
Cet. Not *Vargunteius*?
Cat. Neither.
Cet. A fire in their Beds and Boſoms,
That ſo will ſerve their Sloth rather than Vertue.
They are no *Romans*, and at ſuch high need
As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,
Fulvius, *Gabinius*, gave me word laſt night,
By *Lucius Beſtia*, they would all be here,
And early.
Cet. Yes? As you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all ſleep, and are meer Dormice; Flies
A little leſs than dead: more dulneſs hangs
On us than on the morn. W' are ſpirit bound,
In Ribs of Ice; our whole Bloods are one Stone;
And Honour cannot thaw us, nor our Wants,
Tho they burn hot as Fevers to our States.
Cat. I muſe they would be tardy at an hour
Of ſo great purpoſe.
Cet. If the Gods had call'd
Them to a purpoſe, they would juſt have come
With the ſame Tortoyſe ſpeed! that are thus ſlow
To ſuch an Action, which the Gods will envy,
As asking no leſs means than all their Powers
Conjoyn'd, t' effect. I would have ſeen *Rome* burnt
By this time, and her Aſhes in an Urn:
The Kingdom of the *Senate* rent aſunder;
And the degenerate talking Gown run frighted
Out of the Air of *Italy*.
Cat. Spirit of Men!
Thou Heart of our great Enterpriſe! how much
I love theſe Voices in thee!
Cet. O, the days
Of *Sylla's* Sway, when the free Sword took leave
To act all that it would!
Cat. And was familiar
With Entrails, as our *Augures*.
Cet. Sons kill'd Fathers,
Brothers their Brothers.
Cat. And had Price and Praiſe.
All Hate had Licence given it; all Rage reigns.
Cet. Slaughter beſtrid the Streets, and ſtretch'd himſelf
To ſeem more huge; whilſt to his ſtained thighs
The Gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of Limbs and Bodies through his Arch.
No Age was ſpar'd, no Sex.
Cat. Nay, no Degree.
Cet. Not Infants in the Porch of Life were free.
The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a Day
Longer by Natures Bounty, not let ſtay.
Virgins, and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,

All

All died. *Cat.* 'Twas Crime enough, that they had Lives.
To ſtrike but only thoſe that could do hurt,
VVas dull and poor. Some fell to make the Number,
As ſome the Prey. *Cet.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a Navy, rather than a Boat,
To ferry over the ſad VVorld that came:
The Maws and Dens of Beaſts could not receive
The Bodies that thoſe Souls were frighted from;
And ev'n the Graves were fill'd with Men, yet living,
VVhoſe Flight and Fear had mix'd them with the Dead.
Cat. And this ſhall be again, and more, and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to ſtand up in *Rome*. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is ſo uncertain. *Cat.* How! *Len.* I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.
Cat. The *Sybils* Leaves uncertain! or the Comments
Of our grave, deep, divining Men, not clear!
Len. All Prophecies, you know, ſuffer the torture.
Cat. But this already hath confeſs'd, without;
And ſo been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious Ignorance in him
VVould faint in the Belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?
Cat. Do I love *Lentulus*, or pray to ſee it?
Len. The *Augures* all are conſtant, I am meant.
Cat. They' had loſt their Science elſe.
Len. They count from *Cinna*.
Cat. And *Sylla* next, and ſo make you the third;
All that can ſay the Sun is ris'n, muſt think it.
Len. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth!
Cat. VVhy, what can they do leſs? *Cinna* and *Sylla*
Are ſet, and gone; and we muſt turn our Eyes
On him that is, and ſhines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks already
As if he ſhook a Scepter ore the *Senate*,
And the aw'd Purple dropt their Rods and Axes!
The Statues melt again, and Houſhold Gods
In Groans confeſs the Travels of the City:
The very VValls ſweat Blood before the Change;
And Stones ſtart out to Ruin, ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle ſtill.
Len. I am your Creature, *Sergius*; and what ere
The Great *Cornelian* Name ſhall win to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybils* Books,
But *Catiline*, that makes it. *Cat.* I am Shadow
To honour'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
VVho are the Heirs of *Mars*. *Cet.* By *Mars* himſelf,
Catiline is more my Parent; for whoſe Vertue
Earth cannot make a Shadow great enough,
Though Envy ſhould come too. O, there they are.
Now we ſhall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

To them.] *Autronius, Vargunteius, Longinus, Curius, Lecca, Beſtia, Fulvius, Gabinius, &c.*

HAil, *Lucius Catiline*. *Var.* Hail, noble *Sergius*.
Lon. Hail, *Publius Lentulus*.
Cur. Hail, the third *Cornelius*.
Lec. *Caius Cethegus*, hail.
Cet. Hail, Sloth and Words,
In ſtead of Men and Spirits. *Cat.* Nay, dear *Caius*——
Cet. Are your Eyes yet unſeel'd? Dare they look Day
In the dull Face? *Cat.* He's zealous for th' Affair,
And blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.
Cet. Unleſs we had ſold our ſelves to Sleep and Eaſe,
And would be our Slaves Slaves—*Cat.* Pray you forbear.
Cet. The North is not ſo ſtark and cold.
Cat. *Cethegus*——
Beſ. We ſhall redeem all, if your Fire will let us.
Cat. You are too full of Lightning, noble *Caius*.
Boy, ſee all Doors be ſhut, that none approach us
On this part of the Houſe. Go you, and bid
The Prieſt, he kill the Slave I mark'd laſt night,
And bring me of his Blood, when I ſhall call him:
Till then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't, *Autronius*?
Aut. *Longinus*? *Lon.* *Curius*? *Cur.* *Lecca*?
Var. Feel you nothing?
Lon. A ſtrange unwonted Horror doth invade me,
I know not what it is! *Lec.* The Day goes back,
Or elſe my Senſes! *Cur.* As at *Atreus* Feaſt!
[*A Darkneſs comes over the Place.*
Ful. Darkneſs grows more and more!
Len. The *Veſtal* Flame, I think, be out.
Gab. What Groan was that? [*A Groan of many People*
Cet. Our Phant'ſies. *is heard under ground.*
Strike Fire out of our ſelves, and force a Day.
Aut. Again it ſounds! [*Another.*
Beſ. As all the City gave it!
Cet. We fear what our ſelves feign.
Var. What Light is this? [*A fiery Light appears.*
Cur. Look forth. *Len.* It ſtill grows greater!
Lec. From whence comes it?
Lon. A bloody Arm it is, that holds a Pine
Lighted, above the *Capitol*! and now
It waves unto us! *Cat.* Brave, and ominous!
Our Enterpriſe is ſeal'd. *Cet.* In ſpite of Darkneſs,
That would diſcountenance it. Look no more;
We loſe time, and our ſelves To what we came for,
Speak *Lucius*, we attend you. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Romans*,
If you were leſs, or that your Faith and Vertue
Did not hold good that Title, with your Blood,
I ſhould not now unprofitably ſpend
My ſelf in Words, or catch at empty Hopes,
By airy ways, for ſolid Certainties.
But ſince in many, and the greateſt Dangers
I ſtill have known you no leſs true than valiant,
And that I taſte in you the ſame Affections,
To will or nill, to think things good or bad,
Alike with me, (which argues your firm Friendſhip)
I dare the boldlier, with you, ſet on foot,
Or lead, unto this great and goodlieſt Action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all
Have heard a part. I then expreſs'd my Zeal
Unto the Glory; now, the Need enflames me.
When I forethink the hard Conditions
Our States muſt undergo, except in time
We do redeem our ſelves to Liberty,
And break the Iron Yoke forg'd for our Necks:
For what leſs can we call it? when we ſee
The Commonwealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
The Giants of the State, that do by turns
Enjoy her, and defile her! All the Earth,
Her Kings and *Tetrarchs*, are their Tributaries;
People and Nations pay them hourly Stipends;
The Riches of the VVorld flows to their Coffers,
And not to *Romes*. VVhile (but thoſe few) the reſt,
However Great we are, Honeſt, and Valiant,
Are herded with the Vulgar, and ſo kept,
As we were only bred to conſume Corn,
Or wear our VVooll; to drink the Cities VVater;
Ungrac'd, without Authority, or Mark;
Trembling beneath their Rods: to whom (if all
Were well in *Rome*) we ſhould come forth bright Axes.
All Places, Honours, Offices are theirs,
Or where they will confer 'em! They leave us
The Dangers, the Repulſes, Judgments, VVants;
VVhich how long will you bear, moſt valiant Spirits?
VVere we not better to fall once with Vertue,
Than draw a wretched and diſhonour'd Breath,
To loſe with Shame, when theſe Mens Pride will laugh?
I call the Faith of Gods and Men to queſtion,
The Power is in our Hands, our Bodies able,
Our Minds as ſtrong; o' th' contrary, in them
All things grown aged, with their VVealth and Years:
There wants but only to begin the Buſineſs,
The Iſſue is certain. *Cet. Lon.* On, let us go on.
Cur. Beſ. Go on, brave *Sergius*.
Cat. It doth ſtrike my Soul,
(And who can ſcape the ſtroke, that hath a Soul,

Or but the ſmalleſt Air of Man within him?)
To ſee them ſwell with Treaſure, which they pour
Out i' their Riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, i' the Sea! plaining of Hills with Valleys,
And raiſing Valleys above Hills; Whilſt we
Have not to give our Bodies Neceſſaries.
They ha' their change of Houſes, Mannors, Lordſhips;
VVe ſcarce a Fire, or a poor Houſhold *Lar*!
They buy rare *Attick* Statues, *Tyrian* Hangings,
Epheſian Pictures, and *Corinthian* Plate,
Attalick Garments, and now new-found Gems,
Since *Pompey* went for *Aſia*, which they purchaſe
At price of Provinces! The River *Phaſis*
Cannot afford 'em Fowl, nor *Lucrine* Lake
Oyſters enow: *Circes* too is ſearch'd,
To pleaſe the witty Gluttony of a Meal!
Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
And ſet up new; then, if the Echo like not
In ſuch a Room, they pluck down thoſe, build newer,
Alter them too; and, by all frantick ways,
Vex their wild VVealth, as they moleſt the People,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
Or overcome their Riches! not by making
Baths, Orchards, Fiſh pools, letting in of Seas,
Here, and then there forcing 'em out again,
VVith mountainous Heaps, for which the Earth hath loſt
Moſt of her Ribs, as Entrails; being now
VVounded no leſs for Marble, than for Gold!
VVe, all this while, like calm, benumb'd Spectators,
Sit till our Seats do crack, and do not hear
The thundring Ruins; whilſt at home our wants,
Abroad our Debts do urge us; our States daily
Bending to bad, our Hopes to worſe; and what
Is left, but to be cruſh'd? VVake, wake, brave Friends,
And meet the Liberty you oft have wiſh'd for.
Behold, Renown, Riches, and Glory court you.
Fortune holds out theſe to you, as Rewards.
Me thinks (though I were dumb) th' Affair it ſelf,
The Opportunity, your Needs, and Dangers,
VVith the brave Spoil the VVar brings, ſhould invite you.
Uſe me your General, or Soldier; neither
My Mind nor Body ſhall be wanting to you:
And, being *Conſul*, I not doubt t' effect
All that you wiſh, if truſt not flatter me,
And you'd not rather ſtill be Slaves, than Free.

Cet. Free, free.

Lon. 'Tis Freedom. *Cur.* Fredom we all ſtand for.

Cat. VVhy, theſe are noble Voices! Nothing wants then,
But that we take a ſolemn Sacrament,
To ſtrengthen our Deſign. *Cet.* And ſo to act it.
Deferring hurts, where Powers are ſo prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, e're we enter into open act,
(With favour) 'twere no loſs, if't might be inquir'd,
What the Condition of theſe Arms would be.

Var. I, and the Means to carry us through?

Cat. How, Friends!
Think you that I would bid you graſp the Wind,
Or call you to th' embracing of a Cloud?
Put your known Valors on ſo dear a Buſineſs,
And have no other Second than the Danger,
Nor other Garland than the Loſs? Become
Your own Aſſurances. And for the Means,
Conſider, firſt, the ſtark Security
The Commonwealth is in now; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no ſuch violent Blow;
Their Forces all abroad; of which the greateſt,
That might annoy us moſt, is fartheſt off,
In *Aſia*, under *Pompey*; thoſe near hand,
Commanded by our Friends; one Army' in *Spain*,
By *Cneus Piſo*; th' other in *Mauritania*,
By *Nucerinus*; both which I have firm,
And faſt unto our Plot. My ſelf then ſtanding
Now to be *Conſul*, with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius, one no leſs engag'd
By's wants, than we; and whom I've power to melt,
And caſt in any Mould. Beſide, ſome others,
That will not yet be nam'd, (both ſure, and great ones)
Who, when the time comes, ſhall declare themſelves
Strong for our Party; ſo that no Reſiſtance
In Nature can be thought. For our Reward then,
Firſt, all our Debts are paid; dangers of Law,
Actions, Decrees, Judgments againſt us, quitted;
The Rich men, as in *Sylla*'s times, proſcrib'd,
And Publication made of all their Goods:
That Houſe is yours; that Land is his; thoſe Waters,
Orchards, and Walks, a third's; he has that Honour,
And he that Office: Such a *Province* falls
To *Vargunteius*; this t' *Autronius*; that
To bold *Cethegus*; *Rome* to *Lentulus*.
You ſhare the World, her Magiſtracies, Prieſthoods,
Wealth, and Felicity, amongſt you, Friends;
And *Catiline* your Servant. Would you, *Curius*,
Revenge the Contumely ſtuck upon you,
In being removed from the *Senate*? Now,
Now is your time. Would *Publius Lentulus*
Strike, for the like Diſgrace? Now is his time.
Would ſtout *Longinus* walk the Streets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prætor*? Now has he a time
To ſpurn and tread the *Faſces* into Dirt,
Made of the Uſurers and the *Lictors* Brains.
Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you love?
An Enemy you would kill? What Head's not yours?
Whoſe Wife, which Boy, whoſe Daughter, of what Race,
That th' Husband or glad Parents ſhall not bring you,
And boaſting of the Office? Only ſpare
Your ſelves, and you have all the Earth beſide,
A Field to exerciſe your Longings in.
I ſee you rais'd, and read your forward Minds
High, in your Faces. Bring the Wine and Blood
You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How!

Cat. I have kill'd a Slave,
And of his Blood caus'd to be mixt with Wine.
Fill every Man his Bowl. There cannot be
A fitter Drink to make this *Sanction* in.
Here, I begin the Sacrament to all.
O for a Clap of Thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the Univerſe,
To tell the World the Fact, and to applaud it.
Be firm, my Hand; not ſhed a drop, but pour
Fierceneſs into me with it, and fell Thirſt
Of more and more, till *Rome* be leſt as Bloodleſs
As ever her Fears made her, or the Sword.
And when I leave to wiſh this to thee, Step-dame,
Or ſtop t' effect it, with my Powers fainting,
So may my Blood be drawn, and ſo drunk up,
As is this Slaves. *Lon.* And ſo be mine. *Len.* And mine.

Aut. And mine. *Var.* And mine.

Cet. Swell me my Bowl yet fuller. [*They drink.*
Here, I do drink this, as I would do *Cato*'s,
Or the new Fellow *Cicero*'s, with that Vow
Which *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do I.

Lec. And I. *Beſ.* And I. *Ful.* And I. *Gab.* And all of us.

Cat. Why, now's the buſineſs ſafe, & each man ſtrengthned.
Sirrah, what ail you? [*He ſpies one of his Boys*

Pag. Nothing. *Beſ.* Somewhat modeſt. *not anſwer—*

Cat. Slave, I will ſtrike your Soul out with my Foot,
Let me but find you again with ſuch a Face:
You Whelp— *Beſ.* Nay, *Lucius*. *Cat.* Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all? *Beſ.* You'll be obſerv'd. *Cat.* Ariſe, and ſhew
But any leaſt averſion i' your Look
To him that boards you next, and your Throat opens.
Noble Confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your Suffrages I will expect
At the Aſſembly for the chuſing *Conſuls*,
And all the Voices you can make by Friends
To my Election. Then let me work out
Your Fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all reſt

Seal'd

Seal'd up, and ſilent, as when rigid Froſts
Have bound up Brooks and Rivers, forc'd wild Beaſts
Unto their Caves, and Birds into the Woods,
Clowns to their Houſes, and the Country ſleeps;
That when the ſudden Thaw comes, we may break
Upon 'em lik a Deluge, bearing down
Half *Rome* before us, and invade the reſt
With Cries, and Noiſe, able to wake the Urns
Of thoſe are dead, and make their Aſhes fear.
The Horrors that do ſtrike the World, ſhould come
Loud, and unlook'd for; till they ſtrike, be dumb.
Cet. Oraculous *Sergius!* *Len.* God-like *Catiline!*

CHORUS.

CAn nothing Great, and at the height,
Remain ſo long? but its own Weight
Will ruin it? Or, is't blind Chance,
That ſtill deſires new States t' advance,
And quit the old? Elſe why muſt Rome
Be by it ſelf now overcome?
Hath ſhe not Foes enow of thoſe
Whom ſhe hath made ſuch, and encloſe
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except ſhe firſt become her own?
O wretchedneſs of greateſt States,
To be obnoxious to theſe Fates!
That cannot keep what they do gain;
And what they raiſe, ſo ill ſuſtain!
Rome *now is Miſtris of the whole*
World, Sea and Land, to either Pole;
And even that Fortune will deſtroy
The Power that made it: She doth joy
So much in Plenty, Wealth, and Eaſe,
As now th' Exceſs is her Diſeaſe.
She builds in Gold, and to the Stars,
As if ſhe threatned Heav'n with Wars;
And ſeeks for Hell in Quarries deep,
Giving the Fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of Day. Her Women wear
The Spoils of Nations in an Ear,
Chang'd for the Treaſure of a Shell;
And in their looſe Attires do ſwell,
More light than Sails, when all Winds play:
Yet are the Men more looſe than they!
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd, and trimm'd,
More ſleek, more ſoft, and ſlacker Limb'd;
As proſtitute; ſo much, that Kind
May ſeek it ſelf there, and not find.
They eat on Beds of Silk and Gold,
At Ivory Tables, or Wood ſold
Dearer than it; and leaving Plate,
Do drink in Stone of higher Rate.
They hunt all Grounds, and draw all Seas,
Foul every Brook and Buſh, to pleaſe
Their wanton Taſte; and in requeſt
Have new and rare things, not the beſt.
Hence comes that wild and vaſt Expence,
That hath enforc'd Romes *Vertue thence,*
Which ſimple Poverty firſt made:
And now Ambition doth invade
Her State, with eating Avarice,
Riot, and every other Vice.
Decrees are bought, and Laws are ſold,
Honours, and Offices, for Gold;
The Peoples Voices, and the free
Tongues in the Senate, *bribed be.*
Such ruin of her Manners, Rome
Doth ſuffer now, as ſhe's become
(Without the Gods it ſoon gainſay)
Both her own Spoiler, and own Prey.
So, Aſia, *art thou cru'lly even*
With us, for all the Blows thee given;
When we, whoſe Vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.

Act II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

THoſe Rooms do ſmell extreamly. Bring my Glaſs
And Table hither. *Galla.* *Gal.* Madam. *Ful.* Look
Within, i' my blue Cabinet, for the Pearl
I 'had ſent me laſt, and bring it. *Gal.* That from *Clodius?*
Ful. From *Caius Cæſar.* Yo' are for *Clodius* ſtill,
Or *Curius.* Sirrah, if *Quintus Curius* come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my Chamber:
Give warning ſo without. *Gal.* Is this it, Madam?
Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine Ear. *Gal.* Believe me,
It is a rich one, Madam. *Ful.* I hope ſo:
It ſhould not be worn there elſe. Make an end,
And bind my Hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yeſterday?
Ful. No, nor the t'other day. When knew you me
Appear two days together in one Dreſſing?
Gal. Will you ha't i' the Globe, or Spire?
Ful. How thou wilt;
Any way, ſo thou wilt do it, good Impertinence.
Thy Company, if I ſlept not very well
A nights, would make me an errant Fool, with Queſtions.
Gal. Alas, Madam——
Ful. Nay, gentle half o' the Dialogue, ceaſe.
Gal. I do it indeed but for your Exerciſe,
As your Phyſician bids me. *Ful.* How! does he bid you
To anger me for Exerciſe? *Gal.* Not to anger you,
But ſtir your Blood a little: There's difference
Between Luke-warm and Boiling, Madam. *Ful. Jove!*
She means to cook me, I think. Pray you, ha' done.
Gal. I mean to dreſs you, Madam. *Ful.* O, my *Juno,*
Be Friend to me! Off'ring at Wit too? Why, *Galla!*
Where haſt thou been?
Gal. Why, Madam? *Ful.* What haſt thou done
With thy poor innocent ſelf?
Gal. Wherefore, ſweet Madam?
Ful. Thus to come forth, ſo ſuddenly, a Wit-worm?
Gal. It pleaſes you to flout one. I did dream
Of Lady *Sempronia*—— *Ful.* O, the wonder is out.
That did infect thee? Well, and how? *Gal.* Methought
She did diſcourſe the beſt— *Ful.* That ever thou heard'ſt?
Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I' thy Sleep? Of what was her Diſcourſe?
Gal. O' the *Republick,* Madam, and the State,
And how ſhe was in debt, and where ſhe meant
To raiſe freſh Sums: She's a great States-woman!
Ful. Thou dream'ſt all this?
Gal. No, but you know ſhe is, Madam;
And both a Miſtris of the *Latin* Tongue,
And of the *Greek.* *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Galla,*
As thou haſt done; and therefore you muſt pardon me.
Gal. Indeed you mock me, Madam. *Ful.* Indeed, no.
Forth with your learned Lady. She has a Wit too?
Gal. A very maſculine one. *Ful.* A She-*Critick, Galla?*
And can compoſe in Verſe, and make quick Jeſts,
Modeſt, or otherwiſe?
Gal. Yes, Madam. *Ful.* She can ſing too?
And play on Inſtruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they ſay.
Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! So well,
As a bald *Senator* made a Jeſt, and ſaid,
'Twas better than an honeſt Woman need.
Ful. Tut, ſhe may bear that. Few wife womens honeſties
Will do their courtſhip hurt. *Gal.* She's liberal too, Madam.
Ful. What! of her Money, or her Honour, pr'y thee?
Gal. Of both; you know not which ſhe doth ſpare leaſt.
Ful. A comely Commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity
She is in years. *Ful.* Why, *Galla?* *Gal.* For it is.
Ful. O, is that all? I thought th' haſt had a Reaſon.
Gal. Why, ſo I have. She has been a fine Lady,
And yet ſhe dreſſes her ſelf (except you, Madam)
One o' the beſt in *Rome*; and paints, and hides
Her Decays very well. *Ful.* They ſay, it is
Rather a Viſor, than a Face, ſhe wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam; ſhe does ſleek
With Crums of Bread and Milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat Gloves—— But ſhe is fain of late
To ſeek, more than ſhe's ſought to, (the ſame is)
And ſo ſpends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'ſt all! But *Gal-*
What ſay you to *Catiline*'s Lady, *Oreſtilla*? *(la,*
There is the Gallant! *Gal.* She does well. She has
Very good Sutes, and very rich; but then
She cannot put 'em on; ſhe knows not how
To wear a Garment. You ſhall have her all
Jewels and Gold ſometimes, ſo that her ſelf
Appears the leaſt part of her ſelf. No in troth,
As I live, Madam, you put 'em all down
With your meer ſtrength of Judgment, and do draw too
The World of *Rome* to follow! You attire
Your ſelf ſo diverſly, and with that ſpirit!
Still to the nobleſt Humours! They could make
Love to your Dreſs, altho' your Face were away, they ſay.
Ful. And Body too, and ha' the better Match on't.
Say they not ſo too, *Galla*? Now! What News
Travels your Count'nance with? *Ser.* If't pleaſe you,
The Lady *Sempronia* is lighted at the Gate. (Madam,
Gal. Caſtor, my Dream, my Dream.
Ser. And comes to ſee you.
Gal. For *Venus* ſake, good Madam, ſee her. *Ful.* Peace,
The Fool is wild, I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate.*

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

Fulvia, good Wench, how doſt thou?
Ful. Well, *Sempronia.*
Whither are you thus early addreſt? *Sem.* To ſee
Aurelia Oreſtilla. She ſent for me.
I came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?
Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have ſome Letters
To write, and ſend away. *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
I ha' been writing all this night (and am
So very weary) unto all the *Tribes*,
And *Centuries*, for their Voices, to help *Catiline*
In his Election. We ſhall make him *Conſul*,
I hope, amongſt us. *Craſſus*, I, and *Cæſar*
Will carry it for him. *Ful.* Does he ſtand for't?
Sem. He's the chief *Candidate*. *Ful.* Who ſtands beſide?
(Give me ſome Wine, and Powder for my Teeth.
Sem. Here's a good Pearl, in troth. *Ful.* A pretty one.
Sem. A very Orient one!) There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Caſſius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that Talker *Cicero.*
But *Catiline* and *Antonius* will be choſen;
For four o' the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius*, will give way:
And *Cicero* they will not chuſe. *Ful.* No? why?
Sem. It will be croſs'd by the Nobility.
Gal. (How ſhe does underſtand the Common Buſineſs!)
Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new Fellow,
An Inmate here in *Rome*, (as *Catiline* calls him)
And the *Patricians* ſhould do very ill
To let the *Conſulſhip* be ſo defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it! A meer Upſtart,
That has no Pedigree, no Houſe, no Coat,
No Enſigns of a Family! *Ful.* He has Vertue.
Sem. Hang Vertue, where there is no Blood; 'tis Vice,
And in him Sawcineſs, Why ſhould he preſume
To be more Learned, or more Eloquent,
Than the Nobility? or boaſt any Quality
Worthy a Nobleman, himſelf not Noble?
Ful. 'Twas Vertue only, at firſt, made all Men Noble.
Sem. I yield you, it might at firſt, in *Rome's* poor age,
When both her *Kings* and *Conſuls* held the Plow,
Or Garden'd well: But now we ha' no need
To dig, or loſe our Sweat for't. We have Wealth,
Fortune, and Eaſe; and then their Stock to ſpend on,
Of Name, for Vertue; which will bear us out
'Gainſt all new Comers, and can never fail us,
While the Succeſſion ſtays. And we muſt glorifie
A Muſhrom? one of yeſterday? a fine Speaker?
'Cauſe he has ſuckt at *Athens*? and advance him,
To our own loſs. No, *Fulvia*; there are they
Can ſpeak *Greek* too, if need were. *Cæſar* and I
Have ſate upon him; ſo hath *Craſſus* too,
And others. We have all decreed his Reſt,
For riſing farther. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!
Ful. Sempronia, you are beholden to my Woman here;
She does admire you. *Sem.* O good *Galla*, how doſt thou?
Gal. The better for your learned Ladiſhip.
Sem. Is this gray Powder a good *Dentifrice*?
Ful. You ſee I uſe it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.
Ful. I may be ſo.
Sem. Yet this ſmells well. *Gal.* And cleanſes
Very well, Madam, and reſiſts the Crudities.
Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now?
Which of our great *Patricians*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep
No Catalogue of 'em. Sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the Toy takes their Bloods.
Sem. Thou haſt them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,
Thy ſpecial Servant, here? *Ful.* My ſpecial Servant?
Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be yours,
If you do like him. *Sem.* How! *Ful.* He comes not here;
I have forbid him hence. *Sem. Venus* forbid!
Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your ſo conſtant Lover.
Ful. So much the rather.
I would have Change. So would you too, I am ſure.
And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's freſh yet, *Fulvia.*
Beware how you do tempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me
He's ſomewhat too freſh indeed; the Salt is gone,
That gave him ſeaſon. His good Gifts are done.
He does not yield the Crop that he was wont.
And for the Act, I can have ſecret Fellows,
With Backs worth ten of him, and ſhall pleaſe me
(Now that the Land is fled) a Myriad better.
Sem. And thoſe one may command.
Ful. 'Tis true: theſe Lordlings,
Your Noble *Faunes*, they are ſo imperious, ſaucie,
Rude, and as boiſterous as *Centaurs*, leaping
A Lady at firſt ſight. *Sem.* And muſt be born
Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, I'll obſerve
None of 'em all, nor humour 'em a jot
Longer than they come laden in the Hand,
And ſay, Here's t'one for th'other.
Sem. Does *Cæſar* give well?
Ful. They ſhall all give, and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it; and that Jewels, Pearl,
Plate, or round Sums, to buy theſe. I'm not taken
Whith a Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull,
As fooliſh *Leda* and *Europa* were;
But the bright Gold, with *Danae*. For ſuch Price
I would endure a rough, harſh *Jupiter*,
Or ten ſuch thundring Gameſters, and refrain (ing.
To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my much ſuffer-
Sem. Th'art a moſt happy Wench, that thus canſt make
Uſe of thy Youth and Freſhneſs, in the Seaſon;
And haſt it to make uſe of. *Ful.* (Which is the happineſs.)
Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep
Muſick, and a continual Table, to invite 'em.
Ful. (Yes, and they ſtudy your Kitchen, more than you.)
Sem. Eat my ſelf out with Uſury, and my Lord too,
And all my Officers, and Friends beſide,
To procure Moneys for the needful Charge
I muſt be at, to have 'em; and yet ſcarce
Can I atchieve 'em ſo. *Ful.* Why, that's becauſe
You affect young Faces only, and ſmooth Chins,
Sempronia. If you'ld love Beards and Briſtles,
(One with another, as others do) or Wrinkles——
Who's that? Look, *Galla*. *Gal.* 'Tis the Party, Madam.
Ful. What Party? Has he no name?
Gal. 'Tis *Quintus Curius.*

Ful. Did

Ful. Did I not bid 'em ſay I kept my Chamber?
Gal. Why, ſo they do. *Sem.* I'll leave you, *Fulvia.*
Ful. Nay, good *Sempronia*, ſtay.
Sem. In faith, I will not.
Ful. By *Juno* I would not ſee him.
Sem. I'll not hinder you.
Gal. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam.
Sem. No,
Nor ſhall not, careful *Galla*, by my means.
Ful. As I do live, *Sempronia*——
Sem. What needs this?
Ful. Go, ſay I am a-ſleep, and ill at eaſe.
Sem. By *Caſtor*, no, I'll tell him, you are awake;
And very well. Stay *Galla*; farewell *Fulvia*:
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus,
With action, againſt purpoſe? *Quintus Curius*,
She is, i'faith, here, and in diſpoſition.
Ful. Spight with your courteſie! How ſhall I be tortur'd!

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

WHere are you, fair one, that conceal your ſelf,
And keep your Beauty within Locks and Bars here,
Like a Fools Treaſure?
Ful. True, ſhe was a Fool,
When firſt ſhe ſhew'd it to a Thief.
Cur. How, pretty ſullenneſs!
So harſh and ſhort? *Ful.* The Fools Artillery, Sir.
Cur. Then take my Gown off, for th' encounter.
Ful. Stay Sir.
I am not in the mood. *Cur.* I'll put you into't.
Ful. Beſt put your ſelf i' your caſe again, and keep
Your furious Appetite warm, againſt you have place for't.
Cur. What! do you coy it?
Ful. No Sir. I am not proud.
Cur. I would you were. You think this ſtate becomes you?
By *Hercules*, it do's not. Look i' your Glaſs now,
And ſee how ſcurvily that countenance ſhews;
You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I ſhall not change it.
Cur. Faith but you muſt, and ſlack this bended Brow;
And ſhoot leſs ſcorn: there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee thus,
And ſet thee aloft, to tread upon the Head
Of her own Statue here in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder,
Who let this promiſer in! Did you, good Diligence?
Give him his Bribe again. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is ſo venturous,
To preſs thus to my Chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my ſelf and Servants?
Cur. How! This's handſome!
And ſomewhat a new ſtrain!
Ful. 'Tis not ſtrain'd, Sir.
'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwiſe,
Between the Parties, though.
Ful. For your fore-knowledge,
Thank that which made it. It will not be ſo
Hereafter, I aſſure you. *Cur.* No, my Miſtris?
Ful. No, though you bring the ſame materials.
Cur. Hear me,
You over-act when you ſhould under-do.
A little call your ſelf again, and think.
If you do this to practiſe on me' or find
At what forc'd diſtance you can hold your Servant;
That' it be an artificial trick to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my Love may need it,
As heretofore you ha' done: why, proceed.
Ful. As I ha' done heretofore?
Cur. Yes, when you'ld fain
Your Husbands jealouſie, your Servants watches,
Speak ſoftly, and run often to the Door,
Or to the Window, form ſtrange fears that were not;
As if the pleaſure were leſs acceptable,
That were ſecure. *Ful.* You are an impudent Fellow.
Cur. And when you might better have done it at the Gate,
To take me in at the Caſement. *Ful.* I take you in?
Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And then, being a bed with you,
To have your well-taught Waiter here, come running,
And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cauſe,
Cruſh'd in a Cheſt, or thruſt up in a Chimney.
When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farm;
Or, had he been here, and preſent, would have kept
Both Eyes, and Beak ſeal'd up, for ſix *Seſterces*.
Ful. You have a ſlanderous, beaſtly, unwaſh'd Tongue,
I'your rude Mouth, and favouring your ſelf,
Un-manner'd Lord. *Cur.* How now!
Ful. It is your Title, Sir.
Who (ſince you ha' loſt your own good Name, and know not
What to loſe more) care not whoſe Honour you wound,
Or Fame you poyſon with it. You ſhould go
And vent your ſelf i' the Region where you live,
Among the Suburb-brothels, Bawds, and Brokers,
Whither your broken Fortunes have deſign'd you.
[*He offers to force her, and ſhe draws her Knife.*
Cur. Nay, then I muſt ſtop your fury, I ſee; and pluck
The Tragick Viſor off. Come, Lady *Cyprus*,
Know your own Vertues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-freſh,
At every turn, for all the *Venus* in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by *Pollux*——How now?
Will *Lais* turn a *Lucrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Caſtor*,
Hold off your Raviſhers Hands, I pierce your Heart elſe.
I'll not be put to kill my ſelf, as ſhe did,
For you, ſweet *Tarquin*. What? do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciouſly! Put not up.
You'll ſooner draw your Weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the *Senate*, who have caſt you forth
Diſgracefully, to be the common Tale
Of the whole City; baſe, infamous Man!
For, were you other, you would there imploy
Your deſperate Dagger. *Cur. Fulvia*, you do know
The ſtrengths you have upon me; do not uſe
Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bear
Almoſt until you break me. *Ful.* I do know, Sir,
So do's the *Senate* too, know you can bear.
Cur. By all the Gods, the *Senate* will ſmart deep
For your upbraidings. I ſhould be right ſorry
To have the means ſo to be veng'd on you,
(At leaſt, the will) as I ſhall ſhortly on them.
But, go you on ſtill; fare you well, dear Lady:
You could not ſtill be fair, unleſs you were proud.
You will repent theſe moods, and ere't be long too.
I ſhall ha' you come about again.
Ful. Do you think ſo?
Cur. Yes, and I know ſo. *Ful.* By what Augury?
Cur. By the fair Entrails of the Matrons Cheſts,
Gold, Pearl, and Jewels here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) ſay that ſhe might have ſhar'd:
And grieving miſs.
Ful. Tut, all your promis'd Mountains,
And Seas, I am ſo ſtately acquainted with——
Cur. But, when you ſee the univerſal Flood
Run by your Coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
Are ſold for Slaves, their Wives for Bond women,
Their Houſes and fine Gardens given away,
And all their Goods, under the Spear at out-cry,
And you have none of this; but are ſtill *Fulvia*,
Or perhaps leſs, while you are thinking of it:
You will adviſe then, Coineſs, with your Cuſhion,
And look o' your Fingers; ſay, how you were wiſh'd;
And ſo he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
This is not uſual! ſomething hangs on this
That I muſt win out of him. *Cur.* How now, melt you?
Ful. Come,

Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my eaſineſs!
But 'tis no miracle: Doves, they ſay, will bill,
After their pecking and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my Love
Angry ſometimes, to ſweeten off the reſt
Of her behaviour. *Ful.* You do ſee, I ſtudy
How I may pleaſe you then. But you think, *Curius*,
'Tis covetiſe hath wrought me: if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit. *Cur.* By my lov'd Soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my ſtudy,
More than mine own revenge, to make thee happy.
Ful. And 'tis that juſt revenge doth make me happy
To hear you proſecute: and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can elſe be promis'd. I love Valour
Better than any Lady loves her Face,
Or dreſſing, than my ſelf do's, Let me grow
Still, where I do embrace. But what good means
Ha' you t' effect it? Shall I know your Project?
Cur. Thou ſhalt, if thou'lt be gracious.
Ful. As I can be.
Cur. And wilt thou kiſs me then? *Ful.* As cloſe as Shells
Of Cockles meet. *Cur.* And print 'em deep?
Ful. Quite through
Our ſubtle Lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I will ſow 'em
Faſter than you can reap. What is your Plot?
Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* looks like her bright name!
And is her ſelf! *Ful.* Nay, anſwer me, your Plot;
I pr'y thee tell me, *Quintus*. *Cur.* I, theſe Sounds
Become a Miſtris. Here is Harmony!
When you are harſh, I ſee the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but ſervice. Cruel,
A Lady is a fire: gentle, a light.
[*She kiſſes and flatters him along ſtill.*
Ful. Will you not tell me, what I ask you? *Cur.* All
That I can think, ſweet Love, or my Breaſt holds,
I'll pour into thee. *Ful.* What is your deſign then?
Cur. I'll tell thee, *Catiline* ſhall now be Conſul:
But you will hear more ſhortly.
Ful. Nay, dear love——
Cur. I'll ſpeak it in thine Arms, let us go in.
Rome will be ſack'd, her Wealth will be our prize;
By publick ruine, private Spirits muſt riſe.

CHORUS.

GReat Father Mars, *and greater* Jove,
By whoſe high auſpice, Rome *hath ſtood*
So long; and firſt was built in Blood
Of your great Nephew, that then ſtrove
Not with his Brother, but your rites:
Be preſent to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious Men
Againſt your wills oppoſe their mights.
Our Conſuls, *now are to be made;*
O, put it in the publick voice
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding ſuch as would invade
The Commonwealth. Let whom we name,
Have wiſdom, fore-ſight, fortitude,
Be more with Faith than Face endu'd,
And ſtudy Conſcience, above Fame.
Such, as not ſeek to get the ſtart
In State, by Power, Parts, or Bribes,
Ambitions Bawds: but move the Tribes
By Vertue, Modeſty, Deſert.
Such, as to Juſtice will adhere,
What ever great one it offend:
And from the embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
That by their deeds will make it known,
Whoſe Dignity they do ſuſtain;
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count the Republicks, not their own.
Such the old Bruti, Decii *were,*
The Cipi, Curtii, *who did give*
Themſelves for Rome: *and would not live*
As Men, good only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli, *too;*
The Fabii, Scipio's; *that ſtill thought*
No work at price enough was bought,
That for their Country they could do.
And to her honour, ſo did knit;
As all their acts were underſtood
The Sinews of the publick good:
And they themſelves, one Soul, with it.
Theſe Men were truly Magiſtrates;
Theſe neither practis'd force, nor forms:
Nor did they leave the Helm in ſtorms!
And ſuch they are make happy States.

Act III.

Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Craſſus, Cæſar, Chorus, Lictors.

GReat Honours are great burdens: but, on whom
They'are caſt with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares muſt ſtill be double to his joys,
In any Dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well
A moſt ſmall praiſe, and that wrung out by force.
I ſpeak this, *Romans*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you' have truſted to me, is.
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatneſs of your benefit;
For, I aſcribe it to your ſingular grace,
And vow to owe it to no title elſe,
Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your *Conſul*.
I have no Urns; no duſty Monuments;
No broken Images of Anceſtors,
Wanting an Ear, or Noſe; no forged Tables
Of long deſcents, to boaſt falſe honours from:
Or be my undertakers to your truſt.
But a new Man (as I am ſtil'd in *Rome*)
Whom you have dignified; and more, in whom
Yo' have cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place: which our great Men
Held ſhut up, with all ramparts, for themſelves.
Nor have but few of them, in time been made
Your *Conſuls*, ſo; new Men, before me, none:
At my firſt ſuit; in my juſt year; prefer'd
To all competitors; and ſome the nobleſt——
Cra. Now the vein ſwels. *Cæſ.* Up glory.
Cic. And to have
Your loud conſents, from your own utter'd Voices;
Not ſilent Books: nor from the meaner *Tribes*,
But firſt and laſt, the univerſal concourſe!
This is my joy, my gladneſs. But my care,
My induſtry and vigilance now muſt work,
That ſtill your Counſels of me be approv'd,
Both by your ſelves, and thoſe to whom you have
With grudge prefer'd me: two things I muſt labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
For every lapſe of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make ſuch. But, my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the *Conſulſhip*,
As ſpight ſhall ne'er wound you, though it may me.
And for my ſelf, I have prepar'd this ſtrength,
To do ſo well; as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it ſhall make the Gods to bluſh:
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envi'd.
Cæſ. O confidence! more new than is the Man!
Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
The Commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which there's not that miſchief, or ill fate,

That

That good Men fear not, wicked Men expect not.
I know, beſide ſome turbulent practiſes
Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers——
Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none.
Cic. Laſt,
I know, 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great *Roman* Blood bate, and give way
To my Election. *Cat. Marcus Tullius*, true;
Our need made thee our *Conſul*, and thy vertue.
Cæſ. Cato, you will undo him with your praiſe?
Cato. Cæſar will hurt himſelf with his own envy.
Chor. The Voice of *Cato* is the Voice of *Rome*.
Cato. The Voice of *Rome* is the Conſent of Heaven!
And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the Helm,
Where thou muſt render now thy ſelf a Man,
And Maſter of thy Art. Each petty hand
Can ſteer a Ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern, and carry her to her ends, muſt know
His Tides, his Currents; how to ſhift his Sails;
What ſhe will bear in foul, what in fair Weathers;
Where her Springs are, her Leaks; and how to ſtop 'em;
What Stands, what Shelves, what Rocks do threaten her;
The forces, and the natures of all Winds,
Guſts, Storms, and Tempeſts; when her Keel ploughs Hell,
And Deck knocks Heaven: then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a Pilot.
Cic. Which I'll perform, with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be leſs,
And that my year conclude it: if it muſt,
Your Will, lov'd Gods. This Heart ſhall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me, ſo for *Rome*,
As it ſhall ſpring a life out of my death,
To ſhine for ever glorious in my facts.
The vicious count their years, vertuous their acts.
Chor. Moſt noble Conſul! Let us wait him home.
Cæſ. Moſt popular Conſul he is grown, methinks!
Cra. How the rout cling to him!
Cæſ. And *Cato* leads 'em!
Cra. You, his collegue *Antonius*, are not lookt on.
Ant. Not I, nor do I care. *Cæſ.* He enjoys reſt,
And eaſe the while. Let th' others Spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inſpir'd for turmoil.
Catu. If all reports be true, yet *Caius Cæſar*,
The time hath need of ſuch a Watch and Spirit.
Cæſ. Reports? Do you believe 'em *Catulus*?
Why he does make, and breed 'em for the People;
T' endear his ſervice to 'em. Do you not taſte
An Art that is ſo common? Popular Men,
They muſt create ſtrange monſters, and then quell 'em,
To make their Arts ſeem ſomething. Would you have
Such an *Herculean* actor in the Scene,
And not his *Hydra*? They muſt ſweat no leſs
To fit their properties, than t'expreſs their parts.
Cra. Treaſons, and guilty Men are made in States
Too oft, to dignifie the Magiſtrates.
Catu. Thoſe States be wretched that are forc'd to buy
Their Rulers fame with their own infamy.
Cra. We therefore ſhould provide that ours do not.
Cæſ. That will *Antonius* make his care.
Ant. I ſhall.
Cæſ. And watch the watcher.
Catu. Here comes *Catiline*.
How does he brook his late repulſe?
Cæſ. I know not,
But hardly ſure. *Cat. Longinus* too did ſtand?
Cæſ. At firſt: but he gave way unto his Friend.
Catu. Who's that's come? *Lentulus*?
Cæſ. Yes; he is again
Taken into the *Senate*. *Ant.* And made *Prætor*.
Catu. I know't. He had my ſuffrage, next the *Conſuls*.
Cæſ. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

Catiline, Antonius, Catulus, Cæſar, Craſſus, Longinus, Lentulus.

HAil nobleſt *Romans*. The moſt worthy Conſul,
I gratulate your Honour. *Ant.* I could wiſh
It had been happier, by your fellowſhip,
Moſt noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the People.
Cati. It did not pleaſe the Gods, who inſtruct the People:
And their unqueſtion'd pleaſures muſt be ſery'd.
They know what's fitter for us than our ſelves;
And 'twere Impiety to think againſt them.
Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and it glads me,
To find your thoughts ſo even. *Cati.* I ſhall ſtill
Study to make them ſuch to *Rome*, and Heaven.
(I would withdraw with you a little, *Julius*.
Cæſ. I'll come home to you: *Craſſus* would not ha' you
To ſpeak to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.
Cati. I apprehend you.) No, when they ſhall judge
Honours convenient for me, I ſhall have 'em,
With a full hand: I know it. In mean time,
They are no leſs part of the Commonwealth,
That do obey, than thoſe that do command.
Catu. O let me kiſs your Fore-head, *Lucius*.
How are you wrong'd! *Cati.* By whom?
Catu. Publick report.
That gives you out, to ſtomach your repulſe;
And brook it deadly. *Cati.* Sir, ſhe brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and your ſelf, now of me:
It is a kind of ſlander to truſt rumour.
Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it.
Cati. So may not I. Where it concerns himſelf,
Who's angry at a ſlander, makes it true.
Catu. Moſt noble *Sergius!* This your temper melts me.
Cra. Will you do office to the Conſul, *Quintus*?
Cæſ. Which *Cato*, and the rout have done the other?
Catu. I wait, when he will go. Be ſtill your ſelf.
He wants no ſtate, or honours, that hath vertue.
Cati. Did I appear ſo tame, as this Man thinks me?
Look'd I ſo poor? ſo dead? ſo like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my Breaſt, break quickly;
And ſhew my Friends my in-parts, leſt they think
I have betraid 'em. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinius*?
Len. Gone.
Lon. And *Vargunteius*?
Len. Slipt away; all ſhrunk:
Now that he miſt the Conſulſhip.) *Cati.* I am
The ſcorn of Bond-men, who are next to Beaſts.
What can I worſe pronounce my ſelf, that's fitter?
The Owle of *Rome*, whom Boys and Girls will hout!
That were I ſet up, for that woodden God,
That keeps our Gardens, could not fright the Crows,
Or the leaſt Bird from muting on my Head.
(*Lon.* 'Tis ſtrange how he ſhould miſs it.
Len. Is't not ſtranger,
The up-ſtart *Cicero* ſhould carry it ſo,
By all conſents, from Men ſo much his Maſters?
Lon. 'Tis true.)
Cati. To what a ſhadow am I melted!
(*Lon. Antonius* wan it but by ſome few Voices.)
Cati. Struck through, like Air, and feel it not. My wounds
Cloſe faſter, than they'r made. (*Len.* The whole deſign,
And enterpriſe is loſt by't. All Hands quit it,
Upon his fail.) *Cati.* I grow mad at my patience.
It is a Viſor that hath poiſon'd me.
Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:
My heart firſt turn'd to aſhes. (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

REpulſe upon repulſe? An in-mate Conſul?
That I could reach the Axel, where the Pins are,
Which bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos, with my ſelf.
Cet. What, are we wiſhing now?
Cati. Yes, my *Cethegus*.
Who would not fall with all the World about him?
Cet. Not I, that would ſtand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out to make another.
Theſe wiſhings taſte of Woman, not of *Roman*.
Let us ſeek other Arms. *Cati.* What ſhould we do?
Cet. Do, and not wiſh; ſomething that wiſhes take not:
So ſudden, as the Gods ſhould not prevent,
Nor ſcarce have time to fear. *Cati.* O noble *Caius!*
Cet. It likes me better, that you are not Conſul.
I would not go through open Doors, but break 'em;
Swim to my ends through Blood; or build a Bridge
Of Carcaſſes; make on, upon the heads
Of Men, ſtruck down like Piles; to reach the lives
Of thoſe remain and ſtand: Then is't a prey,
When danger ſtops, and ruine makes the way.
Cati. How thou doſt utter me, brave Soul, that may not
At all times ſhew ſuch as I am, but bend
Upon occaſion? *Lentulus*, this Man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of *Jove*; and rivet him
To *Caucaſus*, ſhould he but frown: and let
His own gaunt Eagle fly at him, to tire.
Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*.
Cati. Let him come, and hear.
I will no more diſſemble. Quit us all;
I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake this Giants War, and carry it.
Len. What needs this, *Lucius*?
Lon. Sergius, be more wary.
Cati. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new Conſuls Spie,
What is your ſowre auſterity ſent t' explore?
Cato. Nothing in thee, licencious *Catiline*:
Halters and Racks cannot expreſs from thee
More than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits thee.
Cati. Whoſe? *Cato*'s? ſhall he judge me?
Cato. No, the Gods;
Who ever follow thoſe, they go not with:
And *Senate*, who with fire, muſt purge ſick *Rome*
Of noiſome Citizens, whereof thou 'art one.
Be gone, or elſe let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The ſame Air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him.
Len. Hold, good *Caius*.
Cet. Fear'ſt thou not, *Cato*? *Cato.* Raſh *Cethegus*, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou
Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cati.* The fire you ſpeak of,
If any flames of it approach my Fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruine.
Cato. You hear this, *Romans*.
Cati. Bear it to the Conſul.
Cet. I would have ſent away his Soul before him.
You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiſs;
It is for you we labour, and the Kingdom
Promis'd you by the *Sybil*'s.
Cati. Which his *Prætor-ſhip*,
And ſome ſmall flattery of the *Senate* more,
Will make him to forget.
Len. You wrong me, *Lucius*.
Lon. He will not need theſe Spurs.
Cet. The action needs 'em.
Theſe things, when they proceed not, they go backward.
Len. Let us conſult then. *Cet.* Let us firſt take Arms.
They that deny us juſt things now, will give
All that we ask, if once they ſee our Swords.
Cat. Our objects muſt be fought with wounds, not words.

Cicero, Fulvia.

IS there a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be
They ſhould ſo ſlowly hear, ſo ſlowly ſee!
Hath *Jove* no Thunder? or is *Jove* become
Stupid as thou art? O neer-wretched *Rome*,
When both thy *Senate*, and thy Gods do ſleep,
And neither thine, nor their own States do keep!
What will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this laſt Plot was only *Catilines*.
O, that it were his laſt. But he, before
Hath ſafely done ſo much, he'll ſtill dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
And is a ſwelling, and the laſt affection
A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
Unto the Soul, and Reaſon, and enforceth
All Laws, all Conſcience, treads upon Religion,
And offereth violence to Natures ſelf.
But here is that tranſcends it! A black purpoſe
To confound Nature: and to ruine that,
Which never Age nor Mankind can repair!
Sit down, good Lady; *Cicero* is loſt
In this your Fable: for, to think it true
Tempteth my Reaſon. It ſo far exceeds
All inſolent Fictions of the Tragick *Scene!*
The Commonwealth yet panting underneath
The ſtripes and wounds of a late civil War,
Gaſping for life, and ſcarce reſtor'd to hope;
To ſeek t'oppreſs her with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguiſh her long name,
With ſo prodigious and unheard-of fierceneſs!
What ſink of monſters, wretches of loſt minds,
Mad after change, and deſpeaate in their ſtates,
Wearied, and gall'd with their neceſſities,
(For all this I allow them) durſt have thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
Without this fact had riſe forth greater for them?
All that they did, was Piety, to this!
They yet but murdred Kinſfolk, Brothers, Parents,
Raviſh'd the Virgins, and perhaps, ſome Matrons;
They left the City ſtanding, and the Temples:
The Gods and Majeſty of *Rome* were ſafe yet!
Theſe purpoſe to fire it, to deſpoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waſte
The far-triumphed World: for, unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?
Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the ſame diſcourſe.
Cic. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament
In human Blood, for execution
Of this their dire deſign; which might be call'd
The heighth of wickedneſs: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! *Ful.* I aſſure your Lordſhip,
The extreme horrour of it almoſt turn'd me
To Air, when firſt I heard it; I was all
A Vapour when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas ſuch a ſecret,
I thought it would have burnt me up.
Cic. Good *Fulvia*,
Fear not your act; and leſs repent you of it.
Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have diſcharg'd it, ſafely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy ſervice,
Turn moſt ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conſcience of the fact: ſo much good deeds
Reward themſelves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
To any other aim, but for it ſelf.
To no ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publique Weal,
And private friendſhip: and have ſhewn it, Lady.
Be ſtill your ſelf. I have ſent for *Quintus Curius*,

And

And (for your vertuous ſake) if I can win him
Yet to the Common-wealth, he ſhall be ſafe too.
Ful. I'll undertake, my Lord, he ſhall be won.
Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

Cicero, Lictor, Fulvia, Curius.

HOw now? Is he come?
Lic. He' is here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go preſently,
Pray my Colleague *Antonius* I may ſpeak with him,
About ſome preſent Buſineſs of the State;
And (as you go) call on my Brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes*, to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me?
Ful. It is my Duty. *Cic.* O, my noble Lord!
I have to chide you, i' faith. Give me your Hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't ſhall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady? What! do you gueſs
My Buſineſs yet? Come, if you frown, I thunder:
Therefore put on your better Looks and Thoughts.
There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
And I would make thoſe your Complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpoſe
Next Sitting to reſtore you, as they done
The ſtupid and ungratful *Lentulus*,
(Excuſe me, that I name you thus together,
For yet you are not ſuch.) Would you, I ſay,
A Perſon both of Blood and Honour, ſtockt
In a long Race of vertuous Anceſtors,
Embark your ſelf for ſuch a helliſh Action,
With Parricides and Traitors, Men turn'd *Furies*,
Out of the Waſte and Ruine of their Fortunes!
(For 'tis Deſpair that is the Mother of Madneſs.)
Such as want (that which all Conſpirators
But they have firſt) meer Colour for their Miſchief?
O, I muſt bluſh with you. Come, you ſhall not labour
T' extenuate your Guilt, but quit it clean:
Bad Men excuſe their Faults, good Men will leave 'em.
He acts the third Crime, that defends the firſt.
Here is a Lady that hath got the ſtart
In Piety of us all, and for whoſe Vertue
I could almoſt turn Lover again, but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an Honour
Hath ſhe atchieved to her ſelf! What Voices,
Titles, and loud Applauſes will purſue her
Through every Street! What Windows will be fill'd,
To ſhoot Eyes at her! What Envy and Grief in Matrons,
They are not ſhe! When this her Act ſhall ſeem
Worthier a Chariot, than if *Pompey* came
With *Aſia* chain'd! All this is, while ſhe lives;
But dead, her very Name will be a Statue!
Not wrought for Time, but rooted in the Minds
Of all Poſterity; when Braſs and Marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it ſelf is Duſt!
Ful. Your Honour thinks too highly of me. *Cic.* No;
I cannot think enough; and I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no ſhame to follow
The better Precedent. She ſhews you, *Curius*,
What Claim your Country lays to you, and what Duty
You owe to it: Be not afraid to break
With Murderers, and Traitors, for the ſaving
A Life ſo near and neceſſary to you,
As is your Countries. Think but on her Right.
No Child can be too natural to his Parent.
She is our Common Mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not ſtop, but give it.
He that is void of Fear, may ſoon be juſt:
And no Religion binds Men to be Traitors.
Ful. My Lord, he underſtands it, and will follow
Your ſaving Counſel; but his Shame yet ſtays him.
I know that he is coming. *Cur.* Do you know it?
Ful. Yes, let me ſpeak with you.
Cur. O, you are—— *Ful.* What am I?
Cur. Speak not ſo loud.
Ful. I am what you ſhould be.
Come, do you think I'ld walk in any Plot
Where Madam *Sempronia* ſhould take place of me,
And *Fulvia* come i' the *Rere*, or o' the *by*?
That I would be her Second, in a Buſineſs,
Though it might vantage me all the Sun ſees?
It was a ſilly phant'ſie of yours. Apply
Your ſelf to me, and the *Conſul*, and be wiſe;
Follow the Fortune I ha' put you into:
You may be ſomething this way, and with ſafety.
Cic. Nay, I muſt tolerate no Whiſperings, Lady.
Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his Courſe was.
Cic. How hazardous? How certain to all ruin.
Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The Gods would ſleep, to ſuch a *Stygian* Practice,
Againſt that Commonwealth which they have founded
With ſo much Labour, and like Care have kept,
Now neer ſeven hundred Years? It is a Madneſs,
Wherewith Heaven blinds 'em, when it would confound
That they ſhould think it. Come, my *Curius*, ('em,
I ſee your Nature's right; you ſhall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good Shame no farther. Stand
Firm for your Country, and become a Man
Honour'd and lov'd. It were a noble Life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What Thanks, what Titles, what Rewards the *Senate*
Will heap upon you, certain, for your Service?
Let not a deſperate Action more engage you,
Than Safety ſhould; and wicked Friendſhip force,
What Honeſty and Vertue cannot work.
Ful. He tells you right, ſweet Friend; 'tis ſaving Counſel.
Cur. Moſt noble *Conſul*, I am yours, and hers;
I mean, my Countries: you have form'd me new,
Inſpiring me with what I ſhould be truly.
And I entreat, my Faith may not ſeem cheaper
For ſpringing out of Penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,
It ſhall be dearer rather; and becauſe
I'ld make it ſuch, hear how I truſt you more.
Keep ſtill you former Face, and mix again
With theſe loſt Spirits; run all their Mazes with 'em;
For ſuch are Treaſons: Find their Windings out,
And ſubtle Turnings, watch their Snakie Ways,
Through Brakes and Hedges, into Woods of Darkneſs,
Where they are fain to creep upon their Breaſts
In Paths ne'er trod by Men, but Wolves and Panthers.
Learn, beſide *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and thoſe
Whoſe Names I have; what new ones they draw in;
Who elſe are likely; what thoſe Great ones are
They do not name; what ways they mean to take;
And whither their Hopes point, to War, or Ruine
By ſome Surpriſe. Explore all their Intents;
And what you find may profit the Republick,
Acquaint me with it, either by your ſelf,
Or this your vertuous Friend, on whom I lay
The Care of urging you. I'll ſee that *Rome*
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous Mother.
Be ſecret as the Night. *Cur.* And conſtant, Sir.
Cic. I do not doubt it; though the time cut off
All Vows. The Dignity of Truth is loſt
With much proteſting. Who is there! This way,
Leſt you be ſeen and met. And when you come,
Be this your Token to this Fellow. Light 'em.
[*He whiſpers with him.*
O *Rome*, in what a Sickneſs art thou fall'n!
How dangerous and deadly! when thy Head
Is drown'd in Sleep, and all thy Body Fev'ry!
No Noiſe, no Pulling, no Vexation wakes thee,
Thy *Lethargy* is ſuch: or if, by chance,
Thou heav'ſt thy Eye lids up, thou doſt forget
Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper Danger.
I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,

Who wake for thee, though thou ſnore for thy ſelf.
Is it not ſtrange, thou ſhould'ſt be ſo diſeas'd,
And ſo ſecure? But more, that the firſt Symptoms
Or ſuch a Malady ſhould not riſe out
From any worthy Member, but a baſe
And common Strumpet, worthleſs to be nam'd
A Hair, or part of thee? Think, think, hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou muſt uſe ſuch Means:
And lay it to thy Breaſt, how much the Gods
Upbraid thy ſoul neglect of them, by making
So vile a thing the Author of thy Safety.
They could have wrought by nobler ways, have ſtruck
Thy Foes with forked Lightning, or ramm'd Thunder;
Thrown Hills upon 'em, in the Act; have ſent
Death, like a Damp, to all their Families;
Or caus'd their Conſciences to burſt 'em. But
When they will ſhew thee what thou art, and make
A ſcornful difference 'twixt their Power and thee,
They help thee by ſuch Aids as Geeſe and Harlots.
How now? What anſwer? Is he come? *Lic.* Your Brother
Will ſtreight be here; and your Colleague *Antonius*
Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cic.* I, that
Troubles me ſomewhat, and is worth my fear.
He is a Man 'gainſt whom I muſt provide,
That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the Plot, will like it,
And wiſh it ſhould proceed: for, unto Men
Preſt with their Wants, all Change is ever welcom.
I muſt with Offices and Patience win him,
Make him by Art, that which he is not born,
A Friend unto the Publick, and beſtow
The *Province* on him, which is by the *Senate*
Decreed to me; that Benefit will bind him.
'Tis well, if ſome Men will do well for Price:
So few are vertuous when the Reward's away.
Nor muſt I be unmindful of my Private,
For which I have call'd my Brother, and the *Tribunes*,
My Kinsfolk, and my Clients, to be near me.
He that ſtands up 'gainſt Traitors, and their Ends,
Shall need a double Guard, of Law, and Friends:
Eſpecially in ſuch an envious State,
That ſooner will accuſe the Magiſtrate,
Than the Delinquent; and will rather grieve
The Treaſon is not acted, than believe.

Cæſar, Catiline.

THe Night grows on, and you are for your Meeting:
I'll therefore end in few. Be reſolute,
And put your Enterpriſe in act. The more
Actions of depth and danger are conſider'd,
The leſs aſſuredly they are perform'd.
And thence it hapneth, that the braveſt Plots
(Not executed ſtreight) have been diſcover'd.
Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched Spirit,
With whom the fear of Puniſhment ſhall work
'Bove all the thoughts of Honour and Revenge.
You are not now to think what's beſt to do,
As in Beginnings; but what muſt be done,
Being thus entred; and ſlip no advantage
That may ſecure you. Let 'em call it Miſchief:
When it is paſt, and proſper'd, 'twill be Vertue.
Th'are petty Crimes are puniſh'd, great rewarded.
Nor muſt you think of Peril, ſince Attempts
Begun with Danger, ſtill do end with Glory;
And, when Need ſpurs, Deſpair will be call'd Wiſdom.
Leſs ought the care of Men or Fame to fright you;
For they that win, do ſeldom receive ſhame
Of Victory, how e'er it be atchiev'd;
And Vengeance, leaſt. For who, beſieg'd with Wants,
Would ſtop at Death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was never any great thing yet
Aſpired, but by Violence or Fraud:
And he that ſticks (for folly of a Conſcience)
To reach it—— *Cat.* Is a good Religious Fool.
Cæſ. A ſuperſtitious Slave, and will die Beaſt.
Good night. You know what *Craſſus* thinks, and I,
By this. Prepare you Wings as large as Sails,
To cut through Air, and leave no Print behind you.
A Serpent, e'er he comes to be a Dragon,
Does eat a Bat; and ſo muſt you a *Conſul*,
That watches. What you do, do quickly, *Sergius*.
You ſhall not ſtir for me. *Cat.* Excuſe me. Lights there.
Cæſ. By no means.
Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to *Cæſar*.
And like to *Craſſus*.
Cæſ. Mind but your Friends Counſels.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca.

OR I will bear no Mind. How now, *Aurelia*?
Are your Confederates come? the Ladies? *Aur.* Yes.
Cat. And is *Sempronia* there?
Aur. She is. *Cat.* That's well.
She has a ſulphrous Spirit, and will take
Light at a Spark. Break with them, gentle Love,
About the drawing as many of their Husbands
Into the Plot, as can; if not, to rid 'em.
That'll be the eaſier practice unto ſome,
Who have been tir'd with 'em long. Sollicit
Their Aids for Money, and their Servants help,
In firing of the City at the time
Shall be deſign'd. Promiſe 'em States, and Empires,
And Men, for Lovers, made of better Clay
Than ever the old Porter *Titan* knew.
Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?
Lec. They are all here.
Cat. Love, you have your Inſtructions:
I'll truſt you with the Stuff you have to work on.
You'll form it? *Porcius*, fetch the Silver Eagle
I ga' you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter.

Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Vargunteius, Longinus, Gabinius, Ceparius, Autronius, &c.

O Friends, your Faces glad me. This will be
Our laſt, I hope, of Conſultation.
Cet. So it had need. *Cur.* We loſe Occaſion daily.
Cat. I, and our Means; whereof one wounds me moſt.
That was the faireſt: *Piſo* is dead in *Spain*.
Cet. As we are here. *Lon.* And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of *Pompey*'s Followers. *Len.* He too's coming back
Now out of *Aſia*. *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We muſt be ſwift in. Take your Seats, and hear.
I have already ſent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* Territory, and *Julius*,
To raiſe Force for us in *Apulia*;
Manlius at *Feſulæ* is (by this time) up,
With the old needy Troops that follow'd *Sylla*:
And all do but expect when we we will give
The Blow at home. Behold this Silver Eagle,
'Twas *Marius* Standard in the *Cimbrian* War,
Fatal to *Rome*; and, as our *Augures* tell me,
Shall ſtill be ſo: for which one ominous Cauſe,
I have kept it ſafe, and done it ſacred Rites,
As to a Godhead, in a Chappel built
Of purpoſe to it. Pledge then all your Hands,
To follow it, with Vows of Death and Ruine,
Struck ſilently, and home. So Waters ſpeak
When they run deepeſt. Now's the time, this year,
The twentieth from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatal too to *Rome*, by all Predictions;
And in which honour'd *Lentulus* muſt riſe
A King, if he purſue it. *Cur.* If he do not,
He is not worthy the great Deſtiny.
Len. It is too great for me; but what the Gods
And their great Loves decree me, I muſt not

Seem

Seem careleſs of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.
We have enough beſide; all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece, *Spain*, and *Africk*. *Cur.* I, and *Aſia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Nobleſt *Romans*,
Me thinks our Looks are not ſo quick and high
As they were wont.
Cur. No? whoſe is not? *Cat.* We have
No Anger in our Eyes, no Storm, no Lightning:
Our Hate is ſpent, and ſum'd away in Vapour,
Before our Hands be at work. I can accuſe
Not any one, but all, of ſlackneſs. *Cet.* Yes,
And be your ſelf ſuch, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?
'Tis ſharply anſwer'd, *Caius*. *Cet.* Truly, truly.
Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave theſe untimely Quarrels.
Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one to ruin.
Cet. More *Romes*? More Worlds.
Cur. Nay then, more Gods, and Natures,
If they took part. *Len.* When ſhall the time be, firſt?
Cat. I think, the *Saturnals*. *Cet.* 'Twill be too long.
Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a Month.
Cet. A Week, a Day, an Hour is too far off:
Now were the fitteſt time. *Cat.* We ha' not laid
All things ſo ſafe and ready. *Cet.* While we are laying,
We ſhall all lie, and grow to Earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. Theſe things
They ſhould be done, e'er thought.
Cat. Nay, now your Reaſon
Forſakes you, *Caius*. Think, but what commodity
That time will miniſter; the Cities Cuſtom
Of being then in Mirth and Feaſt— *Len.* Loos'd whole
In Pleaſure and Security—— *Aut.* Each Houſe
Reſolv'd in Freedom—— *Cur.* Every Slave a Maſter——
Lon. And they too no mean Aids——
Cur. Made from their hope
Of Liberty—— *Len.* Or hate unto their Lords.
Var. 'Tis ſure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus*,
VVhy do your Paſſions now diſturb our Hopes?
Cet. VVhy do your Hopes delude our Certainties?
Cat. You muſt lend him his way. Think, for the Order,
And Proceſs of it. *Lon.* Yes. *Len.* I like not Fire;
'Twill too much waſte my City. *Cat.* VVere it Embers,
There will be VVealth enough, rak't out of them,
To ſpring anew. It muſt be Fire, or nothing.
Lon. VVhat elſe ſhould fright or terrifie 'em? *Var.* True.
In that Confuſion, muſt be the chief Slaughter.
Cur. Then we ſhall kill 'em braveſt. *Cep.* And in heaps.
Aut. Strew Sacrifices. *Cur.* Make the Earth an Altar.
Lon. And *Rome* the Fire. *Lec.* 'Twill be a noble Night.
Var. And worth all *Sylla*'s Days.
Cur. VVhen Husbands, VVives,
Grandſires, and Nephews, Servants, and their Lords,
Virgins, and Prieſts, the Infant, and the Nurſe,
Go all to Hell together in a Fleet.
Cat. I would have you, *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the Charge o' the Firing, which muſt be
At a Sign given with a Trumpet, done
In twelve chief Places of the City at once.
The Flax and Sulphur are already laid
In at *Cethegus* Houſe; ſo are the VVeapons.
Gabinius, you, with other Force, ſhall ſtop
The Pipes and Conduits, and kill thoſe that come
For VVater. *Cur.* VVhat ſhall I do? *Cat.* All will have
Employment, fear not: Ply the Execution.
Cur. For that, truſt me, and *Cethegus*. *Cat.* I will be
At hand, with the Army, to meet thoſe that ſcape:
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey*'s Houſe,
To ſeiſe his Sons alive; for they are they
Muſt make our peace with him. All elſe cut off,
As *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads, or Mowers
A Field of Thiſtles, or elſe, up, as Plows
Do barren Lands, and ſtrike together Flints
And Clods, th' ungrateful *Senate* and the People;
Till no Rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though Horrour leapt her ſelf
Into the Scale; but, in your violent Acts,
The fall of Torrents, and the noiſe of Tempeſts,
The boyling of *Carybdis*, the Seas wildneſs,
The eating force of Flames, and wings of VVinds,
Be all out-wrought by your tranſcendent Furies.
It had been done e'er this, had I been *Conſul*;
We had had no ſtop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius*?
Cat. Th' other has won him, loſt: that *Cicero*
VVas born to be my oppoſition,
And ſtands in all our ways. *Cur.* Remove him firſt.
Cet. May that yet be done ſooner?
Cat. VVould it were done.
Cur. Var. I'll do't.
Cet. It is my Province; none uſurp it.
Len. What are your Means?
Cet. Enquire not. He ſhall die.
Shall, was too ſlowly ſaid. He's dying. That
Is yet too ſlow. He's dead. *Cat.* Brave, only *Roman*,
Whoſe Soul might be the Worlds Soul, were that dying;
Refuſe not yet the Aids of theſe your Friends.
Len. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.
Cat. And under the pretext of Clientele,
And Viſitation, with the morning Hail,
Will be admitted. *Cet.* What is that to me?
Var. Yes, we may kill him in his Bed, and ſafely.
Cet. Safe is your way then, take it. Mine's mine own.
Cat. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perſuade,
The Morning is the fitteſt time. *Lon.* The Night
Will turn all into Tumult. *Len.* And perhaps
Miſs of him too. *Cat.* Entreat and conjure him
In all our Names—*Len.* By all our Vows and Friendſhips.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [*To them.*

WHat! is our Council broke up firſt? *Aur.* You ſay,
Women are greateſt Talkers. *Sem.* We ha' done,
And are now fit for action. *Lon.* VVhich is Paſſion.
There's your beſt activity, Lady. *Sem.* How
Knows your wiſe Fatneſs that?
Lon. Your Mothers Daughter
Did teach me, Madam. *Cet.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him;
He is a Giber; and our preſent Buſineſs
Is of more ſerious conſequence. *Aurelia*
Tells me, you' have done moſt maſculinely within,
And play the Orator. *Sem.* But we muſt haſten
To our Deſign as well, and execute;
Not hang ſtill in the Fever of an Accident.
Cat. You ſay well, Lady. *Sem.* I do like our Plot
Exceeding well; 'tis ſure, and we ſhall leave
Little to Fortune in it. *Cat.* Your Banquet ſtays.
Aurelia, take her in. VVhere's *Fulvia*?
Sem. O, the two Lovers are coupling. *Cur.* In good faith,
She's very ill with ſitting up. *Sem.* You'ld have her
Laugh, and lie down? *Ful.* No, faith, *Sempronia*,
I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the Morning. *Curius* ſhall ſtay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me: my Health
I muſt reſpect. *Aur.* Farewel, good *Fulvia*.
[Curius *whiſpers this to* Fulvia.
Cur. Make haſte, and bid him get his Guards about him.
For *Vargunteius* and *Cornelius*
Have undertane it, ſhould *Cethegus* miſs:
Their Reaſon, that they think his open Raſhneſs
VVill ſuffer eaſier diſcovery
Than their Attempt, ſo vailed under Friendſhip.
I'll bring you to your Coach. Tell him, beſide,
Of *Cæſar*'s coming forth here. *Cat.* My ſweet Madam,
VVill you be gone? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
In ſome Indiſpoſition. *Cat.* I do wiſh
You had all your Health, ſweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll do her Service. *Len.* To her Coach, and Duty.

Catiline.

WHat Miniſters Men muſt for practice uſe!
The raſh, th' ambitious, needy, deſperate,
Fooliſh, and wretched, ev'n the Dregs of Mankind,
To Whores, and Women! Still it muſt be ſo.
Each have their proper place, and in their Rooms
They are the beſt. Grooms fitteſt kindle Fires,
Slaves carry Burdens, Butchers are for Slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks, for Poyſons;
As theſe for me: Dull ſtupid *Lentulus*,
My Stale, with whom I ſtalk; the raſh *Cethegus*
My Executioner; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,
My Labourers, Pioneers, and Incendiaries:
With theſe Domeſtick Traitors, Boſom-thieves,
Whom Cuſtom hath call'd Wives; the readieſt Helps
To betray heady Husbands, rob the eaſie,
And lend the Moneys on Returns of Luſt.
Shall *Catiline* not do now, with theſe Aids,
So ſought, ſo ſorted, ſomething ſhall be call'd
Their Labour, but his Profit? and make *Cæſar*
Repent his vent'ring Counſels to a Spirit
So much his Lord in Miſchief? when all theſe
Shall, like the Brethren ſprung of Dragons Teeth,
Ruin each other, and he fall amongſt 'em,
With *Craſſus*, *Pompey*, or who elſe appears
But like, or near a Great one. May my Brain
Reſolve to Water, and my Blood turn Phlegm,
My Hands drop off, unworthy of my Sword,
And that b' inſpired of it ſelf to rip
My Breaſt for my loſt Entrails, when I leave
A Soul that will not ſerve; and who will, are
The ſame with Slaves, ſuch Clay I dare not fear.
The Cruelty I mean to act, I wiſh
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my Name;
Whilſt After-ages do toil out themſelves
In thinking for the like, but do it leſs:
And were the Power of all the Fiends let looſe,
With Fate to boot, it ſhould be ſtill Example,
When, what the *Gaul* or *Moor* could not effect,
Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of ſpite,
Shall be the Work of one, and that my Night.

Cicero, *Fulvia*, *Quintus*.

I Thank your Vigilance. Where's my Brother, *Quintus*?
Call all my Servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,
And ſay it to your ſelf, you are my Savers:
But that's too little for you; you are *Romes*.
What could I then hope leſs? O Brother! now
The Engines I told you of are working,
The Machin 'gins to move. Where are your Weapons?
Arm all my Houſhold preſently, and charge
The Porter, he let no Man in till day.
Qui. Not Clients, and your Friends?
Cic. They wear thoſe Names,
That come to murder me. Yet ſend for *Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus*; thoſe I dare truſt:
And *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinius*, the *Prætors*,
By the back way. *Qui.* Take care, good Brother *Marcus*,
Your Fears be not form'd greater than they ſhould;
And make your Friends grieve, while your Enemies laugh.
Cic. 'Tis Brothers Counſel, and worth thanks. But do
As I entreat you. I provide, not fear.
Was *Cæſar* there, ſay you? *Ful. Curius* ſays, he met him
Coming from thence. *Cic.* O, ſo. And had you a Council
Of Ladies too? Who was your Speaker, Madam?
Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her *Greek* and *Figures*,
And ever and anon would ask us if
The witty *Conſul* could have mended that,
Or Orator *Cicero* could have ſaid it better?
Cic. She's my gentle Enemy. Would *Cethegus*
Had no more danger in him. But my Guards
Are you, great Powers, and th' unbated Strengths
Of a firm Conſcience, which ſhall arm each Step
Tane for the State; and teach me ſlack no Pace
For fear of malice. How now, Brother? *Qui. Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you,
And *Craſſus* with 'em. I have let 'em in
By th' Garden. *Cic.* What would *Craſſus* have? *Qui.* I hear
Some whiſpering 'bout the Gate, and making doubt
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I do think, they are your Friends and Clients,
Are fearful to diſturb you. *Cic.* You will change
T' another thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter
The Charge I will'd you?
Qui. Yes. Withdraw, and hearken.

Vargunteius, *Cornelius*, *Porter*, *Cicero*, *Cato*, *Catulus*, *Craſſus*.

THe Door's not open yet.
Cor. You were beſt to knock.
Var. Let them ſtand cloſe then; and, when we are in,
Ruſh after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He
Has left it, ſince he might not do't his way.
Por. Who's there? *Var.* A Friend, or more.
Por. I may not let
Any man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy Reaſon?
Por. I am commanded ſo. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
We are not diſcover'd. *Var.* Yes, by Revelation.
Pr'y thee, good Slave, who has commanded thee?
Por. He that may beſt, the *Conſul*.
Var. We are his Friends.
Por. All's one. *Cor.* Beſt give your Name.
Var. Doſt thou hear, Fellow?
I have ſome inſtant Buſineſs with the *Conſul*.
My Name is *Vargunteius*.
Cic. True, he knows it, [Cicero *ſpeaks to them from above.*
And for what friendly Office you are ſent.
Cornelius too is there? *Var.* We are betray'd.
Cic. And deſperate *Cethegus*, is he not?
Var. Speak you, he knows my Voice.
Cic. What ſay you to't?
Cor. You are deceiv'd, Sir. *Cic.* No, 'tis you are ſo;
Poor miſled men. Your States are yet worth Pity,
If you would hear, and change your ſavage minds.
Leave to be mad; forſake your Purpoſes
Of Treaſon, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror;
The Commonwealth hath Eyes, that wake as ſharply
Over her Life, as yours do for her Ruin.
Be not deceiv'd, to think her Lenity
Will be perpetual; or, if Men be wanting,
The Gods will be, to ſuch a calling Cauſe.
Conſider your Attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'em. It doth make me tremble,
There ſhould thoſe Spirits yet breath, that when they can-
Live honeſtly, would rather periſh baſely. (not
Cato. You talk too much to 'em, *Marcus*, they are loſt.
Go forth, and apprehend 'em. *Catu.* If you prove
This Practice, what ſhould let the Commonwealth
To take due Vengeance? *Var.* Let us ſhift away.
The Darkneſs hath conceal'd us yet. We'll ſay,
Some have abus'd our Names. *Cor.* Deny it all.
Cato Quintus, what Guards ha' you? Call the *Tribunes*
And raiſe the City. *Conſul*, you are too mild. (Aid,
The foulneſs of ſome Facts takes thence all Mercy.
Report it to the *Senate*. Hear! The Gods
[*It thunders and lightens violently on the ſudden.*
Grow angry with your Patience. 'Tis their Care,
And muſt be yours, that guilty Men eſcape not.
As Crimes do grow, Juſtice ſhould rowſe it ſelf.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

What is this, Heavens, you prepare
With ſo much ſwiftneſs, and ſo ſudden riſing?
There are no Sons of Earth that dare,
Again, Rebellion? or the Gods ſurpriſing?
The World doth ſhake, and Nature fears;
Yet is the Tumult, and the Horror greater
Within our Minds, than in our Ears:
So much Rome's *Faults (now grown her Fate) do threat*
The Prieſt and People run about,
Each Order, Age, and Sex amaz'd at other;
And at the Ports all thronging out,
As if their Safety were to quit their Mother:
Yet find they the ſame Dangers there,
From which they make ſuch haſte to be preſerved:
For guilty States do ever bear
The Plagues about them which they have deſerved.
And till thoſe Plagues do get above
The Mountains of our Faults, and there do ſit;
We ſee 'em not. Thus ſtill we love
The Evil we do, until we ſuffer it.
But moſt, Ambition, that near Vice
To Vertue, hath the Fate of Rome provoked;
And made that now Rome's *ſelf no price*
To free her from the Death wherewith ſhe's yoked.
That reſtleſs Ill that ſtill doth build
Upon ſucceſs, and ends not in aſpiring:
But there begins; and ne're is fill'd
While ought remains that ſeems but worth deſiring.
Wherein the Thought, unlike the Eye,
To which things far ſeem ſmaller than they are,
Deems all Contentment plac'd on high:
And thinks there's nothing great but what is far.
O, that in time Rome *did not caſt*
Her Errors up, this Fortune to prevent;
T' have ſeen her Crimes e're they were paſt,
And felt her Faults before her Puniſhment.

Act IV.

Allobroges.

Divers Senators paſs by, quaking and trembling.

CAN theſe Men fear, who are not only ours,
But the World's Maſters? Then I ſee the Gods
Upbraid our Suff'rings, or would humble them,
By ſending theſe affrights while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous Fear,
Whoſe Names we trembled at beyond the *Alpes*.
Of all that paſs, I do not ſee a Face
Worthy a Man; that dares look up, and ſtand
One Thunder out: but downward all, like Beaſts,
Running away from every flaſh is made.
The falling world could not deſerve ſuch baſeneſs.
Are we imploy'd here by our Miſeries,
Like ſuperſtitious Fools (or rather Slaves)
To plain our Griefs, Wrongs and Oppreſſions,
To a meer clothed *Senate*, whom our Folly
Hath made, and ſtill intends to keep our Tyrants?
'Tis our baſe petitionary breath
That blows 'em to this Greatneſs; which this prick
Would ſoon let out, if we were bold and wretched.
When they have taken all we have, our Goods,
Crop, Lands and Houſes, they will leave us this:
A Weapon and an Arm will ſtill be found,
Tho naked left, and lower than the ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

DO; urge thine Anger ſtill: good Heaven and juſt.
Tell guilty men what Powers are above them.
In ſuch a confidence of wickedneſs
'Twas time they ſhould know ſomething fit to fear.
Catu. I never ſaw a Morn more full of Horror.
Cato. To *Catiline* and his: But to Juſt Men,
Tho Heaven ſhould ſpeak with all his wrath at once,
That with his breath the Hinges of the World
Did crack, we ſhould ſtand upright, and unfear'd.
Cic. Why, ſo we do, good *Cato*. Who be theſe?
Catu. Ambaſſadors from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'em, by their habits.
All. I, theſe Men
Seem of another Race; let's ſue to theſe,
There's hope of Juſtice with their Fortitude.
Cic. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
We pray you to forbear us: On the morrow,
What Suit you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(Whoſe Patronage your State doth uſe) but know it,
And on the *Conſuls* Word, you ſhall receive
Diſpatch, or elſe an Anſwer worth your Patience.
All. We could not hope for more, moſt worthy *Conſul.*
This Magiſtrate hath ſtruck an awe into me,
And by his Sweetneſs won a more regard
Unto his Place, than all the boiſtrous Moods
That ignorant Greatneſs practiſeth, to fill
The large unfit Authority it wears.
How eaſie is a Noble Spirit diſcern'd
From harſh and ſulphurous matter, that flies out
In Contumelies, makes a noiſe, and ſtinks!
May we find good and great Men; that know how
To ſtoop to Wants, and meet Neceſſities,
And will not turn from any equal Suits.
Such Men, they do not ſuccour more the Cauſe
They undertake with favour and ſucceſs,
Than by it their own Judgments they do raiſe,
In turning juſt Mens Needs into their Praiſe.

The Senate.

PRÆ. Room for the *Conſuls*. Fathers, take your places.
Here in the Houſe of *Jupiter* the *Stayer*,
By Edict from the *Conſul*, *Marcus Tullius*,
You'are met, a frequent *Senate*. Hear him ſpeak.
Cic. What may be happy and auſpicious, ſtill
To Rome *and hers.* Honour'd and Conſcript Fathers,
If I were ſilent, and that all the Dangers
Threatning the State and you, were yet ſo hid
In Night, or Darkneſs thicker in their Breaſts,
That are the black Contrivers; ſo that no
Beam of the Light could pierce 'em; yet the Voice
Of Heav'n, this Morning, hath ſpoke loud enough
T' inſtruct you with a feeling of the Horror,
And wake you from a Sleep as ſtark as Death.
I have of late ſpoke often in this *Senate*
Touching this Argument, but ſtill have wanted
Either your Ears or Faith; So incredible
Their Plots have ſeem'd, or I ſo vain, to make
Theſe things for mine own Glory and falſe Greatneſs,
As hath been given out. But be it ſo.
When they break forth, and ſhall declare themſelves
By their too foul Effects, then, then the Envy
Of my juſt Cares will find another Name.
For me, I am but one, and this poor Life
So lately aim'd at, not an Hour yet ſince,
They cannot with more eagerneſs purſue,
Than I with gladneſs would lay down, and loſe,
To buy *Romes* Peace, if that would purchaſe it.
But when I ſee they'ld make it but the ſtep
To more and greater; unto yours, *Romes*, all;

I would

I would with thoſe preſerve it, or then fall.
Cæſ. I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
See how his Gorget peers above his Gown;
To tell the people in what danger he was.
It was abſurdly done of *Vargunteius*,
To name himſelf before he was got in.
Cra. It matters not, ſo they deny it all:
And can but carry the lye conſtantly.
Will *Catiline* be here?
Cæſ. I have ſent for him.
Cra. And ha' you bid him to be confident?
Cæſ. To that his own neceſſity will prompt him.
Cra. Seem to believe nothing at all that *Cicero*
Relates us. *Cæſ.* It will mad him.
[Quintus Cicero *brings in the Tribunes and Guards.*
Cra. O, and help
The other Party. Who is that? his Brother?
What new Intelligence has he brought him now?
Cæſ. Some Cautions from his Wife, how to behave him.
Cic. Place ſome of them without, and ſome bring in.
Thank their kind Loves. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their Countries Cauſe.
Cæſ. How now, what means this Muſter, *Conſul Antonius?*
Ant. I do not know, ask my Colleague, he'll tell you.
There is ſome Reaſon in State that I muſt yield to;
And I have promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the *Province.*
Cic. I profeſs,
It grieves me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
To draw theſe Arms, and aids for your defence;
And more, againſt a Citizen of *Rome*,
Born here amongſt you, a *Patrician*,
A man, I muſt confeſs, of no mean Houſe,
Nor no ſmall Vertue, if he had employ'd
Thoſe Excellent Gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,
Unto the good, not ruine of the State.
But being bred in's Father's needy Fortunes,
Brought up in's Siſters Proſtitution,
Confirm'd in civil Slaughter, entring firſt
The Commonwealth, with Murder of the Gentry;
Since both by Study and Cuſtom converſant
With all Licentiouſneſs. what could be hop'd
In ſuch a Field of Riot, but a courſe
Extream pernicious? Tho I muſt proteſt,
I found his Miſchiefs ſooner with mine Eyes
Than with my Thought; and with theſe Hands of mine,
Before they touch'd at my ſuſpicion.
Cæſ. What are his Miſchiefs, *Conſul*? you declame
Againſt his Manners, and corrupt your own:
No wiſe man ſhould, for hate of guilty men,
Loſe his own Innocence.
Cic. The Noble *Cæſar*
Speaks God-like truth. But when he hears I can
Convince him, by his Manners, of his Miſchiefs,
He might be ſilent; and not caſt away
His Sentences in vain, where they ſcarce look
Toward his Subject.
Cato. Here he comes himſelf.
If he be worthy any good man's voice,
That good man ſit down by him: *Cato* will not.
[Catiline *ſits down, and* Cato *riſes from him.*
Catu. If *Cato* leave him, I'le not keep aſide.
Cati. What Face is this the *Senate* here puts on
Againſt me, *Fathers!* Give my Modeſty
Leave to demand the cauſe of ſo much ſtrangeneſs.
Cæſ. It is reported here, you are the Head
To a ſtrange Faction, *Lucius.*
Cic. I, and will
Be prov'd againſt him.
Cati. Let it be. Why, *Conſul*,
If in the Commonwealth there be two Bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a Head;
The other ſtrong and healthful, but hath none:
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Reſtore your ſelves unto your temper, *Fathers*;
And, without perturbation, hear me ſpeak.
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is that oppoſes;
One that hath exerciſ'd his Eloquence
Still to the bane of the Nobility:
A boaſting inſolent tongue-man.
Cato. Peace, lewd Traytor,
Or waſh thy Mouth. He is an honeſt man,
And loves his Counttey; would thou didſt ſo too.
Cati. Cato, you are too zealous for him.
Cato. No;
Thou art too impudent.
Catu. Catiline, be ſilent.
Cati. Nay then, I eaſily fear, my juſt defence
Will come too late to ſo much prejudice!
(*Cæſ.* Will he ſit down?)
Cati. Yet let the world forſake me,
My Innocence muſt not.
Cato. Thou innocent?
So are the *Furies*. *Cic.* Yes, and *Ate* too.
Doſt thou not bluſh, pernicious *Catiline?*
Or hath the paleneſs of thy Guilt drunk up
Thy Blood, and drawn thy Veins as dry of that
As is thy Heart of Truth, thy Breaſt of Vertue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuſe our patience?
Still ſhall thy Fury mock us? To what licence
Dares thy unbridled boldneſs run it ſelf?
Do all the nightly Guards, kept on the Palace,
The Cities Watches, with the Peoples Fears,
The Concourſe of all good men, this ſo ſtrong
And fortified Seat here of the *Senate*,
The preſent looks upon thee, ſtrike thee nothing?
Doſt thou not feel thy Counſels all laid open?
And ſee thy wild Conſpiracy bound in
With each man's knowledge? which of all this Order
Canſt thou think ignorant (if they'll but utter
Their Conſcience to the right) of what thou didſt
Laſt Night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didſt call together, what your Plots were?
O Age and Manners! This the *Conſul* ſees,
The *Senate* underſtands, yet this man lives!
Lives? I, and comes here into Counſel with us;
Partakes the Publick Cares: and with his Eye
Marks and points out each Man of us to ſlaughter.
And we, good Men, do ſatisfie the State,
If we can ſhun but this Man's Sword and Madneſs.
There was that Vertue once in *Rome*, when good men,
Would, with more ſharp Coercion, have reſtrain'd
A wicked Citizen, than the deadlieſt Foe.
We have that Law ſtill, *Catiline*, for thee;
An Act as grave, as ſharp: The State's not wanting,
Nor the Authority of this *Senate*; we,
We that are *Conſuls*, only fail our ſelves.
This twenty days the Edg of that Decree
We have let dull and ruſt; kept it ſhut up,
As in a Sheath, which drawn, ſhould take thy Head.
Yet ſtill thou liv'ſt: and liv'ſt not to lay by
Thy wicked Confidence, but to confirm it.
I could deſire, grave *Fathers*, to be found
Still merciful, to ſeem, in theſe main perils
Graſping the State, a Man remiſs and ſlack;
But then I ſhould condemn my ſelf of Sloth
And Treachery. Their Camp's in *Italy*,
Pitch'd in the Jaws here of *Hetruria*;
Their Numbers daily increaſing, and their General
Within our Walls: nay, in our Counſel! plotting
Hourly ſome fatal miſchief to the Publick.
If, *Catiline*, I ſhould command thee now,
Here to be taken, kill'd; I make juſt doubt,
Whether all good men would not think it done
Rather too late, than any man too cruel.

Cato. Except he were of the ſame Meal and Batch.
Cic. But that which ought to have been done long ſince,
I will, and (for good Reaſon) yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no Man is found
So loſt, ſo wicked, nay, ſo like thy ſelf,
But ſhall profeſs, 'tis done of need and right.
While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
Thou ſhalt have leave, but ſo as now thou liv'ſt;
Watch'd at a hand, beſieged, and oppreſt
From working leaſt Commotion to the State.
I have thoſe Eyes and Ears ſhall ſtill keep guard,
And ſpial on thee, as they have ever done,
And thou not feel it. What then canſt thou hope?
If neither Night can with her Darkneſs hide
Thy wicked Meetings, nor a Private Houſe
Can in her Walls contain the guilty whiſpers
Of thy Conſpiracy: If all break out,
All be diſcover'd, change thy mind at laſt,
And loſe thy thoughts of Ruine, Flame and Slaughter.
Remember how I told, here to the *Senate*,
That ſuch a day thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*,
Would be in Arms. Was I deceived, *Catiline*?
Or in the Fact, or in the Time? the Hour?
I told too in this *Senate*, that thy purpoſe
Was on the Fifth (the Kalends of *November*)
T' have ſlaughter'd this whole Order: which my caution
Made many leave the City. Canſt thou here
Deny, but this thy black Deſign was hindred
That very day by me? Thy ſelf clos'd in
Within my ſtrengths, ſo that thou could'ſt not move
Againſt a publick Reed? When thou wert heard
To ſay upon the parting of the reſt,
Thou would'ſt content thee with the Murder of us
That did remain. Hadſt thou no hope beſide,
By a ſurprize by Night, to take *Præneſtæ*?
Where when thou cam'ſt, didſt thou not find the place
Made good againſt thee with my Aids, my Watches?
My Garriſons fortified it. Thou doſt nothing, *Sergius*;
Thou canſt endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
But I both ſee and hear it; and am with thee,
By and before, about and in thee too.
Call but to mind thy laſt Nights buſineſs. Come,
I'le uſe no Circumſtance: at *Lecca*'s Houſe,
The Shop, and Mint of your Conſpiracy,
Among your Sword-men, where ſo many Aſſociates
Both of thy Miſchief and thy Madneſs met.
Dar'ſt thou deny this? Wherefore art thou ſilent?
Speak, and this ſhall convince thee: Here they are,
I ſee 'em in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
O, you Immortal Gods! in what Clime are we?
What Region do we live in? in what Air?
What Commonwealth or State is this we have?
Here, here, amongſt us, our own Number, *Fathers*,
In this moſt holy Council of the world
They are that ſeek the Spoil of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the Sun, and find not their Ambition.
Theſe I behold, being *Conſul*; nay, I ask
Their Counſels of the State, as from good *Patriots*:
Whom it were fit the Axe ſhould hew in pieces,
I not ſo much as wound yet with my Voice.
Thou waſt laſt Night with *Lecca*, *Catiline*,
Your Shares of *Italy* you there divided;
Appointed who, and whither each ſhould go;
What Men ſhould ſtay behind in *Rome*, were choſen;
Your Offices ſet down; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the City, for the fire;
Thy ſelf (thou affirm'dſt) waſt ready to depart,
Only a little let there was that ſtay'd thee,
That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, ſtept forth
Three of thy Crew, to rid thee of that Care;
Two undertook this Morning, before Day,
To kill me in my Bed. All this I knew,
Your Convent ſcarce diſmiſs'd, arm'd all my Servants,
Call'd both my Brother and Friends, ſhut out your Clients
You ſent to viſit me; whoſe Names I told
To ſome there, of good place, before they came.
Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirm it.
Cæſ. He's loſt and gone. His Spirits have forſook him.
Cic. If this be ſo, why, *Catiline*, doſt thou ſtay?
Go where thou mean'ſt. The Ports are open; forth.
The Camp abroad wants thee, their Chief, too long.
Lead with thee all thy Troops out. Purge the City.
Draw dry that noiſom, and pernicious Sink,
Which left behind thee, would infect the World.
Thou wilt free me of all my Fears at once,
To ſee a Wall between us. Doſt thou ſtop
To do that now commanded; which before,
Of thine own choice, thou'art prone to? Go. The *Conſul*
Bids thee, an Enemy, to depart the City.
Whither, thou'lt ask? to Exile? I not bid
Thee that. But ask my Counſel, I perſwade it.
What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a Soul, without thine own foul knot,
But fears and hates thee. What Domeſtick Note
Of private filthineſs, but is burnt in
Into thy Life? What cloſe and ſecret ſhame
But is grown one with thine own Infamy?
What Luſt was ever abſent from thine Eyes?
What lewd Fact from thy Hands? what wickedneſs
From thy whole Body? where's that Youth drawn in
Within thy Nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
Before whoſe Rage thou haſt not borne a Sword,
And to whoſe Luſts thou haſt not held a Torch?
Thy latter Nuptials I let paſs in ſilence;
Where ſins incredible on ſins were heapt:
Which I not name, leſt in a Civil State
So monſtrous Facts ſhould either appear to be,
Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too
I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
I come to that which is more known, more publick;
The Life and Safety of us all by thee
Threatned and ſought. Stood'ſt thou not in the Field
When *Lepidus* and *Tullus* were our *Conſuls*,
Upon the day of Choice, arm'd, and with Forces,
To take their Lives, and our chief Citizens?
When not thy Fear, nor Conſcience chang'd thy Mind,
But the meer Fortune of the Commonwealth
Withſtood thy active malice? Speak but right.
How often haſt thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy Aſſaults have I declin'd
With ſhifting but my Body (as we'ld ſay),
Wreſted thy Dagger from thy Hand, how oft?
How often hath it faln, or ſlipt by chance?
Yet can thy ſide not want it: which how vow'd,
Or with what Rites, 'tis ſacred of thee, I know not,
That ſtill thou mak'ſt it a Neceſſity,
To fix it in the Body of a *Conſul*.
But let me loſe this way, and ſpeak to thee,
Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pity, of which none is owing thee.
Cat. No more than unto *Tantalus* or *Tityus*.
Cic. Thou cam'ſt e're while into this *Senate*. Who
Of ſuch a frequency, ſo many Friends
And Kindred thou haſt here ſaluted thee?
Were not the Seats made bare upon thy entrance?
Riſ' not the Conſular Men, and left their places
So ſoon as thou ſat'ſt down? and fled thy ſide,
Like to a Plague or Ruine? Knowing how oft
They had been by thee mark'd out for the Shambles?
How doſt thou bear this? Surely, if my Slaves
At home fear'd me with half th' affright and horror,
That here thy Fellow-Citizens do thee,
I ſhould ſoon quit my Houſe, and think it need too.
Yet thou dar'ſt tarry here? Go forth at laſt,

Con-

Condemn thy self to flight and solitude.
I discharge the Commonwealth of her deep Fear.
Go: into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.
Why dost thou look? They all consent unto it.
Dost thou expect th' Authority of their Voices,
Whose silent wills condemn thee? While they sit,
They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;
And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.
Prove thou there honest, I'le endure the Envy.
But there's no thought thou shouldst be ever he,
Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
Terror from danger, or discourse from Fury.
Go; I intreat thee: yet why do I so?
When I already know they're sent afore,
That tarry for thee in Arms, and do expect thee
On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set down 'twixt thee and *Manlius*; unto whom
The Silver Eagle too is sent before:
Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
As thou conceiv'st it to the Commonwealth.
But may this wise and sacred *Senate* say,
What mean'st thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'st
That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
Of an inteftine War; that he 'is the Author
Of such a wickedness; the caller out
Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
Of so much Horror; Prince of such a Treason;
Why dost thou send him forth? why let him scape?
This is to give him Liberty and Power:
Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
To these so holy Voices thus I answer.
If I did think it timely, *Conscript Fathers*,
To punish him with death, I would not give
The Fencer use of one short Hour to breathe;
But when there are in this grave Order some,
Who with soft Censures still do nurse his Hopes;
Some that with not believing have confirm'd
His Designs more, and whose Authority
The weaker, as the worst Men too have follow'd:
I would now send him where they all should see
Clear as the Light, his Heart shine; where no man
Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt and grasp't it.
Then, when he hath run out himself; led forth
His desp'rate party with him; blown together
Aids of all kinds, both shipwrack'd Minds and Fortunes:
Not only the grown Evil that now is sprung
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded;
But the Stock, Root, and Seed of all the Mischiefs,
Choaking the Commonwealth. Where should we take
Of such a swarm of Traitors only him,
Our Cares and Fears might seem a while reliev'd,
But the main peril would bide still inclos'd
Deep in the Veins and Bowels of the State.
As Humane Bodies labouring with Fevers,
While they are tost with heat, if they do take
Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,
But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked Crew
Depart, divide themselves from good Men, gather
Their Forces to one Head; as I said oft,
Let 'em be sever'd from us with a wall;
Let 'em leave off attempts upon the *Consul*
In his own House; to circle in the *Prætor*;
To girt the Court with weapons; to prepare
Fire and Balls, Swords, Torches, Sulphur, Brands:
In short, let it be writ in each Man's Forehead
What thoughts he bears the Publick. I here promise,
Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my self,
That Diligence in us *Consuls*, for my Honour'd
Colleague abroad, and for my self at home;
So great Authority in you, so much
Vertue in these the Gentlemen of *Rome*;
Whom I could scarce restrain to day, in Zeal,
From seeking out the Parricide to slaughter;
So much consent in all good Men and Minds,
As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, reveng'd.
And with this *Omen* go, pernicious Plague,
Out of the City, to the wish'd Destruction
Of thee and those that, to the Ruine of her,
Have tane that bloody and black Sacrament.
Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*
Both of this City and this Empire, wilt
(With the same Auspice thou didst raise it first)
Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
And Buildings of this City; from our Walls,
Lives, States and Fortunes of our Citizens,
This Fiend, this Fury, with his Complices.
And all th' offence of good Men (these known Traytors
Unto their Countrey, Thieves of *Italy*,
Joyn'd in so damn'd a League of Mischief) thou
Wilt with perpetual Plagues, alive and dead,
Punish for *Rome*, and save her innocent Head.
Cati. If an Oration, or high Language, *Fathers*,
Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it:
H' has strove to emulate this Mornings Thunder,
With his prodigious Rhetorick. But I hope
This *Senate* is more grave than to give credit
Rashly to all the Vomits, 'gainst a Man
Of your own Order; a *Patrician*;
And one whose Ancestors have more deserv'd
Of *Rome* than this Man's Eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the best way: as still it is the worst.
Cato. His Eloquence hath more deserv'd to day,
Speaking thy Ill, than all thy Ancestors
Did in their good: and that the State will find,
Which he hath sav'd.
Cati. How, he? were I that Enemy
That he would make me: I'ld not wish the State
More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules*?
An *Atlas*? a poor petty Inmate!
Cato. Traytor.
Cati. He save the State? A Burgess Son of *Arpinum*.
The Gods would rather twenty *Romes* should perish,
Than have that Contumely stuck upon 'em,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A Shed or Sign-post. *Cato.* Peace, thou Prodigy.
Cati. They would be forc'd themselves again, and lost
In the first rude and indigested heap;
E're such a wretched Name as *Cicero*
Should sound with theirs.
Catu. Away, thou impudent Head.
Cati. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, *Fathers*, I will go. [*He turns suddenly on* Cicero.
But—my fine dainty Speaker——
Cic. What now, *Fury*?
Wilt thou assault me here?
(*Chor.* Help, aid the *Consul.*)
Cati. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not? who threatned him?
In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious Orator,
Hope of so brave a Death as by this Hand.
(*Cato.* Out of the Court with the pernicious traytor.)
Cati. There is no Title that this flattering *Senate*,
Nor Honour the base Multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catiline*'s Anger.
(*Cato.* Stop,
Stop that portentous Mouth.)
Cati. Or when it shall
I'll look thee dead.
Cato. Will none restrain the Monster?
Catu. Parricide.
Qui. Butcher, Traytor, leave the *Senate*.
Cati. I am gone, to banishment, to please you, *Fathers*.
Thrust head-long forth?
Cato. Still dost thou murmur, Monster?

Cati.

Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a——
Cic. VVhat ?
Catu. Not guiltier than thou art.
Cati. I will not burn
VVithout my Funeral Pile. *Cato.* VVhat ſays the Fiend?
Cati. I will have matter, Timber.
Cato. Sing out, Scriech-owl.
Cati. It ſhall be in——
Catu. Speak thy imperfect Thoughts.
Cati. The common Fire, rather than mine own.
For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.
Cra. He's loſt, there is no hope of him. *Cæſ.* Unleſs
He preſently take Arms; and give a blow,
Before the *Conſuls* forces can be levi'd.
Cic. VVhat is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
Catu. See, that the Commonwealth receive no loſs.
Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the *Conſuls*.
Cra. 'Tis time. *Cæſ.* And need.
Cic. Thanks to this frequent *Senate*.
But what decree they unto *Curius*,
And *Fulvia*? *Catu.* VVhat the *Conſul* ſhall think meet.
Cic. They muſt receive reward, though't be not known;
Leſt when a State needs Miniſters, they ha' none.
Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius* do not I believe,
But *Craſſus* and this *Cæſar* here ring hollow.
Cic. And would appear ſo, if that we durſt prove 'em.
Cato. VVhy dare we not? VVhat honeſt act is that,
The *Roman Senate* ſhould not dare and do?
Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous Act,
To ſtir too many Serpents up at once.
Cæſar and *Craſſus*, if they be ill Men,
Are mighty ones; and we muſt ſo provide,
That while we take one Head from this foul *Hydra*,
There ſpring not twenty more. *Cato.* I'prove your Counſel.
Cic. They ſhall be watch'd and look'd too. Till they do
Declare themſelves, I will not put 'em out
By any queſtion. There they ſtand. I'll make
My ſelf no Enemies, nor the State no Traytors.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius, Longinus, Statilius.

FAlſe to our ſelves? All our deſign's diſcover'd
To this State-cat? *Cet.* I, had I had my way,
He had mew'd in Flames at home, not i' the *Senate*:
I had ſing'd his Furs by this time. *Cat.* Well there's now
No time of calling back, or ſtanding ſtill.
Friends be you ſelves; keep the ſame *Roman* Hearts
And ready Minds you had yeſter-night. Prepare
To execute what we reſolv'd. And let not
Labour, or danger, or diſcovery fright you.
I'll to the Army: you (the while) mature
Things here at home. Draw to you any Aids
That you think fit, of Men of all Conditions,
Of any Fortunes that may help a War.
I'll bleed a Life, or win an Empire for you.
Within theſe few days look to ſee my Enſigns
Here at the VValls: Be you but firm within.
Mean time, to draw an envy on the *Conſul*,
And give a leſs ſuſpicion of our Courſe,
Let it be given out here in the City,
That I am gone an innocent Man to exile
Into *Maſſilia*, willing to give way
To Fortune and the Times; being unable
To ſtand ſo great Faction, without troubling
The Commonwealth: whoſe peace I rather ſeek,
Than all the glory of Contention,
Or the ſupport of mine own Innocence.
Farewel the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the reſt; and thou my better Genius,
The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,
VVe'll ſacrifice to Liberty. *Cet.* And Revenge.
That we may praiſe our hands once. *Len.* O you *Fates*,
Give *Fortune* now her Eyes, to ſee with whom
She goes along, that ſhe may ne're forſake him.
Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*.
A valiant Man is his own Fate and Fortune.
Lon. The Fate and Fortune of us all go with him.
Gab. Sta. And ever guard him.
Cat. I am all your Creature.
Len. Now Friends 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt by *Umbrenus* with the *Allobroges*,
Here reſiant in *Rome*; whoſe State I hear,
Is diſcontent with the great Uſuries
They are oppreſ'd with: and have made Complaints
Divers unto the *Senate*, but all vain.
Theſe Men I have thought (both for their own Oppreſſi-
As alſo that by Nature, they are a People (ons,
Warlike and fierce, ſtill watching after change,
And now in preſent hatred with our State)
The fitteſt, and the eaſieſt to be drawn
To our Society, and to aid the War.
The rather for their Seat; being next Bord'rers
On *Italy*; and that they abound with Horſe:
Of which one want our Camp doth only labour.
And I have found 'em coming. They will meet
Soon at *Sempronia*'s Houſe, where I would pray you
All to be preſent, to confirm 'em more.
The ſight of ſuch Spirits hurt not, nor the Store.
Gab. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I.
Cur. Nor I. *Cet.* Would I
Had ſomewhat by my ſelf apart to do.
I ha' no Genius to theſe many Counſels.
Let me kill all the *Senate* for my ſhare,
I'll do it at next ſitting. *Len.* Worthy *Caius*,
Your preſence will add much. *Cet.* I ſhall mar more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

THe State's beholden unto you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care. And thoſe *Allobroges*
Are more than wretched, if they lend a liſtning
To ſuch perſwaſion. *San.* They, moſt worthy *Conſul*,
As Men employ'd here, from a grieved State,
Groaning beneath a multitude of Wrongs,
And being told, there was ſmall hope of eaſe
To be expected to their Evils from hence,
Were willing at the firſt to give an ear
To any thing that ſounded Liberty:
But ſince, on better Thoughts, and myurg'd Reaſons,
They are come about, and won to the true ſide.
The Fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.
Cic. What is that ſame *Umbrenus* was the Agent?
San. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and known unto their State.
Cic. Are th' Ambaſſadors come with you? *San.* Yes.
Cic. Well, bring 'em in, if they be firm and honeſt,
Never had Men the means ſo to deſerve
Of *Rome* as they. A happy wiſh'd occaſion,
And thruſt into my hands for the diſcovery,
And manifeſt Conviction of theſe Traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy Lords,
Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcom.
I underſtand by *Quintius Fabius Sanga*,
Your careful Patron here, you have been lately
Sollicited againſt the Common-wealth
By one *Umbrenus* (take a ſeat I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be Aſſociates
In their intended War. I could adviſe,
That Men whoſe Fortunes are yet flouriſhing,
And are *Romes* Friends, would not without a Cauſe
Become her Enemies; and mix themſelves
And their Eſtates, with the loſt hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whoſe meer deſpair doth arm 'em:
That were to hazard Certainties for Air,
And undergo all danger for a Voice.
Believe me Friends, loud Tumults are not laid
With half the eaſineſs, that they are rais'd.

All may begin a War, but few can end it.
The *Senate* have decreed, that my Colleague
Shall lead their Army againſt *Catiline*,
And have declar'd both him and *Manlius* Traytors.
Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their Troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
To all will quit 'em; and Rewards propos'd
Even to Slaves that can detect their Courſes.
Here in the City, I have by the *Prætors*
And *Tribunes*, plac'd my Guards and Watches ſo,
That not a Foot can tread, a Breath can whiſper,
But I have knowledge. And be ſure, the *Senate*
And People of *Rome*, of their accuſtom'd Greatneſs,
Will ſharply and ſeverely vindicate,
Not only any Fact, but any Practice
Or Purpoſe 'gainſt the State. Therefore my Lords,
Conſult of your own ways, and think which hand
Is beſt to take. You now are preſent Suitors
For ſome redreſs of wrongs; I'll undertake
Not only that ſhall be aſſur'd you: but
What Grace, or Priviledge elſe, *Senate* or People,
Can caſt upon you worthy ſuch a Service,
As you have now the way and means to do 'em,
If but your Wills conſent with my Deſigns.
All. We covet nothing more, moſt worthy *Conſul.*
And how ſo e're we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
We are not yet ſo wretched in our Fortunes,
Nor in our Wills ſo loſt, as to abandon
A friendſhip prodigally of that price,
As is the *Senate*, and the People of *Rome*,
For hopes that do precipitate themſelves.
Cic. You then are wiſe and honeſt. Do but this then:
(When ſhall you ſpeak with *Lentulus* and the reſt?
All. We are to meet anon at *Brutus* Houſe.
Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome.*
San. O, but his Wife *Sempronia.* *Cic.* You inſtruct me,
She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'em,
And to expreſs the beſt Affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the Commonwealth
And *Senate* loſt to 'em. Promiſe any Aids
By Arms or Counſel. What they can deſire
I would have you prevent. Only ſay this,
You have had diſpatch in private by the *Conſul*,
Of your Affairs, and for the many fears
The State's now in, you are will'd by him this Evening,
To depart *Rome*: which you by all ſought means
Will do, of reaſon to decline ſuſpicion.
Now for the more Authority of the buſineſs
They 'have truſted to you, and to give it Credit
With your own State at home, you would deſire
Their Letters to your *Senate* and your People,
Which ſhewn, you durſt engage both Life and Honour,
The reſt ſhould every way anſwer their hopes.
Thoſe had, pretend ſudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what Port
You will go out, I'll ha' you intercepted,
And all the Letters taken with you: So
As you ſhall be Redeem'd in all Opinions,
And they convicted of their manifeſt Treaſon.
Ill Deeds are well turn'd back upon their Authors:
And 'gainſt an Injurer, the Revenge is juſt.
This muſt be done now. *All.* chearfully and firmly.
We'are they would rather haſte to undertake it,
Than ſtay to ſay ſo. *Cic.* With that confidence, go:
Make your ſelves happy, while you make *Rome* ſo.
By *Sanga*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.

Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturtius, Allobreges.

WHen come theſe Creatures, the Ambaſſadors?
I would fain ſee 'em. Are they any Scholars?
Len. I think not, Madam.
Sem. Ha' they no *Greek*? *Len.* No ſurely.
Sem. Fie, what do I here? waiting on 'em then,
If they be nothing but meer States-men? *Len.* Yes,
Your Ladiſhip ſhall obſerve their Gravity,
And their Reſervedneſs, their many Cautions,
Fitting their Perſons. *Sem.* I do wonder much,
That States and Common-wealths employ not Women
To be Ambaſſadors, ſometimes! we ſhould
Do as good publick Service, and could make
As honourable Spies (for ſo *Thucidides*
Calls all Ambaſſadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?
Cet. Do you ask me? Am I your Scout or Bawd?
Len. O, *Cains*, it is no ſuch buſineſs. *Cet.* No?
What does a Woman at it then? *Sem.* Good Sir,
There are of us can be as exquiſite Traytors,
As e're a Male-conſpirator of you all.
Cet. I, at Smock-treaſon, Matron, I believe you;
And if I were your Husband, but when I
Truſt to your Cob-web-boſoms any other,
Let me there dye a Fly, and feaſt you, Spider.
Len. You are too ſowre, and harſh, *Cethegus.* *Cet.* You
Are kind and courtly. I'ld be torn in peices,
With wild *Hippolytus*, nay prove the death
Every Limb over, e're I'ld truſt a Woman
With wind, could I retain it.
Sem. Sir, they'll be truſted
With as good Secrets yet as you have any:
And carry 'em too as cloſe and as conceal'd,
As you ſhall for your Heart.
Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in Tongue, or Carriage, good *Caliſo*:
Len. Th' Ambaſſadors are come.
Cet. Thanks to thee *Mercury*,
That ſo haſt reſcu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Volturtius*?
Vol. They do deſire ſome ſpeech with you in private.
Len. O! 'tis about the Propheſie belike,
And promiſe of the *Sibylls*. *Gab.* It may be.
Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?
Gab. No good Lady,
You may partake: I have told 'em who you are.
Sem. I ſhould be loth to be left out, and here too.
Cet. Can theſe or ſuch be any aids to us?
Look they, as they were built to ſhake the World,
Or be a moment to our Enterpriſe?
A thouſand ſuch as they are could not make
One Atom of our Souls. They ſhould be Men
Worth Heavens fear, that looking up but thus
Would make *Jove* ſtand upon his Guard, and draw
Himſelf within his Thunder; which amaz'd,
He ſhould diſcharge in vain, and they unhurt.
Or if they were like *Capaneus* at *Thebes*,
They ſhould hang dead upon the higheſt Spires,
And ask the ſecond Bolt to be thrown down.
VVhy *Lentulus* talk you ſo long? This time
Had been enough, t' have ſcatter'd all the Stars,
T' have quench'd the Sun and Moon, and made the World
Deſpair of day, or any light but ours.
Len. How do you like this Spirit? In ſuch Men
Mankind doth live. They are ſuch Souls as theſe
That move the VVorld. *Sem.* I, though he bear me hard,
I yet muſt do him right. He is a Spirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. *All.* He is a *Mars*!
VVould we had time to live here and admire him.
Len. VVell, I do ſee you would prevent the *Conſul.*
And I commend your care: It was but reaſon,
To ask our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.

Go

Go in, and we will take an Oath, and ſeal 'em.
You ſhall have Letters too to *Catiline*,
To viſit him i' the way, and to confirm
The Aſſociation. This our Friend, *Volturtius*,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great General
That we are ready here; that *Lucius Beſtia*
The *Tribune* is provideded of a Speech,
To lay the envy of the War upon *Cicero*;
That all but long for his approach and Perſon;
And then you are made Free-men as our ſelves.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomtinius, Sanga.

I Cannot fear the War but to ſucceed well,
Both for the honour of the Cauſe, and worth
Of him that doth Command. For my Colleague,
Being ſo ill affected with the Gout,
Will not be able to be there in Perſon;
And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, muſt
Of need take charge o' the Army; who is much
The better Soldier, having been a *Tribune*,
Prefect, *Lieutenant*, *Prætor* in the War
Theſe Thirty years, ſo converſant i' the Army,
As he knows all the Soldiers by their Names.
Fla. They'll fight then bravely with him.
Pom. I, and he
Will lead 'em on as bravely. *Cic.* They' have a Foe
Will ask their Braveries, whoſe neceſſities
Will arm him like a Fury. But however
I'll truſt it to the Manage and the Fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy Patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three Legions too,
Will ſtop their courſe for *Gallia*. How now *Fabius*?
San. The Train hath taken. You muſt inſtantly
Diſpoſe your Guards upon the *Milvian* Bridge:
For by that way they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pomtinius and *Flaccus*, I muſt pray you
To lead that force you have; and ſeize them all:
Let not a Perſon ſcape. Th' Ambaſſadors
Will yield themſelves. If there be any tumult,
I'll ſend you aid. I, in mean time, will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinius* and *Cethegus*,
Statilius, *Ceparius*, and all theſe,
By ſeveral Meſſengers: who no doubt will come
Without ſenſe or ſuſpicion. Prodigal Men
Feel not their own ſtock waſting. When I have 'em,
I'll place thoſe Guards upon 'em, that they ſtart not.
San. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*?
Cic. A States anger
Should not take knowledge either of Fools or Women.
I do not know whether my joy or care
Ought to be greater, that I have diſcover'd
So foul a Treaſon, or muſt undergo
The envy of ſo many great Mens fate.
But happen what there can, I will be juſt,
My Fortune may forſake me, not my Vertue:
That ſhall go with me, and before me ſtill,
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.

Prætors, Allobroges, Volturtius.

FLa. Stand, who goes there?
All. We are th' *Allobroges*,
And Friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be ſo, then yield
Your ſelves unto the *Prætors*, who in name
Of the whole *Senate* and the People of *Rome*,
Yet, till you clear your ſelves, charge you of Practiſe
Againſt the State. *Vol.* Dye Friends, and be not taken.
Fla. What Voice is that? Down with 'em all.
All. We yield.
Pom. What's he ſtands out? Kill him there.
Vol. Hold, hold, hold.
I yield upon Conditions. *Fla.* We give none
To Traitors, ſtrike him down. *Vol.* My name's *Volturtius*,
I know *Pomtinius*. *Pom.* But he knows not you,
While you ſtand out upon theſe trayterous Terms.
Vol. I'll yield upon the ſafety of my Life.
Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot ſave it.
Vol. Promiſe to do your beſt. I am not ſo guilty
As many others I can name; and will,
If you will grant me favour. *Pom.* All we can
Is to deliver you to the Conſul. Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have ſaved *Rome*.

CHORUS.

NOw do our Ears before our Eyes,
Like men in Miſts,
Diſcover who'ld the State ſurpriſe,
And who reſiſts?
And as theſe Clouds do yield to light,
Now do we ſee
Our Thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which ſeem'd t'agree?
Of what ſtrange Pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But as new Airs our Ears invade,
Still cenſure ſo?
That now do hope, and now do fear,
And now envy;
And then do hate, and then love dear,
But know not why:
Or if we do, it is ſo late,
As our beſt mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.
How have we chang'd and come about
In every doome,
Since wicked Catiline *went out,*
And quitted Rome?
One while we thought him innocent;
And then w' accus'd
The Conſul, *for his malice ſpent,*
And power abus'd.
Since that, we hear he is in Arms,
We think not ſo:
Yet charge the Conſul with our harms,
That let him go.
So in our cenſure of the State,
We ſtill do wander;
And make the careful Magiſtrate
The mark of ſlander.
What Age is this, where honeſt Men,
Plac'd at the Helm,
A Sea of ſome foul Mouth or Pen,
Shall over-whelm?
And call their diligence deceit;
Their vertue vice;
Their watchfulneſs but lying in wait;
And Blood the price.
O, let us pluck this evil Seed
Out of our Spirits;
And give to every noble Deed
The name it merits.
Leſt we ſeem faln (if this endures)
Into thoſe times,
To love Diſeaſe; and brook the Cures
Worſe than the Crimes.

Act V.

Petreius. [*The Army.*

IT is my Fortune and my Glory, Soldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy *Conſul*
Kept from the honour of it by Diſeaſe:
And I am proud to have ſo brave a Cauſe

To exerciſe your Arms in. We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th' extent, and bounds o' th' People of *Rome* ſhall be;
But to retain what our great Anceſtors,
With all their Labours, Counſels, Arts, and Actions,
For us, were purchaſing ſo many years.
The quarrel is not now of Fame or Tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto Confederates,
For which the Army of the People of *Rome*
Was wont to move: but for your own Republick,
For the rais'd Temples of th' immortal Gods,
For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,
For the dear Souls of your lov'd Wives and Children,
Your Parents Tombs, your Rites, Laws, Liberty,
And briefly, for the ſafety of the World:
Againſt ſuch Men, as only by their Crimes
Are known; thruſt out by Riot, Want, or Raſhneſs.
One ſort, *Sylla*'s old Troops, left here in *Feſulæ*,
Who ſuddenly made rich in thoſe dire Times,
Are ſince, by their unbounded vaſt expence,
Grown needy and poor; and have but left t' expect
From *Catiline* new Bills, and new Proſcriptions.
Theſe Men (they ſay) are Valiant; yet, I think 'em
Not worth your pauſe: For either their old Vertue
Is in their Sloth and Pleaſures loſt; or, if
It tarry with 'em, ſo ill match to yours,
As they are ſhort in Number or in Cauſe.
The ſecond ſort are of thoſe (City-beaſts,
Rather than Citizens) who whilſt they reach
After our Fortunes, have let fly their own;
Theſe whelm'd in Wine, ſwell'd up with Meats, and weak-
With hourly whoredoms, never left the ſide (ned
Of *Catiline* in *Rome*; nor here are loos'd
From his Embraces: ſuch as (truſt me) never
In riding or in uſing well their Arms,
VVatching, or other Military Labour,
Did exerciſe their Youth; but learn'd to Love,
Drink, Dance, and Sing, make Feaſts, and be fine Gamſters:
And theſe will wiſh more hurt to you than they bring
The reſt are a mixt kind, all ſorts of Furies, (you.
Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Out-laws, Thieves,
The Murderers of their Parents, all the Sink
And Plague of *Italy* met in one Torrent,
To take, to day, from us the Puniſhment,
Due to their miſchiefs, for ſo many years.
And who in ſuch a Cauſe, 'gainſt ſuch Fiends,
VVould not now wiſh himſelf all Arm and VVeapon?
To cut ſuch Poyſons from the Earth, and let
Their Blood out to be drawn away in Clouds,
And pour'd on ſome inhabitable Place,
Where the hot Sun and Slime breeds nought but Monſters?
Chiefly when this ſure joy ſhall crown our ſide,
That the leaſt Man that falls upon our Party
This day (as ſome muſt give their happy Names
To Fate, and that eternal Memory
Of the beſt Death, writ with it, for their Countrey)
Shall walk at pleaſure in the Tents of reſt;
And ſee far off, beneath him, all their Hoſt
Tormented after Life: and *Catiline* there
Walking a wretched and leſs Ghoſt than he.
I'll urge no more: Move forward with your Eagles,
And truſt the *Senates* and *Romes* Cauſe to Heaven.
Arm. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Cæſar, Craſſus.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*,
When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'em loſt,
Many days ſince. *Cæſ.* But, wherefore did you bear
Their Letter to the *Conſul*, that they ſent you
To warn you from the City? *Cra.* Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could aſſure me: if they meant
I ſhould be ſafe among ſo many, they might
Have come as well as writ. *Cæſ.* There is no loſs
In being ſecure. I have of late too ply'd him
Thick with Intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before. *Cra.* A little ſerves
To keep a Man upright on theſe State-bridges,
Although the Paſſage were more dangerous.
Let us now take the ſtanding part. *Cæſ.* We muſt,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet,
I would fain help theſe wretched Men. *Cra.* You cannot.
Who would ſave them, that have betrayd themſelves?

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

I Will not be wrought to it, Brother *Quintus*.
There's no Mans private enmity ſhall make
Me violate the Dignity of another.
If there were Proof 'gainſt *Cæſar*, or who ever,
To ſpeak him guilty, I would ſo declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piſo* both
Shall know, the *Conſul* will not, for their grudge,
Have any Man accus'd or named falſly.
Qui. Not falſly: but if any Circumſtance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*,
Would carry it. *Cic.* That ſhall not be ſought by me.
If it reveal it ſelf, I would not ſpare
You, Brother, if it pointed at you, truſt me.
Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more than great)
Thou hadſt thy Education with the Gods.
Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the reſt.
This Office I am ſorry, Sir, to do you.

The Senate.

WHat may be happy ſtill and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Pleaſe you, *Fathers*,
To break theſe Letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I fear,
I yet intreat at ſuch a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The Weapons hither from *Cethegus* Houſe?
Præ. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready with *Volturtius*,
To bring him when the *Senate* calls; and ſee
None of the reſt confer together. *Fathers*,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practis'd there?
Cæſ. It hath a Face of horror! *Cra.* I am amaz'd!
Cato. Loook there.
Syl. Gods! Can ſuch Men draw common Air?
Cic. Although the greatneſs of the miſchief, *Fathers*,
Hath often made my Faith ſmall in this *Senate*,
Yet ſince my caſting *Catiline* out (for now
I do not fear the envy of the Word,
Unleſs the Deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when thoſe I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have ſpent both days
And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that ſo ſtaid againſt my thought:
And that I might but take 'em in that light,
Where when you met their Treaſon with your Eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own ſafety.
And now 'tis done. There are their Hands and Seals.
Their Perſons too are ſafe, thanks to the Gods.
Bring in *Volturtius* and the *Allobroges*.
Theſe be the Men were truſted with their Letters.
Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing: I
Was travelling for *Gallia*, and am ſorry——
Cic. Quake not *Volturtius*, ſpeak the truth, and hope
Well of this *Senate*, on the *Conſuls* word.
Vol. Then I knew all. But truly I was drawn in
But t'other day. *Cæſ.* Say what thou know'ſt, and fear not.
Thou haſt the *Senates*, Faith and *Conſuls* word
[*He anſwers with fear and interruptions.*
To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was ſent with Letters——
And had a Meſſage too——from *Lentulus*——

To

To *Catiline*——that he ſhould uſe all Aids——
Servants, or others—— and come with his Army,
As ſoon unto the City as he could——
For they were ready, and but ſtaid for him——
To intercept thoſe that ſhould flee the Fire——
Theſe Men (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.
All. Yes, *Fathers*, and they took an Oath to us,
Beſides their Letters, that we ſhould be free;
And urg'd us for ſome preſent aid of Horſe.
Cic. Nay, here be other Teſtimonies, *Fathers*,
[*The Weapons and Arms are brought forth.*
Cethegus Armoury. *Cra.* What, not all theſe?
Cic. Here's not the hundred Part. Call in the Fencer,
That we may know the Arms to all theſe Weapons.
Come my brave Sword-player, to what active uſe
Was all this Steel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd
In *Sylla*'s days, it had been to cut Throats;
But now it was to look on only: I lov'd
To ſee good Blades, and feel their Edge, and Points,
To put a Helm upon a Block, and cleave it,
And now and then to ſtab an Armour through.
Cic. Know you that Paper? That will ſtab you through.
Is it your hand? Hold, ſave the pieces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy Fury? *Cet.* I did write
I know not what; nor care not: That Fool *Lentulus*
Did dictate, and I t'other Fool did ſign it.
Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Does he know his hand too?
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that Letter. *Sta.* I
Confeſs it all. *Cic.* Know you that ſeal yet, *Publius*?
Len. Yes, it is mine. *Cic.* Whoſe Image is that on it?
Len. My Grand-fathers.
Cic. What, that renown'd good Man,
That did ſo only embrace his Countrey, and lov'd
His fellow Citizens! Was not his Picture,
Though mute, of Power to call thee from a Fact
So foul—— *Len.* As what, impetuous *Cicero*?
Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.
Look upon theſe. Do not theſe Faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence? *Len.* What are theſe to me?
I know 'em not. *All.* No, *Publius*? we were with you
At *Brutus* Houſe. *Vol.* Laſt night.
Len. What did you there?
Who ſent for you? *All.* Your ſelf did. We had Letters
From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinius Cimber, all but from *Longinus*,
Who would not write, becauſe he was to come
Shortly in Perſon after us (he ſaid)
To take the charge o' the Horſe, which we ſhould levy.
Cic. And he is fled to *Catiline* I hear.
Len. Spies? Spies? *All.* You told us too o' the *Sybils* Books,
And how you were to be a King this year,
The Twentieth from the burning of the *Capitol*,
That three *Cornellii* were to Raign in *Rome*,
Of which you were the laſt: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great Spirits were with you in the Action.
Cet. Theſe are your honourable Ambaſſadors,
My Soveraign Lord. *Cat.* Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.
All. Beſides *Gabinius*, your Agent nam'd
Autronius, *Servius Sylla*, *Vargunteius*,
And divers others. *Vol.* I had Letters from you
To *Catiline*, and a Meſſage, which I have told
Unto the *Senate* truly word for word:
For which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that ſame wicked *Cimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. *Cic. Volturtius*, peace.
Where is thy Viſor or thy Voice now *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Is all ſo clear, ſo plain, ſo manifeſt,
That both thy Eloquence and Impudence,
And thy ill Nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aſide. There's yet one more, *Gabinius*,
The Engineer of all. Shew him that Paper,
If he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?
Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent Head!
Stick it into his Throat; were I the *Conſul*,
Il'd make thee eat the miſchief thou haſt vented.
Gab. Is there a Law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Doſt thou ask
After a Law, that would'ſt have broke all Laws
Of Nature, Manhood, Conſcience, and Religion?
Gab. Yes I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious *Cimber*.
Th' inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked Perſon. *Gab.* I, but *Cato*
Does nothing but by Law. *Cra.* Take him aſide.
There's Proof enough though he confeſs not. *Gab.* Stay,
I will confeſs. All's true your Spies have told you,
Make much of 'em. *Cet.* Yes, and reward 'em well,
For fear you get no more ſuch. See they do not
Dye in a Ditch, and ſtink now you ha' done with 'em;
Or beg o' the Bridges here in *Rome*, whoſe Arches
Their active induſtry hath ſav'd. *Cic.* See *Fathers*
What Minds and Spirits theſe are, that being convicted
Of ſuch a Treaſon, and by ſuch a Cloud
Of Witneſſes, dare yet retain their boldneſs?
What would their Rage have done, if they had conquer'd?
I thought when I had thruſt out *Catiline*,
Neither the State nor I ſhould need t' have fear'd
Lentulus ſleep here, or *Longinus* ſat,
Or this *Cethegus* raſhneſs; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our Walls,
As one that had the Brain, the Hand, the Heart.
But now we find the contrary! Where was there
A People griev'd, or a State diſcontent,
Able to make or help a War 'gainſt *Rome*,
But theſe, th' *Allobroges*, and thoſe they found?
Whom had not the juſt Gods been pleas'd to make
More Friends unto our ſafety than their own,
As it then ſeem'd, neglecting theſe Mens offers,
Where had we been? or where the Commonwealth?
When their great Chief had been call'd home; this Man,
Their abſolute King (whoſe noble Grand-father,
Arm'd in purſuit of the ſeditious *Gracchus*,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that
Which he would ſpoil) had gather'd all his Aids
Of Ruffians, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men?
Given us up for murder to *Cethegus*?
The other rank of Citizens to *Gabinius*?
The City to be fir'd by *Caſſius*?
And *Italy*, nay the World, to be laid waſt
By curſed *Catiline* and his Complices?
Lay but the thought of it before you *Fathers*,
Think but with me you ſaw his glorious City,
The Light of all the Earth, Tower of all Nations,
Suddenly falling in one Flame. Imagine
You view'd your Countrey buried with the heaps
Of ſlaughter'd Citizens that had no Grave;
This *Lentulus* here, raigning, (as he dreamt)
And thoſe his Purple *Senate*; *Catiline* come
With his fierce Army; and the cries of Matrons,
The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
Shriekes of the living, with the dying Groans
On every ſide t' invade your Senſe; until
The Blood of *Rome* were mixed with her Aſhes!
This was the Spectacle theſe Fiends intended
To pleaſe their Malice. *Cet.* I, and it would
Have been a brave one, *Conſul*. But your Part
Had not then been ſo long as now it is:
I ſhould have quite defeated your Oration,
And ſlit that fine rhetorical Pipe of yours
I' the firſt *Scene*. *Cat.* Inſolent Monſter! *Cic. Fathers*,
Is it your Pleaſures they ſhall be committed
Unto ſome ſafe, but a free Cuſtody,
Until the *Senate* can determine farther?
Sen. It pleaſeth well. *Cic.* Then *Marcus Craſſus*,
Take you charge of *Gabinius*: ſend him home
Unto your Houſe. You *Cæſar*, of *Statilius*.
Cethegus ſhall be ſent to *Cornificius*:
And *Lentulus* to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
Who now is Ædile. *Cat.* It were beſt, the *Prætors*

Carried

Carried 'em to their Houſes, and deliver'd 'em.
Cic. Let it be ſo. Take 'em from hence. *Cæſ.* But firſt
Let *Lentulus* put off his *Prætorſhip.*
Len. I do reſign it here unto the *Senate.*
Cæſ. So, now there's no Offence done to Religion.
Cat. *Cæſar*, 'twas piouſly and timely urg'd.
Cic. What do you decree to th' *Allobroges*,
That were the Lights to this Diſcovery?
Cra. A free Grant from the State, of all their Suits.
Cæſ. And a Reward out of the Publick Treaſure.
Cat. I, and the Title of Honeſt Men, to crown 'em.
Cic. What to *Volturtius*? *Cæſ.* Life, and Favour's well.
Vol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, ſome Mony, thou needſt
'Twill keep thee honeſt; want made thee a Knave. (it:
Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinius*, the *Prætors*,
Have publick Thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good Service. *Cra.* They deſerve it all.
Cat. But what do we decree unto the *Conſul*,
Whoſe Vertue, Counſel, Watchfulneſs, and Wiſdom
Hath freed the Commonwealth, and without Tumult,
Slaughter, or Blood, or ſcarce raiſing a Force,
Reſcu'd us all out of the Jaws of Fate?
Cra. VVe owe our Lives unto him, and our Fortunes.
Cæſ. Our VVives, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.
Syl. VVe all are ſaved by his Fortitude.
Cat. The Commonwealth owes him a *Civick* Garland.
He is the only Father of his Country.
Cæſ. Let there be Publick Prayer, to all the Gods,
Made in that Name, for him. *Cra.* And in theſe words:
For that he hath, by his Vigilance, preſerv'd
Rome *from the Flame, the* Senate *from the Sword,*
And all her Citizens from Maſſacre.
Cic How are my Labours more than paid, grave *Fa-*
In theſe great Titles, and decreed Honours! (*thers*,
Such as to me, firſt of the Civil Robe,
Of any Man ſince *Rome* was *Rome*, have hapned;
And from this frequent *Senate*; which more glads me,
That I now ſee yo' have ſenſe of your own ſafety.
If thoſe good days come no leſs grateful to us,
Wherein we are preſerv'd from ſome great Danger,
Than thoſe wherein w' are born, and brought to light,
Becauſe the gladneſs of our Safety is certain,
But the condition of our Birth not ſo;
And that w' are ſav'd with pleaſure, but are born
Without the ſenſe of Joy: Why ſhould not then
This Day, to us, and all Poſterity
Of ours, be had in equal Fame and Honour,
With that when *Romulus* firſt rear'd theſe Walls,
When ſo much more is ſaved, than he built?
Cæſ. It ought. *Cra.* Let it be added to our *Faſti.*
Cic. What Tumult's that?
Fla. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,
Going to *Catilin*, and ſays he was ſent
By *Marcus Craſſus*, whom he names to be
Guilty of the Conſpiracy. *Cic.* Some lying Varlet.
Take him away to Priſon. *Cra.* Bring him in,
And let me ſee him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Craſſus.*
Keep him up cloſe, and hungry, till he tell
By whoſe pernicious Counſel he durſt ſlander
So great and good a Citizen. (*Cra.* By yours,
I fear, 'twill prove.) *Syl.* Some o' the Traitors, ſure,
To give their Action the more Credit, bid him
Name you, or any Man. *Cic.* I know my ſelf,
By all the Tracts and Courſes of this Buſineſs,
Craſſus is noble, juſt, and loves his Country.
Fla. Here is a Libel too, accuſing *Cæſar*,
From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirm'd by *Curius.*
Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the Court.
Cæſ. A Trick on me too? *Cic.* It is ſome mens malice.
I ſaid to *Curius*, I did not believe him.
Cæſ. Was not that *Curius* your Spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the laſt *Senate*,
With *Fulvia*, upon your private Motion?
Cic. Yes.—
Cæſ. But he has not that Reward yet? *Cic.* No.
Let not this trouble you, *Cæſar*; none believes it.
Cæſ. It ſhall not, if that he have no Reward.
But if he have, ſure I ſhall think my ſelf
Very untimely and unſafely honeſt,
Where ſuch as he is may have Pay t' accuſe me.
Cic. You ſhall have no wrong done you, noble *Cæſar*,
But all Contentment. *Cæſ. Conſul*, I am ſilent.

Catiline. [*The Army.*

I Never yet knew, Soldiers, that in Fight
Words added Vertue unto valiant Men;
Or, that a General's Oration made
An Army fall or ſtand: But how much Proweſs,
Habitual or natural, each Mans Breaſt
Was Owner of, ſo much in act it ſhew'd.
Whom neither Glory' or Danger can excite,
'Tis vain t' attempt with Speech; for the Minds fear
Keeps all brave Sounds from entring at that Ear.
I yet would warn you ſome few things, my Friends,
And give you Reaſon of my preſent Counſels.
You know, no leſs than I, what State, what Point
Our Affairs ſtand in; and you all have heard
What a calamitous Miſery the Sloth
And Sleepineſs of *Lentulus* hath pluck'd
Both on himſelf, and us; how, whilſt our Aids
There, in the City look'd for, are defeated;
Our entrance into *Gallia* too is ſtopt:
Two Armies wait us; one from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaul-Provinces*: And where we are,
(Although I moſt deſire it) the great want
Of Corn and Victuals forbids longer ſtay.
So that of need we muſt remove; but whither,
The Sword muſt both direct, and cut the Paſſage.
I only therefore wiſh you, when you ſtrike,
To have your Valours and your Souls about you,
And think you carry in your labouring Hands
The things you ſeek, Glory, and Liberty,
Your Country, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be inſtructed by our Swords.
If we can give the Blow, all will be ſafe to us.
We ſhall not want Proviſion, nor Supplies.
The Colonies and Free Towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no Place,
Nor Friend, to ſhelter thoſe whom their own Fortune,
And ill us'd Arms have left without Protection.
You might have liv'd in Servitude, or Exile,
Or ſafe at *Rome*, depending on the Great ones;
But that you thought thoſe things unfit for Men:
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no Man ever yet chang'd Peace for War,
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpoſe.
There's more neceſſity you ſhould be ſuch,
In fighting for your ſelves, than they for others.
He's baſe that truſts his Feet, whoſe Hands are arm'd.
Me thinks I ſee *Death* and the *Furies* waiting
What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leiſure
For the great Spectacle. Draw then your Swords;
And if our Deſtiny envy our Vertue
The Honour of the Day, yet let us care
To ſell our ſelves at ſuch a Price as may
Undo the World to buy us, and make *Fate*,
While ſhe tempts ours, fear her own Eſtate.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this haſty calling of the *Senate*?
Sen. We ſhall know ſtreight. Wait till the *Conſul* ſpeaks.
Pom. Fathers Conſcript, bethink you of your Safeties,
And what to do with theſe Conſpirators:
Some of their Clients, their Freed-men, and Slaves,
'Gin to make Head: There is one of *Lentulus* Bawds
Runs up and down the Shops, through every Street,

With

With Money, to corrupt the poor Artificers,
And needy Tradeſmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*
Hath ſent too to his Servants, who are many,
Choſen, and exercis'd in bold Attemptings,
That forthwith they ſhould arm themſelves, and prove
His Reſcue: All will be in inſtant Uproar,
If you prevent it not with preſent Counſels.
We have done what we can to meet the Fury,
And will do more. Be you good to your ſelves.
Cic. What is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
Syllanus, you are *Conſul* next deſign'd;
Your Sentence of theſe Men. *Syl.* 'Tis ſhort, and this.
Since they have ſought to blot the name of *Rome*
Out of the World, and raze this glorious Empire
With her own Hands, and Arms turn'd on her ſelf,
I think it fit they die: And could my Breath
Now execute 'em, they ſhould not enjoy
An Article of Time, or Eye of Light,
Longer, to poyſon this our Common air.
Sen. I think ſo too.
Sen. And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your Sentence, *Caius Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Conſcript Fathers,
In great Affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their Sentence, to be free
From either Hate or Love, Anger or Pity:
For where the leaſt of theſe do hinder, there
The Mind not eaſily diſcerns the Truth.
I ſpeak this to you in the Name of *Rome*,
For whom you ſtand; and to the preſent Cauſe:
That this foul Fact of *Lentulus*, and the reſt,
Weigh not more with you than your Dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your Paſſion,
Than to your Honour. If there could be found
A Pain or Puniſhment equal to their Crimes,
I would deviſe, and help: But if the greatneſs
Of what they ha' done, exceed all Mans Invention,
I think it fit to ſtay where our Laws do.
Poor petty States may alter, upon humour,
Where, if th' offend with anger, few do know it,
Becauſe they are obſcure; their Fame and Fortune
Is equal, and the ſame. But they that are
Head of the World, and live in that ſeen height,
All Mankind knows their Actions. So we ſee,
The greater Fortune hath the leſſer Licence.
They muſt not favour, hate, and leaſt be angry:
For what with others is call'd Anger, there
Is Cruelty and Pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who ſpoke before me, a juſt, valiant Man,
A Lover of the State, and one that would not,
In ſuch a Buſineſs, uſe or Grace or Hatred;
I know too, well, his Manners and Modeſty:
Nor do I think his Sentence cruel, (for
'Gainſt ſuch Delinquents what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our State:
Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our Laws give Exile, and not Death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'Twere vain to think, for fear;
When, by the diligence of ſo worthy a *Conſul*,
All is made ſafe and certain. Is't for Puniſhment?
Why, Death's the end of Evils, and a Reſt,
Rather than Torment: It diſſolves all Griefs;
And beyond that, is neither Care nor Joy.
You hear, my Sentence would not have 'em die.
How then? let free, and increaſe *Catiline*'s Army?
So will they, being but baniſh'd. No, *Grave Fathers*,
I judge 'em, firſt, to have their States confiſcate;
Then, that their Perſons remain Priſoners
I' the Free Towns, far off from *Rome*, and ſever'd;
Where they might neither have Relation,
Hereafter, to the Senate, or the People.
Or, if they had, thoſe Towns then to be mulcted,
As Enemies to the State, that had their Guard.
Sen. 'Tis good and honourable, *Cæſar* hath utter'd.
Cic. Fathers, I ſee your Faces and your Eyes
All bent on me, to note, of theſe two Cenſures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
And anſwering the Dignity of the Speakers,
The greatneſs of th' Affair, and both ſevere.
One urgeth Death; and he may well remember
This State hath puniſh'd wicked Citizens ſo.
The other Bonds, and thoſe perpetual, which
He thinks found out for the more ſingular Plague.
Decree which you ſhall pleaſe: You have a *Conſul*,
Not readier to obey, than to defend
Whatever you ſhall act, for the Republick;
And meet with willing Shoulders any Burden,
Or any Fortune, with an even Face,
Though it were Death; which to a valiant Man
Can never happen foul, nor to a *Conſul*
Be immature, or to a wiſe man wretched.
Syl. Fathers, I ſpake but as I thought the Needs
O' th' Commonwealth requir'd. *Cat.* Excuſe it not.
Cic. Cato, ſpeak your Sentence. *Cat.* This it is.
You here diſpute on kinds of Puniſhment,
And ſtand conſulting what you ſhould decree
'Gainſt thoſe of whom you rather ſhould beware:
This Miſchief is not like thoſe common Facts,
Which, when they are done, the Laws may proſecute.
But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is hap'ned, will not wait your Judgment.
Good *Caius Cæſar* here hath very well,
And ſubtilly diſcours'd of Life and Death,
As if he thought thoſe things a pretty Fable,
That are deliver'd us of Hell and Furies,
Or of the divers way that ill Men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly Places.
And therefore he would have theſe live, and long too;
But far from *Rome*, and in the ſmall Free Towns,
Leſt here they might have Reſcue: As if Men
Fit for ſuch Acts were only in the City,
And not throughout all *Italy*; or, that Boldneſs
Could not do more, where it found leaſt reſiſtance?
'Tis a vain Counſel, if he think them dangerous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In ſo great fear of all Men, ſtand unfrighted,
He gives me cauſe, and you, more to fear him.
I am plain, *Fathers*. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do;
With Faces, as you truſted to the Gods,
That ſtill have ſav'd you; and they can do't: But
They are not Wiſhings, or baſe womaniſh Prayers,
Can draw their Aids; but Vigilance, Counſel, Action;
Which they will be aſhamed to forſake.
'Tis Sloth they hate, and Cowardiſe. Here you have
The Traitors in your Houſes; yet you ſtand,
Fearing what to do with 'em: Let 'em looſe,
And ſend 'em hence with Arms too, that your Mercy
May turn your Miſery, as ſoon as't can.
O, but they are Great Men, and have offended
But through Ambition: We would ſpare their Honour.
I, if themſelves had ſpar'd it, or their Fame,
Or Modeſty, or either God, or Man:
Then I would ſpare 'em. But as things now ſtand,
Fathers, to ſpare theſe Men, were to commit
A greater Wickedneſs than you would revenge.
If there had been but time and Place for you
To have repair'd this Fault, you ſhould have made it;
It ſhould have been your Puniſhment, to have felt
Your tardy Error: but Neceſſity
Now bids me ſay, Let 'em not live an Hour,
If you mean *Rome* ſhould live a Day. I have done.
Sen. Cato hath ſpoken like an Oracle.
Cra. Let it be ſo decreed. *Sen.* We are all fearful.
Syl. And had been baſe, had not his Vertue rais'd us.
Sen. Go forth, moſt worthy *Conſul*, we'll aſſiſt you.
Cæſ. I am not yet chang'd in my Sentence, *Fathers*.
Cat. No matter. What be thoſe? *Sen.* Letters for *Cæſar*.
Cat. From

Cat. From whom? Let 'em be read in open *Senate*.
Fathers, they come from the Conſpirators;
I crave to have 'em read, for the Republick.
Cæſ. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a Love-letter,
From your dear Siſter, to me: though you hate me,
Do not diſcover it. *Cat.* Hold thee, Drunkard. *Conſul*,
Go forth, and confidently. *Cæſ.* You'll repent
This raſhneſs, *Cicero*. *Præ. Cæſar* ſhall repent it.
Cic. Hold, Friends.
Præ. He's ſcarce a Friend unto the Publick.
Cic. No violence. *Cæſar*, be ſafe. Lead on.
Where are the Publick Executioners?
Bid 'em wait on us. On to *Spinther*'s Houſe.
Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the ſad Revengers
Of Capital Crimes againſt the Publick, take
This Man unto your Juſtice; ſtrangle him.
Len. Thou doſt well, *Conſul*. 'Twas a Caſt at Dice,
In *Fortune*'s Hand, not long ſince, that thy ſelf
Should'ſt have heard theſe, or other words as fatal.
Cic. Lead on to *Quintus Cornificius* Houſe.
Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death that he hath deſerv'd, and let it be
Said, he was once. *Cet.* A Beaſt, or, what is worſe,
A Slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the Name
For all that's baſe, hereafter; that would let
This Worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His Body into—— Ha! art thou not mov'd?
Cic. Juſtice is never angry. Take him hence.
Cet. O, the Whore *Fortune*, and her Bawds the *Fates!*
That put theſe Tricks on Men, which knew the way
To Death by' a Sword. Strangle me, I may ſleep;
I ſhall grow angry with the Gods elſe. *Cic.* Lead
To *Caius Cæſar*, for *Statilius*.
Bring him, and rude *Gabinius* out. Here, take 'em
To your cold Hands, and let 'em feel Death from you.
Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleaſure.
Sta. And me too.
Cat. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou maiſt now ſtand up,
And call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Conſul*.
Great Parent of thy Country, go, and let
The old Men of the City, ere they die,
Kiſs thee; the Matrons dwell about thy Neck;
The Youths and Maids lay up, 'gainſt they are old,
What kind of Man thou wert, to tell their Nephews,
When, ſuch a Year, they read, within our *Faſti*,
Thy *Conſulſhip*. Who's this? *Petreius?* *Cic.* Welcome,
Welcome, renowned Soldier. What's the News?
This Face can bring no ill with't unto *Rome*.
How does the worthy *Conſul*, my Colleague?
Pet. As well as Victory can make him, Sir.
He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath truſted
The ſad Relation of the Civil Strife;
For, in ſuch War, the Conqueſt ſtill is black.
Cic. Shall we withdraw into the Houſe of *Concord?*
Cat. No, happy *Conſul*: Here let all Ears take
The Benefit of this Tale. If he had Voice
To ſpread unto the Poles, and ſtrike it through
The Center, to th' *Antipodes*, it would ask it.
Pet. The Straits and Needs of *Catiline* being ſuch,
As he muſt fight with one of the two Armies,
That then had neer enclos'd him; it pleas'd *Fate*
To make us th' Object of his deſperate Choice,
Wherein the Danger almoſt poiz'd the Honour:
And as he riſe', the Day grew black with him,
And *Fate* deſcended nearer to the Earth,
As if ſhe meant to hide the name of things
Under her Wings, and make the World her Quarry.
At this we rous'd, leſt one ſmall Minutes ſtay
Had left it to be inquir'd, what *Rome* was:
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great Cauſe, in form of Battel ſtood:
Whilſt *Catiline* came on, not with the Face
Of any Man, but of a Publick Ruin:
His Count'nance was a Civil War it ſelf;
And all his Hoſt had ſtanding in their Looks
The Paleneſs of the Death that was to come.
Yet cried they out like Vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our Fates.
Nor ſtaid we longer for 'em: But himſelf
Struck the firſt Stroke; and with it fled a Life,
Which cut, it ſeem'd a narrow Neck of Land
Had broke between two mighty Seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for ſo did the Slaughter:
Aud whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides
Meet, and not yield. The *Furies* ſtood on Hills,
Circling the Place, and trembled to ſee Men
Do more than they; whilſt Piety left the Field,
Griev'd for that Side, that in ſo bad a Cauſe
They knew not what a Crime their Valour was.
The Sun ſtood ſtill, and was, behind the Cloud
The Battel made, ſeen ſweating, to drive up
His frighted Horſe, whom ſtill the Noiſe drove backward.
And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a Flame,
Conſum'd all it could reach, and then it ſelf;
Had not the Fortune of the Commonwealth
Come, *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* ſeeing, and that now his Troops
Cover'd that Earth they had fought on, with their Trunks,
Ambitious of great Fame, to crown his Ill,
Collected all his Fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a Glory high as his Deſpair)
Into our Battel, like a *Lybian* Lion
Upon his Hunters, ſcornful of our Weapons,
Careleſs of Wounds, plucking down Lives about him,
Till he had circled in himſelf with Death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that Rebellion 'gainſt the Gods,
Minerva holding forth *Meduſa*'s Head,
One of the Gyant-Brethren felt himſelf
Grow Marble at the killing Sight, and now
Almoſt made Stone, began t' inquire, what Flint,
What Rock it was, that crept through all his Limbs,
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the ſight of *Rome* in us,
Became his Tomb: Yet did his Look retain
Some of his Fierceneſs, and his Hands ſtill mov'd,
As if he labour'd yet to graſp the State
With thoſe Rebellious Parts. *Cat.* A brave bad Death!
Had this been honeſt now, and for his Country,
As 'twas againſt it, who had ere fallen greater?
Cic. Honour'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I, muſt thank you.
How modeſtly has he ſpoken of himſelf!
Cat. He did the more.
Cic. Thanks to the immortal Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my Labours,
My Watchings, and my Dangers. Here conclude
Your Praiſes, Triumphs, Honours, and Rewards,
Decreed to me: Only the Memory
Of this glad Day, if I may know it live
Within your Thoughts, ſhall much affect my Conſcience,
Which I muſt always ſtudy before Fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And ever is ill got, without the firſt.

THE END.

EPIGRAMS.
BOOK I.

The Author B. J.

To the great Example of Honour, and Vertue, the moſt Noble *William*, Earl of *Pembroke*, Lord Chamberlain, *&c.*

MY LORD,

WHile you cannot change your Merit, I dare not change your Title: It was that made it, and not I. Under which Name, I here offer to your Lordſhip the ripeſt of my Studies, my Epigrams; *which, though they carry danger in the ſound, do not therefore ſeek your ſhelter; For, when I made them, I had nothing in my Conſcience, to expreſſing of which I did need a Cypher. But, if I be fallen into thoſe Times, wherein, for the likeneſs of Vice, and Facts, every one thinks anothers ill Deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty Mouths, the common Voice is (for their ſecurity)* Beware the Poet, *confeſſing, therein, ſo much love to their Diſeaſes, as they would rather make a Party for them, than be either rid, or told of them: I muſt expect, at your Lordſhip's hand, the protection of Truth, and Liberty, while you are conſtant to your own Goodneſs. In thanks whereof, I return you the Honour of leading forth ſo many good, and great Names (as my Verſes mention on the better part) to their remembrance with Poſterity. Amongſt whom, if I have praiſed, unfortunately, any one, that doth not deſerve; or, if all anſwer not, in all Numbers, the Pictures I have made of them: I hope it will be forgiven me, that they are no ill Pieces, though they be not like the Perſons. But I foreſee a nearer Fate to my Book than this, That the Vices therein will be own'd before the Vertues, (though, there, I have avoided all Particulars, as I have done Names) and ſome will be ſo ready to diſcredit me, as they will have the impudence to bely themſelves. For, if I meant them not, it is ſo. Nor, can I hope otherwiſe. For, why ſhould they remit any thing of their Riot their Pride, their Self-love, and other inherent Graces, to conſider Truth or Vertue; but, with the Trade of the World, lend their long Ears againſt Men they love not: And hold their dear* Mountebank, *or* Jeſter, *in far better Condition than all the Study, or Studiers of* Humanity? *For ſuch, I would rather know them by their Viſards, ſtill, than they ſhould publiſh their Faces, at their peril, in my* Theatre, *where* CATO, *if he liv'd, might enter without ſcandal.*

By your Lordſhip's moſt faithfull Honourer,

BEN. JOHNSON.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

To the Reader.

PRay thee, take care, that tak'ſt my Book in hand,
To read it well: that is, to underſtand.

II.

To my Book.

IT will be look'd for Book, when ſome but ſee
Thy Title, *Epigrams*, and nam'd of me,
Thou ſhoul'd be bold, licentious, full of gall;
Wormwood, and ſulphur, ſharp, and tooth'd withall,
Become a petulant Thing, hurl Ink, and Wit
As Mad-men Stones: not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their Malice, who could wiſh it ſo.
And by thy wiſer Temper, let Men know
Thou art not Covetous of leaſt Self-Fame,
Made from the hazard of another's Shame.
Much leſs, with leud, prophane, and beaſtly Phraſe,
To catch the Worlds looſe Laughter, or vain Gaze.
He that departs with his own Honeſty
For vulgar Praiſe, doth it too dearly buy.

III.

To my Bookſeller.

THou that mak'ſt Gain thy end, and wiſely well,
Call'ſt a Book good, or bad, as it doth ſell,
Uſe mine ſo, too: I give thee leave. But crave
For the lucks ſake, it thus much Favour have,
To lye upon thy Stall, till it be ſought;
Not offer'd, as it made Suit to be bought;
Nor have my Title-leaf on Poſts, or Walls,
Or in Cleft-ſticks, advanced to make Calls
For Termers, or ſome Clerk-like Serving-man, (can.
Who ſcarce can ſpell th' hard Names: whoſe Knight leſs
If, without theſe vile Arts, it will not ſell,
Send it to *Bucklers-bury*, there 'twill well.

IV.

To King James.

HOW, beſt of Kings, doſt thou a Scepter bear!
How, beſt of Poets, doſt thou Laurel wear!
But two Things Rare, the *Fates* had in their ſtore,
And gave thee both, to ſhew they could no more.
For ſuch a Poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are ſaid t'have been:
And ſuch a Prince thou art we daily ſee,
As chief of thoſe ſtill promiſe they will be.
Whom ſhould my *Muſe* then fly to, but the beſt
Of Kings for Grace; of Poets for my Teſt?

V.

On the Union.

WHen was there Contract better driven by *Fate*?
Or celebrated with more Truth of State?
The World the Temple was, the Prieſt a King,
The ſpouſed Pair two Realms, the Sea the Ring.

VI.

To Alchymiſts.

IF all you boaſt of your great Art be true;
Sure, willing Poverty lives moſt in you.

VII.

On the New Hot-houſe.

WHere lately harbour'd many a famous Whore,
A purging Bill, now fix'd upon the Door,
Tells you it is a Hot-houſe: ſo it ma',
And ſtill be a Whore-houſe. Th'are *Synonyma*.

VIII.

On a Robbery.

Ridway rob'd *Duncote* of Three hundred Pound,
Ridway was ta'en, arraign'd, condemn'd to die;
But, for this Money was a Courtier found,
Beg'd *Ridway*'s Pardon: *Duncote*, now, doth cry;
Rob'd both of Money, and the Laws relief;
The Courtier is become the greater Thief.

IX.

To All, to whom I write.

MAY none, whoſe ſcatter'd Names honour my Book,
For ſtrict Degrees, of Rank, or Title look:
'Tis 'gainſt the Manners of an *Epigram*:
And, I a *Poet* here, no *Herald* am.

X.

To my Lord Ignorant.

THou call'ſt me *Poet*, as a term of Shame:
But I have my Revenge made, in thy Name.

XI.

On Something, that Walks Somewhere.

AT Court I met it, in Clothes brave enough,
To be a Courtier; and looks grave enough,
To ſeem a Stateſman: as I near it came,
It made me a great Face, I ask'd the Name.
A Lord, it cried, buried in Fleſh and Blood,
And ſuch from whom let no Man hope leaſt good,
For I will do none: and as little ill,
For I will dare none. Good Lord, walk Dead ſtill.

XII.

On Lieutenant Shift.

Shift, here in Town, not meaneſt amongſt Squires,
That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, *Merſh-Lambeth*, and *Whiteſryers*,
Keeps himſelf, with half a Man, and defrays
The Charge of that State, with this Charm, God pays.
By that one Spell he Lives, Eats, Drinks, Arrays
Himſelf: his whole Revenue is, God pays.
The quarter Day is come; the Hoſteſs ſays,
She muſt have Money: he returns, God pays.
The Taylor brings a Suit home; he it 'ſſays,
Looks o'er the Bill, likes it: and ſays, God pays.
He ſteals to Ordinarys; there he plays
At Dice his borrowed Money: which, God pays.

Then

Then takes up freſh Commodities, for Days;
Signs to new Bonds, Forfeits: and crys, God pays.
That loſt, he keeps his Chamber, reads *Eſſays*,
Takes Phyſick, tears the Papers: ſtill, God pays.
Or elſe by Water goes, and ſo to Plays;
Calls for his Stool, adorns the Stage: God pays.
To every Cauſe he meets, this Voice he brayes:
His only anſwer is to all, God pays.
Not his poor Cocatrice but he betrays
Thus: and for his Letchery, ſcores, God pays.
But ſee! th' old Band hath ſerv'd him in his trim,
Lent him a pocky Whore. She hath paid him.

XIII.

To Doctor Empirick.

WHen Men a dangerous Diſeaſe did 'ſcape,
Of old, they gave a Cock to *Æſculape*:
Let me give two; that doubly am got free,
From my Diſeaſe's danger, and from thee.

XIV.

To William Camden.

C*Amden*, moſt revcrend Head, to whom I owe
All that I am in Arts, all that I know.
(How nothing 's that?) to whom my Countrey owes
The great Renown, and Name wherewith ſhe goes.
Than thee the Age ſees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that ſhe more would crave.
What Name, what Skill, what Faith haſt thou in Things!
What Sight in ſearching the moſt antique Springs!
What Weight, and what Authority in thy Speech!
Man ſcarce can make that doubt, but thou canſt teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modeſty,
Which conquers all, be once over-come by thee.
Many of thine this better could, than I,
But for their Powers, accept my Piety.

XV.

On Court-worm.

ALL Men are Worms: But this no Man. In Silk
'Twas brought to Court firſt wrapt, and white as Milk;
Where, afterwards, it grew a Butter-fly:
Which was a Caterpiller. So 'twill dye.

XVI.

To Brain-hardy.

H*Ardy*, thy Brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more; that with it every day, dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelf into freſh Brawls: when, call'd upon,
Scarce thy Weeks ſwearing brings thee off, of one.
So, in ſhort time, th' art in arrearage grown
Some hundred Quarrels, yet doſt thou fight none;
Nor need'ſt thou: for thoſe few, by Oath releaſt,
Make good what thou dar'ſt do in all the reſt.
Keep thy ſelf there, and think thy value right;
He that dares damn himſelf, dares more than fight.

XVII.

To the Learned Critick.

MAy others fear, fly, and traduce thy Name,
As guilty Men do Magiſtrates: glad I,
That wiſh my Poems a legitimate Fame,
Charge them, for Crown, to thy ſole cenſure hye.
And, but a ſprig of Bayes given by thee,
Shall out-live Garlands, ſtoln from the chaſt Tree.

XVIII.

To my meer Engliſh Cenſurer.

TO thee, my way in *Epigrams* ſeems new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou ſaiſt, that cannot be: for thou haſt ſeen
Davis, and *Weever*, and the beſt have been,
And mine come nothing like. I hope ſo. Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get:
If thou 'ldſt but uſe thy Faith, as thou didſt then,
When thou wert wont t' admire, not cenſure Men.
Pr'ythee believe ſtill, and not judge ſo faſt,
Thy Faith is all the knowledge that thou haſt.

XIX.

On Sir Cod *the Perfumed.*

THat *Cod* can get no Widdow, yet a Knight,
I ſcent the Cauſe: He woes with an ill Sprite.

XX.

To the ſame Sir Cod.

TH' expence in Odours is a moſt vain Sin,
Except thou couldſt, Sir *Cod*, wear them within.

XXI.

On Reformed Gam'ſter.

LOrd, how is *Gam'ſter* chang'd! his Hair cloſe cut!
His Neck fenc'd round with Ruff! his Eyes half ſhut!
His Cloths two faſhions off, and poor! his Sword
Forbidd' his Side! and nothing, but the Word
Quick in his Lips! who hath this wonder wrought?
The late tane baſtinado. So I thought.
What ſeveral ways Men to their calling have!
The Bodies ſtripes, I ſee, the Soul may ſave.

XXII.

On my firſt Daughter.

HEre lies to each her Parents ruth,
Mary, the Daughter of their youth:
Yet all Heavens gifts, being Heavens due,
It makes the Father, leſs, to rue.
At ſix Months end, ſhe parted hence
With ſafety of her Innocence;
Whoſe Soul Heavens Queen, (whoſe Name ſhe bears)
In comfort of her Mothers Tears,
Hath plac'd among her Virgin-train:
Where, while that ſever'd doth remain,
This Grave partakes the fleſhly Birth.
Which cover lightly, gentle Earth.

XXIII.

To John Donne.

DOnne, the delight of *Phœbus*, and each *Muſe*,
Who, to thy one, all other Brains refuſe;
Whoſe every work, of thy moſt early Wit,
Came forth Example, and remains ſo, yet:
Longer a knowing, than moſt Wits do live,
And which no' affection praiſe enough can give!
To it, thy Language, Letters, Arts, beſt Life,
Which might with half Mankind maintain a Striſe;
All which I mean to praiſe, and, yet, I would;
But leave, becauſe I cannot as I ſhould!

XXIV.

To the Parliament.

THere 's reaſon good, that you good Laws ſhould make;
Mens Manners ne'er were viler, for your ſake.

XXV.

On Sir Voluptuous Beaſt.

WHile *Beaſt* inſtructs his fair, and innocent Wife,
In the paſt Pleaſures of his ſenſual Life,
Telling the motions of each Petticoat,
And how his *Ganimede* mov'd, and how his Goat,
And now, her (hourly) her own Cucquean makes,
In varied Shapes, which for his Luſt ſhe takes:
What doth he elſe, but ſay, leave to be Chaſt,
Juſt Wife, and, to change me, make Womans haſt.

XXVI.

On the ſame Beaſt.

THan his Chaſt Wife, though *Beaſt* now know no more,
He 'adulters ſtill: his thoughts lye with a Whore.

XXVII.

On Sir John Roe.

IN place of Scutcheons, that ſhould deck thy Herſe,
Take better Ornaments, my Tears, and Verſe.
If any Sword could ſave from *Fates*, *Roe*'s could;
If any *Muſe* out-live their ſpight, his can;
If any Friends Tears could Reſtore, his would;
If any Pious Life ere lifted Man
To Heaven; his hath: O happy State! wherein
We, ſad for him, may glory, and not ſin.

XXVIII.

On Don Surly.

DOn *Surly*, to aſpire the Glorious Name
Of a great Man, and to be thought the ſame,
Makes ſerious uſe of all great Trade he knows.
He ſpeaks to Men with a *Rhinocerote*'s Noſe,
Which he thinks great; and ſo reads Verſes, too:
And that is done, as he ſaw great Men do.
H'has Tympanies of buſineſs, in his Face,
And, can forget Mens Names, with a great Grace.
He will both Argue, and Diſcourſe in Oaths,
Both which are great. And laugh at ill made Cloaths;
That's greater, yet: to cry his own up neat.
He doth, at Meals, alone his Pheaſant eat,
Which is main greatneſs. And, at his ſtill Board,
He drinks to no Man: that's, too, like a Lord.
He keeps anothers Wife, which is a ſpice
Of ſolemn greatneſs. And he dares, at Dice,
Blaſpheme God, greatly. Or ſome poor Hind beat,
That breathes in his Dogs way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatneſs ſake, he will be one
May hear my *Epigrams*, but like of none.
Surly, uſe other Arts, theſe only can
Stile thee a moſt great Fool, but no great Man.

XXIX.

To Sir Annual Tilter.

T*ilter*, the moſt may' admire thee, though not I:
And thou, right guildleſs, may'ſt plead to it, why?
For thy late ſharp device. I ſay 'tis fit
All Brains, at times of Triumph, ſhould run Wit.
For then our Water-Conduits do run Wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt ſay. Why, ſo is thine.

XXX.

To Perſon Guilty.

G*Uilty*, be wiſe; and though thou know'ſt the Crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my Rhimes:
'Twere madneſs in thee, to betray thy Fame,
And Perſon to the World; ere I thy Name.

XXXI.

On Banck *the Uſurer.*

B*Anck* feels no lameneſs of his knotty Gout,
His Mony's Travail for him, in and out:
And though the ſoundeſt Legs go every day,
He toils to be at Hell, as ſoon as they.

XXXII.

On Sir John Roe.

WHat two brave perils of the private Sword
Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,
That ſelf-divided *Belgia* did afford;
What not the envy of the Seas reach'd too,
The cold of *Moſco*, and fat *Iriſh* Air,
His often change of clime (though not of mind)
What could not work; at home in his repair
Was his bleſt fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which ſhews, where ever Death doth pleaſe t'appear,
Seas, Serenes, Swords, Shot, Sickneſs, all are there.

XXXIII.

To the Same.

I'LL not offend thee with a vain Tear more,
Glad-mention'd *Roe*: thou art but gone before,
Whither the World muſt follow. And I, now,
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.
Which if moſt gracious Heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my Grave, can be no Friend of mine.

XXXIV.

Of Death.

HE that fears Death, or mourrs it, in the juſt,
Shews of the Reſurrection little truſt.

XXXV.

To King James.

WHo would not be thy Subject, *James*, t'obay
A Prince, that Rules by'example, more than ſway?
Whoſe Manners draw, more than thy Powers conſtrain.
And in this ſhort time of thy Happieſt Reign,
Haſt purg'd thy Realms, as we have now no cauſe
Left us of fear, but firſt our Crimes, then Laws.
Like Aids 'gainſt Treaſons who hath found before?
And then in them, how could we know God more?
Firſt thou Preſerved wert, our King to be,
And ſince; the whole Land was Preſerv'd for thee.

XXXVI.

To the Ghoſt of Martial.

M*Artial*, thou gav'ſt far nobler *Epigrams*
To thy *Domitian*, than I can my *James*:
But in my Royal Subject I paſs thee,
Thou flatter'd'ſt thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

XXXVII.

On Chev'rill *the Lawyer.*

NO Cauſe, nor Client fat, will *Chev'rill* leeſe,
But as they come, on both ſides he takes Fees,
And pleaſeth both. For while he melts his Greaſe
For this: that wins, for whom he holds his Peace.

XXXVIII.

To Perſon Guilty.

G*Uilty*, becauſe I bad you late be wiſe,
And to conceal your Ulcers, did adviſe,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any Man elſe, you clap your hands, and roar,

And

And cry good! good! This quite perverts my Senſe,
  And lyes ſo far from Wit, 'tis Impudence.
Believe it *Guilty*, if you loſe your Shame,
  I'll loſe my Modeſty, and tell your Name.

XXXIX.

On Old Colt.

FOR all Night-ſins, with other Wives unknown,
  Colt, now doth daily Penance in his own.

XL.

On Margaret Ratcliffe.

M Arble weep, for thou do'ſt cover
A dead Beauty underneath thee,
R ich as Nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude Hand remove her.
A ll the Gazers on the Skies
R ead not in fair Heavens Story,
E xpreſſer Truth, or truer Glory.
T han they might in her bright Eyes.

R are as Wonder was her Wit;
A nd like *Nectar* ever flowing:
T ill Time, ſtrong by her beſtowing,
C onquer'd hath both Life and it.
L ife whoſe Grief was out of faſhion;
I n theſe Times few ſo have ru'd
F ate in a Brother. To conclude,
F or Wit, Feature, and true Paſſion,
E arth, thou haſt not ſuch another.

XLI.

On Gipſie.

Gypſie, New Baud, is turn'd Phyſitian,
  And gets more Gold than all the College can:
Such her quaint Practice is, ſo it allures,
  For what ſhe gave a Whore, a Baud ſhe cures.

XLII.

On Giles *and* Jone.

WHO ſays that *Giles* and *Jone* at Diſcord be?
  Th' obſerving Neighbours no ſuch mood can ſee.
Indeed, poor *Giles* repents he Married ever.
  But that his *Jone* doth too. And *Giles* would never,
By his Free-will, be in *Jones* Company.
  No more would *Jone* he ſhould. *Giles* riſeth Early,
And having got him out of Doors is Glad.
  The like is *Jone*. But turning Home is ſad.
And ſo is *Jone*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
  Harſh Fights at home, *Giles* wiſheth he were Blind.
All this doth *Jone*. Or that his long-yearn'd Life
  Were quite out-ſpun. The like wiſh hath his Wife.
The Children that he keeps, *Giles* ſwears are none
  Of his begetting. And ſo ſwears his *Jone*.
In all Affections ſhe concurreth ſtill.
  If now, with Man and Wife, to will, and nill
The ſelf-ſame Things, a note of Concord be:
  I know no Couple better can agree!

XLIII.

To Robert *Earl of* Salisbury.

WHat need haſt thou of me? Or, of my *Muſe*?
  Whoſe Actions ſo themſelves do celebrate?
Which ſhould thy Countries Love to ſpeak refuſe,
  Her Foes enough would Fame thee in their Hate.
'Tofore, great Men were glad of *Poets*:
  I, not the worſt, am Covetous of thee.
Yet dare not to my thought leaſt hope allow
  Of adding to thy Fame; thine may to me,
When in my Book men read but *Cecil*'s Name,
  And what I writ thereof find far, and free
From ſervile Flattery (common *Poets* ſhame)
  As thou ſtand'ſt clear of the neceſſity.

XLIV.

On Chuffe, Banks *the Uſurer's Kinſman.*

Chuffe, lately rich in Name, in Chattels, Goods,
  And rich in Iſſue to inherit all,
E'er Blacks were bought for his own Funeral,
Saw all his Race approach the blacker Flouds:
  He meant they thither ſhould make ſwift repair,
When he made him Executor, might be Heir.

XLV.

On my Firſt Son.

FArwell, thou Child of my Right-hand, and Joy;
  My Sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd Boy,
Seven Years tho'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
  Exacted by thy Fate on the juſt Day.
O, could I loſe all Father, now. For why,
  Will Man lament the ſtate he ſhould envy?
To have ſo ſoon ſcap'd Worlds, and Fleſhes rage,
  And, if no other Miſery, yet Age?
Reſt in ſoft Peace, and ask'd, ſay here doth lie
  Ben. Johnſon his beſt Piece of *Poetry*.
For whoſe ſake, henceforth all his Vows be ſuch,
  As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI.

To Sir Luckleſs Woo-all.

IS this the *Sir*, who ſome waſte Wife to win,
  A Knight-hood bought, to go a Wooing in?
'Tis *Luckleſs* he, that took up one on Band
  To pay at's day of Marriage. By my hand
The Knight-wright's cheated then: he'll never pay.
  Yes, now he wears his Knighthood every day.

XLVII.

To the Same.

SIr *Luckleſs*, troth, for Lucks ſake paſs by one;
  He that wooes every Widow, will get none.

XLVIII.

On Mungril Eſquire.

HIS bought Arms *Mung*' not lik'd; for his firſt Day
  Of bearing them in Field, he threw 'em away:
And hath no Honour loſt our Duell'iſts ſay.

XLIX.

To Playwright.

Play-wright me reads, and ſtill my Verſes damns,
  He ſays I want the Tongue of *Epigrams*;
I have no Salt: no Baudry he doth mean;
  For Witty, in his language, is obſcene.
Play-wright, I loath to have thy Manners known
  In my chaſt Book: profeſs them in thine own.

L.

To Sir Cod.

LEave *Cod*, *Tabacco*-like, burnt Gumms to take,
  Or fumy Clyſters, thy moiſt Lungs to bake:
Arſenike would Thee fit for Society make.

LI.

To King James.

Upon the happy falſe Rumour of his Death, the Two and Twentieth Day of March, 1607.

THat we thy loſs might know, and thou our love,
Great Heaven did well, to give ill Fame free Wing;
Which though it did but *Panick* Terrour prove,
And far beneath leaſt pauſe of ſuch a King,
Yet give thy jealous Subjects leave to doubt:
Who this thy ſcape from Rumour Gratulate
No leſs than if from Peril, and Devout
Do beg thy Care unto thy After-ſtate.
For we, that have our Eyes ſtill in our Ears,
Look not upon thy Dangers, but our Fears.

LII.

To Cenſorious Courtling.

COurtling, I rather thou ſhould'ſt utterly
Diſpraiſe my Work, than Praiſe it Froſtily:
When I am Read, thou fain'ſt a weak Applauſe,
As if thou wert my Friend, but lack'ſt a Cauſe.
This but thy Judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy Folly, and thy Spite betray.

LII.

To Old-end Gatherer.

LOng-gathering *Old-end*, I did fear the wiſe,
When having pill'd a Book which no Man buys,
Thou wert content the Author's Name to looſe:
But when (in Place) thou diſt the Patrons chooſe,
It was as if thou printed had'ſt an Oath,
To give the World aſſurance thou wert both;
And that, as *Puritanes* at Baptiſm do,
Thou art the Father, and the Witneſs too.
For, but thy ſelf, where out of *Motly*'s he
Could ſave that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV.

On Chev'ril.

CHev'ril, crys out, my Verſes Libels are;
And threatens the *Star-chamber*, and the Bar.
What are thy Petulant Pleadings, *Chev'ril*, then,
That quit'ſt the Cauſe ſo oft, and rayl'ſt at Men?

LV.

To Francis Beaumont.

HOw I do love thee *Beaumont*, and thy *Muſe*,
That unto me doſt ſuch Religion uſe!
How I do fear my ſelf, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent thought thy Pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'ſt me happy, and unmak'ſt;
And giving largly to me, more thou tak'ſt.
What Fate is mine, that ſo it ſelf bereaves?
What Art is thine, that ſo thy Friend deceives?
When even there, where moſt thou praiſeſt me,
For Writing better, I muſt envy thee.

LVI.

On Poet-Ape.

POor *Poet-Ape*, that would be thought our Chief,
Whoſe Works are e'en the frippery of Wit,
From brocage is become ſo bold a Thief,
As we, the rob'd, leave rage, and pitty it.
At firſt he made low ſhifts, would Pick and Glean,
By the Reverſion of Old Plays; now grown
To a little Wealth, and Credit in the *Scene*,
He takes up all, makes each Mans wit his own.
And, told of this, he ſlights it. Tut, ſuch Crimes
The ſluggiſh gaping Auditour devours;
He marks not whoſe 'twas firſt: and After-times
May judg it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool, as if half Eyes will not know a Fleece
From Locks of Wooll, or Shreds from the whole Piece?

LVII.

On Baudes, and Uſurers.

IF, as their ends, their Fruits were ſo the ſame,
Baudry', and Uſury were one kind of Game.

LVIII.

To Groome Ideot.

IDeot, laſt Night, I pray'd thee but forbear
To read my Verſes; now I muſt to hear:
For offring, with thy Smiles, my Wit to grace,
Thy Ignorance ſtill Laughs in the wrong place.
And ſo my ſharpneſs thou no leſs diſ-joynts,
Than thou did'ſt late my Senſe, looſing my points.
So have I ſeen at *Chriſtmaſs* Sports, one loſt,
And, hood-wink'd, for a Man embrace a Poſt,

LIX.

On Spies.

SPies, you are Lights in State, but of baſe Stuff,
Who, when you'have burnt your ſelves down to the Snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX.

To William *Lord* Mounteagle.

LO, what my Country ſhould have done (have rais'd
An Obelisk, or Column to thy Name,
Or, if ſhe would but modeſtly have prais'd
Thy Fact, in Braſs or Marble Writ the ſame)
I, that am glad of thy great Chance, here do!
And Proud, my Work ſhall out-laſt common Deeds,
Durſt think it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I doo't, ſo much exceeds!
My Countrys Parents I have many known;
But Saver of my Country thee alone.

LXI.

To Fool, or Knave.

THy Praiſe, or Diſpraiſe is to me alike;
One doth not Stroke me, nor the other Strike.

LXII.

To Fine Lady Would-be.

FIne Madam *Would-be*, wherefore ſhould you fear,
That Love to make ſo well, a Child to bear?
The World reputes you Barren: but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his Drug ſays no.
Is it the Pain affrights? that's ſoon forgot.
Or your Complexions loſs? you have a Pot,
That can reſtore that. Will it hurt your Feature?
To make amends yo'are thought a wholeſome Creature.
What ſhould the cauſe be? Oh, you live at Court:
And there's both loſs of Time, and loſs of Sport
In a great Belly. Write, then on thy Womb;
Of the not Born, yet Buried, here's the Tomb.

LXIII.

To Robert *Earl of* Salisbury.

WHo can conſider thy right Courſe's run,
With what thy Vertue on the Times hath won,
And not thy Fortune; who can clearly ſee
The Judgment of the King ſo ſhine in thee;

And

And that thou ſeek'ſt reward of thy each act;
Not from the publick voice, but private fact;
Who can behold all Envy ſo declin'd
By conſtant ſuffering of thy equal mind;
And can to theſe be ſilent, *Salisbury*,
Without his, thine, and all times Injury?
Curſt be his *Muſe*, that could lye dumb, or hid
To ſo true worth, though thou thy ſelf forbid.

LXIV.

To the Same.

Upon the Acceſſion of the Treaſurerſhip to him.

NOt glad, like thoſe that have new Hopes, or Suits,
With thy new Place, bring I theſe early Fruits
Of Love, and what the Golden Age did hold
A Treaſure, Art: Condemn'd in th' Age of Gold.
Nor glad as thoſe, that old dependents be,
To ſee thy Father's Rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for Faſhion. Nor to ſhew a Fit
Of flattery to thy Titles. Nor of Wit.
But I am glad to ſee that Time Survive,
Where Merit is not Sepulcher'd alive.
Where good Mens Virtues them to Honours bring,
And not to dangers. When ſo wiſe a King
Contends t'have Worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own Conſcience, ſtill, the ſame reward.
Theſe (Nobleſt *Cecil*) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder ſee thy Name hath brought?
That whil'ſt I meant but thine to gratulate,
I have Sung the greater Fortunes of our State.

LXV.

To my Muſe.

AWay, and leave me, thou thing moſt abhor'd
That haſt betray'd me to a worthleſs Lord;
Made me commit moſt fierce Idolatry
To a great Image through thy Luxury.
Be thy next Maſters more unlucky *Muſe*,
And, as thou'haſt mine, his Hours, and Youth abuſe.
Get him the Times long grudg, the Courts ill will;
And Reconcil'd, keep him Suſpected ſtill.
Make him loſe all his Friends; and, which is worſe,
Almoſt all ways, to any better courſe.
With me thou leav'ſt an happier *Muſe* than thee,
And which thou brought'ſt me, welcome Poverty.
She ſhall inſtruct my After-thoughts to write
Things manly, and not ſmelling Paraſite.
But I repent me: Stay. Who e're is rais'd,
For worth he has not, He is tax'd, not prais'd.

LXVI.

To Sir Henry Cary.

THat neither Fame, nor Love might wanting be
To greatneis, *Cary*, I ſing that, and thee.
Whoſe Houſe, if it no other Honour had,
In only thee, might be both great, and glad.
Who, to upbraid the Sloth of this our Time,
Durſt Valour make, almoſt, but not a Crime.
Which Deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or, thou more happy, it to Juſtify
Againſt thy Fortune: when no Foe, that Day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great loſs, which a Renown hath won,
* To Live when *Broeck* not Stands, nor *Roor* doth Run.
Love Honours, which of beſt Example be,
When they coſt deareſt, and are done moſt free.
Though every Fortitude deſerves Applauſe,
It may be much, or little, in the Cauſe.
He's valiant'ſt, that dares Fight, and not for Pay;
That Vertuous is, when the Reward's away.

* The Caſtle and River near where he was taken.

LXVII.

To Thomas *Earl of* Suffolk.

SInce Men have left to do praiſe-worthy Things,
Moſt think all Praiſes flatteries. But Truth brings
That Sound, and that Authority with her Name,
As, to be rais'd by her, is only Fame.
Stand high, then, *Howard*, high in Eyes of Men,
High in thy Blood, thy Place; but higheſt then,
When, in Mens wiſhes, to thy Virtues wrought,
As all thy Honours were by them firſt ſought:
And thou deſign'd to be the ſame thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good Man's Heart.
Which, by no leſs Confirm'd, than thy King's Choice,
Proves, that is God's, which was the Peoples Voice.

LXVIII.

On Play-wright.

PLay-*wright* convict of publick Wrongs to Men,
Takes private Beatings, and begins again.
Two kinds of Valour he doth ſhew at Ones;
Active in's Brain, and Paſſive in his Bones.

LXIX.

To Pertinax Cob.

COb, thou nor Souldier, Thief, nor Fencer arr,
Yet by thy Weapon liv'ſt! Th'haſt one good Part.

LXX.

To Willliam Roe.

WHen *Nature* bids us leave to Live 'tis late
Then to begin, my *Roe*. He makes a ſtate
In Life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true Cauſes, ere they grow too Old.
Delay is bad, Doubt worſe, Depending worſt;
Each beſt Day of our Life eſcapes us, firſt.
Then, ſince we (more than many) theſe Truths know;
Though Life be ſhort, let us not make it ſo.

LXXI.

On Court-Parrat.

TO pluck down mine, *Poll* ſets up new Wits ſtill,
Still, 'tis his luck to praiſe me 'gainſt his will.

LXXII.

To Court-ling.

IGrieve not, *Court-ling*, thou art ſtarted up
A Chamber-Critick, and doth Dine, and Sup
At *Madams* Table, where thou mak'ſt all Wit
Go high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
'Tis not thy Judgment breeds the Prejudice,
Thy Perſon only, *Court-ling* is the Vice.

LXXIII.

To Fine Grand.

WHat is't, fine *Grand*, makes thee my Friendſhip fly,
Or take an *Epigram* ſo fearfully:
As't were a Challenge, or a Borrower's Letter?
The World muſt know your greatneſs is my Debter.
In-primis, *Grand*, you owe me for a Jeſt;
I lent you, on meer acquaintance, at a Feaſt.
Item, a Tale or two, ſome Fortnight after;
That yet maintains you, and your Houſe in Laughter.
Item, the *Babylonian* Song you Sing;
Item, a fair *Greek* Poly for a Ring:
With which a Learned *Madam* you bely.
Item, a Charm ſurrounding fearfully,

Your *parti-per-pale* Picture, one half drawn
In ſolemn Cyphers, the other cob-web Lawn.
Item, a gulling *Impreſe* for you, at Tilt.
Item your Miſtreſs *Anagram*, i'your Hilt.
Item, your own, ſew'd in your Miſtreſs Smock.
Item, an *Epitaph* on my Lord's Cock,
In moſt vile Verſes, and coſt me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vain.
Forty Things more, dear *Grand*, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV.

To Thomas *Lord Chancelor.*

WHil'ſt thy weigh'd Judgments, *Egerton*, I hear,
And know thee, then, a Judge, not of one Year;
Whil'ſt I behold thee live with pureſt Hands;
That no Affection in thy Voice commands;
That ſtill th'art preſent to the better Cauſe;
And no leſs Wiſe, than Skilful in the Laws;
Whil'ſt thou art certain to thy Words, once gone,
As is thy Conſcience, which is always one:
The *Virgin*, long ſince fled from Earth I ſee,
T'our times return'd, hath made her Heaven in thee.

LXXV.

On Lippe *the Teacher.*

I Cannot think there's that Antipathy
'Twixt *Puritans* and *Players*, as ſome cry;
Though *Lippe* at *Pauls*, ran from his Text away,
T'inveigh 'gainſt Plays: what did he then but play?

LXXVI.

On Lucy *Counteſs of* Bedford.

THis Morning, timely rapt with holy Fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous *Muſe*,
What kind of Creature I could moſt deſire,
To Honour, Serve, and Love; as *Poets* uſe.
I meant to make her Fair, and Free, and Wiſe,
Of greateſt Blood, and yet more good than Great,
I meant the Day-ſtar ſhould not brighter riſe,
Nor lend like Influence from his lucent Seat.
I meant ſhe ſhould be Courteous, Facile, Sweet,
Hating that ſolemn Vice of Greatneſs, Pride;
I meant each ſofteſt Vertue, there ſhould meet,
Fit in that ſofter Boſom to reſide.
Only a Learned, and a Manly Soul
I purpos'd her; that ſhould, with even powers,
The Rock, the Spindle, and the Sheers controul
Of Deſtiny, and ſpin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to fain, and wiſh'd to ſee,
My *Muſe* had, *Bedford* write, and that was ſhe.

LXXVII.

To One that deſired me not to Name him.

BE ſafe, nor fear thy ſelf ſo good a Fame,
That any way, my Book ſhould ſpeak thy Name:
For, if thou ſhame, rank'd with my Friends, to go,
I'm more aſham'd to have thee thought my Foe.

LXXVIII.

To Hornet.

HOrnet, thou haſt thy Wife dreſt for the Stall,
To draw thee Cuſtom: but her ſelf gets all.

LXXIX.

To Elizabeth *Counteſs of* Rutland.

THat *Poets* are far rarer Births than Kings,
Your Nobleſt Father prov'd: like whom, before,
Or then, or ſince, about our *Muſes* ſprings,
Came not that Soul exhauſted to their ſtore.
Hence was it, that the *Deſtinies* decreed
(Save that moſt maſculine Iſſue of his Brain)
No Male unto him: who could ſo exceed
Nature, they thought, in all, that he would fain.
At which, ſhe happily diſpleas'd, made you:
On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He ſhould thoſe rare, and abſolute Numbers view,
As he would burn, or better far his Book.

LXXX.

Of Life and Death.

THE ports of Death are Sins; of Life, good Deeds;
Through which, our Merit leads us to our Meeds.
How wilful Blind is he then, that ſhould ſtray,
And hath it, in his Powers, to make his way!
This World Deaths Region is, the other Lifes:
And here, it ſhould be one of our firſt ſtrifes,
So to front Death, as Men might judge us paſt it.
For good Men but ſee Death, the wicked taſt it.

LXXXI.

To Proule *the Plagiary.*

FOrbear to tempt me *Proule*, I will not ſhow
A Line unto thee, till the World it know;
Or that I'have by two good ſufficient Men,
To be the wealthy Witneſs of my Pen:
For all thou hear'ſt, thou ſwear'ſt thy ſelf didſt do.
Thy Wit lives by it, *Proule*, and Belly too.
Which, if thou leave not ſoon (though I am loth)
I muſt a Libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII.

On Caſhier'd Captain Surly.

SUrly's Old Whore in her New Silks doth ſwim:
He caſt, yet keeps her well! No, ſhe keeps him.

LXXXIII.

To a Friend.

TO put out the word, Whore, thou do'ſt me wo,
Throughout my Book. 'Troth put out Woman too.

LXXXIV.

To Lucy *Counteſs of* Bedford.

MAdam, I told you late, how I repented,
I ask'd a Lord a Buck, and he denied me;
And, e'er I could ask you, I was prevented:
For your moſt Noble Offer had ſuppli'd me.
Streight went I home; and there moſt like a *Poet*,
I fancied to my ſelf, what Wine, what Wit
I would have ſpent: how every *Muſe* ſhould know it,
And *Phœbus*-ſelf ſhould be at eating it.
O *Madam*, if your grant did thus transfer me,
Make it your Gift. See whither that will bear me.

LXXXV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

GOodyere, I'm glad, and grateful to report,
My ſelf a Witneſs of thy few days ſport:
Where I both learn'd, why wiſe-men Hawking follow,
And why that Bird was ſacred to *Apollo*,
She doth inſtruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to Knowledge ſo ſhould tour upright,
And never ſtoop, but to ſtrike Ignorance:
Which if they miſs, yet they ſhould re-advance
To former height, and there in Circle tarry,
Till they be ſure to make the Fool their Quarry.
Now, in whoſe Pleaſures I have this diſcerned,
What would his ſerious Actions me have learned?

LXXXVI.

To the Same.

WHen I would know thee *Goodyere*, my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of Friends, and Books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy Friends Books, and thy Books Friends:
Now, I muſt give thy life, and deed, the voice
Attending ſuch a ſtudy, ſuch a choice.
Where, though't be love, that to thy praiſe doth move,
It was a knowledge, that begat that love.

LXXXVII.

On Captain Hazard, *the Cheater.*

TOuch'd with the Sin of Falſe-play, in his Punck,
Hazard a month forſwore his; and grew drunk,
Each night, to drown his Cares: But when the gain
Of what ſhe had wrought came in, and wak'd his brain,
Upon th'accompt, hers grew the quicker trade.
Since when, he's ſober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.

On Engliſh Mounſieur.

WOuld you believe, when you this *Mounſieur* ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeak *French*, not he?
That ſo much ſcarf of *France*, and hat, and feather,
And ſhoe, and tye, and garter, ſhould come hether,
And land on one, whoſe face durſt never be
Toward the Sea, farther than half-way Tree?
That he, untravell'd, ſhould be *French* ſo much,
As *French*-men in his Company, ſhould ſeem *Dutch*?
Or had his Father, when he did him get,
The *French* Diſeaſe, with which he labours yet?
Or hung ſome *Mounſieur*'s Picture on the Wall,
By which his Dam conceiv'd him clothes and all?
Or is it ſome *French* Statue? No: 'T doth move,
And ſtoop, and cringe. O then, it needs muſt prove
The new *French*-Taylor's motion, monthly made,
Daily to turn in *Pauls*, and help the trade.

LXXXIX.

To Edward Allen.

IF *Rome* ſo great, and in her wiſeſt Age,
Fear'd not to boaſt the Glories of her Stage,
As skilful *Roſcius*, and grave *Æſop*, Men,
Yet crown'd with Honors, as with Riches, then;
Who had no leſs a Trumpet of their Name,
Than *Cicero*, whoſe every Breath was Fame:
How can ſo great Example dye in me,
That *Allen*, I ſhould pauſe to publiſh thee?
Who both their Graces in thy ſelf haſt more
Out-ſtript, than they did all that went before:
And preſent worth in all doſt ſo contract,
As others ſpeak, but only thou doſt act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis juſt, that who did give
So many *Poets* Life, by one ſhould live.

XC.

On Mill, *my Ladies Woman.*

WHen *Mill* firſt came to Court, the unprofiting Fool,
Unworthy ſuch a Miſtreſs, ſuch a School,
Was dull, and long, ere ſhe would go to Man:
At laſt, eaſe, appetite, and example wan
The nicer Thing to taſte her Ladies Page;
And, finding good ſecurity in his Age,
Went on: and proving him ſtill, day by day,
Diſcern'd no difference of his years, or play.
Not though that Hair grew brown, which once was amber,
And he grown Youth, was call'd to his Ladies Chamber,
Still *Mill* continu'd: Nay, his Face growing worſe,
And he remov'd to Gent'man of the Horſe,
Mill was the ſame. Since, both his Body and Face
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that Place)
Hath got the Steward's Chair; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his *Mill* will marry.
And it is hop'd, that ſhe, like *Milo*, will
Firſt bearing him a Calf, bear him a Bull.

XCI.

To Sir Horace Vere.

WHich of thy Names I take, not only bears
A *Roman* Sound, but *Roman* Vertue wears,
Illuſtrious *Vere*, or *Horace*; fit to be
Sung by a *Horace*, or a *Muſe* as free;
Which thou art to thy ſelf: whoſe Fame was won
In th'eye of *Europe*, where thy Deeds were done,
When on thy Trumpet ſhe did ſound a blaſt,
Whoſe reliſh to Eternity ſhall laſt.
I leave thy Acts, which ſhould I proſecute
Throughout, might Flatt'ry ſeem; and to be mute
To any one, were Envy: which would live
Againſt my Grave, and Time could not forgive.
I ſpeak thy other Graces, not leſs ſhown,
Nor leſs in practice; but leſs mark'd, leſs known:
Humanity, and Piety, which are
As noble in great Chiefs, as they are rare;
And beſt become the valiant Man to wear,
Who more ſhould ſeek Mens reverence, than fear.

XCII.

The New Cry.

ERe Cherries ripe, and Straw-berries be gon,
Unto the Crys of *London* I'll add one;
Ripe Stateſmen, ripe: They grow in every Street;
At ſix and twenty, ripe. You ſhall 'em meet,
And have 'em yield no ſavour, but of State.
Ripe are their Ruffs, their Cuffs, their Beards, their Gate;
And Grave as ripe, like mellow as their Faces.
They know the States of *Chriſtendom*, not the Places:
Yet have they ſeen the Maps, and bought 'em too,
And underſtand 'em, as moſt Chapmen do.
The Counſels, Projects, Practices they know,
And what each Prince doth for Intelligence owe,
And unto whom: They are the Almanacks
For Twelve Years yet to come, what each State lacks.
They carry in their Pockets *Tacitus*,
And the *Gazetti*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*:
And talk reſerv'd, lock'd up, and full of fear,
Nay, ask you, how the Day goes in your Ear.
Keep a *Star*-Chamber Sentence cloſe, Twelve Days:
And whiſper what a Proclamation ſays.
They meet in Sixes, and at every Mart,
Are ſure to con' the Catalogue by heart;
Or, every Day, ſome one at *Rimee*'s looks,
Or *Bills*, and there he buys the Names of Books.
They all get *Porta*, for the ſundry ways
To write in Cypher, and the ſeveral Keys,
To ope' the Character. They've found the ſlight
With Juice of Limons, Onions, Piſs, to write;
To break up Seals, and cloſe 'em. And they know,
If the *States* make Peace, how it will go
With *England*. All forbidden Books they get.
And of the Powder-Plot, they will talk yet.
At naming the *French* King, their Heads they ſhake,
And at the *Pope*, and *Spain* ſlight Faces make.
Or 'gainſt the Biſhops, for the Brethren, rail,
Much like thoſe Brethren; thinking to prevail
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them: And therefore do not only ſhun
Others more modeſt, but contemn us too,
That know not ſo much State, wrong, as they do.

XCIII.

To Sir John Radcliffe.

HOw like a Column, *Radcliffe*, left alone
For the great mark of Virtue, thoſe being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy Houſe up-bear,
Stand'ſt thou, to ſhew the Times what you all were?
Two bravely in the Battle fell, and dy'd, *In Ireland.*
Upbraiding Rebels Arms, and barbarous Pride:
And two, that would have ſain as great, as they,
The *Belgick* Fever raviſhed away.
Thou, that art all their Valour, all their Spirit,
And thine own goodneſs to increaſe thy merit,
Than whoſe I do not know a whiter Soul,
Nor could I, had I ſeen all *Nature's* Roul,
Thou yet remain'ſt, unhurt, in Peace, or War,
Though not unprov'd: which ſhews, thy Fortunes are
Willing to expiate the Fault in thee,
Wherewith, againſt thy Blood, they 'Offenders be.

XCIV.

To Lucy *Counteſs of* Bedford, *with Mr.* Donne's *Satyrs.*

Lucy, you brightneſs of our Sphere, who are
Life of the *Muſes* day, their morning Star!
If Works (not th'Authors) their own Grace ſhould look,
Whoſe Poems would not wiſh to be your Book?
But theſe, deſir'd by you, the Maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare Friends.
Yet, *Satyrs*, ſince the moſt of Mankind be
Their unavoided ſubject, feweſt ſee:
For none ere took that pleaſure in Sins ſenſe,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the Matter is bred,
Dare for theſe Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; muſt needfully, though few,
Be of the beſt: and 'mongſt thoſe beſt are you;
Lucy, you brightneſs of our Sphere, who are
The *Muſes* evening, as their morning-Star.

XCV.

To Sir Henry Savile.

IF, my Religion ſafe, I durſt embrace
That ſtranger Doctrine of *Pythagoras*,
I ſhould believe, the Soul of *Tacitus*
In thee, moſt weighty *Savile*, liv'd to us:
So haſt thou rendred him in all his Bounds,
And all his Numbers, both of Senſe, and Sounds.
But when I read that ſpecial Piece, reſtor'd,
Where *Nero* falls, and *Galba* is ador'd,
To thine own proper I aſcribe then more;
And gratulate the breach, I griev'd before:
Which *Fate* (it ſeems) caus'd in the Hiſtory,
Only to boaſt thy merit in ſupply.
O, would'ſt thou add like hand, to all the reſt!
Or, better work! were thy glad Country bleſt,
To have her Story woven in thy thread;
Minerva's Loom was never richer ſpread.
For who can maſter thoſe great parts like thee,
That liv'ſt from Hope, from Fear, from Faction free;
That haſt thy Breaſt ſo clear of preſent Crimes,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink at voice of after-times;
Whoſe knowledge claimeth at the Helm to ſtand;
But, wiſely, thruſts not forth a forward hand,
No more than *Saluſt* in the *Roman* State!
As, then, his cauſe, his glory emulate.
Although to write be leſſer than to do,
It is the next Deed, and a great one too.
We need a Man that knows the ſeveral graces
Of Hiſtory, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where ſplendor, and where height,
Where ſweetneſs is required, and where weight;
We need a Man, can ſpeak of the intents,
The counſels, actions, orders, and events
Of State, and cenſure them: we need his Pen
Can write the Things, the Cauſes, and the Men.
But moſt we need his Faith (and all have you)
That dares not write Things falſe, nor hide Things true.

XCVI.

To John Donne.

WHo ſhall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* be,
When I dare ſend my *Epigrams* to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo' alone do'ſt make:
And, in thy cenſures, evenly, do'ſt take
As free ſimplicity, to diſavow,
As thou haſt beſt Authority, t'allow.
Read all I ſend: and, if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better Stone,
My Title's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for Claps do write,
Let Pui'nees, Porters, Players praiſe delight,
And, till they burſt, their Backs, like Aſſes load:
A Man ſhould ſeek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII.

On the new Motion.

SEe you yond' Motion? Not the old *Fa-ding*,
Nor Captain *Pod*, nor yet the *Eltham*-thing;
But one more rare, and in the caſe ſo new:
His Cloak with orient Velvet quite lin'd through;
His roſie Tyes and Garters ſo o'reblown,
By his each glorious Parcel to be known!
He wont was to encounter me, aloud,
Where ere he met me; now he's dumb, or proud.
Know you the cauſe? H'has neither Land, nor Leaſe,
Nor bawdy Stock, that travels for Increaſe,
Nor Office in the Town, nor Place in Court,
Nor 'bout the Bears, nor Noiſe to make Lords ſport.
He is no Favorites Favorite, no dear truſt
Of any *Madams*, hath neadd 'Squires, and muſt.
Nor did the King of *Denmark* him ſalute,
When he was here. Nor hath he got a ſute,
Since he was gon, more than the one he wears.
Nor are the Queens moſt honor'd Maids by th'Ears
About his Form. What then ſo ſwells each Lim?
Only his Cloths hath over-leaven'd him.

XCVIII.

To Sir Thomas Roe.

THou haſt begun well, *Roe*, which ſtand well too,
And I know nothing more thou haſt to do.
He that is round within himſelf, and ſtreight,
Need ſeek no other ſtrength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks her ſelf, if ill,
And what would hurt his Virtue, makes it ſtill.
That thou at once, then nobly mayſt defend
With thine own courſe the judgment of thy Friend,
Be always to thy gather'd ſelf the ſame:
And ſtudy Conſcience, more than thou would'ſt Fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And ever is ill got without the firſt.

XCIX.

To the Same.

THat thou haſt kept thy Love, encreaſt thy Will,
Better'd thy truſt to Letters; that thy Skill;
Haſt taught thy ſelf worthy thy Pen to tread,
And that to write Things worthy to be read:
How much of great Example wert thou, *Roe*,
If Time to Facts, as unto Men would owe?
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom:
The ſelf-ſame Deeds, as diverſly they come,

From

From Place, or Fortune, are made high, or low,
And even the Praiſers judgment ſuffers ſo.
Well, though thy Name leſs than our great Ones be,
Thy Fact is more: let Truth encourage thee.

C.

On Play-wright.

Play-wright, by chance, hearing ſome Toys I had writ,
Cry'd to my Face, they were th'*Elixir* of Wit:
And I muſt now believe him: for, to Day,
Five of my Jeſts, then ſtoln, paſt him a Play.

CI.

Inviting a Friend to Supper.

TO Night, grave Sir, both my poor Houſe, and I
Do equally deſire your Company:
Not that we think us worthy ſuch a Gueſt,
But that your worth will dignifie our Feaſt,
With thoſe that come; whoſe Grace may make that ſeem
Something, which, elſe, could hope for no eſteem.
It is the fair Acceptance, Sir, creates
The Entertainment perfect: not the Cates.
Yet ſhall you have, to rectifie your Palate,
An Olive, Capers, or ſome better Sallad
Uſh'ring the Mutton; with a ſhort-leg'd Hen,
If we can get her, full of Eggs, and then,
Limons, and Wine for Sauce: to theſe, a Coney
Is not to be deſpair'd of, for our Money;
And, though Fowl, now, be ſcarce, yet there are Clarks,
The Sky not falling, think we may have Larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lye, ſo you will come:
Of Partridg, Pheaſant, Wood-cock, of which ſome
May yet be there; and Godwit if we can:
Knat, Rail, and Ruff too. How ſo ere, my Man
Shall read a Piece of *Virgil*, *Tacitus*,
Livy, or of ſome better Book to us,
Of which we'll ſpeak our Minds, amidſt our Meat;
And I'll profeſs no Verſes to repeat:
To this, if ought appear, which I know not of,
That will the Paſtry, not my Paper, ſhow of.
Digeſtive Cheeſe, and Fruit there ſure will be;
But that, which moſt doth take my *Muſe*, and me,
Is a pure Cup of rich *Canary* Wine,
Which is the *Mermaids*, now, but ſhall be mine:
Of which had *Horace*, or *Anacreon* taſted,
Their Lives, as do their Lines, till now had laſted.
Tabacco, *Nectar*, or the *Theſpian* Spring,
Are all but *Luther*'s Beer, to this I ſing.
Of this we will ſup free, but moderately,
And we will have no *Pooly*', or *Parrot* by;
Nor ſhall our Cups make any guilty Men:
But, at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No ſimple Word,
That ſhall be utter'd at our mirthful Board,
Shall make us ſad next Morning: or affright
The Liberty, that we'll enjoy to Night.

CII.

To William *Earl of* Pembroke.

I Do but Name thee *Pembroke*, and I find
It is an *Epigram*, on all Mankind;
Againſt the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee underſtood.
Nor could the Age have miſt thee, in this ſtrife
Of Vice, and Virtue; wherein all great Life
Almoſt, is exercis'd: and ſcarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the ſides himſelf he owes.
They follow Virtue, for reward, to day;
To morrow Vice, if ſhe give better pay:
And are ſo good, or bad, juſt at a price,
As nothing elſe diſcerns the Virtue or Vice,
But thou, whoſe Nobleſs keeps one Stature ſtill,
And one true Poſture, though beſieg'd with ill
Of what Ambition, Faction, Pride can raiſe;
Whoſe life, ev'n they, that envy it, muſt praiſe;
That are ſo reverenc'd, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their Sin;
Thou muſt draw more: and they, that hope to ſee
The Common-wealth ſtill ſafe, muſt ſtudy thee.

CIII.

To Mary *Lady* Wroth.

HOw well, fair Crown of your fair Sex, might he,
That but the twilight of your Sprite did ſee,
And noted for what Fleſh ſuch Souls were fram'd,
Know you to be a *Sydney*, though unnam'd?
And being nam'd, how little doth that Name
Need any *Muſes* Praiſe to give it Fame?
Which is, it ſelf, the *Impreſe* of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat!
Forgive me then, if mine but ſay you are
A *Sydney*: but in that extend as far
As lowdeſt Praiſers, who perhaps would find
For every part a Character aſſign'd.
My Praiſe is plain, and where ſo ere profeſt,
Becomes none more than you, who need it leaſt.

CIV.

To Sufan *Counteſs of* Montgomery.

WEre they that nam'd you, Prophets? Did they ſee,
Even in the dew of Grace, what you would be?
Or did our Times require it, to behold
A new *Suſanna*, equal to that old?
Or, becauſe ſome ſcarce think that Story true,
To make thoſe Faithful, did the *Fates* ſend you?
And to your *Scene* lent no leſs dignity
Of Birth, of Match, of Form, of Chaſtity?
Or, more than born for the Compariſon
Of former Age, or Glory of our own,
Were you advanced, paſt thoſe Times to be
The light, and mark unto Poſterity?
Judge they, that can: Here I have rais'd to ſhow
A Picture, vvhich the World for yours muſt know,
And like it too; if they look equally:
If nor, 'tis fit for you, ſome ſhould envy.

CV.

To Mary *Lady* Wroth.

MAdam, had all Antiquity been loſt,
All Hiſtory ſeal'd up, and Fables croſt;
That we had left us, nor by Time, nor Place,
Leaſt mention of a *Nymph*, a *Muſe*, a *Grace*,
But even their Names were to be made a-new,
Who could not but create them all, from you?
He, that but ſaw you wear the vvheaten Hat,
Would call you more than *Ceres*, if not that:
And, dreſt in Shepherds tyre, who would not ſay:
You were the bright *OEnone*, *Flora*, or *May*?
If Dancing, all would cry th'*Idalian* Queen
Were leading forth the *Graces* on the Green:
And, armed to the Chaſe, ſo bare her bow
Diana'alone, ſo hit, and hunted ſo.
There's none ſo dull, that for your ſtyle would ask,
That ſaw you put on *Pallas* plumed Cask:
Or, keeping your due ſtate, that would not cry,
There *Juno* ſat, and yet no Peacock by.
So are you *Natures Index*, and reſtore,
I'your ſelf, all Treaſure loſt of th'Age before.

CVI.

To Sir Edward Herbert.

IF Men get Name, for ſome one Vertue: Then,
What Man art thou, that art ſo many Men,
All-virtuous *Herbert!* on whoſe every part
Truth might ſpend all her Voice, *Fame* all her Art.
Whether thy Learning they would take, or Wit,
Or Valour, or thy Judgment ſeaſoning it,
Thy ſtanding Upright to thy ſelf, thy Ends
Like ſtraight, thy Piety to God, and Friends:
Their latter praiſe would ſtill the greateſt be,
And yet, they, all together, leſs than thee.

CVII.

To Captain Hungry.

DO what you come for, Captain, with your News;
That's, fit, and eat: do not my Ears abuſe.
I oft look on falſe Coin, to know't from true:
Not that I love it, more, than I will you.
Tell the groſs *Dutch* thoſe groſſer Tales of yours,
How great you were with their two Emperours;
And yet are with their Princes: Fill them full
Of your *Moravian* Horſe, *Venetian* Bull.
Tell them, what parts you've tane, whence run away,
What States you've gull'd, and which yet keeps yo'in pay.
Give them your Services, and Embaſſies
In *Ireland*, *Holland*, *Sweden*; pompous lies
In *Hungary*, and *Poland*, *Turky* too;
What at *Ligorn*, *Rome*, *Florence* you did do:
And, in ſome Year, all theſe together heap'd,
For which there muſt more Sea, and Land be leap'd,
If but to be believ'd you have the hap,
Then can a Flea at twice skip i'th' Map.
Give your young States-men, (that ~~firſt make~~ you drunk,
And then lye with you, cloſer, than a Punk,
For news) your *Ville-royes*, and *Silleries*,
Ianin's, your *Nuncio's*, and your *Tuilleries*,
Your *Arch-Dukes* Agents, and your *Beringhams*,
That are your words of credit. Keep your Names
Of *Hannow*, *Shieter huiſſen*, *Popenheim*,
Hans-ſpiegle, *Rotteinberg*, and *Bouterſheim*,
For your next Meal; thus you are ſure of. Why
Will you part with them, here, unthriftily?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your Chin,
Twirl the poor Chain you run a feaſting in.
Come, be not angry, you are *Hungry*; eat;
Do what you come for, Captain, There's your Meat.

CVIII.

To True Soldiers.

STrength of my Country, whilſt I bring to view
Such as are miſs-call'd Captains, and wrong you;
And your high Names: I do deſire, that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I ſwear by your true Friend, my *Muſe*, I love
Your great Profeſſion; which I once, did prove:
And did not ſhame it with my actions, then,
No more, than I dare now do, with my Pen.
He that not truſts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captain, ſtill: is ſuch.

CIX.

To Sir Henry Nevil.

WHo now calls on thee, *Nevil*, is a *Muſe*,
That ſerves nor Fame, nor Titles; but doth chuſe
Where Virtue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is fair, beſide thy Pedigree.
Thou art not one, ſeek'ſt miſeries with hope,
Wreſtleſt with dignities, or fain'ſt a ſcope
Of ſervice to the Publick, when the end
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to Friend.
Thou rather ſtriv'ſt the matter to poſſeſs,
And elements of honour, than the dreſs;
To make thy lent Life, good againſt the *Fates*:
And firſt to know thine own ſtate, then the States.
To be the ſame in root, thou art in height;
And that thy Soul ſhould give thy Fleſh her weight.
Go on, and doubt not, what Poſterity,
Now I have ſung thee thus, ſhall judg of thee.
Thy Deeds, unto thy Name, will prove new Wombs,
Whil'ſt others toil for Titles to their Tombs.

CX.

To Clement Edmonds, *on his* Cæſar's *Commentaries obſerved, and tranſlated.*

NOt *Cæſar's* Deeds, nor all his Honours won,
In theſe Weſt-parts, nor when that War was done,
The Name of *Pompey* for an Enemy,
Cato's to boot, *Rome*, and her Liberty,
All yielding to his Fortune, nor, the while,
To have engrav'd theſe Acts, with his own ſtile,
And that ſo ſtrong and deep, as't might be thought,
He wrote, with the ſame Spirit that he fought,
Nor that his work liv'd in the hands of Foes,
Unargued then, and yet hath Fame from thoſe;
Not all theſe, *Edmonds*, or what elſe put too,
Can ſo ſpeak *Cæſar*, as thy Labours do.
For, where his Perſon liv'd ſcarce one juſt Age,
And that, midſt Envy, and Parts; then fell by rage:
His Deeds too dying, but in Books (whoſe Good
How few have read! how fewer underſtood?)
Thy learned Hand, and true *Promethean* Art
(As by a new Creation) part by part,
In every Counſel, Stratagem, Deſign,
Action, or Engine, worth a Note of thine,
T'all future time, not only doth reſtore
His life, but makes, that he can dye no more.

CXI.

To the Same; on the Same.

WHo *Edmonds*, reads thy Book, and doth not ſee
What th'antick Soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou ſhew'ſt, how much the latter are
Beholding to this Maſter of the War;
And that, in action, there is nothing new,
More, than to vary what our Elders knew:
Which all, but ignorant Captains, will confeſs:
Nor to give *Cæſar* this, makes ours the leſs.
Yet thou, perhaps, ſhalt meet ſome Tongues will grutch,
That to the World thou ſhould'ſt reveal ſo much,
And thence, deprave thee, and thy Work. To thoſe
Cæſar ſtands up, as from his Urn late roſe,
By thy great help: and doth proclaim by me,
They murther him again, that envy thee.

CXII.

To a weak Gameſter in Poetry.

WIth thy ſmall Stock, why art thou vent'ring ſtill,
At this ſo ſubtle Sport: and play'ſt ſo ill?
Think'ſt thou it is meer Fortune, that can win?
Or thy rank ſetting? that thou dar'ſt put in
Thy all, at all: and what ſo ere I do,
Art ſtill at that, and think'ſt to blow me' up too?
I cannot for the Stage a *Drama* lay,
Tragick, or *Comick*; but thou writ'ſt the Play.
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend
An *Epick* Poem; thou haſt the ſame end.
I modeſtly quit that, and think to write,
Next morn, an *Ode*: Thou mak'ſt a Song e're Night.

I paſs

I paſs to *Elegies*; Thou meet'ſt me there:
To *Satyrs*; and thou doſt purſue me. Where,
Where ſhall I 'ſcape thee? in an *Epigram*?
O, (thou cry'ſt out) that is thy proper Game.
Troth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck;
That both for wit, and ſenſe, ſo oft doſt pluck,
And never are encounter'd, I confeſs:
Nor ſcarce doſt colour for it, which is leſs.
Pr'y thee, yet ſave thy reſt; give o're in time:
There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

CXIII.

To Sir Thomas Overbury.

SO *Phœbus* make me worthy of his Bays,
As but to ſpeak thee, *Overbury*, is praiſe:
So, where thou liv'ſt, thou mak'ſt life underſtood!
Where, what makes others great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the *Fate* of Court thy coming crav'd,
That the Wit there, and Manners might be ſav'd:
For ſince, what Ignorance, what Pride is fled!
And Letters, and Humanity in the ſtead!
Repent thee not of thy fair Precedent,
Could make ſuch Men, and ſuch a Place repent:
Nor may' any fear, to loſe of their Degree,
Who'in ſuch ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV.

To Mrs. Philip Sydney.

I Muſt believe ſome Miracles ſtill be,
When *Sydney*'s Name I hear, or Face I ſee:
For *Cupid*, who (at firſt) took vain delight,
In meer Out-forms, until he loſt his Sight,
Hath chang'd his Soul, and made his Object you:
Where finding ſo much Beauty met with Virtue,
He hath not only gain'd himſelf his Eyes,
But, in your love, made all his Servants wiſe.

CXV.

On the Towns honeſt Man.

YOu wonder, who this is! and, why I name
Him not, aloud, that boaſts ſo good a Fame:
Naming ſo many, too! But, this is one,
Suffers no Name, but a Deſcription:
Being no vitious Perſon, but the Vice
About the Town; and known too, at that price.
A ſubtle Thing, that doth Affections win
By ſpeaking well o'th' Company it's in.
Talks loud, and bawdy, has a gather'd deal
Of News, and Noiſe, to ſow out a long Meal.
Can come from *Tripoly*, leap Stools, and Wink,
Do all, that 'longs to the *Anarchy* of Drink,
Except the *Duel*. Can ſing Songs, and Catches;
Give every one his Doſe of Mirth: and watches
Whoſe Name's unwelcome to the preſent ear,
And him it lays on; if he be not there.
Tells of him, all the Tales, it ſelf then makes;
But, if it ſhall be queſtion'd, undertakes,
It will deny all; and forſwear it too:
Not that it fears, but will have to do
With ſuch a one. And therein keeps it's Word.
'Twill ſee it's Siſter naked, ere a Sword.
At every Meal, where it doth Dine, or Sup,
The Cloth's no ſooner gon, but it gets up
And ſhifting of it's Faces, doth play more
Parts than th'*Italian* could do, with his Dore.
Acts old *Iniquity*, and in the fit
Of miming, gets th'Opinion of a Wit.
Executes Men in Picture. By defect,
From friendſhip, is its own Fames architect.
An Ingineer, in Slanders, of all Faſhions,
That ſeeming Praiſes, are yet Accuſations.
Deſcrib'd it's thus: Defin'd would you it have?
Then, *The Towns honeſt Man*'s her errant'ſt Knave.

CXVI.

To Sir William Jephſon.

J*Ephſon*, thou Man of Men, to whoſe lov'd Name
All Gentry, yet, owe part of their beſt Flame!
So did thy Virtue 'inform, thy Wit ſuſtain
That Age, when thou ſtood'ſt up the Maſter-brain:
Thou wert the firſt, mad'ſt Merit know her ſtrength,
And thoſe that lack'd it, to ſuſpect at length,
'Twas not entayl'd on Title. That ſome Word
Might be found out as good, and not *my Lord*.
That *Nature* no ſuch difference had impreſt
In Men, but every braveſt was the beſt:
That Bloud not Minds, but Minds did Bloud adorn:
And to live great, was better, than great born.
Theſe were thy knowing Arts: which who doth now
Vertuouſly practiſe, muſt at leaſt allow
Them in, if not, from thee; or muſt commit
A deſperate Solœciſm in Truth and Wit.

CXVII.

On Groyne.

G*Royne*, come of Age, his State ſold out of hand
For 'his Whore: *Groyne* doth ſtill occupy his land.

CXVIII.

On Gut.

G*UT* eats all Day, and lechers all the Night,
So all his Meat he taſteth over, twice:
And, ſtriving ſo to double his delight,
He makes himſelf a thorough-fare of Vice.
Thus, in his Belly, can he change a Sin,
Luſt it comes out, that Gluttony went in.

CXIX.

To Sir Ralph Shelton.

NOt he that flies the Court for want of Cloths,
At Hunting rails, having no gift in Oaths,
Cries out 'gainſt, Cocking ſince he cannot bet,
Shuns Preaſe, for two main Cauſes, Pox, and Debt,
With me can merit more, than that good Man,
Whoſe Dice not doing well, to 'a Pulpit ran.
No, *Shelton*, give me thee, canſt want all theſe,
But doſt it out of Judgment, not Diſeaſe;
Dar'ſt breath in any Air; and with ſafe Skill,
Till thou canſt find the beſt, chuſe the leaſt ill.
That to the Vulgar can'ſt thy ſelf apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And, in their Errors maze, thine own way know:
Which is to live to conſcience, not to ſhow.
He, that, but living half his Age, dyes ſuch;
Makes the whole longer, than 'twas given him, much.

CXX.

An Epitaph on S. P. *a Child of Q.* Eliz. *Chappel.*

WEep with me all you that read
This little Story:
And know from whom a Tear you ſhed
Death's ſelf is ſorry.
'Twas a Child, that ſo did thrive
In Grace, and Feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* ſeem'd to ſtrive
Which own'd the Creature.
Years he numbred ſcarce Thirteen
When *Fates* turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd *Zodiacks* had he been
The Stages Jewel;

And did act (what now we moan)
Old Men ſo duly,
As, ſooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He play'd ſo truly.
So, by Error to his Fate
They all conſented;
But viewing him ſince (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have ſought (to give new birth)
In Baths to ſteep him;
But, being ſo much too good for Earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

CXXI.

To Benjamin Rudyerd.

Rudyerd, as leſſer Dames to great ones uſe,
My lighter comes, to kiſs thy learned *Muſe*;
Whoſe better Studies while ſhe emulates,
She learns to know long difference of their ſtates.
Yet is the Office not to be deſpis'd,
If only Love ſhould make the Action priz'd:
Nor he, for Friendſhip, to be thought unfit,
That ſtrives, his Manners ſhould proceed his Wit.

CXXII.

To the Same.

IF I would wiſh, for Truth, and not for Show,
The aged *Saturn*'s Age, and Rites to know;
If I would ſtrive to bring back Times, and try
The World's pure Gold, and wiſe Simplicity;
If I would Virtue ſet, as ſhe was young,
And hear her ſpeak with one, and her firſt Tongue;
If holieſt Friendſhip, naked to the Touch,
I would reſtore, and keep it ever ſuch;
I need no other Arts, but ſtudy Thee:
Who prov'ſt, all theſe were, and again may be.

CXXIII.

To the Same.

WRiting thy Self, or judging others Writ,
I know not which th'haſt moſt, Candor, or Wit:
But both th'haſt ſo, as who affects the State
Of the beſt Writer, and Judge, ſhould emulate.

CXXIV.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

WOuldſt thou hear, what Man can ſay
In a little? Reader, ſtay.
Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Beauty, as could die:
Which in Life did Harbor give
To more Virtue, than doth live.
If, at all, She had a Fault,
Leave it buried in this Vault.
One Name was *Elizabeth*,
Th'other let it ſleep with Death:
Fitter, where it dyed, to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

CXXV.

To Sir William Uvedale.

Uv'dale, thou Piece of the firſt Times, a Man
Made for what *Nature* could, or *Virtue* can;
Both whoſe Dimenſions, loſt, the World might find
Reſtored in thy Body, and thy Mind!
Who ſees a Soul, in ſuch a Body ſet,
Might love the Treaſure for the Cabinet.
But I, no Child, no Fool, reſpect the kind,
(The full, the flowing Graces there enſhrin'd)
Which (would the World not miſcall't, Flattery)
I could adore, almoſt t'Idolatry)

CXXVI.

To his Lady, then Mrs. Cary.

REtir'd, with purpoſe your fair Worth to praiſe,
'Mongſt *Hampton* Shades, and *Phœbus* Grove of Bayes,
I pluck'd a Branch; the jealous god did frown,
And bad me lay th'uſurped Lawrel down:
Said I wrong'd him, and (which was more) his Love.
I anſwer'd, *Daphne* now no Pain can prove.
Phœbus replied. Bold Head, it is not She:
Cary my Love is, *Daphne* but my Tree.

CXXVII.

To Eſme, *Lord* Aubigny.

IS there a Hope, that Man would thankful be,
If I ſhould fail, in Gratitude, to thee
To whom I am ſo bound, lov'd *Aubigny*?
No, I do, therefore, call *Poſterity*
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how ſwallow'd up, how dead
I, and this *Muſe* had been, if thou hadſt not
Lent timely Succors, and new Life begot:
So, all Reward, or Name, that grows to me
By her attempt, ſhall ſtill be owing thee.
And, than this fame, I know no abler way
To thank thy Benefits: which is, to pay.

CXXVIII.

To William Roe.

ROE (and my joy to name) th'art now, to go
Countries, and Climes, Manners, and Men to know,
T'extract, and chuſe the beſt of all theſe known,
And thoſe to turn to blood, and make thine own.
May Winds as ſoft as breath of kiſſing Friends,
Attend thee hence; and there, may all thy Ends,
As the Beginnings here, prove purely ſweet,
And perfect in a Circle always meet.
So, when we, bleſt with thy Return, ſhall ſee
Thy ſelf, with thy firſt thoughts, brought home by thee,
We each to other may this Voice inſpire;
This is that good *Æneas*, paſt through Fire,
Through Seas, Storms, Tempeſts: and imbarqu'd for Hell,
Came back untouch'd. This Man hath travell'd well.

CXXIX.

To Edward Filmer, *on his Muſical Work dedicated to the Queen.* Anno 1629.

WHat charming *Peals* are theſe,
That, while they bind the Senſes, do ſo pleaſe?
They are the *Marriage-rites*
Of two, the choiceſt *Pair* of Man's delights,
Muſique and *Poëſie*:
French *Air*, and Engliſh *Verſe*, here wedded lie.
Who did this *Knot* compoſe,
Again hath brought the *Lilly* to the *Roſe*;
And, with their *chained* Dance,
Recelebrates the joyful *Match* with *France*.
They are a *School* to win
The fair French *Daughter* to *learn* Engliſh in;
And, *graced* with her Song,
To make the Language *ſweet* upon her tongue.

CXXX.

To Mime.

THat, not a pair of Friends each other ſee,
But the firſt Queſtion is, When one ſaw thee?
That there's no Journy ſet, or thought upon,
To *Braynford*, *Hackney*, *Bow*, but thou mak'ſt one;

That

That ſcarce the Town deſigneth any Feaſt
To which thou'rt not a Week, beſpoke a Gueſt;
That ſtill thou'rt made the Suppers Flag, the Drum,
The very Call, to make all others come:
Think'ſt thou *Mime*, this is great? or, that they ſtrive
Whoſe noiſe ſhall keep thy *Miming* moſt alive,
Whil'ſt thou doſt raiſe ſome Player, from the Grave,
Out-dance the *Babion*, or out-boaſt the Brave;
Or (mounted on a Stool) thy Face doth hit
On ſome new Geſture, that's imputed Wit?
O, run not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
Thou doſt out-zany *Cokely*, *Pod*; nay, *Gue*:
And thine own *Coriat* too. But (would'ſt thou ſee)
Men love thee not for this: They laugh at thee.

CXXXI.

To Alphonſo Ferraboſco, *on his Book.*

TO urge, my lov'd *Alphonſo*, that bold Fame,
Of building Towns, and making wild Beaſts tame,
Which *Muſick* had; or ſpeak her known Effects,
That ſhe removeth Cares, Sadneſs ejects,
Declineth Anger, perſuades Clemency,
Doth ſweeten Mirth, and heighten Piety,
And is t'a Body, often, ill inclin'd,
No leſs a ſov'raign Cure, than to the Mind;
T'alledge, that greateſt Men were not aſham'd,
Of old, even by her Practice to be fam'd;
To ſay, indeed, ſhe were the Soul of Heaven,
That the eight Sphere, no leſs, than Planets ſeven,
Mov'd by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence call'd Harmony:
I, yet, had utter'd nothing on thy part,
When theſe were but the praiſes of the Art.
But when I have ſaid, the Proofs of all theſe be
Shed in thy Songs; 'tis true: but ſhort of thee.

CXXXII.

To the Same.

WHen we do give, *Alphonſo*, to the Light,
A Work of ours, we part with our own Right;
For, then, all mouths will judge, and their own way:
The Learn'd have no more Priviledge, than the Lay.
And though we could all Men, all Cenſures hear,
We ought not give them taſte, we had an Ear.
For, if the hum'rous World will take at large,
They ſhould be Fools, for me, at their own charge.
Say, this, or that Man they to thee preſer;
Even thoſe for whom they do this, know they err:
And would (being ask'd the truth) aſhamed ſay,
They were not to be nam'd on the ſame day.
Then ſtand unto thy ſelf, nor ſeek without
For Fame, with breath ſoon kindled, ſoon blown out.

CXXXIII.

To Mr. Joſhua Sylveſter.

IF to admire were to commend, my praiſe
Might then both thee, thy Work and Merit raiſe:
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
And utter Stranger to all Air of *France*)
How can I ſpeak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can conſer.
Behold! the reverend ſhade of *Bartas* ſtands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the World I publiſh, for him, this;
Bartas *doth wiſh thy* Engliſh *now were his.*
So well in that are his Inventions wrought,
As his will now be the *Tranſlation* thought,
Thine the *Original*; and *France* ſhall boaſt,
No more; thoſe Maiden Glories ſhe hath loſt.

CXXXIV.

On the Famous Voyage.

NO more let *Greece* her bolder Fables tell
Of *Hercules*, or *Theſeus* going to *Hell*,
Orpheus, *Ulyſſes*: or the *Latine Muſe*,
With Tales of *Troy*'s juſt Knight, our Faith's abuſe.
We have a *Shelton*, and a *Heyden* got,
Had power to act, what they to fain had not.
All, that they boaſt of *Styx*, of *Acheron*,
Cocytus, *Phlegeton*, our have prov'd in one;
The filth, ſtench, noiſe: ſave only what was there
Subtly diſtinguiſh'd, was confuſed here.
Their Wherry had no Sail, too; ours had none:
And in it, two more horrid Knaves, than *Charon*.
Arſes were heard to croak, in ſtead of Frogs;
And for one *Cerberus*, the whole Coaſt was Dogs.
Furies there wanted not: each Scold was ten.
And, for the Cryes of *Ghoſts*, Women, and Men,
Laden with Plague-ſores, and their Sins, were heard,
Laſh'd by their Conſciences, to die aiteard.
Then let the former Age, with this content her,
She brought the *Poets* forth, but ours th' Adventer.

The Voyage It Self.

I Sing the brave Adventure of two Wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'em Knights:
One was; and he, for Brawn, and Brain, right able
To have been ſtyled of King *Arthur*'s Table.
The other was a Squire, of fair degree;
But, in the Action, greater Man than he:
Who gave, to take at his Return from *Hell*,
His three for one. Now, Lordlings, liſten well.
It was the day, what time the powerful *Moon*
Makes the poor *Bankſide* Creature wet it'Shoon,
In it'own Hall; when theſe (in worthy Scorn
Of thoſe, that put out Monies, on Return
From *Venice*, *Paris*, or ſome Inland paſſage
Of ſix times to and fro, without Embaſſage,
Or he that backward went to *Berwick*, or which
Did dance the famous Morris, unto *Norwich*)
At *Breadſtreets* Mermaid, having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to *Holborn* in a Wherry:
A harder task, than either his to *Briſto'*,
Or his to *Antwerp*. Therefore, once more, liſt ho'.
A *Dock* there is, that called is *Avernus*,
Of ſome *Bridewel*, and may, in time, concern us
All, that are Readers: But, methinks 'tis od,
That all this while I have forgot ſome *god*,
Or *goddeſs* to invoke, to ſtuff my Verſe;
And with both Bombard-ſtile, and Phraſe, rehearſe
The many perils of this *Port*, and how
Sans'help of *Sybil*, or a golden Bough,
Or magick Sacrifice, they paſt along!
Alcides, be thou ſuccouring to my Song.
Thou'ſt ſeen *Hell* (ſome ſay) and know'ſt all Nooks there,
Canſt tell me beſt, how every *Fury* looks there,
And art a *god*, if *Fame* thee not abuſes,
Always at hand, to aid the merry *Muſes*.
Great *Club-fiſt*, tho' thy Back, and Bones be ſore,
Still, with thy former Labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave Work, call it thy laſt Adventry:
But hold my Torch, while I deſcribe the entry
To this dire paſſage. Say thou ſtop thy Noſe:
Tis but light pains: Indeed this *Dock's* no Roſe.
In the firſt Jaws appear'd that ugly Monſter,
Ycleped *Mud*, which, when their Oars did once ſtir,
Belch'd forth an Air, as hot, as at the Muſter.
Of all your Night-tubs, when the Carts do cluſter,
Who ſhall diſcharge firſt his merdurinous Load:
Thorow her Womb they make their famous Road,

Between

Between two Walls; where, on one ſide, to fear Men,
Were ſeen your ugly *Centaurs*, ye call Carmen,
Gorgonian Scolds, and *Harpys*: on the other
Hung Stench, Diſeaſes, and old Filth, their Mother,
With Famine, Wants, and Sorrows many a Doſen,
The leaſt of which was to the Plague a Coſen.
But they unfrighted paſs, tho' many a Privy
Spake to them louder, than the Ox in *Livy*;
And many a Sink pour'd out her Rage anenſt 'em;
But ſtill their Valor, and their Virtue fenc't 'em,
And, on they went, like *Caſtor* brave, and *Pollux*:
Plowing the Main. When, ſee (the worſt of all Lucks)
They met the ſecond Prodigy, would fear a
Man, that had never heard of a *Chimæra*.
One ſaid, It was bold *Briareus*, or the Beadle,
(Who hath the hundred Hands when he doth meddle)
The other thought it *Hydra*, or the Rock
Made of the Trull, that cut her Father's Lock:
But, coming near, they found it but a Liter,
So huge, it ſeem'd, they could by no means quit her.
Back, cry'd their Brace of *Charons*: they cry'd, No,
No going back; on ſtill you Rogues, and row.
How hight the place? A Voice was heard, *Cocytus*.
Row cloſe then Slaves. Alas, they will beſhite us.
No matter, Stinkards, row. What croaking Sound
Is this we hear? Of Frogs? No, Guts Wind-bound,
Over your Heads: Well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report itſelf, as if a Cloud
Had burſt with Storm, and down fell, *ab Excelſis*,
Poor *Mercury*, crying out on *Paracelſus*,
And all his Followers, that had ſo abus'd him:
And, in ſo ſhitten ſort, ſo long had us'd him:
For (where he was the god of Eloquence,
And ſubtilty of Metals) they diſpenſe
His Spirits, now, in Pills, and eke in Potions,
Suppoſitories, Cataplaſms, and Lotions.
But many Moons there ſhall not wane (quoth he)
(In the mean time, let 'em impriſon me)
But I will ſpeak (and know I ſhall be heard)
Touching this Cauſe, where they will be afteard
To anſwer me. And ſure, it was th'intent
Of the grave Fart, late let in Parliament,
Had it been ſeconded, and not in Fume
Vaniſh'd away: as you muſt all preſume
Their *Mercury* did now. By this, the Steme
Of the Hulk touch'd, and, as by *Polypheme*
The ſly *Ulyſſes* ſtole in a Sheep-skin,
The well-greas'd Wherry now had got between,
And bade her *Farewell Sough*, unto the Lurden:
Never did Bottom more betray her Burden;
The Meat-boat of Bears-Colledge, *Paris-Garden*,
Stunk not ſo ill; nor, when ſhe kiſt, *Kate Arden*.
Yet, one day in the year, for ſweet 'tis voyc't
And that is when it is the Lord *Mayor*'s Foiſt.
By this time had they reach'd the *Stygian* Pool,
By which the *Maſters* ſwear, when on the Stool
Of Worſhip, they their nodding Chins do hit
Againſt their Breaſts. Here, ſev'ral Ghoſts did flit
About the ſhore, of Farts, but late departed,
White, Black, Blue, Green, and in more Forms out-ſtarted,
Than all thoſe *Atomi* Ridiculous,
Whereof old *Democrite*, and *Hill Nicholas*,
One ſaid, the other ſwore, the World conſiſts.
Theſe be the cauſe of thoſe thick frequent Miſts
Ariſing in that place, through which, who goes,
Muſt try th' unuſed Valor of a Noſe:
And that ours did. For, yet, no Nare was tainted,
Nor Thumb, nor Finger to the Stop acquainted,
But open, and unarm'd, encounter'd all:
Whether it languiſhing ſtuck upon the Wall,
Or were precipitated down the Jakes,
And, after, ſwum abroad in ample Flakes,
Or, that it lay, heap'd like an Uſurer's Maſs,
All was to them the ſame, they were to paſs,
And ſo they did, from *Styx*, to *Acheron*:
The ever-boiling Flood. Whoſe Banks upon
Your *Fleet*-Lane *Furies*; and hot Cooks do dwell,
That, with Still-ſcaluing Steems, make the place *Hell*.
The Sinks ran Greaſe, and Hair of meazled Hogs,
The Heads, Houghs, Entrails, and the Hydes of Dogs:
For, to ſay truth, what Scullion is ſo naſty,
To put the Skins, and Offal in a Paſty?
Cats there lay divers had been flead and roſted,
And, after mouldy grown, again were toſted,
Then ſelling not, a Diſh was ta'ne to mince 'em,
But ſtill, it ſeem'd, the rankneſs did convince 'em:
For, here they were thrown in with th' melted Pewter,
Yet drown'd they not. They had five Lives in future.

But 'mongſt theſe *Tiberts*, who do you think there was?
Old *Banks* the Jugler, our *Pythagoras*,
Grave Tutor to the learned Horſe. Both which,
Being, beyond Sea, burned for one Witch:
Their Spirits tranſmigrated to a Cat:
And, now, above the Pool, a Face right fat
With great grey Eyes, are lifted up, and mew'd;
Thrice did it ſpit: thrice div'd. At laſt, it view'd
Our brave *Heroes* with a milder Glare,
And in a pitious Tune, began. How dare
Your dainty Noſtrils (in ſo hot a Seaſon,
When every Clerk eats Artichokes and Peaſon,
Laxative Lettuce, and ſuch windy Meat)
Tempt ſuch a paſſage? when each Privies Seat
Is fill'd with Buttock? And the Walls do ſweat
Urine, and Plaſters? When the Noiſe doth beat
Upon your Ears, of Diſcords ſo unſweet?
And Outcries of the damned in the *Fleet*?
Cannot the *Plague*-Bill keep you back? Nor Bells
Of loud *Sepulchres* with their hourly Knels,
But you will viſit griſly *Pluto*'s Hall?
Behold where *Cerberus*, rear'd on the Wall
Of *Holborne* (three Sergeants Heads) looks o're
And ſtays but till you come unto the Door!
Tempt not his Fury, *Pluto* is away:
And *Madame Cæſar*, great *Proſerpina*,
Is now from home. You loſe your Labours quite,
Were you *Jove*'s Sons, or had *Alcides* Might.
They cry'd out *Puſſe*. He told them he was *Banks*,
That had ſo often, ſhew'd 'em merry Pranks.
They laught, at his laugh-worthy Fate. And paſt
The Tripple-Head without a Sop. At laſt,
Calling for *Radamanthus*, that dwelt by,
A Sope-Boyler; and *Æacus* him nigh,
Who kept an Alehouſe; with my little *Minos*,
An ancient pur-blind Fletcher, with a high Noſe;
They took 'em all to witneſs of their Action:
And ſo went bravely back, without Protraction.

In memory of which moſt liquid Deed,
The City ſince hath rais'd a Pyramid.
And I could wiſh for their eterniz'd Sakes,
My *Muſe* had plough'd with his, that ſung *Ajax*.

THE

THE FOREST.

I.

Why I write not of Love.

SOme act of *Love's* bound to rehearſe,
I thought to bind him, in my Verſe:
Which when he felt, Away (quoth he)
Can Poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough, they once did get
Mars, and my *Mother*, in their Net:
I wear not theſe my Wings in vain,
With which be fled me: and again,
Into my Rhimes could ne're be got
By any art. Then wonder not,
That ſince, my Numbers are ſo cold,
When *Love* is fled, and I grow old.

II.

To Penſhurſt.

THou art not, *Penſhurſt*, built to envious ſhow,
Of touch, or marble; nor canſt boaſt a row
Of poliſh'd Pillars, or a Roof of Gold:
Thou haſt no lantqern, whereof Tales are told;
Or Stair, or Courts; but ſtand'ſt an ancient Pile,
And theſe grudg'd at, are reverenc'd the while.
Thou joy'ſt in better marks, of Soil, of Air,
Of Wood, of Water: therein thou art fair.
Thou haſt thy Walks for health, as well as ſport:
Thy *Mount*, to which the *Dryads* do reſort,
Where *Pan*, and *Bacchus* their high Feaſts have made,
Beneath the broad Beech, and the Cheſtnut ſhade;
That taller Tree, which of a Nut was ſet,
At his great Birth, where all the *Muſes* met.
There, in the writhed Bark, are cut the Names
Of many a *Sylvane*, taken with his Flames,
And thence the ruddy *Satyrs* oft provoke
The lighter *Fauns*, to reach thy *Lady's Oke*.
Thy Copp's too, nam'd of *Gamage*, thou haſt there,
That never fails to ſerve thee ſeaſon'd Deer,
When thou would'ſt Feaſt, or exerciſe thy Friends.
The lower Land, that to the River bends,
Thy Sheep, thy Bullocks, Kine, and Calves do feed:
The middle Grounds thy Mares, and Horſes breed.
Each Bank doth yield thee Conies; and the Topps
Fertile of Wood, *Aſhore*, and *Sydney's* Copp's,
To crown thy open Table, doth provide
The purpled Pheaſant, with the ſpeckled ſide:
The painted Partridg lyes in every Field,
And, for thy Meſs, is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-ſwoln *Medway* fail thy Diſh,
Thou haſt thy Ponds, that pay thee tribute Fiſh,
Fat, aged Carps, that run into thy Net.
And Pikes, now weary their own Kind to eat,
As loth, the ſecond Draught, or Caſt to ſtay,
Officiouſly, at firſt, themſelves betray.
Bright Eels, that emulate them, and leap on Land,
Before the Fiſher, or into his Hand.
Then hath thy Orchard Fruit, thy Garden Flowers,
Freſh as the Air, and new as are the Hours.
The early Cherry, with the later Plum,
Fig, Grape, and Quince, each in his time doth come:
The bluſhing Apricot, and woolly Peach
Hang on thy Walls, that every Child may reach.
And though thy Walls be of the Country Stone,
They're rear'd with no Man's ruin, no Man's grone;
There's none, that dwell about them, wiſh them down;
But all come in, the Farmer and the Clown:
And no one empty-handed, to ſalute
Thy Lord, and Lady, though they have no Sute.
Some bring a Capon, ſome a rural Cake,
Some Nuts, ſome Apples; ſome that think they make
The better Cheeſes, bring 'em; or elſe ſend
By their ripe Daughters, whom they would commend
This way to Husbands; and whoſe Baskets bear
An Emblem of themſelves, in Plum, or Pear.
But what can this (more than expreſs their love)
Add to thy free Proviſions, far above
The need of ſuch? whoſe liberal Board doth flow,
With all, that Hoſpitality doth know!
Where comes no Gueſt, but is allow'd to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy Lord's own Meat:
Where the ſame Bear, and Bread, and ſelf-ſame Wine,
That is his Lordſhip's, ſhall be alſo mine.
And I not fain to ſit (as ſome, this day,
At great Mens Tables) and yet dine away.
Here no Man tells my Cups; nor, ſtanding by,
A Waiter, doth my Gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call for, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he ſhall find plenty of Meat;
Thy Tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my Lodging, need I pray
For Fire, or Lights, or Livory: all is there;
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I raign'd here:
There's nothing I can wiſh, for which I ſtay.
That found King *James*, when hunting late, this way,
With his brave Son, the Prince, they ſaw thy Fires
Shine bright on every Hearth as the deſires
Of thy *Penates* had been ſet on Flame,
To entertain them; or the Country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcom here.
What (great, I will not ſay, but) ſudden chear
Didſt thou, then, make 'em! and what praiſe was heap'd
On thy good Lady, then! who therein, reap'd
The juſt Reward of her high Huſwifery;
To have her Linnen, Plate, and all Things nigh,
When ſhe was far: and not a Room, but dreſt,
As if it had expected ſuch a Gueſt!
Theſe, *Penſhurſt*, are thy praiſe, and yet not all.
Thy Lady's noble, fruitful, chaſt withall.
His Children thy great Lord may call his own:
A Fortune, in this Age, but rarely known.

They are, and have been taught Religion: Thence
Their gentler Spirits have ſuck'd Innocence.
Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray,
With the whole Houſhold, and may, every day,
Read, in their virtuous Parents noble Parts,
The myſteries of Manners, Arms, and Arts.
Now, *Penſhurſt*, they that will proportion thee
With other Edifices, when they ſee
Thoſe proud ambitious Heaps, and nothing elſe,
May ſay, their Lords have built, but thy Lord dwells.

III.

To Sir Robert Wroth.

HOw bleſt art thou, canſt love the Country, *Wroth*,
Whether by Choice, or Fate, or both!
And, though ſo near the City, and the Court,
Art tane with neithers Vice, nor Sport:
That at great Times, art no ambitious Gueſt,
Of Sheriffs Dinner, or Mayor's Feaſt.
Nor com'ſt to view the better Cloth of State;
The richer Hangings, or Crown-plate;
Nor throng'ſt (when Maſquing is) to have a ſight
Of the ſhort Bravery of the Night;
To view the Jewels, Stuffs, the Pains, the Wit
There waſted, ſome not paid for yet!
But canſt, at home, in thy ſecurer reſt,
Live, with unbought Proviſion bleſt;
Free from proud Porches, or their gilded Roofs,
'Mongſt loughing Heards, and ſolid Hoofs:
Along'ſt the curled Woods, and painted Meads,
Through which a Serpent River leads
To ſome cool, courteous Shade, which he calls his,
And makes Sleep ſofter than it is!
Or, if thou liſt the Night in watch to break,
A-bed canſt hear the loud Stag ſpeak,
In ſpring, oft rouſed for their Maſter's Sport,
Who, for it, makes thy Houſe his Court;
Or with thy Friends; the heart of all the Year,
Divid'ſt, upon the leſſer Deer;
In Autumn, at the Partridg mak'ſt a Flight,
And giv'ſt thy gladder Gueſts the Sight;
And, in the Winter, hunt'ſt the flying Hare,
More for thy Exerciſe, than Fare;
While all, that follow, their glad Ears apply
To the full greatneſs of the Cry:
Or hauking at the River, or the Buſh,
Or ſhooting at the greedy Thruſh,
Thou doſt with ſome Delight the Day out-wear,
Although the coldeſt of the Year!
The whil'ſt the ſeveral Seaſons thou haſt ſeen
Of Flowry Fields, of cop'ces Green,
The mowed Meadows, with the fleeced Sheep,
And Feaſts, that either Shearers keep;
The ripened Ears, yet humble in their height,
And Furrows laden with their weight;
The Apple-harveſt, that doth longer laſt;
The Hogs return'd home fat from maſt;
The Trees cut out in log; and thoſe Boughs made
A Fire now, that lend a Shade!
Thus *Pan*, and *Sylvane*, having had their Rites,
Comus, puts in, for new Delights;
And fills thy open Hall with mirth, and cheer
As if in *Saturns* Reign it were;
Apollo's Harp, and *Hermes* Lyre reſound,
Nor are the *Muſes* Strangers found:
The rout of rural Folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeneſs then is thought no Sin)
Thy nobleſt Spouſe affords them welcome Grace;
And the great *Heroes*, of her Race,
Sit mixt with loſs of State, or Reverence.
Freedom doth with Degree diſpenſe.
The jolly Waſſal walks the often round,
And in their Cups, their Cares are drown'd:
They think not, then, which ſide the Cauſe ſhall leeſe,
Nor how to get the Lawyer Fees.
Such, and no other was that Age, of old,
Which boaſts t'have had the Head of Gold.
And ſuch ſince thou canſt make thine own content,
Strive, *Wroth*, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty Arms, and ſtand
The fury of a raſh command,
Go enter Breaches, meet the Cannons rage,
That they may Sleep with Scars in Age.
And ſhew their Feathers ſhot, and Colours torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this Man ſweat, and wrangle at the Bar,
For every price in every Jar,
And change Poſſeſſions, oftner with his Breath,
Than either Money, War, or Death:
Let him, than hardeſt Sires, more diſinherit,
And each where boaſt it as his Merit,
To blow up Orphans, Widows, and their States;
And think his Power doth equal *Fates*.
Let that go heap a Maſs of wretched Wealth,
Purchas'd by Rapine, worſe than Stealth,
And brooding o're it ſit, with broadeſt Eyes,
Not doing good, ſcarce when he dyes.
Let thouſands more go flatter Vice, and win,
By being Organs to great Sin,
Get Place and Honor, and be glad to keep
The Secrets, that ſhall break their Sleep:
And ſo they ride in Purple, eat in Plate,
Though Poyſon, think it a great Fate.
But thou, my *Wroth*, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this envy:
Thy Peace is made; and, when Man's ſtate is well,
'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wiſheth, none ſhould wrack on a ſtrange Shelf:
To him Man's dearer, than t'himſelf.
And, howſoever we may think Things ſweet,
He always gives what he knows meet;
Which who can uſe is happy: Such be thou.
Thy Mornings and thy Evenings Vow
Be Thanks to him, and earneſt Prayer, to find
A body Sound, with ſounder Mind;
To do thy Country ſervice, thy ſelf right;
That neither Want do thee affright,
Nor Death; but when thy lateſt Sand is ſpent,
Thou may'ſt think Life, a Thing but lent.

IV.

To the World.

A farewel for a Gentlewoman, virtuous and noble.

FAlſe World, good-night, ſince thou haſt brought
That Hour upon my Morn of Age,
Hence-forth I quit thee from my Thought,
My part is ended on thy Stage.
Do not once hope, that thou canſt tempt
A Spirit ſo reſolv'd to tread
Upon thy Throat, and live exempt
From all the Nets that thou canſt ſpread.
I know thy Forms are ſtudied Arts,
Thy ſubtil Ways, be narrow Straits;
Thy curteſy but ſudden Starts,
And what thou call'ſt thy Gifts are Baits.
I know too, though thou Strut, and Paint,
Yet art thou both ſhrunk up, and old;
That only Fools make thee a Saint,
And all thy Good is to be ſold.
I know thou whole art but a Shop
Of Toys, and Trifles, Traps, and Snares,
To take the weak, or make them ſtop:
Yet art thou falſer than thy Wares.
And, knowing this ſhould I yet ſtay,
Like ſuch as blow away their Lives,
And never will redeem a Day,
Enamor'd of their golden Gyves?

Or having 'ſcap'd ſhall I return,
And thruſt my Neck into the Nooſe,
From whence ſo lately, I did burn,
With all my Powers, my ſelf to looſe?
What Bird, or Beaſt is known ſo dull,
That fled his Cage, or broke his Chain,
And taſting Air, and Freedom 'twull
Render his Head in their again?
If theſe, who have but Senſe, can ſhun
The Engins, that have them annoy'd;
Little, for me, had Reaſon done,
If I could not thy Ginns avoid.
Yes, threaten, do. Alas I fear
As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canſt nor ſhew, nor bear
More hatred, than thou haſt to me.
My tender, firſt, and ſimple Years
Thou did'ſt abuſe, and then betray;
Since ſtird'ſt up Jealouſies and Fears,
When all the Cauſes were away.
Then, in a Soil haſt planted me,
Where breathe the baſeſt of thy Fools;
Where envious Arts profeſſed be,
And Pride, and Ignorance the Schools,
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But, as 'tis rumor'd, ſo believ'd:
Where every Freedom is betray'd,
And every Goodneſs tax'd, or griev'd.
But, what we're born for, we muſt bear:
Our frail Condition it is ſuch,
That, what to all may happen here,
If 't chance to me, I muſt not grutch.
Elſe, I my ſtate ſhould much miſtake,
To harbour a divided Thought
From all my Kind: that, for my ſake,
There ſhould a Miracle be wrought.
No, I do know, that I was born
To Age, Misfortune, Sickneſs, Grief:
But I will bear theſe, with that ſcorn,
As ſhall not need thy falſe Relief.
Nor for my Peace will I go far,
As Wand'rers do, that ſtill do rome;
But make my Strengths, ſuch as they are,
Here in my Boſom, and at home.

V.

SONG.

To Celia.

COme my *Celia*, let us prove,
While we may, the Sports of Love;
Time will not be ours, for ever:
He, at length, our good will ſever.
Spend not then his Gifts in vain:
Suns, that ſet, may riſe again:
But, if once we loſe this Light,
'Tis, with us, perpetual Night.
Why ſhould we defer our Joys?
Fame, and Rumor are but Toys.
Cannot we delude the Eyes
Of a few poor houſhold Spies?
Or his eaſier Ears beguil,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no Sin, Loves Fruit to ſteal,
But the ſweet Theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be ſeen,
Theſe have Crimes accounted been.

VI.

To the Same.

KIſs me, Sweet: The wary Lover
Can your Favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting Jay
All your Bounties will betray.
Kiſs again: no Creature comes.
Kiſs, and ſcore up wealthy ſums
On my Lips, thus hardly ſundred,
While you Breathe. Firſt give a hundred,
Then a thouſand, then another
Hundred, then unto the t'other
Add a thouſand, and ſo more:
Till you equal with the Store,
All the Graſs that *Rumney* yields,
Or the Sands in *Chelſey* Fields,
Or the Drops in ſilver *Thames*,
Or the Stars, that gild his Streams,
In the ſilent Summer-Nights,
When Youths ply their ſtoln Delights.
That the Curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the Envious, when they find
What their Number is, be pin'd.

VII.

SONG.

That Women are but Mens Shadows.

FOllow a Shadow, it ſtill flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will purſue:
So court a Miſtreſs, ſhe denies you;
Let her alone, ſhe will court you.
Say, are not Women truly, then,
Stil'd but the Shadows of us Men?
At morn, and even, Shades are longeſt?
At noon, they are ſhort, or none:
So Men at weakeſt, they are ſtrongeſt,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not Women truly, then,
Stil'd but the Shadows of us Men?

VIII.

SONG.

To Sickneſs.

WHy, *Diſeaſe*, doſt thou moleſt
Ladies? and of them the beſt?
Do not Men, ynow of Rites
To thy Altars, by their Nights
Spent in Surfeits: and their Days,
And Nights too, in worſer ways?
Take heed, *Sickneſs*, what you do,
I ſhall fear, you'll Surfeit too.
Live not we, as, all thy Stalls,
Spittles, Peſt-houſe, Hoſpitals,
Scarce will take our preſent Store?
And this Age will build no more:
'Pray thee, feed contented, then,
Sickneſs; only on us Men.
Or if it needs thy Luſt will taſte
Woman-kind; devour the waſte
Livers, round about the Town.
But forgive me, with thy Crown
They maintain the trueſt Trade,
And have more Diſeaſes made.
What ſhould, yet, thy Pallat pleaſe?
Daintineſs, and ſofter Eaſe,
Sleeked Lims, and fineſt Blood?
If thy Leanneſs love ſuch Food,

There are thoſe, that, for thy ſake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any pains; yea, think it price,
To become thy Sacrifice.
That diſtil their Husband's Land
In Decoctions; and are man'd
With ten Emp'ricks, in their Chamber,
Lying for the Spirit of Amber.
That for the Oyl of *Talck*, dare ſpend
More than Citizens dare lend
Them, and all their Officers.
That to make all Pleaſure theirs,
Will by Coach, and Water go,
Every Stew in Town to know;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald, or blind, or nere ſo many:
And, for thee at common Game,
Play away, health, wealth, and fame.
Theſe, *Diſeaſe*, will thee deſerve:
And will, long ere thou ſhould'ſt ſtarve,
On their Bed moſt proſtitute,
Move it, as their humbleſt Sute,
In thy Juſtice to moleſt
None but them, and leave the reſt.

IX.

SONG.

To Celia.

DRink to me, only, with thine Eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a Kiſs but in the Cup,
And I'll not look for Wine.
The Thirſt, that from the Soul doth riſe,
Doth ask a Drink divine:
But might I of *Jove's Nectar* ſup,
I would not change for thine.
I ſent thee, late, a roſy Wreath,
Not ſo much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'ſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me:
Since when it grows, and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of it ſelf, but thee.

X.

AND muſt I ſing? what Subject ſhall I chuſe?
Or whoſe great Name in *Poets* Heaven uſe?
For the more countenance to my active *Muſe*?

Hercules? alas his Bones are yet ſore,
With his old earthly Labours. T'exact more,
Of his dull god-head, were Sin. I'll implore

Phœbus? No, tend thy Cart ſtill. Envious day
Shall not give out, that I have made thee ſtay,
And found'red thy hot Team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, *Lord of the Vine*,
To raiſe my Spirits with thy conjuring Wine,
In the green Circle of the Ivy Twine.

Pallas, nor thee, I call on, mankind Maid,
That, at thy Birth, mad'ſt the poor Smith affraid,
Who, with his Ax, thy Father's Midwife plaid.

Go, cramp dull *Mars*, light *Venus*, when he Snorts,
Or, with thy *Tribade* Trine, invent new Sports.
Thou, nor thy looſneſs with my making Sorts.
Let the *old Boy*, your Son, ply his old Task,
Turn the ſtale Prologue to ſome painted Mask,
His abſence in my Verſe, is all I ask.

Hermes, the Cheater, ſhall not mix with us,
Though he would ſteal his Siſters *Pegaſus*,
And rifle him: or pawn his *Petaſus*.

Nor all the Ladies of the *Theſpian Lake*,
(Though they were cruſht into one Form) could make
A Beauty of that Merit, that ſhould take

My *Muſe* up by *Commiſſion*: No, I bring
My own true Fire. Now my Thought takes wing,
And now an *Epode* to deep Ears I ſing.

XI.

Epode.

NOt to know Vice at all, and keep true ſtate,
Is Virtue, and not *Fate*:
Next, to that Virtue, is to know Vice well,
And her black ſpight expel.
Which to effect (ſince no Breaſt is ſo ſure,
Or ſafe, but ſhe'll procure
Some way of entrance) we muſt plant a Guard
Of Thoughts to Watch, and Ward
At th'Eye and Ear (the Ports unto the Mind)
That no ſtrange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the Heart (our Spy)
Give knowledge inſtantly,
To wakeful Reaſon, our affections King:
Who (in th'examining)
Will quickly taſte the Reaſon, and commit
Cloſe, the cloſe Cauſe of it.
'Tis the ſecureſt Policy we have,
To make our Senſe our Slave.
But this true Courſe is not embrac'd by many:
By many? ſcarce by any.
For either our Affections do rebel,
Or elſe the Sentinel
(That ſhould ring Larum to the Heart) doth ſleep,
Or ſome great Thought doth keep
Back the Intelligence, and falſly Swears,
Th'are baſe, and idle Fears
Whereof the loyal Conſcience ſo complains.
Thus by theſe ſubtile Trains,
Do ſeveral Paſſions invade the Mind,
And ſtrike our Reaſon blind.
Of which uſurping Rank, ſome have thought Love
The firſt; as prone to move
Moſt frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Unreſts,
In our enflamed Breaſts:
But this doth from the Cloud of Error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The Thing, they here call Love, is blind Deſire,
Arm'd with Bow, Shafts, and Fire;
Inconſtant, like the Sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, ſwelling, like a Storm:
With whom who Sails, rides on the ſurge of Fear,
And Boils, as if he were
In a continual Tempeſt. Now, true Love
No ſuch Effects doth prove;
That is an Eſſence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden Chain let down from Heaven,
Whoſe Links are bright, and even.
That falls like Sleep on Lovers, and combines
The ſoft, and ſweeteſt Minds
In equal Knots: This bears no Brands, nor Darts,
To murther different Hearts,
But, in a calm, and god-like Unity,
Preſerves Community.

O, who

O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoys
Th' *Elixir* of all Joys?
A Form more freſh, than are the *Eden* Bowers,
And laſting, as her Flowers:
Richer than *Time*, and as *Time*'s Virtue, rare:
Sober, as ſaddeſt Care:
A fixed Thought, an Eye untaught to glance;
Who (bleſt with ſuch high Chance)
Would, at ſuggeſtion of a ſteep deſire,
Caſt himſelf from the Spire
Of all his Happineſs? But ſoft: I hear
Some vicious Fool draw near,
That cries, we Dream, and ſwears there's no ſuch thing,
As this chaſte Love we ſing.
Peace Luxury, thou art like one of thoſe
Who, being at Sea, ſuppoſe,
Becauſe they move, the Continent doth ſo.
No, Vice, we let thee know,
Tho' thy wild thoughts with Sparrows Wings do flie,
Turtles can chaſtly die;
And yet (in this t'expreſs our ſelves more clear)
We do not number here,
Such Spirits as are only Continent,
Becauſe Luſt's means are ſpent:
Or thoſe, who doubt the Common Mouth of Fame,
And for their Place and Name,
Cannot ſo ſafely ſin. Their Chaſtity
Is meer Neceſſity.
Nor mean we thoſe, whom Vows and Conſcience
Have fill'd with Abſtinence:
Tho' we acknowledg, who can ſo abſtain,
Makes a moſt bleſſed Gain.
He that for love of Goodneſs hateth Ill,
Is more Crown-worthy ſtill,
Than he, which for Sin's Penalty forbears;
His Heart ſins, tho' he fears.
But we propoſe a Perſon like our Dove,
Grac'd with a *Phœnix* love;
A Beauty of that clear, and ſparkling light,
Would make a Day of Night,
And turn the blackeſt Sorrows to bright Joys:
Whoſe od'rous Breath deſtroys
All taſte of bitterneſs, and makes the Air
As ſweet as ſhe is fair.
A Body ſo harmoniouſly compos'd,
As if *Nature* diſclos'd
All her beſt Symmetry in that one Feature!
O, ſo Divine a Creature,
Who could be falſe to? chiefly when he knows
How only ſhe beſtows
The wealthy treaſure of her love on him;
Making his Fortunes ſwim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
What ſavage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a Dame
Of this excelling Frame?
Much more a noble, and right generous mind
(To vertuous moods inclin'd)
That knows the weight of guilt: He will refrain
From thoughts of ſuch a ſtrain.
And to his Senſe object this Sentence ever,
Man may ſecurely ſin, but ſafely never.

XII.

EPISTLE.

To Elizabeth *Counteſs of* Rutland.

Madam,

WHil'ſt that, for which all Vertue now is ſold,
And almoſt every Vice, almighty Gold,
That which, to boot with Hell, is thought worth Heaven,
And for it, Life, Conſcience, yea Souls are given,
Toyles, by grave cuſtom, up and down the Court,
To every Squire, or Groom, that will report
Well, or ill, only all the following Year,
Juſt to the weight their this days Preſents bear;
While it makes Huiſhers ſerviceable Men,
And ſome one apteth to be truſted then,
Though never after; whiles it gains the Voice
Of ſome grand Peer, whoſe Air doth make rejoice
The Fool that gave it; who will want, and weep,
When his proud Patron's Favours are aſleep;
While thus it buys great Grace, and hunts poor Fame;
Runs between Man, and Man; 'tween Dame, and Dame;
Solders crackt Friendſhip; makes Love laſt a day;
Or perhaps leſs: whil'ſt Gold bears all this ſway,
I, that have none (to ſend you) ſend you Verſe.
A Preſent which (if elder Writs rehorſe
The truth of Times) was once of more eſteem,
Than this, our Guilt, nor golden Age can deem,
When Gold was made no Weapon to cut Throats,
Or put to flight *Aſtrea*, when her Ingots
Were yet unfound, and better plac'd in earth,
Than, here, to give Pride fame, and Peaſants birth.
But let this Droſs carry what price it will
With noble Ignorants, and let them ſtill,
Turn, upon ſcorned Verſe, their Quarter-face:
With you, I know, my off'ring will find grace.
For what a Sin 'gainſt your great Father's Spirit,
Were it to think, that you ſhould not inherit
His love unto the *Muſes*, when his skill
Almoſt you have, or may have, when you will?
Wherein wiſe *Nature* you a Dowry gave,
Worth an Eſtate, treble to that you have.
Beauty, I know, is good, and Blood is more;
Riches thought moſt: But, *Madam*, think what ſtore
The World hath ſeen, which all theſe had in truſt,
And now lie loſt in their forgotten Duſt.
It is the *Muſe* alone, can raiſe to Heaven,
And, at her ſtrong Arms end, hold up, and even,
The Souls, ſhe loves. Thoſe other glorious Notes,
Inſcrib'd in touch or marble, or the Cotes
Painted, or carv'd upon our great Mens Tombs,
Or in their Windows; do but prove the Wombs,
That bred them, Graves: when they were born, they dy'd,
That had no *Muſe* to make their Fame abide.
How many equal with the *Argive* Queen,
Have Beauty known, yet none ſo famous ſeen?
Achilles was not firſt, that valiant was,
Or, in an Army's head, that lockt in braſs,
Gave killing ſtrokes. There were brave Men, before
Ajax, or *Idomen*, or all the ſtore,
That *Homer* brought to *Troy*; yet none ſo live:
Becauſe they lack'd the ſacred Pen, could give
Like life unto 'em. Who heav'd *Hercules*
Unto the Stars? or the *Tyndarides*?
Who placed *Jaſons Argo* in the Sky?
Or ſet bright *Ariadnes* Crown ſo high?
Who made a Lamp of *Berenices* Hair?
Or lifted *Caſſiopea* in her Chair?
But only *Poets*, rapt with Rage divine?
And ſuch, or my hopes fail, ſhall make you ſhine.
You, and that other Star, that pureſt light,
Of all *Lucina*'s Train; *Lucy* the bright.
Than which, a nobler Heaven itſelf knows not.
Who, though ſhe have a better Verſer got,
(Or *Poet*, in the Court account) than I,
And, who doth me (though I not him) envy,
Yet, for the timely Favours ſhe hath done,
To my leſs ſanguine *Muſe*, wherein ſhe hath won
My grateful Soul, the ſubject of her powers,
I have already us'd ſome happy hours,
To her remembrance; which when time ſhall bring
To curious light, to Notes, I then ſhall ſing,
Will prove old *Orpheus* Act no Tale to be:
For I ſhall move Stocks, Stones, no leſs than he.

Then

Then all, that have but done my *Muſe* leaſt grace,
Shall thronging come, and boaſt the happy place
They hold in my ſtrange *Poems*, which, as yet,
Had not their Form touch'd by an *Engliſh* Wit.
There like a rich, and golden *Pyramid*,
Born up by Statues, ſhall I rear your Head,
Above your under-carved Ornaments,
And ſhew, how, to the Life, my Soul preſents
Your Form impreſt there: not with tickling Rhimes,
Or Common-places, filch'd, that take theſe Times,
But high, and noble matter, ſuch as flies
From Brains entranc'd, and fill'd with Extaſies;
Moods, which the god-like *Sydney* oft did prove,
And your brave Friend, and mine ſo well did love:
Who, whereſo're he be——

The reſt is loſt.

XIII.

EPISTLE.

To Katherine, *Lady* Aubigny.

'TIS grown almoſt a danger to ſpeak true
Of any good Mind, now; There are ſo few.
The bad, by number, are ſo fortify'd,
As what they've loſt t'expect, they dare deride.
So both the Prais'd, and Praiſers ſuffer: Yet,
For others ill, ought none their good forget.
I, therefore, who profeſs my ſelf in Love,
With every Virtue, whereſo're it move,
And howſoever; as I am at Feud
With Sin and Vice, though with a Throne endu'd;
And, in this Name, am given out dangerous
By Arts, and Practice of the Vicious,
Such as ſuſpect themſelves, and think it fit
For their own cap'tal Crimes, t'indite my Wit;
I, that have ſuffer'd this; and, though forſook
Of *Fortune*, have not alter'd yet my look,
Or ſo my ſelf abandon'd, as becauſe
Men are not juſt, or keep no holy Laws
Of Nature, and Society, I ſhould faint;
Or fear to draw true Lines, 'cauſe others Paint:
I, *Madam*, am become your Praiſer. Where,
If it may ſtand with your ſoft Bluſh to hear,
Your Self but told unto Your Self, and ſee
In my Character, what your Features be,
You will not from the Paper ſlightly paſs:
No Lady, but at ſometime loves her Glaſs.
And this ſhall be no falſe one, but as much
Remov'd, as you from Need to have it ſuch.
Look then, and ſee your Self. I will not ſay
Your Beauty; for you ſee that every day:
And ſo do many more. All which can caſt
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,
Not taken up o'th'Doctors, but as well
As I, can ſay, and ſee it doth excel.
That asks but to be cenſur'd by the Eyes:
And, in thoſe outward Forms, all Fools are wiſe.
Nor that your Beauty wanted not a Dower,
Do I reflect. Some Alderman has power,
Or cos'ning Farmer of the Cuſtoms ſo,
T'advance his doubtful Iſſue, and o'reflow
A Princes Fortune: Theſe are gifts of Chance,
And raiſe not Virtue; they may Vice enhance.
My Mirror is more ſubtil, clear, refin'd,
And takes, and gives the Beauties of the mind.
Though it reject not thoſe of *Fortune*: ſuch
As Blood, and Match. Wherein, how more than much
Are you engaged to your happy Fate,
For ſuch a Lot! that mixt you with a State
Of ſo great Title, Birth, but Virtue moſt,
Without which, all the reſt were ſounds, or loſt.
'Tis only that can Time, and Chance defeat:
For he, that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith, then *Madam*, can you better pay
This bleſſing of your Stars, than by that way
Of Virtue, which you tread? What if alone?
Without Companions? 'Tis ſafe to have none.
In ſingle paths, Dangers with eaſe are watch'd:
Contagion in the Preaſe is ſooneſt catch'd.
This makes, that wiſely you decline your Life,
Far from the maze of Cuſtom, Error, Strife,
And keep an even, and unhalter'd Gait;
Not looking by, or back, (like thoſe, that wait
Times, and Occaſions, to ſtart forth, and ſeem)
Which though the turning World may diſeſteem,
Becauſe that Studies Spectacles, and Shows,
And after varied, as freſh Objects goes,
Giddy with Change, and therefore cannot ſee
Right, the right way: yet muſt your comfort be
Your Conſcience, and not Wonder, if none asks
For Truth's Complexion, where they all wear Masks.
Let who will follow Faſhions, and Attires,
Maintain their Lievgers forth, for Foreign Wyres,
Melt down their Husbands Land, to pour away
On the cloſe Groom, and Page, on *New-years* Day,
And almoſt, all Days after, while they live;
(They find it both ſo witty, and ſafe to give)
Let 'em on Poulders, Oyls, and Paintings, ſpend,
Till that no Uſurer, nor his Bawds dare lend
Them, or their Officers: and no Man know,
Whether it be a Face they wear, or no.
Let 'em waſte Body, and 'State; and after all,
When their own Paraſites laugh at their Fall,
May they have nothing left, whereof they can
Boaſt, but how oft they have gone wrong to Man:
And call it their brave Sin. For ſuch there be
That do ſin only for the Infamy:
And never think, how Vice doth every hour,
Eat on her Clients, and ſome one devour.
You, *Madam*, young have learn'd to ſhun theſe Shelves,
Whereon the moſt of Mankind wreck themſelves,
And, keeping a juſt Courſe, have early put
Into your Harbour, and all paſſage ſhut
'Gainſt Storms, or Pirats, that might charge your Peace;
For which you worthy are the glad Increaſe
Of your bleſt Womb, made fruitful from above
To pay your Lord the pledges of chaſte Love:
And raiſe a noble Stem, to give the Fame,
To *Clifton*'s Blood, that is deny'd their Name.
Grow, grow, fair Tree, and as thy Branches ſhoot,
Hear, what the *Muſes* ſing above thy Root,
By me, their Prieſt (if they can ought Divine)
Before the Moons have fill'd their triple Trine,
To crown the Burden which you go withall,
It ſhall a ripe and timely Iſſue fall,
T'expect the Honours of great *Aubigny*:
And greater Rites, yet writ in Myſtery,
But which the *Fates* forbid me to reveal.
Only, thus much, out of a raviſh'd Zeal,
Unto your Name, and goodneſs of your Life,
They ſpeak; ſince you are truly that rare Wife,
Other great Wives may bluſh at: when they ſee
What your try'd manners are, what theirs ſhould be.
How you love one, and him you ſhould; how ſtill
You are depending on his Word, and Will;
Not faſhion'd for the Court, or Stranger's Eyes;
But to preaſe him, who is the dearer Prize
Unto himſelf, by being ſo dear to you.
This makes, that your Affections ſtill be new,
And that your Souls conſpire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one, ſtill; and as long years do paſs,
Madam, be bold to uſe this trueſt Glaſs:
Wherein, your Form, you ſtill the ſame ſhall find;
Becauſe nor it can change, nor ſuch a Mind.

XIV.

ODE.

To Sir William Sydney, *on his Birth-day.*

NOW that the Hearth is crown'd with ſmiling Fire,
And ſome do Drink, and ſome do Dance,
Some Ring,
Some Sing,
And all do ſtrive t'advance
The gladneſs higher:
Wherefore ſhould I
Stand ſilent by.
Who not the leaſt,
Both love the Cauſe, and Authors of the Feaſt?
Give me my Cup, but from the *Theſpian* Well,
That I may tell to *Sydney*, what
This Day
Doth ſay,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell:
When all the Noiſe
Of theſe forc'd Joys,
Are fled and gone,
And he, with his beſt *Genius* left alone.
This Day ſays, then, the number of glad Years
Are juſtly ſumm'd, that make you Man;
Your Vow
Muſt now
Strive all right ways it can,
Tout-ſtrip your Peers:
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whoſe Will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to ſtand ſtill.
Nor can a little of the common ſtore,
Of Nobles Virtue, ſhew in you;
Your Blood
So good
And great, muſt ſeek for new,
And ſtudy more:
Nor weary, reſt
On what's deceas'd.
For they, that ſwell
With Duſt of Anceſtors, in Graves but dwell.
'Twill be exacted of your Name, whoſe Son,
Whoſe Nephew, whoſe Grandchild you are;
And Men,
Will, then,
Say you have follow'd far,
When well begun:
Which muſt be now,
They teach you, how.
And he that ſtays
To live until to Morrow hath loſt two Days.
So may you live in Honour, as in Name,
If with this Truth you be inſpir'd;
So may
This Day
Be more, and long deſir'd:
And with the Flame
Of Love be bright,
As with the light
Of Bonfires. Then (Men
The Birth-day ſhines, when Logs not burn, but

XV.

To Heaven.

GOod, and great *God*, can I not think of thee,
But it muſt, ſtraight, my Melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me Diſeaſe,
That, laden with my Sins, I ſeek for Eaſe?
O, be thou Witneſs, that the Reins doſt know,
And Hearts of all, if I be ſad for Show,
And judge me after: if I dare pretend
To ought but Grace, or aim at other End.
As thou art All, ſo be thou All to me,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, converted one, and three;
My Faith, my Hope, my Love: and in this ſtate,
My Judge, my Witneſs, and my Advocate.
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rapt, now thou but ſtoup'ſt to me?
Dwell, dwell here ſtill: O, being every-where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever, here?
I know my ſtate, both full of Shame, and Scorn,
Conceiv'd in Sin, and unto Labour born,
Standing with Fear, and muſt with Horror fall,
And deſtin'd unto judgment, after all.
I feel my Griefs too, and there ſcarce is Ground,
Upon my Fleſh t'inflict another Wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wiſh for Death
With holy *Paul*, leſt it be thought the Breath
Of Diſcontent; or that theſe Prayers be
For wearineſs of Life, not love of thee.

THE END.

PART

PART OF THE King's Entertainment IN PASSING TO HIS CORONATION.

The Author B. J.

Quando magis dignos licuit ſpectare triumphos! Mart.

At Fen-Church.

THE *Scene* preſented it ſelf in a Square and Flat Upright, like to the ſide of a City: the top thereof, above the Vent, and Creſt, adorn'd with Houſes, Towers, and Steeples, ſet off in proſpective. Upon the Battlements in a great Capital Letter was inſcribed,

LONDINIUM:

Annal. l. 14. According to *Tacitus*: *At* Suetonius *mira conſtantia, medios inter hoſteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniæ non inſigne, ſed copia Negotiatorum, & commeatu maxime celebre.* Beneath that, in a leſs and different Character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

Camb. Brit. 374. Which Title immediately after the *Norman* Conqueſt it began to have; and by the indulgence of ſucceeding Princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the Freeze over the Gate, it ſeemeth to ſpeak this Verſe:

PAR DOMUS HÆC COELO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO.

Lib. 8. *Epig.* 36. Taken out of *Martial*, and implying, that though this City (for the State, and Magnificence) might (by *Hyperbole*) be ſaid to touch the Stars, and reach up to Heaven, yet was it far inferior to the maſter thereof, who was his Majeſty; and in that reſpect unworthy to receive him. The higheſt Perſon advanc'd therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly: applying to the above-mentioned Title of the City, THE KING'S CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper Seat of the Empire: for, ſo the Glory and Light of our Kingdom Mr. *Cambden*, (*Brit.* 3.7.) ſpeaking of *London*, ſaith, ſhe is *totius Britanniæ Epitome, Britannicique Imperii ſedes, Regumque Angliæ Camera; tantum inter omnes eminet, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna Cupreſſus.* She was a Woman, richly attir'd, in Cloth of Gold and Tiſſue; a rich Mantle; over her State two Crowns hanging, with penſil Shields thorow them; the one lim'd with the particular Coat of *England*, the other of *Scotland*: on either ſide alſo a Crown, with the like 'Scutcheons, and peculiar Coats of *France* and *Ireland*. In her Hand ſhe holds a Scepter; on her Head a Fillet of Gold, interwoven with Palm and Lawrel; her Hair bound into four ſeveral Points, deſcending from her Crowns; and in her Lap a little Globe, inſcrib'd upon

ORBIS BRITANNICUS.

And beneath, the Word

DIVISUS AB ORBE.

To ſhew that this Empire is a World divided from the World; and alluding to that of **Clau.*

* *De mallii Theodor. conſ. Panegyri. Eclog.* 1.

——Et noſtro diducta Britannia mundo.

And *Virg.*

——Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos.

The Wreath denotes Victory and Happineſs. The Scepter and Crowns Sovereignty. The Shields the Precedency of the Countries, and their Diſtinctions. At the Feet was ſet

THEOSOPHIA,

or *divine Wiſdom*, all in White, a blue Mantle ſeeded with Stars, a Crown of Stars on her Head. Her Garments figur'd Truth, Innocence, and Clearneſs. She was always looking up; in her one Hand ſhe ſuſtained a Dove, in the other a Serpent: the laſt to ſhew her Subtilty, the firſt her Simplicity; alluding to that Text of Scripture, (*Matth.*

(*Matth.*10.16.) *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, & simplices sicut columbæ.* Her Word,

*Prov.*8.15. *PER ME REGES REGNANT.*

Intimating, how by her all Kings do govern, and that she is the Foundation and Strength of Kingdoms, to which end, she was here placed, upon a Cube, at the foot of the Monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIUS URBIS,

Antiqui Genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt Deum: & tam urbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum, Lil. Gre. Gy. in Synt. deor. 15. & Rosin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2. c. 14.

A Person attir'd rich, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, crowned with a Wreath of Plain-tree, which is said to be *Arbor genialis*; his Mantle of purple, and Buskins of that colour: He held in one Hand a Goblet, in the other a Branch full of little Twigs, to signifie Increase and Indulgence. His Word

HIS ARMIS:

pointing to the Two that supported him, whereof the one on the Right hand, was

BOULEUTES,

Figuring the Council of the City, and was suted in black and purple; a Wreath of * Oak upon his Head; sustaining for his Ensigns, on his left Arm a Scarlet Robe, and in his Right hand the † Fasces, as Tokens of Magistracy, with this Inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

* *Civica corona fit è fronde querna, quoniam cibus, victusq; antiquissimus quercus capi solitus fit.* Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27. † *Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic, ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret,* Ros. lib. 7. cap. 3. *Ubi notandum est, non debere præcipitem, & solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, & cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ solvuntur, identidem consilium mutavit deplectendo. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod revocari valet, immendabile secures præcidunt.* Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

The other on the Left hand,

POLEMIUS,

The warlike Force of the City, in an antique Coat or Armour, with a Target and Sword; his Helm on, and crowned with Laurel, implying Strength and Conquest: in his Hand he bore the Standart of the City, with this Word,

EXTINGUERE ET HOSTEIS.

Expressing by those several Mots, connexed, that with those Arms of Counsel and Strength, the *Genius* was able to extinguish the King's Enemies, and preserve his Citizens, alluding to those Verses in *Seneca*,

Extinguere hostem, maxima est virtus Ducis.
Servare Cives, major est patriæ patri. Oct. Act. 2.

Underneath these, in an Aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS,

The River, as running along the Side of the City; in a Skin-coat made like Flesh, naked and blue. His Mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and boln out like a Sail; Bracelets about his Wrests, of willow and sedge, a Crown of Sedge and Reed upon his Head, mixt with Water-lillies; alluding to *Virgil*'s Description of *Tyber*;

——*Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amæno,*
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, & crineis umbrosa regebat Arundo. Æn. lib. 8.

His Beard, and Hair long, and over-grown. He leans his Arm upon an earthen Pot, out of which, Water, with live Fishes, are seen to run forth, and play about him. His Word,

FULMINA SENSERUNT IPSA

An hemistich of *Ovids*: The rest of the Verse being,

——*quid esset amor.* Amor. l. 3. el. 5.

Affirming, that Rivers themselves, and such inanimate Creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of Passions, and Affections; and that he now, no less partook the Joy of his Majesties grateful approach to this City, than any of those Persons, to whom he pointed, which were the Daughters of the *Genius*, and Six in Number: who, in a spreading Ascent, upon several Grices, help to beautifie both the Sides. The first,

EUPHROSYNE,

or *Gladness*: was suted in Green, a Mantle of divers colours, embroidred with all variety of Flowers: on her Head a Garland of Mirtle, in her Right hand a crystal Cruze fill'd with Wine, in the Left a Cup of Gold: at her Feet a Timbrel, Harp, and other Instruments, all Ensigns of Gladness,

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis, &c. *Hor. Car. 1. Ode 27.*

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda Tellus, &c. *Et Ode 37.*

Her Word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES. *Stat. Syl. 4. Ep. Demit.*

As if this were the first Hour of her Life, and the Minute wherein she began to be; beholding so long coveted, and look'd for a presence. The second,

SEBASIS,

or *Veneration*, was varied in an ash-colour'd Sute, and dark Mantle, a Vail over her Head of ash-colour: her Hands crost before her, and her Eyes half closed. Her Word,

MIHI SEMPER DEUS. Virg. Ecl. 1.

Implying both her office of Reverence, and the Dignity of her Object, who being as God on Earth, should never be less in her Thought. The third,

PROTHYMIA,

or *Promptitude*, was attir'd in a short tuck't Garment of Flame-colour, Wings at her back; her Hair bright, and bound up with Ribands; her Breast open, *virago*-like; her Buskins so ribanded: She was crowned with a Chaplet of *Trifoly*, to expres Readiness, and Openness every way; in her Right hand she held a Squirrel, as being the Creature most full of Life and Quickness: in the Left a close round Censor, with the Perfume suddenly to be vented forth at the Sides. Her Word,

QUA DATA PORTA. Æne. 1.

Taken from another place in *Virgil*, where *Æolus* at the command of *Juno* lets forth the Wind;

——— *ac venti velut agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant. Æne. 1.

And shew'd that she was no less prepar'd with Promptitude, and Alacrity, than the Winds were, upon the least Gate that shall be opened to his high command. The Fourth,

AGRYPNIA,

or *Vigilance*, in yellow, a sable Mantle, seeded with waking Eyes, and silver Fringe: her Chaplet of *Heliotropium*, or Turnsole: in her one Hand a Lamp, or Cressel; in her other a Bell. The Lamp signified Search and Sight, the Bell Warning; the *Heliotropium* Care, and respecting her Object. Her Word,

SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS.

Alluding to that of *Ovid*, where he describes the Office of *Argus*.

———*Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen*
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis. Met. 1.

and implying the like duty of Care and Vigilance in her self. The fifth,

AGAPE,

or loving Affection, in Crimson fringed with Gold, a Mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white Roses; in her Hand a flaming Heart: The Flame expressed Zeal; the red and white Roses, a mixture of Simplicity with Love; her Robes Freshness and Fervency. Her Word,

NON SIC EXCUBIÆ.

Out of *Claudian*, in following.

De 4. Cons. Honor. Panegyri.

——*Nec circumstantia pila*
Quàm tutatur amor.

Inferring, that though her Sister before had protested Watchfulness, and Circumspection, yet no Watch or Guard could be so safe to the Estate, or Person of a Prince, as the Love and natural Affection of his Subjects: which she in the Cities behalf, promised. The sixth,

OMOTHYMIA,

or *Unanimity*, in blew, her Robe blew, and Buskins. A Chaplet of blew Lillies, shewing one Truth and Entireness of Mind. In her Lap lies a Sheaf of Arrows bound together, and she her self sits weaving certain small silver Twists. Her Word,

FIRMA CONSENSUS FACIT.

Auxilia humilia firma, &c. Pub. Syr. Mi.

Intimating, that even the smallest and weakest Aids, by consent, are made strong: her self personating the Unanimity, or Consent of Soul, in all Inhabitants of the City to his Service.

¶ These are all the Personages, or live Figures, whereof only two were Speakers (*Genius* and *Tamesis*) the rest were Mutes. Other dumb Complements there were, as the Arms of the Kingdom on the one Side, with this Inscription,

HIS VIREAS.

With these may'st thou flourish.

On the other Side the Arms of the City, with,

HIS VINCAS.

With these may'st thou conquer.

In the Centre, or midst of the Pegm, there was an Aback, or Square, wherein this Elogy was written:

MAXIMUS HIC REX EST ET LUCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QUÆ TALEM CERNIT IN URBE DUCEM;
CUJUS FORTUNAM SUPERAT SIC UNICA VIRTUS,
UNUS UT IS RELIQUOS VINCIT UTRAQUE VIROS.
PRÆCEPTIS ALII POPULOS, MULTAQUE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SUO.
CUIQUE FRUI TOTA FAS EST UXORE MARITO,
ET SUA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE UBI PIGNORIBU CIRCUMSTIPATA CORUSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR *ANNA* VIRO.
HAUD METUS EST REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMUS HÆRES,
NEU SUCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SUUM.

This, and the whole Frame, was covered with a Curtain of Silk, painted like a thick Cloud, and at the approach of the King was instantly to be drawn. The Allegory being, that those Clouds were gathered upon the Face of the City, through their long want of his most wished Sight: but now, as at the rising of the Sun, all Mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly, upon silence made to the Musicks, a Voice was heard to utter this Verse;

Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim. *Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 3.*

Signifying, that he was now really objected to their Eyes, who before had been only, but still, present in their Minds,

¶ Thus far the Complemental part of the first; wherein was not only laboured the Expression of State and Magnificence (as proper to a triumphal Arch) but the very Site, Fabrick, Strength, Policy, Dignity, and Affections of the City were all laid down to Life: The Nature and Property of these Devices being, to present always some one entire Body, or Figure, consisting of distinct Members, and each of those expressing it self, in the own active Sphere, yet all, with that general Harmony so connexed, and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole: where also is to be noted, that the *Symboles* used, are not, neither ought to be, simply *Hieroglyphicks*, *Emblems*, or *Impreses*, but a mixed Character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent Inventions: wherein, the Garments and Ensigns deliver the Nature of the Person, and the Word the present Office. Neither was it becoming, or could it stand with the Dignity of these Shews (after the most miserable and desperate Shift of the Puppits) to require a Truch-man, or (with the ignorant Painter) one to write, *This is a Dog*; or, *This is a Hare*: but so to be presented, as upon the view, they might, without cloud, or obscurity, declare themselves to the Sharp and Learned: And for the Multitude, no doubt but their grounded Judgments did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.

The Speeches of Gratulation.

GENIUS.

TIme, Fate and Fortune have at length conspir'd,
To give our Age the day so much desir'd.
What all the Minutes, Hours, Weeks, Months, and Years,
That hang in File upon these silver Hairs,

Could

Could not produce, beneath the (*a*) *Britain* stroke,
The *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, and *Norman* (*b*) Yoke,
This Point of Time hath done. Now *London*, rear
Thy Forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest Gems; teach thy steep Towrs to rise
Higher with People: set with sparkling Eyes
Thy spacious Windows; and in every street,
Let thronging Joy, Love, and Amazement meet.
Cleave all the Air with shouts, and let the Cry
Strike through as long, and universally,
As Thunder; for, now thou art blist to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be.
When (*c*) *Brutus* plough'd first gave thee Infant bounds,
And I, thy *Genius* walkt auspicious rounds
In every (*d*) Furrow; then did I forelook,
And saw this day (*e*) markt white in (*f*) *Clotho*'s Book.
The several (*g*) Circles, both of change and sway,
Within this *Isle*, there also figur'd lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happiness we taste.
Why keep you silence, Daughters? What dull peace
Is this inhabits you? Shall office cease
Upon th'aspect of him, to whom you owe
More than you are, or can be? Shall *Time* know
That Article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspir'd? Now Heaven avert an ill
Of that black look. E're pause possess your Breasts
I wish you more of Plagues: "Zeal when it rests,
Leaves to be Zeal. Up thou tame *River*, wake;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake:
Thou drown'st thy self in inofficious sleep;
And these thy sluggish Waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise, and swell with Pride
Above thy Banks. "Now is not every Tide.

(*a*) As being the first free and natural Government of this Island, after it came to Civility. (*b*) In respect they were all Conquests, and the Obedience of the Subject more enforced. (*c*) Rather than the City should want a Founder, we chuse to follow the received Story of *Brute*, whether fabulous, or true, and not altogether unwarranted in Poetry: since it is a favour of Antiquity to few Cities, to let them know their first Authors. Besides, a learned Poet of our time, in a most elegant Work of his *Con. Tam. & Isis*, celebrating *London*, hath this Verse of her: *Æneia maternæ tollens sua lumina Troiæ.* Here is also an ancient Rite alluded to in the building of Cities, which was, to give them their Bounds with a Plough, according to *Virg. Æn. lib.* 10. *Interea Æneas urbem designat Aratro.* And *Isidore*, *lib.* 15. *cap.* 2. *Urbs vocata ab orbe, quod antiquæ civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud. Operaque locum regno & concludere sulco.* (*d*) *Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condenda nova urbe, tauro & vaccâ designationis causa imprimitur*; Hitherto respects that of *Camd. Brit.* 368. speaking of this City, *Quicunque autem consideris, vitalis genio constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.* (*e*) For all so happy days were. *Plin. cap.* 40. *lib.* 7. *Nat. Hist.* To which *Horace* alludes, *lib.* 1. *Ode* 36. *Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ.* And the other, *Plin. epist.* 11. *lib.* 6. *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo.* With many other in many places. *Mart. lib* 8. *epist.* 45. *lib.* 9. *epist.* 53. *lib.* 10. 88. *lib.* 11. 37. *Stat. lib.* 4. *Sy.* 6. *Pers. Sat.* 2. *Catull. Epig.* 69. &c. (*f*) The *Parcæ*, or *Fates*, *Martianus* calls them *scribas ac librarias superium*; whereof *Clotho* is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latine *Evocatio*. (*g*) Those beforementioned of the *Britain*, *Roman*, *Saxon*, &c. and to this Register of the Fates allude those Verses of *Ovid*, Met. 15.—— *Cernes illic molimine vasto, Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro: Quæ neque concussum cæli, neque fulmina Iram, Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas. Invenies illis incisa adamante perenni Fata, &c.*

TAMESIS.

TO what vain end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when Seas of pomp o'reflow
The Cities Face: and cover all the shore
With Sands more rich than (*a*) *Tagus* wealthy Ore?
When in the flood of Joy, that comes with him,
He drowns the World; yet makes it live and swim,
And spring with gladness: not my Fishes here,
Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
Of these bright streams. No less may (*b*) these, and I
Boast our delights, albe't we silent lie.

(*a*) A River dividing *Spain* and *Portugal*, and by the consent of Poets stil'd *Auriferi*.

(*b*) Understanding *Euphrosyne*, *Sebasis*, *Prothumia*, &c.

GENIUS.

INdeed, true Gladness doth not always speak:
"Joy bred, and born but in the tongue, is weak.
Yet (lest the fervor of so pure a flame
As this my City bears, might lose the name,
Without the apt eventing of her heat)
Know greatest *JAMES* (and no less good, than great,)
In the behalf of all my vertuous Sons,
Whereof my (*a*) eldest there, thy Pomp forerunns,
(A Man without my flattering, or his Pride,
As worthy, as he's (*b*) blest to be thy Guide)
In his grave name, and all his Brethrens right,
(Who thirst to drink the Nectar of thy sight)
The Council, Commoners, and Multitude;
(Glad, that this Day so long deny'd, is view'd)
I tender thee the heartiest Welcome, yet
That ever King had to his (*c*) Empire's Seat:
Never came Man, more long'd for, more desir'd:
And being come, more reverenc'd, lov'd, admir'd:
Hear, and record it: "In a Prince it is
"No little Vertue, to know who are his.
(*d*) With like Devotions, do I stoop t'embrace
This springing glory of thy (*e*) god-like race;
His Countries Wonder, Hope, Love, Joy and Pride:
How well doth he become the Royal side
Of this erected, and broad spreading Tree,
Under whose shade, may *Britain* ever be.
And from this Branch, may thousand Branches more
Shoot o're the Main, and knit with ev'ry Shore
In Bonds of Marriage, Kinred, and Increase;
And stile this Land, the (*f*) Navil of their Peace;
This is your Servants wish, your Cities vow,
Which still shall propagate itself, with you;
And free from spurs of hope, that slow minds move:
"He seeks no hire, that owes his Life to Love.
(*g*) And here she comes that is no less a part
In this days greatness, than in my glad heart.
Glory of Queens, and (*b*) glory of your Name,
Whose Graces do as far out-speak your Fame,
As Fame doth silence, when her Trumpet rings
You (*i*) Daughter, Sister, Wife of several Kings:
Besides Allyance, and the stile of Mother,
In which one Title you drown all your other.
Instance, be (*k*) that fair shoot, is gone before,
Your eldest Joy, and top of all your store,
With (*l*) those, whose sight to us is yet deny'd,
But not our Zeal to them, or ought beside
This City can to you: For whose Estate
She hopes you will be still good Advocate
To her best Lord. So, whil'st you mortal are,
No taste of sowr Mortality once dare
Approach your House; nor Fortune greet your Grace,
But coming on, and with a forward Face.

(*a*) The Lord Mayor, who for his Year, hath senior place of the rest, and for the day was chief Serjeant to the King. (*b*) Above the blessing of his present Office, the word had some particular allusion to his Name, which is *Benet*, and hath (no doubt) in time been the contraction of *Benedict*. (*c*) The City, which Title is toucht before. (*d*) To the Prince. (*e*) An Attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the *Greek* Poets, especially *Homer*. *Iliad. a.* —δι Διὸς Ἀλλαος. And in the same Book. —ὁ ἀντίθεον Πολυδεύκεα. (*f*) As *Lucretius* calls *Parnassus*, *Umbilicum terræ*. (*g*) To the Queen. (*h*) An emphatical Speech, and well re-enforcing her greatness; being by this match, more than either her Brother, Father, &c. (*i*) Daughter to *Frederick* second King of *Denmark*, and *Norway*, Sister to *Christierne* the Fourth now there Reigning, and Wife to *James* our Sovereign. (*k*) The Prince *Henry Frederick*. (*l*) *Charles* Duke of *Rothsey*, and the Lady *Elizabeth*.

The other at Temple-Bar.

CArried the Frontiſpiece of a Temple, the Walls of which and Gates were braſs; their Pillars ſilver, their Capitals and Baſes gold: in the higheſt point of all was erected a *Janus* head, and over it written,

JANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRUM.

Baſſus apud Macro. l. 1. Satur. cap. 9.

Which Title of *Quadrifrons* is ſaid to be given him, as he reſpecteth all Climates, and fills all parts of the World with his Majeſty: which *Martial* would ſeem to allude unto in that *Hendecaſyllable*,

Lib. 8. Ep. 2. *Et lingua pariter locutus omni.*

Others have thought it by reaſon of the four Elements, which brake out of him, being *Chaos*: for *Ovid* is not afraid to make *Chaos* and *Janus* the ſame, in thoſe Verſes,

Faſt. lib. 1. *Me Chaos antiqui (nam ſum res priſca) vocabant*
Adſpice, &c.

* *Lege Matiſanum, lib. 4. cap. 8. Alb. in deorum.*

But we rather follow (and that more particularly) the opinion of the * Ancients, who have entituled him *Quadrifrons*, in regard of the year, (which under his ſway is divided into four Seaſons, *Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*,) and aſcribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic. (a) *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima & extrema, principem in ſacrificando* Janum *eſſe voluerunt, quod* (b) *ab eundo nomen eſt deductum: ex quo tranſitiones perviæ* Jani, *foreſque in liminibus prophanarum ædium, Janua nominatur*, &c. As alſo the charge and cuſtody of the whole world, by *Ovid*:

(a) *De nat. deorum, lib. 2.*

(b) *Quaſi Eanus.*

Faſt. ibid.

Quicquid ubique vides, cœlum, mare, nubila, terras.
Omnia ſunt noſtra clauſa patentque manu.
Me penes eſt unum vaſti cuſtodia mundi,
Et jus vertendi cardinis omne meum eſt.

About his four Heads he hath a wreath of Gold, in which was graven this Verſe,

Mart. lib. 8. Epiſt. 2. TOT VULTUS MIHI NEC SATIS PUTAVI.

Signifying, that though he had four Faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatneſs and glory of that day: beneath under the head was written,

Ov. Faſt. 1. ET MODO SACRIFICO CLUSIUS ORE VOCOR.

For being open, he was ſtyl'd *Patulcius*, but then upon the coming of his Majeſty, being to be ſhut, he was to be called *Cluſius*. Upon the outmoſt Front of the Building was placed the entire Arms of the Kingdom with the Garter, Crown, and Supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an *Hexaſtick* written underneath, all expreſſing the dignity and power of him that ſhould cloſe that Temple.

QUI DUDUM ANGUSTIS TANTUM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQUE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBUIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (UT NULLA DEESSET
VIRTUTI FORTUNA) SUO FELICITER UNI
JUNCTA SIMUL SENSIT: FAS UT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON JAM SANGUINEA FRUITUROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great Freeze, below, that ran quite along the breadth of the Building, were written theſe two Verſes out of *Horace*, Lib. 2. Epiſt. 1. ad *Aug.*

JURANDASQUE SUUM PER NOMEN PONIMUS ARAS,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

The firſt and principal perſon in the Temple, was

IRENE,

Or *Peace*, ſhe was placed aloft in a *Cant*, her Attire white, ſemined with Stars, her Hair looſe and large: a wreath of Olive on her Head, on her Shoulder a Silver Dove: in her left hand, ſhe held forth an Olive Branch, with an handful of ripe Ears, in the other a Crown of Lawrel, as Notes of Victory and Plenty. By her ſtood

PLUTUS,

Or *Wealth*, a little Boy, bare-headed, his Locks curled, and ſpangled with Gold, of a freſh Aſpect, his Body almoſt naked, ſaving ſome rich Robe caſt over him; in his arms a heap of gold Ignots to expreſs Riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath her feet lay

So *Cephiſidotus* hath fained him. See *Pauſ. in Bœoti. & Phil. in Imag.* contrary to *Ariſtoph. Theogn. Lucian*, and others, that make him blind and deformed.

ENYALIUS,

Or *Mars*, groveling, his Armor ſcattered upon him in ſeveral pieces, and ſundry ſorts of Weapons broken about him, her word to all was

UNA TRIUMPHIS INNUMERIS POTIOR.

——— *pax optima rerum*
Quas homini noviſſe datum eſt, pax una Triumphis
Innumeris potior. Sil. Ital.

Signifying that Peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable Triumphs. Beſides, upon the right hand of her, but with ſome little deſcent, in a *Hemicycle* was ſeated

ESYCHIA,

Or *Quiet*, the firſt Handmaid of Peace; a Woman of a grave and venerable Aſpect, attired in black, upon her head an artificial Neſt, out of which appeared Storks heads, to manifeſt a ſweet Repoſe. Her feet were placed upon a Cube, to ſhew Stability, and in her Lap ſhe held a Perpendicular or Level, as the Enſign of *Evenneſs* and *Reſt*: on the top of it ſate an *Halcyon*, or King's-fiſher. She had lying at her feet

TARACHE,

Or *Tumult*, in a Garment of divers, but dark Colours, her Hair wild, and diſordered, a foul and troubled Face; about her lay Staves, Swords, Ropes, Chains, Hammers, Stones, and ſuch like, to expreſs Turmoil. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQUILLA POTESTAS.

Quod violenta nequit: mandataque fortius urget
Imperioſa quies. Claud.

De Malii. Theo. conſ. Panegy.

To ſhew the benefit of a calm and facile Power, being able to effect in a State that, which no Violence can. On the other ſide the ſecond Handmaid was

ELEUTHERIA,

Or *Liberty*, her Dreſſing white, and ſomewhat antick, but looſe and free: her Hair flowing down her back, and ſhoulders: In her right Hand ſhe bare a Club, on her left a Hat, the *Characters* of Freedom and Power: At her feet a Cat

a Cat was placed, the Creature moſt affecting, and expreſſing Liberty. She trode on

DOULOSIS,

Or *Servitude*, a Woman in old and worn Garments, lean and meagre, bearing Fetters on her Feet and Hands; about her Neck a Yoke, to inſinuate Bondage, and the word

NEC UNQUAM GRATIOR.

Alluding to that other of *Claud.*

Nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam ſub Rege pio. De laud. Stil. l. 3.

And intimated that Liberty could never appear more graceful, and lovely, than now under ſo good a Prince. The third Handmaid was

SOTERIA,

Or *Safety*, a Damſel in Carnation, the colour ſignifying Cheer, and Life; ſhe ſat high: upon her Head ſhe wore an antick Helm, and in her right Hand a Spear for Defence, in her left a Cup for Medicine: at her Feet was ſet a Pedeſtal, upon which a Serpent rowl'd up did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

Or *Danger*, a Woman diſpoiled, and almoſt naked; the little Garment ſhe hath left her, of ſeveral colours, to note her various diſpoſition. Beſides her lies a Torch out, and a Sword broken, (the Inſtruments of her Fury) with a Net and Wolves-skin (the Enſigns of her Malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METUS.

Borrowed from *Mart.* and implying, that now *Lib.12.Ep.6.* all Fears have turned their backs, and our ſafety might become ſecurity, danger being ſo wholly depreſt, and unfurniſht of all means to hurt. The fourth Attendant is,

EUDAIMONIA,

Or *Felicity*, varied on the ſecond hand, and apparelled richly; in an embroidered Robe, and Mantle: a fair golden Treſs. In her right hand a *Caduceus*, the note of peaceful Wiſdom: in her left, a *Cornucopia* fill'd only with Flowers, as a ſign of flouriſhing Bleſſedneſs; and crown'd with a Garland of the ſame. At her Feet,

DYSPRAGIA,

Or *Unhappineſs*, a Woman bare-headed, her Neck, Arms, Breaſt, and Feet naked, her Look hollow and pale; ſhe holds a *Cornucopia* turned downward, with all the Flowers fall'n out and ſcattered; upon her ſits a Raven, as the augury of ill Fortune: And the Soul was

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

Out of *Virgil*, to ſhew that now thoſe golden *Eclog.* Times were returned again, wherein *Peace* was with us ſo advanced, *Reſt* received, *Liberty* reſtored, *Safety* aſſured, and all *Bleſſedneſs* appearing in every of theſe Virtues, her particular triumph over her oppoſite evil. This is the dumb Argument of the Frame, and illuſtrated with this Verſe of *Virgil*, written in the under Freeze.

NULLA SALUS BELLO:
PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES. *Æneid. lib.* 1.

The ſpeaking part was performed, as within the Temple where there was erected an Altar, to which, at the approach of the King, appears the *Flamen*

* MARTIALIS.

* One of the three *Flamines* that as ſome think, *Numa Pompilius* firſt inſtituted; but we rather, with *Varro*, take him of *Romulus*'s Inſtitution; whereof there were only two, *He*, and *Dialis*: to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the Nobility, and did perform the Rites to *Mars*, who was thought the Father of *Romulus*. (a) *Scaliger in conject. in Varr.* ſaith, *Totus Pileus, vel potius velamenta, Flammeum dicebatur, unde Flamines dicti.*

And to him,

GENIUS URBIS.

The *Genius* we attired before: To the *Flamen* we appoint this Habit. A long crimſon Robe to witneſs his Nobility, his Tippet and Sleeves white, as reflecting on Purity in his Religion, a rich Mantle of Gold with a Train, to expreſs the dignity of his Function. Upon his Head a (a) Hat of delicate Wooll, whoſe top ended in a Cone, and was thence called according to that of *Lucan. lib.* 1.

Attollenſque Apicem generoſo vertice Flamen.

This *Apex* was covered with a (b) fine Net of Yarn, which they named *Apiculum*, and was ſuſtained with a (c) bow'd twig of *Pomegranat* Tree; it was alſo in the hot time of *Summer* to be bound with Ribons, and thrown behind them, as (d) *Scaliger* teacheth. In his Hand he bore a golden Cenſor with Perfume, and cenſing about the Altar, (having firſt kindled his Fire on the top) is interrupted by the *Genius*.

(b) To this looks that other Conjecture of *Varro*, *lib.* 4. *de lingua Latina. Flamines quod lucio in capite velati erant ſemper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, Flamines dicti.* (c) Which in their Attire was called *Stroppus*, in their Wives *Inarculum*. (d) *Scal. Ibid. in con. Ponè enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis eſſet ſummis æſtatis caloribus. Amentis enim, quæ offendices dicebantur ſub mentum adductis, religabant; ut cum vellent, regerarent, & ponè pendere permitterent.*

GENIUS.

STay, what art thou, that in this ſtrange Attire,
Dar'ſt kindle ſtranger, and unhallowed Fire
Upon this Altar? *Fl.* Rather what art thou
That dar'ſt ſo rudely interrupt my Vow?
My Habit ſpeaks my Name. *Ge.* A Flamen? *Fl.* Yes.
And (a) *Martialis* call'd. *Ge.* I ſo did gueſs
By my ſhort view; but whence didſt thou aſcend
Hither? or how? or to what myſtick end?
Fl. The Noiſe, and preſent Tumult of this Day,
Rows'd me from Sleep, and Silence, where I lay
Obſcur'd from Light; which when I wak't to ſee,
I wond'ring thought what this great Pomp might be.
When (looking in my Kalendar) I found
The (b) *Ides* of *March* were entred, and I bound
With theſe, to celebrate the *genial* Feaſt
Of (c) *Anna* ſtill'd *Perenna*, (d) *Mars* his Gueſt,

(a) Of *Mars* whoſe Rites (as we have toucht before) this *Flamen* did ſpecially celebrate. (b) With us the 15 of *March*, which was the preſent day of this Triumph: and on which the great Feaſt of *Anna Perenna* (among the *Romans*) was yearly, and with ſuch Solemnity remembred. *Ovid. Faſt.* 3. *Idibus eſt, Annæ feſtum geniale Perennæ, Hand procul à ripis*, &c. (c) Who this *Anna* ſhould be (with the *Romans* themſelves) hath been no trifling Controverſie. Some have thonght her fabulouſly the Siſter of *Dido*, ſome a Nymph of *Numicius*, ſome *Io*, ſome *Themis*. Others an old Woman of *Bovilla*, that fed the ſeditious multitude, in *Monte Sacro*, with Wafers, and fine Cakes, in time of their Penury: To whom, afterward (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the Nobles, they ordained this Feaſt. Yet, they that have thought neareſt, have miſt all theſe, and directly imagined her the Moon. And that ſhe was called ANNA, *Quia menſibus impleat annum*, Ovid. *ib.* To which, the Vow that they uſed in her Rites, ſomewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, *Ut Amare, & Perannare commodè liceret, Macr. Sat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 12. (d) So *Ovid. ibid. Faſt.* makes *Mars* ſpeaking to her, *Menſe meo colerit, junxi mea tempora tecum.*

Who,

Who, in this Month of his, is yearly call'd
To Banquet at his Altars; and inſtall'd
(*a*) A *Goddeſs* with him, ſince ſhe fills the Year,
And (*b*) knits the oblique Scarf that girts the Sphere.
Whilſt four-fac'd *Janus* turns his (*c*) vernal Look
Upon their meeting Hours, as if he took
High Pride and Pleaſure. *Ge.* Sure thou ſtill doſt Dream,
And both thy Tongue, and Thought rides on the Stream
Of Phantaſy: Behold here *he* nor *ſhe*,
Have any Altar, Fane, or Deity.
Stoop: read but this (*d*) Inſcription: and then view
To whom the Place is conſecrate. 'Tis true
That this is *Janus* Temple, and that now
He turns upon the Year his freſheſt Brow:
That this is *Mars* his Month; and theſe the *Ides*,
Wherein his *Anne* was honor'd; both the Tides,
Titles, and Place, we know: but theſe dead Rites
Are long ſince buried, and new Power excites
More high and hearty Flames. Lo, there is he,
Who brings with him (*e*) a greater *Anne* than ſhe:
Whoſe ſtrong and potent Virtues have (*f*) defac'd
Stern *Mars* his Statues, and upon them plac'd
His, (*g*) and the Worlds bleſt Bleſſings: This hath brought
Sweet Peace to ſit in that bright State ſhe ought,
Unbloudy, or untroubled; hath forc'd hence
All Tumults, Fears, or other dark Portents
That might invade weak Minds; hath made Men ſee
Once more the face of welcome Liberty:
And doth (in all his preſent acts) reſtore
That firſt pure World, made of the better ore.
Now Innocence ſhall ceaſe to be the ſpoil
Of ravenous Greatneſs, or to ſteep the ſoil
Of raiſed Peſantry with Tears, and Blood;
No more ſhall rich Men (for their little good)
Suſpected to be made Guilty; or vile Spies
Enjoy the Luſt of their ſo murth'ring Eyes:
Men ſhall put off their Iron Minds, and Hearts;
The Time forget his old malicious Arts
With this new Minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former Ages ſtain.
Back, *Flamen*, with thy Superſtitious Fumes,
And cenſe not here; Thy Ignorance preſumes
Too much, in acting any Ethnick Rite
In this tranſlated Temple: here no Wight,
To ſacrifice, ſave my Devotion comes,
That brings in ſtead of thoſe thy (*b*) maſculine Gums.
My City's heart; which ſhall for ever burn
Upon this Altar, and no time ſhall turn
The ſame to Aſhes: here I fix it faſt,
Flame bright, Flame high, and may it ever laſt.
Whilſt I, before the Figure of thy Peace,
Still tend the Fire; and give it quick increaſe
With Prayers, Wiſhes, Vows; whereof be theſe
The leaſt, and weakeſt: that no Age may leeſe
The Memory of this ſo rich a Day;
But rather, that it henceforth yearly may
Begin our Spring, and with our Spring the Prime,
And (*i*) firſt accompt of Years, of Months, (*k*) of time:
And may theſe *Ides* as fortunate appear
To thee, as they to (*l*) *Cæſar* fatal were.
Be all thy Thoughts born perfect, and thy Hopes
In their events ſtill crown'd beyond their Scopes.
Let not wide Heav'n that ſecret Bleſſing know
To give, which ſhe on thee will not beſtow.
Blind *Fortune* be thy Slave; and may her Store
(The leſs thou ſeek'ſt it) follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but ſee, theſe brazen Gates
Make haſte to cloſe, as urged by thy Fates;
Here ends my City's Office, here it breaks:
Yet with my Tongue, and this pure Heart, ſhe ſpeaks
A ſhort Farewel; and lower than thy Feet,
With fervent Thanks, thy Royal Pains doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptneſs breed Diſeaſe;
He merit's not t'offend, that haſtes to pleaſe.

(*a*) *Nuper erat dea facta, &c. ibid.* (*b*) Where is underſtood the meeting of the Zodiack in *March*, the Month wherein ſhe is celebrated. (*c*) That Face wherewith he beholds the Spring. (*d*) Written upon the Altar, for which we refer you to the end of this Page. (*e*) The Queen: to which in our Inſcription we ſpake to the King *MARTE MAJORI.* (*f*) The Temple of *Janus* we apprehend to be both the Houſe of War, and Peace: of War, when it is open; of Peace, when it is ſhut: And that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the viciſſitude of Times. (*g*) Which are Peace, Reſt, Liberty, Safety *&c.* and were his actively, but the worlds paſſively. (*b*) Somewhat a ſtrange Epithete in our Tongue, but proper to the Thing: for they were only *Maſculine* Odors, which were offer'd to the Altars, *Virg. Ecl.* 8 *Verbenaſque adole pingues, & maſcula thura.* And *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib* 12. *cap.* 14 ſpeaking of theſe, hath *Quod ex eo rotunditate guttæ pependit, Maſculum vocamus, cum alias non ferè mas vocetur, ubi non ſit fœmina: religionis tributum ne ſexus alter uſurparetur. Maſculum aliqui putant à ſpecie teſtium dictum.* See him alſo *li.* 34. *cap.* 11. And, *Arnob. lib* 7. *adverſ. Gent. Non ſi mille tu pondera maſculi thuris incendas, &c.*

(*i*) According to *Romulus* his Inſtitution, who made *March* the firſt Month, and conſecrated it to his Father, of whom it was called *Martius. Varr. Feſt. in Frag. Martius menſis initium anni fuit, & in Latio, & poſt Romam conditam, &c.* And *Ovid. Faſt.* 3. *A te principium Romano ducimus anno: Primus de patrio nomine menſis erit. Vox rata ſit, &c.* See *Macr. lib.* 1. *cap.* 12. and *Solin. in Poly. Hiſt. cap.* 3. *Quòd hoc menſe mercedes exolverint magiſtris, quas completas annus debers fuiſſe, &c.* (*k*) Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a *Tautology*, thinking *Time* enough expreſſed before in *Years*, and *Months*. For whoſe ignorant ſakes we muſt confeſs to have taken the better part of this travail in noting, a thing not uſual, neither affected of us, but where there is neceſſity, as here, to avoid their dull Cenſures: where in *Years* and *Months* we alluded to that is obſerved in our former Note: but by *Time* we underſtand the preſent, and that from this inſtant, we ſhould begin to reckon, and make this the firſt, of our time. Which is alſo to be helpt by *Emphaſis.* (*l*) In which he was ſlain in the *Senate.*

Over the Altar was written this Inſcription:

D. I. O. M.

BRITANNIARUM. IMP. PACIS. VINDICI. MARTE. MAJORI. P.P.F.S. AUGUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM. CONJUNCTARUM. NUMINI. TUTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ. DEABUSQUE. UNIVERSIS. OPTATIORI. SUI. FORTUNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI. PULCHERRIMÆ. AUGUSTISSIMÆ.

E T

H. F. P.

FILIO. SUO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTUM. AD. URBEM. HANC. SUAM. EXPECTATISSIMUM. GRATISSIMUM. CELEBRATISSIMUM. CUJUS. NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. POTIUS. FUNESTISSIMAM. NUPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARUNT.

S. P. Q. L.

VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

L. M.

HANC. ARAM.

P.

And

And upon the Gate, being ſhut,

IMP. JACOBUS MAX.
CÆSAR AUG. P.P.
PACE POPULO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQUE PARTA
JANUM CLUSIT. S. C.

In the Strand.

THe Invention was a Rain-bow, the Moon, Sun, and thoſe ſeven Stars, which Antiquity hath ſtyl'd the *Pleiades* or *Vergiliæ*, advanced between two magnificent Pyramids, of 70 Foot in height, on which were drawn his Majeſties ſeveral Pedigrees *Eng.* and *Scot.* To which Body (being framed before) we were to apt our Soul. And finding that one of theſe Seven Lights, *Electra*, is rarely or not at all to be ſeen, (as *Ovid. lib.* 4. *Faſt.* affirmeth.

Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos :
Quæ ſeptem dici, ſex tamen eſſe ſolent.

And by and by after,

Sive quod Electra Trojæ ſpectare ruinas
Non tulit : ante oculos oppoſuitque manum.

And *Feſtus Avien.* (*Paraph. in Arat. Phænom.*)

Fama vetus ſeptem memorat genitore creatas
Longævo : ſex ſe rutila inter ſidera tantum
Suſtollunt, &c.

And beneath,

——cerni ſex ſolas carmine Mynthes
Aſſerit : Electram cælo abceſſiſſe profundo, &c.)

We vent'red to follow this Authority; and made her the Speaker: preſenting her hanging in the Air, in Figure of a Comet; according to *Anonymus*. *Electra non ſuſtinens videre caſum pronepotum fugerit ; unde & illam diſſolutis crinibus propter luctum ire aſſerunt, & propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.*

The SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

THe long (*a*) Laments I ſpent for ruin'd *Troy*,
Are dried; and now mine Eyes run Tears of Joy.
No more ſhall Men ſuppoſe *Electra* dead,
Though from the conſort of her Siſters fled
Unto the (*b*) Arctick Circle, here to grace,
And gild this day with her (*c*) ſereneſt Face:
And ſee, my (*d*) Daughter *Iris* haſtes to throw
Her roſeat Wings, in compaſs of a Bow,
About our State, as (*e*) ſign of my Approach:
Attracting to her Seat from (*f*) *Mithras* Coach,
A thouſand different and particular Hiews,
Which ſhe throughout her Body doth diffuſe.
The *Sun*, as loth to part from this *half Sphere*,
Stands ſtill; and *Phœbe* labours to appear
In all as bright (if not as rich) as he:
And, for a Note of more Serenity,
My Six (*g*) fair Siſters hither ſhift their Lights;
To do this Hower the utmoſt of her Rites.
Where left the Captious, or Prophane might doubt,
How theſe clear heavenly Bodies come about
All to be ſeen at once; yet neithers Light
Eclips'd, or ſhadow'd by the others Sight:
Let ignorance know, great King, this Day is thine,
And doth admit no Night; but all do ſhine
As well nocturnal, as diurnal Fires,
To add unto the Flame of our deſires.
Which are (now thou haſt clos'd up (*h*) *Janus* Gates,
And giv'n ſo general Peace to all Eſtates)
That no offenſive Miſt, or cloudy Stain
May mix with Splendor of thy golden Raign;
But, as th'aſt free'd thy (*i*) *Chamber*, from the Noiſe
Of War and Tumult; thou will powr thoſe Joys
Upon (*k*) this Place, which claims to be the (*l*) Seat
Of all the Kingly Race: the Cabinet
To all thy Counſels; and the judging Chair
To this thy ſpecial Kingdom. Who ſo fair
And wholeſom Laws, in every Court, ſhall ſtrive
By Equity, and their firſt Innocence to thrive;
The baſe and guilty Bribes of guiltier Men
Shall be thrown back, and Juſtice look, as when
She lov'd the Earth, and fear'd not to be ſold
For that, (*m*) which worketh all things to it, Gold.
The Dam of other Evils, Avarice
Shall here lock down her Jaws, and that rude Vice
Of ignorant, and pittied greatneſs, Pride,
Decline with Shame; Ambition now ſhall hide
Her Face in Duſt, as dedicate to ſleep,
That in great Portals wont her Watch to keep.
All Ills ſhall fly the Light: Thy Court be free
No leſs from Envy, than from Flattery;
All Tumult, Faction, and harſh Diſcord ceaſe,
That might perturb the Muſick of thy Peace:
The querulous Nature ſhall no longer find
Room for his Thoughts: One pure conſent of Mind
Shall flow in every Breaſt, and not the Air,
Sun, Moon, or Stars ſhine more ſerenely fair.
This from that loud, bleſt *Oracle*, I ſing,
Who here, and firſt, pronounc'd thee *Britains* King.
Long may'ſt thou live, and ſee me thus appear,
As ominous (*n*) a Comet, from my Sphere,
Unto thy Raign; as that (*o*) did auſpicate
So laſting Glory to *Auguſtus* State.

(*a*) *Feſt. Avi. paraph. Pars ait Ideæ diſſentem incendia Trojæ, Et numeroſa ſuæ lugentem funera gentis, Electram terris maſtum dare nubibus orbem.* Beſides the reference to Antiquity, this Speech might be underſtood by Allegory of the Town here, that had been ſo ruined with Sickneſs, &c. (*b*) *Hyginus. Sed poſtquam Troja fuit capta, & Progenies ejus quæ à Dardano fuit everſa, dolore permotam ab his ſe removiſſe, & in circulo qui Arcticus dicitur conſtitiſſe, &c.* (*c*) *Electra* ſignifies Serenity it ſelf, and is compounded of ἥλιος, which is the Sun, and ἄβατος, that ſignifies Serene. She is mentioned to be *Anima ſphæræ ſolis*, by *Proclus. Com. in Heſiod.* (*d*) She is alſo fain'd to be the Mother of the Rain-bow. *Naſcitur enim Iris ex aqua & ſerenitate, è refractione radiorum ſcilicet. Ariſt. in Meteorol.* (*e*) *Val. Flac. Argonaut.* 1. makes the Rain-bow, *indicem ſerenitatis. Emicuit referata dies, cœlumq; reſolvit Arcus, & in ſummos redierunt nubila montes.* (*f*) A name of the Sun. *Stat. The. l.* 1. *torquentem cornua Mithran.* And *Martian. Capel. l.* 3. *de nup. Mer. & Phil. Te Serapim Nilus, Memphis veneratur Oſirin; Diſſona ſacra Mithran, &c.*

(*g*) *Alcyone, Celæno, Taygete, Aſterope, Merope, Maia*, which are alſo ſaid to be the Souls of the other Spheres, as *Electra* of the Sun. *Proclus ibi in com. Alcyone Veneris. Celæno Saturni. Taygete Lunæ. Aſterope Jovis. Merope Martis. Maia Mercurii.* (*h*) Alluding back to that of our Temple. (*i*) *London.* (*k*) His City of *Weſtminſter*, in whoſe Name, and at whoſe Charge, together with the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*, this Arch was erected. (*l*) Since here, they not only ſat being crowned, but alſo firſt received their Crowns. (*m*) *Hor. Car. l.* 4. *Ode.* 9. *Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ.* (*n*) For our more authority to induce her thus, See *Feſt. Avien. paraph. in Arat.* ſpeaking of *Electra*, *Nonnunquam Oceani tamen iſtam ſurgere ab undis, In convexa poli, ſed ſede carere ſuorum; Atq; os diſcretum procul edere, deteſtatam. Germanoſq; choros ſobolis lacrymare ruinas Diffuſam; comas cerni, criniſq; ſoluti Monſtrari effigie, &c.* (*o*) All Comets were not fatal, ſome were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we have *Pliny*'s teſtimony. *Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 2. *cap.* 25. *Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum fauſtus* Divo Auguſto *judicatus ab ipſo: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat* Veneri *Genetrici, non multò poſt obitum patris Cæſaris, in collegio ab eo inſtituto. Namq; his verbis id gaudium prodidit.* Iis ipſis ludorum meorum diebus, ſydus crinitum per ſeptem dies in regione Cœli, quæ ſub Septentrionibus eſt, conſpectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumq; & omnibus terris conſpicuum fuit. Eo ſydere ſignificari vulgus credidit, *Cæſaris* animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id inſigne ſimulacro capitis ejus quod mox in foro conſecravimus, adjectum eſt. *Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio ſibi illum natum ſeque in eo naſci interpretatus eſt. Et ſi verum fatemur, ſalutare id terris fuit.*

A PANE-

A PANEGYRE,

ON THE

HAPPY ENTRANCE

OF

JAMES, our Sovereign,

TO HIS

First High Session of *PARLIAMENT* in this His Kingdom, the 19th. of *March*, 1603.

The Author B. J.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui. Mart.

HEav'n now not ſtrives, alone, our Breaſts to fill
With joys; but urgeth his full Favours ſtill.
Again, the glory of our Weſtern World
Unfolds himſelf: and from his Eyes are hurl'd
(To day) a thouſand radiant Lights, that ſtream
To every Nook and Angle of his Realm.
His former Rayes did only clear the Sky;
But theſe his ſearching Beams are caſt, to pry
Into thoſe dark and deep concealed Vaults,
Where Men commit black Inceſt with their Faults,
And ſnore ſupinely in the ſtall of Sin:
Where *Murther*, *Rapine*, *Luſt*, do ſit within,
Carowſing humane Blood in Iron Bowls,
And make their Den the Slaughter-houſe of Souls:
From whoſe foul reeking Caverns firſt ariſe
Thoſe Damps, that ſo offend all good Mens Eyes,
And would (if not diſpers'd) infect the Crown,
And in their Vapor her bright Metal drown.
To this ſo clear and ſanctified an end,
I ſaw, when reverend *Themis* did deſcend
Upon his State; let down in that rich Chain,
That faſtneth heavenly Power to earthly Reign
Beſide her, ſtoop't on either hand, a Maid,
Fair *Dice*, and *Eunomia*; who were ſaid
To be her Daughters: and but faintly known
On Earth, till now, they come to grace his Throne.
Her third, *Irene*, help'd to bear his Train;
And in her Office vow'd ſhe would remain,
Till foreign Malice, or unnatural Spight
(Which Fates avert) ſhould force her from her right.
With theſe he paſs'd, and with his Peoples Hearts
Breath'd in his way; and Souls (their better Parts)
Haſting to follow forth in Shouts, and Crys.
Upon his Face all threw their covetous Eyes,
As on a wonder: ſome amazed ſtood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Others would fain have ſhewn it in their Words:
But, when their Speech ſo poor a help affords
Unto their Zeals Expreſſion; they are mute:
And only with red Silence him ſalute.
Some cry from tops of Houſes; thinking noiſe
The fitteſt Herauld to proclaim true Joys:
Others on ground run gazing by his ſide,
All, as unwearied, as unſatisfied:

And

And every Window griev'd it could not move
Along with him, and the ſame trouble prove.
They that had ſeen, but four ſhort Days before,
His gladding Look, now long'd to ſee it more.
And as of late, when he through *London* went,
The amorous City ſpar'd no Ornament,
That might her Beauties heighten; but ſo dreſt,
As our ambitious Dames, when they make Feaſts,
And would be courted: ſo this Town put on
Her brighteſt Tyre; and, in it, equal ſhone
To her great Siſter: ſave that modeſty,
Her Place, and Years, gave her precedency.
The joy of either was alike, and full;
No Age, nor Sex, ſo weak, or ſtrongly dull,
That did not bear a part in this conſent
Of Hearts, and Voices. All the Air was rent,
As with the murmur of a moving Wood;
The Ground beneath did ſeem a moving Flood:
Walls, Windows, Roofs, Towers, Steeples, all were ſet
With ſeveral Eyes, that in this Object met.
Old Men were glad, their Fates till now did laſt;
And Infants, that the Hours had made ſuch haſte
To bring them forth: Whilſt riper age'd, and apt
To underſtand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the Peoples Love, with which did ſtrive
The Nobles Zeal, yet either kept alive
The others Flame, as doth the Wike and Wax,
That friendly temper'd, one pure Taper makes.
Mean while, the reverend *Themis* draws aſide
The King's obeying Will, from taking Pride
In theſe vain Stirs, and to his Mind ſuggeſts
How he may triumph in his Subjects Breaſts,
With better pomp. She tells him firſt, "That Kings
"Are here on Earth the moſt conſpicuous Things:
"That they, by Heaven, are plac'd upon his Throne,
"To rule like Heaven; and have no more their own,
"As they are Men, than Men. That all they do
"Though hid at home, abroad is ſearch'd into:
"And being once found out, diſcover'd lyes
"Unto as many Envies, there, as Eyes.
"That Princes, ſince they know it is their Fate,
"Oft-times, to have the Secrets of their State
"Betray'd to Fame, ſhould take more care, and fear
"In publick Acts what Face and Form they bear.
"She then rememb'red to his Thought the Place
"Where he was going; and the upward Race
"Of Kings, preceding him in that high Court;
"Their Laws, their Ends; the Men ſhe did report:
"And all ſo juſtly, as his Ear was joy'd
"To hear the Truth, from ſpight of Flattery void.
"She ſhew'd him, who made wiſe, who honeſt Acts;
"Who both, who neither: all the cunning Tracts,
"And thriving Statutes ſhe could promptly note;
"The Bloody, Baſe, and Barbarous ſhe did quote;
"Where Laws were made to ſerve the Tyran' will;
"Where Sleeping they could ſave, and Waking kill;
"Where Acts gave Licence to impetuous Luſt
"To bury Churches, in forgotten Duſt,
"And with their Ruins raiſe the Pander's Bowers:
"When, publick Juſtice borrow'd all her Powers
"From private Chambers; that could then create
"Laws, Judges, Counſellors, yea Prince, and State.
"All this ſhe told, and more, with bleeding Eyes;
"For *Right* is as Compaſſionate as Wiſe.
Nor did he ſeem their Vices ſo to love,
As once defend, what *Themis* did reprove.
For though by right, and benefit of *Times*,
He own'd their Crowns, he would not ſo their Crimes.
He knew that Princes, who had ſold their Fame
To their voluptuous Luſts, had loſt their Name;
And that no Wretch was more unbleſt than he,
Whoſe neceſſary good 'twas now to be
An evil King: And ſo muſt ſuch be ſtill,
Who once hath got the habit do Ill.
One Wickedneſs another muſt defend;
For Vice is ſafe, while ſhe hath Vice to friend.
He knew, that thoſe, who would, with love, command,
Muſt with a tender (yet a ſtedfaſt) Hand
Suſtain the Reins, and in the Check forbear
To offer cauſe of Injury, or Fear.
That Kings, by their Example, more do ſway
Than by their Power; and Men do more obey
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
In all theſe knowing Arts our Prince excell'd.
And now the Dame had dried her dropping Eyne,
When, like an April *Iris*, flew her ſhine
About the Streets, as it would force a Spring
From out the Stones, to gratulate the King.
She bleſt the People, that in Shoales did ſwim
To hear her Speech; which ſtill began in him,
And ceas'd in them. She told them, what a Fate
Was gently fall'n from Heaven upon this State;
How dear a Father they did now enjoy
That came to ſave, what Diſcord would deſtroy:
And ent'ring with the Power of a King,
The Temp'rance of a private Man did bring,
That wan Affections, ere his Steps wan Ground;
And was not hot, or covetous to be crown'd
Before Mens hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
Thoſe greater Bodies of the Sky, that ſtrike
The leſſer Fires dim) in his acceſs
Brighter than all, hath yet made no one leſs;
Though many greater: and the moſt, the beſt.
Wherein, his choice was happy with the reſt
Of his great Actions, firſt to ſee, and do
What all Mens Wiſhes did aſpire unto.
Hereat, the People could no longer hold
Their buſting Joys; but through the Air was roll'd
The length'ned Shout, as when th'Artillery
Of Heaven is diſcharg'd along the Sky.
And this Confeſſion flew from every Voice,
Never had Land more reaſon to rejoyce,
Nor to her bliſs, could ought now added be,
Save, that ſhe might the ſame perpetual ſee.
Which when Time, Nature, and the Fates deny'd,
With a twice louder Shout again they cry'd,
Yet, let bleſt Britain *ask (without your wrong)*
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.

Solus Rex, & Poeta non quotannis naſcitur.

A Particular Entertainment OF THE QUEEN and PRINCE Their HIGHNESS at *ALTHROPE*, AT THE Right Honourable the Lord *SPENCER'S*, on Saturday, Being the 25th of *June* 1603. As they came firſt into the Kingdom.

The Author B. J.

A SATYR.

THE Invention was, to have a Satyr *lodged in a little Spinet, by which Her Majeſty, and the Prince were to come, who (at the report of certain Cornets that were devided in ſeveral places of the Park, to ſignifie her Approach) advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondring, and (with his Pipe in his hand) began as followeth.*

SATYR.

HEre? there? and everywhere?
Some Solemnities are near,
That theſe Changes ſtrike mine Ear.
My Pipe and I a part ſhall bear.

And after a ſhort ſtrain with his Pipe; again.

Look, ſee; (beſhrew this Tree,)
What may all this Wonder be?
Pipe it, who that liſt for me:
I'll flie out abroad, and ſee.

There he leaped down, and gazing the Queen and the Prince in the Face, went forward.

That is *Cyparissus* Face!
And the Dame hath *Syrinx* Grace!
O that *Pan* were now in place,
Sure, they are of heavenly Race.

Here he ran into the Wood again, and hid himſelf, whil'ſt to the ſound of excellent ſoft Muſick, that was there concealed in the Thicket, there came tripping up the lawn, a bevy of Fairies, *attending on* Mab *their Queen, who falling into an artificial Ring, that was there cut in the path, began to dance around, while their Miſtris ſpake as followeth.*

FAIRY.

Hail, and welcom worthieſt Queen,
Joy had never perfect been,
To the Nymphs that haunt this Green,
Had they not this Evening ſeen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their Feet in figures round,
Marks that will be ever found,
To remember this glad ſtound.

The Satyr *peeping out of the Buſh, ſaid,*

Truſt her not, you Bonny-bell,
She will Forty Leaſings tell,
I do know her Pranks right well.

FAIRY.

Satyr, we muſt have a Spell
For your Tongue, it runs too fleet.

SATYR.

Not ſo nimbly as your Feet,
When about the Cream-bowls ſweet,
You, and all your *Elves* do meet.

Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himſelf with the Fairies skipped in, out, and about their Circle, while the Elves made many offers to catch at him.

This is *Mab* the Miſtriſs *Fairy*,
That doth nightly rob the Dairy,
And can hurt, or help the cherning,
(As ſhe pleaſe) without diſcerning.

Elfe. Pug, You will anon take warning.
She, that pinches Country Wenches,
If they rub not clean their Benches,
And with ſharper Nails remembers,
When they take not up their Embers:
But if ſo they chance to feaſt her,
In a ſhoe ſhe drops a Teſter.

Elfe. Shall we ſtrip the skipping Jeſter?
This is ſhe that empties Cradles,
Takes out Children, puts in Ladles:
Trains forth Midwives in their ſlumber,
With a Sieve the holes to number.
And then leads them, from her Boroughs,
Home through Ponds, and Water-furrows.

Elfe.

Elfe. Shall not all this mocking ſtir us?
She can ſtart our *Franklin*'s Daughters,
In their ſleep, with ſhreeks, and laughters,
And on ſweet Saint *Ann*'s night,
Feed them with a promis'd ſight,
Some of Husbands, ſome of Lovers,
Which an empty Dream diſcovers.

Elfe. Satyr, Vengeance near you hovers.
And in hope that you would come here
Yeſter-Eve, the Lady * *Summer*
She invited to a Banquet,
But (in ſooth) I con you thank yet,
That you could ſo well deceive her
Of the Pride which gan up-heave her:
And (by this) would ſo have blown her,
As no wood-god ſhould have known her.

* For ſhe was expected there on *Midſummer* day at night, but came not till the day following.

Here he skipped into the Wood.

Elfe. Miſtriſs, this is only ſpight:
For you would not yeſternight
Kiſs him in the cock-ſhout light.

And came again.

SATYR.

By *Pan*, and thou haſt hit it right.

There they laid hold on him, and nipt him.

FAIRY.

Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him rue.

SATYR.

O, hold, *Mab*: I ſue.

Elfe. Nay, the Devil ſhall have his due.

Then he ran quite away, and left them in a Confuſion, while the Fairy *began again.*

FAIRY.

Pardon, Lady, this wild ſtrain,
Common with the *Sylvan* Train,
That do skip about this Plain:
Elves, apply your gyre again.

And whil'ſt ſome do hop the Ring,
Some ſhall play, and ſome ſhall ſing,
We'll expreſs in every thing,
* *Orana*'s well-coming.

* *Quaſi Orion*'s *ANNA.*

SONG.

THis is ſhe,
This is ſhe,
In whoſe world of grace
Every ſeaſon, perſon, place,
That receive her, happy be;
For with no leſs,
Than (*a*) a Kingdom's happineſs,
Doth ſhe private (*b*) *Lares* bleſs,
And ours above the reſt:
By how much we deſerve it leaſt.
Long live *Oriana* (*na.*
To exceed (whom ſhe ſucceeds) our late *Dia-*

(*a*) Bringing with her the Prince, which is the greateſt Felicity of Kingdoms. (*b*) For Houſholds.

FAIRY.

Madam, now an end to make,
Deign a ſimple Gift to take:
Only for the *Fairies* ſake,
Who about you ſtill ſhall wake.

'Tis done only to ſupply,
His ſuſpected courteſie,
Who (ſince *Thamyra* did die)
Hath not brookt a Lady's eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the Female Race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chaſe.

For which Bounty to us lent,
Of him unknowledg'd, or unſent,
We prepar'd this * *Compliement*,
And as far from cheap intent,

* A Jewel was given her.

In particular to feed,
Any hope that ſhould ſucceed
Or our glory by the deed,
As yourſelf are from the need.

Utter not; we you implore
Who did give it, nor wherefore.
And when ever you reſtore
Yourſelf to us, you ſhall have more.

Higheſt, happieſt Queen, farewell,
But beware you do not tell.

Here the Fairies *hopt away in a fantaſtick Dance, when, on a ſudden, the* Satyr *diſcover'd himſelf again, and came forth.*

SATYR.

Not tell? Ha, ha, I could ſmile,
At this old, and toothleſs Wile.
Lady, I have been no ſleeper,
She belies the noble *Keeper*.
Say, that here he like the groves:
And purſue no foreign loves:
Is he therefore to be deemed,
Rude, or ſavage? or eſteemed,
But a ſorry Entertainer,
'Cauſe he is no common ſtrainer,
After painted Nymphs for Favours,
Or that in his garb he favours
Little of the Nicety,
In the ſprucer Courtiery;
As the Roſary of Kiſſes,
With the Oath that never miſſes,
This, *believe me on the breſt*,
And telling ſome Man's Jeſt,
Thinking to prefer his Wit,
Equal with his Suit by it,
I mean his Cloaths? No, no, no,
Here doth no ſuch humor flow.
He can neither bribe a grace,
Nor encounter my Lord's face
With a plyant ſmile, and flatter,
Though this lately were ſome matter
To the making of a Courtier.
Now he hopes he ſhall reſort there,
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath governance,
That hath given thoſe Cuſtoms chaſe,
And hath brought his own in place.

O that now a Wiſh could bring,
The god-like perſon of a King;
Then ſhould even Envy find,
Cauſe of wonder at the mind,
Of our Woodman: but lo, where
His Kingly Image doth appear,
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon (Lord) you are reſpected,
Deep as is the Keeper's heart,
And as dear in every part.
See, for inſtance, where he ſends
His Son, his Heir; who humbly bends
Low, as his Father's earth,
To the womb that gave you birth:
So he was directed firſt,
Next to you, of whom the thirſt
Of ſeeing takes away the uſe
Of that part, ſhould plead excuſe
For his boldneſs, which is leſs
By his comely ſhamefac'tneſs.
Riſe up, Sir, I will betray,
All I think you have to ſay;
That your Father gives you here
(Freely, as to him you were)
To the ſervice of this Prince:
And with you theſe Inſtruments
Of his wild and *Sylvan* trade,
Better not *Acteon* had.
The Bow was *Phœbes*, and the Horn,
By *Orion* often worn:
The Dog of *Sparta* Breed, and good,
As can ring within a Wood;
Thence his name is: you ſhall try
How he hunteth inſtantly.
But perhaps the Queen your mother,
Rather doth affect ſome other
Sport, as courſing: we will prove
Which her Highneſs moſt doth love.
Satyrs, let the Woods reſound,
They ſhall have their welcom crown'd,
With a Brace of Bucks to ground.

Here the *Satyr* fetcht out of the Wood the Lord *Spencer's* eldeſt Son, attired and appointed like an Huntſman.

At that the whole Wood and Place reſounded with the noiſe of Cornets, Horns, and other hunting Muſick, and a Brace of choice Deer put out, and as fortunately kill'd, as they were meant to be; even in the ſight of her Majeſty.

This was the firſt Night's Shew. Where the next day being Sunday, ſhe reſted, and on Monday, till after Dinner; where there was a Speech ſuddenly thought on, to induce a Morris of the Clowns thereabout, who moſt officiouſly preſented themſelves, but by reaſon of the throng of the Country that came in, their Speaker could not be heard, who was in the perſon of No-Body, *to deliver this following Speech, and attired in a pair of Breeches which were made to come up to his Neck, with his Arms out at his Pockets, and a Cap drowning his Face.*

IF my outſide move your Laughter,
Pray *Jove*, my inſide be thereafter.
Queen, Prince, Duke, Earls,
Counteſſes; you Courtly Pearls:
(And, I hope, no mortal Sin,
If I put leſs Ladies in)
Fair ſaluted be you all.
At this time it doth befall,
We are the Huiſher to a Morris,
(A kind of Maſque) whereof good ſtore is
In the Country hereabout,
But this, the choice of all the Rout.
Who, becauſe that no Man ſent them,
Have got *No-Body* to preſent them.
Theſe are things have no ſuſpicion
Of their ill doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the Pipe
Shall inſpire them, mean to skip.
They come to ſee, and to be ſeen,
And though they dance afore the Queen,
There's none of theſe doth hope to come by
Wealth, to build another *Holmby*:
All thoſe dancing days are done,
Men muſt now have more than one
Grace, to build their Fortunes on,
Elſe our Souls would ſure have gone,
All by this time to our feet.
I not deny where Graces meet
In a Man, that quality
Is a graceful property:
But when Dancing is his beſt,
(Beſhrew me) I ſuſpect the reſt.
But I am *No-Body*, and my breath
(Soon as it is born) hath death.
Come on Clowns, forſake your dumps,
And beſtir your hob-nail'd ſtumps,
Do your worſt, I'll undertake,
Not a jerk you have ſhall make
Any Lady here in love.
Perhaps your Fool, or ſo, may move
Some Lady's Woman with a trick,
And upon it ſhe may pick
A pair of revelling legs, or two,
Out of you, with much ado.
But ſee, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.
Fool, it muſt be your lot,
To ſupply his want with Faces,
And ſome other Buffoon Graces,
You know how; Piper, play,
And let no body hence away.

There was alſo another parting Speech, which was to have been preſented in the perſon of a Youth, and accompanied with divers Gentlemens younger Sons of the Country: but by reaſon of the multitudinous preſs, was alſo hindred. And which we have here adjoined.

AND will you then, *Mirror of Queens*, depart?
Shall nothing ſtay you? not my Maſter's heart?
That pants to leeſe the comfort of your light,
And ſee his Day e're it be old grow Night?
You are a Goddeſs, and your Will be done:
Yet this our laſt hope is, that as the Sun
Cheers Objects far remov'd, as well as near;
So, where ſo'ere you ſhine, you'll ſparkle here.
And you, dear Lord, on whom my covetous eye
Doth feed itſelf, but cannot ſatisfie,
O ſhoot up faſt in Spirit, as in Years;
That when upon her head proud *Europe* wears
Her ſtatelieſt tyre, you may appear thereon
The richeſt Gem, without a Paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctick Star:
And when ſlow Time hath made you fit for War,
Look over the ſtrict Ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, that grow up here
Againſt a Day, when our officious Swords
Shall ſpeak our Actions, better than our Words.
Till then, all good Event conſpire to crown
Your Parents Hopes, our Zeal, and your Renown.
Peace uſher now your ſteps, and where you come,
Be *Envy* ſtill ſtruck blind, and *Flattery* dumb.

A pri-

A
PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE
KING and QUEEN,
On *MAY-DAY* in the Morning,
At Sir *WILLIAM CORNWALLEIS* his Houſe, at *Highgate*, 1604.

By the ſame Author.

THE King, and Queen being entred in at the Gate, the *Penates*, or Houſhold-gods received them, atrir'd after the Antick Manner, with Javelins in their Hands, ſtanding on each ſide of the Porch, with this Speech.

Penates.

1.

LEap light Hearts in every Breaſt,
Joy is now the fitteſt Paſſion;
Double Majeſty hath bleſt
All the Place, with that high Grace,
Exceedeth Admiration!

2.

Welcome, Monarch of this Iſle,
Europe's Envy, and her Mirror;
Great in each part of thy Style:
England's wiſh, and *Scotland*'s bliſs,
Both *France*, and *Ireland*'s terror.

1.

Welcome are you; and no leſs,
Your admired Queen: the Glory
Both of State, and Comelineſs.
Every Line of her divine
Form, is a beautious Story.

2.

High in Fortune, as in Blood,
So are both; and Blood renowned
By oft Falls, that make a Flood
In your Veines: yet, all theſe Streins
Are in your Virtues drowned.

1.

Houſe, be proud; For of Earth's Store
Theſe two, only, are the wonder:
In them ſhe's Rich, and is no more.
Zeal is bound their praiſe to ſound
As loud as Fame, or Thunder.

2.

Note, but how the Air, the Spring
Concur in their Devotions;
Pairs of Turtles ſit, and ſing
On each Tree, ore-joy'd to ſee
In them like Love, like Motions.

1.

Enter Sir, this longing Dore,
Whoſe glad Lord nought could have bleſſed
Equally; (I'me ſure not more)
Than this ſight: ſav' of your right,
When you were firſt poſſeſſed.

2.

That, indeed, tranſcended this.
Since which Hour, wherein you gain'd it,
For this Grace, both he and his,
Every Day, have learn'd to pray,
And, now, they have obtain'd it.

Here the Penates *lead them in, thorow the Houſe, into the Garden, where* Mercury, *with a ſecond Speech, received them, walking before them.*

Mer. Retire, you Houſhold-gods, and leave theſe excellent Creatures to be entertained by a more eminent Deity. Hail King, and Queen of the Iſlands, called truly Fortunate,

Fortunate, and by you made ſo. To tell you who I am, and wear all theſe notable and ſpeaking Enſigns about me, were to challenge you of moſt impoſſible Ignorance, and accuſe my ſelf of as palpable Glory: It is enough that you know me here, and come with the Licence of my Father *Jove*, who is the bounty of Heaven, to give you early welcom to the Bower of my Mother *Maia*, no leſs the goodneſs of Earth. And may it pleaſe you to walk, I will tell you no wonderful Story. This place, whereon you are now advanced (by the mighty power of *Poetry*, and the help of a Faith that can remove Mountains) is the *Arcadian* Hill *Cyllene*, the Place where my ſelf was both begot, and born; and of which I am frequently called *Cyllenius*: Under yond' Purſlane-tree ſtood ſometime my Cradle. Where, now, behold my Mother *Maia*, ſitting in the Pride of her Plenty, gladding the Air with her Breath, and cheering the Spring with her Smiles. At her Feet, the bluſhing *Aurora*, who, with her roſy Hand, caſteth her honey Dews on thoſe ſweeter Herbs, accompanied with that gentle Wind *Favonius*, whoſe ſubtil Spirit, in the breathing forth, *Flora* makes into Flowers, and ſticks them in the Graſs, as if ſhe contended to have the imbroidery of the Earth richer than the Cope of the Sky. Here, for her Month, the yearly delicate *May* keeps State; and from this *Mount* takes pleaſure to diſplay theſe Valleys, yond' leſſer Hills, thoſe ſtatelier Edifices and Towers, that ſeem enamour'd ſo far off, and are rear'd on end to behold her, as if their utmoſt Object were her Beauties. Hither the *Dryads* of the Valley, and *Nymphs* of the great River come every Morning to taſte of her Favours; and depart away with Laps fill'd with her Bounties. But, ſee! upon your Approach, their Pleaſures are inſtantly remitted. The Birds are huſh'd, *Zephyre* is ſtill, the *Morn* forbears her Office, *Flora* is dumb, and herſelf amazed, to behold two ſuch Marvels, that do more adorn Place than ſhe can Time: Pardon, your Majeſty, the Fault, for it is that hath caus'd it; and till they can collect their Spirits think Silence, and Wonder the beſt Adoration.

Here Aurora, Zephyrus, *and* Flora, *began this Song in Three Parts.*

SONG.

SEe, ſee, O ſee who here is come a Maying!
The Maſter of the Ocean;
And his beautious *Orian:*
Why left we our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that Gods no leſs than Men amaze.
Up *Nightingale*, and ſing
Jug, jug, jug, jug, *&c.*
Raiſe *Larke* thy Note, and Wing,
All Birds their Muſick bring,
Sweet *Robin*, *Linet*, *Thruſh*,
Record from every Buſh,
The welcom of the King;
And Queen:
Whoſe like were never ſeen,
For good, for fair.
Nor can be; though freſh *May*,
Should every day
Invite a ſeveral Pair,
No, though ſhe ſhould invite a ſeveral Pair.

Which ended: Maia *(ſeated in her Bower, with all thoſe Perſonages about her, as before deſcrib'd) began to raiſe herſelf, and, then declining, ſpake.*

Mai. If all the Pleaſures were diſtill'd
Of ev'ry Flower in every Field,
And all that *Hybla* Hives do yield,
Were into one broad Mazor fil'd;
If, thereto, added all the Gums,
And Spice, that from *Panchaia* comes,
The Odour, that *Hydaſpes* lends,
Or *Phœnix* proves, before ſhe ends;
If all the Air, my *Flora* drew,
Or Spirit, that *Zephyre* ever blew;
Were put therein; and all the Dew
That ever roſy *Morning* knew;
Yet, all diffus'd upon this Bower,
To make one ſweet detaining Hour,
Were much too little for the Grace,
And Honour, you vouchſafe the Place.
But, if you pleaſe to come again,
We vow, we will not then, with vain,
And empty Paſs-times entertain,
Your ſo deſir'd, thou grieved Pain.
For, we will have the wanton Fawns,
That friſking skip about the Lawns,
The *Paniſks*, and the *Sylvans* rude,
Satyrs, and all that Multitude,
To dance their wilder Rounds about,
And cleave the Air, with many a Shout,
As they would hunt poor *Echo* out
Of yonder Valley, who doth flout
Their ruſtick Noiſe. To viſit whom
You ſhall behold whole Bevies come
Of gaudy *Nymphs*, who tender calls
Well-tun'd (unto the many falls
Of ſweet, and ſeveral ſliding Rills,
That ſtream from Tops of thoſe leſs Hills)
Sound like ſo many ſilver Quills,
When *Zephyre* them with Muſick fills.
For theſe, *Favonius* here ſhall blow
New Flowers, which you ſhall ſee to grow,
Of which, each Hand a part ſhall take,
And, for your Heads, freſh Garlands make.
Wherewith, whilſt they your Temples round,
An Air of ſeveral Birds ſhall ſound
An *Io Pæan*, that ſhall drown
The Acclamations, at your Crown.

All this, and more than I have gift of ſaying,
May *vows, ſo you will oft come here a Maying.*

Mer. And *Mercury*, her Son, ſhall venture the Diſpleaſure of his Father, with the whole Bench of *Heaven*, that day, but he will do his Mother's intents all ſerviceable aſſiſtance. Till then, and ever, live high and happy, you, and your other you; both envied for your Fortunes, lov'd for your Graces, and admired for your Virtues.

This was the Morning's Entertainment; after Dinner, the King, and Queen coming again into the Garden, Mercury *the ſecond time accoſted them.*

Mer. Again, great Pair, I ſalute you; and with leave of all the Gods: whoſe high Pleaſure it is, that *Mercury* make this your Holy-day. May all the Bleſſings, both of Earth and Heaven, concur to thank you: For, till this day's Sun, I have faintly enjoy'd a Minute's reſt to my Creation. Now, I do, and acknowledge it your ſole, and no leſs than divine Benefit. If my deſire to delight you, might not divert to your trouble, I would intreat your Eyes to a new and ſtrange Spectacle; a certain Son of mine, whom the *Arcadians* call a God, howſoever the reſt of the World receive him: It is the horned *Pan*, whom in the tranſlated Figure of a Goat I begot on the fair *Spartan Penelope*; *May*, let both your Ears and Looks forgive it: Theſe are but the lighteſt eſcapes of our Deities. And it is better in me to prevent his ruſtick Impudence, by my bluſhing Acknowledgment, than anon by his rude, and not inſolent Claim, be inforced to confeſs him. Yonder he keeps, and with him the Wood-*Nymphs*, whoſe Leader he is in Rounds and Dances, to this *Sylvan* Muſick.

The

The Place, about which they skip, is the Font of Laughter, or *Bacchus* Spring; whose Statue is advanced on the top; and from whose Pipes, at an obſerv'd Hour of the Day, there flows a luſty Liquor, that hath a preſent Virtue to expel Sadneſs; and within certain Minutes after it is taſted, force all the Mirth of the Spleen into the Face. Of this is *Pan* the Guardian. Lo! the Fountain begins to run, but the *Nymphs* at your ſight are fled. *Pan*, and his *Satyrs* wiſely ſtand at gaze. I will approach, and queſtion him: vouchſafe your Ear, and forgive his Behaviour, which (even to me, that am his Parent) will no doubt be rude enough, though otherwiſe full of Salt, which except my Preſence did temper, might turn to be Gall and Bitterneſs; but that ſhall charm him.

Pan. O, it is *Mercury!* Hollow 'em, agen,
What be all theſe, Father? Gods, or Men?
Mer. All humane. Only, theſe Two are Deities on Earth, but ſuch, as the greateſt Powers of Heaven may reſign to.
Pan. Why did our *Nymphs* run away? can you tell?
Here be ſweet Beauties love *Mercury* well?
I ſee by their Looks. How ſay you? great Maſter?
Will you pleaſe to hear? Shall I be your Taſter?
Mer. *Pan*, you are too rude. *Pan.* It is but a Glaſs,
By my Beard, and by my Horns, 'tis a Health, and ſhall paſs.
Were he a King, and his Miſtreſs a Queen,
This Draught ſhall make him a petulant Spleen.
But, trow, is he looſe, or coſtive of Laughter?
I'ld know, to fill him his Glaſs, thereafter;
Sure, either my Skill, or my Sight doth mock,
Or this Lording's Look ſhould not care for the Smock;
And yet he ſhould love both a Horſe and a Hound,
And not reſt till he ſaw his Game on the Ground:
Well, look to him, Dame; beſhrow me were I
'Mongſt theſe bonny Bells, you ſhould need a good Eye.
Here Miſtreſs; all out. Since a God is your Skinker:
By my Hand, I believe you were born a good Drinker.
They are Things of no Spirit, their Blood is aſleep,
That, when it is off'red 'em, do not Drink deep.
Come, who is next? Our Liquor here cools.
Ladies, I'am ſure, you all ha'not Fools
At home to laugh at. A little of this,
Tane down here in private, were not amiſs.
Believe it, ſhe drinks like a Wench that had ſtore
Of Lord for her Laughter, will you have more?
What anſwer you, Lordings? will you any or none?
Laugh, and be fat, Sir, your Penance is known.
They that love Mirth, let 'em heartily Drink,
'Tis the only Receipt, to make Sorrow ſink.
The young Nymph, that's troubled with an old Man,
Let her laugh him away, as faſt as he can.
Nay Drink, and not Pauſe, as who would ſay muſt you?
But laugh at the Wench, that next doth truſt you.
To you, ſweet Beauty; nay, 'pray you come hither:
E're you ſit out, you'll laugh at a Feather.
I'll never fear you, for being too witty,
You ſip, ſo like a forſooth of the City.
Lords, for your ſelves, your own Cups crown,
The Ladies, ifaith, elſe will laugh you down.
Go to, little Bluſhet, for this, anan,
You'll ſteal forth a Laugh in the Shade of your Fan.
This, and another Thing, I can tell you,
Will breed a Laughter, as low as your Belly.
Of ſuch ſullen Pieces, *Jove* ſends us not many,
They muſt be tickled, before they will any.
What have we done? They that want, let 'em call,
Gallants, of both ſides, you ſee here is all
Pan's Entertainment: Look for no more.
Only good Faces, I read you, make ſtore
Of your amorous Knights, and Squires hereafter,
They are excellent Sponges, to drink up your Laughter.
Farewel, I muſt ſeek out my *Nymphs*, that you frighted;
Thank *Hermes*, my Father, if ought have delighted.

Mer. I am ſure, thy laſt rudeneſs cannot; for it makes me ſeriouſly aſham'd. I will not labour his excuſe, ſince I know you more ready to pardon, than he to treſpaſs: but for your ſingular Patience, tender you all abundance of Thanks; and, mixing with the Maſter of the Place, in his Wiſhes, make them my Divinations: That your loves be ever flouriſhing as May, and your Houſe as fruitfull: That your Acts exceed the beſt, and your Years the longeſt of your Predeceſſors: That no bad Fortune touch you, nor good change you. But ſtill, that you triumph in this facility over the ridiculous Pride of other Princes; and for ever live ſafe in the love rather than the fear of your Subjects.

And thus it ended.

BEN. JOHNSON.

THE

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE TWO KINGS OF Great BRITAIN and DENMARK,

At *THEOBALDS*, July 24. 1606.

THE Kings being entred the Inner Court; above, over the Porch, ſate the three Howers, *upon Clouds, as at the Ports of Heaven; crown'd with ſeveral Flowers: of which, one bore a Sun-dyal; the other, a Clock; the third, an Hour-glaſs; ſignifying as by their Names, Law, Juſtice, and Peace. And for thoſe Faculties choſen to gratulate their coming with this Speech.*

ENter, O long'd for Princes, bleſs theſe Bowers,
And us, the three, by you made happy, *Hours*:
We that include all time, yet never knew
Minute like this, or Object like to you.
Two Kings, the World's prime Honours, whoſe Acceſs
Shews either's greatneſs, yet makes neither leſs:
Vouchſafe your thouſand welcoms in this ſhewer;
The Maſter vows, not *Sybil*'s Leafs were truer.

Expreſs'd to the King of *Denmark* thus.

Qui colit has ædes, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo Reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempeſtivas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quod bona ſub nobis omnia proveniant.
Unum ad lætitiæ cumulum triſtatur abeſſe,
Quod nequeat ſignis lætitiam exprimere.
Sed, quia res ſolùm ingentes hac parte laborant,
Utcunque expreſſam credidit eſſe ſatis.
At, quod non potuit Dominus, ſupplevit abunde
Frondoſo tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quam grati veniant quos terra ſalutat!
Verior his foliis nulla Sybilla *fuit.*

The Inſcriptions on the Walls were,

DATE VENIAM SUBITIS.

DEBENTUR QUÆ SUNT QUÆQUE FUTURA.

EPIGRAMS *hung up.*

Ad Reges Sereniſſimos.

SÆpe Theobaldæ *(ſortis bonitate beatæ)*
Excepere ſuos ſub pia tecta deos;
Haud ſimul at geminos: ſed enim potuiſſe negabant:
Nec fas eſt tales poſſe putare duos.
Fortunata antehac, ſed nunc domus undique fælix,
At Dominus quanto (ſi licet uſquam) magis!
Et licet, ô Magni, *foliis ſi fiditis iſtis,*
Queis Horæ *ſummam contribuere fidem.*

Ad Sereniſſimum *Jacobum.*

MIraris, cur hoſpitio te accepimus Horæ,
Cujus ad obſequium non ſatis annus erat?
Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia raro,
Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Sereniſſimum *Chriſtianum.*

MIraris, cur hoſpitio te accepimus Horæ,
Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab adventu veſtro lux fulſit in ædeis,
Ut Dominus ſolem crederet eſſe novum.

Others, at their Departure.

Ad Sereniſſimum *Jacobum.*

HOſpitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nulla concomitante ſinit;
Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas,
Sed diſcedendi nulla minuta probat.

Ad Sereniſſimum *Chriſtianum.*

TE veniente, novo domus hæc frondebat amictu;
Te diſceſſuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, ſub acceſſu ſolis, novus incipit Annus,
Et, ſub diſceſſu, ſqualida ſævit Hyems.

The Author B. J.

AN

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF King JAMES, and Queen ANN, AT THEOBALDS,

WHEN THE

House was delivered up, with the Possession, to the Queen, by the Earl of *Salisbury*, the 22 of *May*, 1607.

The Prince *Janvile*, Brother to the Duke of *Guise*, being then present.

THe King, and Queen, with the Princes of Wales, *and* Lorrain, *and the Nobility, being entred into the Gallery, after Dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white acroſs the Room: which ſuddenly drawn, was diſcovered a gloomy obſcure Place, hung all with black Silks, and in it only one Light, which the* Genius *of the Houſe held, ſadly attir'd; his* Cornucopia *ready to fall out of his Hand, his Garland drooping on his Head, his Eyes fixed on the Ground; when, out of his penſive Poſture, after ſome little Pauſe, he brake, and began.*

GENIUS.

LEt not your Glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her *Genius* here, ſo ſad;
Who, by bold Rumour, have been lately told,
That I muſt change the loved Lord, I had.
And he, now, in the twilight of ſere Age,
Begin to ſeek a Habitation new;
And all his Fortunes, and himſelf engage
Unto a Seat, his Fathers never knew.
And I, uncertain what I muſt endure,
Since all the ends of Deſt'ny are obſcure.

Here a Voice was heard from behind the Darkneſs, which bad him,

MERCURY.

Deſpair not, *Genius*, thou ſhalt know thy Fate.

And withall, the black vaniſhing, was diſcovered a glorious Place, figuring the Lararium, *or Seat of the Houſhold Gods, where both the* Lares *and* Penates *were painted in copper Colour; erected with Columns and Architrabe, Freeze, and Corenice, in which were placed divers Diaphanal Glaſſes, fill'd with ſeveral Waters, that ſhew'd like ſo many Stones of orient and tranſparent Hiews. Within, as farther off, in* Landtſchap, *were ſeen Clouds riding, and in one corner, a Boy figuring* Good Event, *attired in white, hovering in the Air, with Wings diſplayed, having nothing ſeen to ſuſtain him by, all the time the Shew laſted. At the other corner, a* Mercury *deſcended, in a flying Poſture, with his* Caduceus *in his Hand, who ſpake to the three* Parcæ, *that ſat low in a Grate, with an Iron Roof, the one holding the Rock, the other the Spindle, and the third the Sheers, with a Book of Adamant lying open before them. But firſt, the* Genius *ſurpriz'd by wonder, urg'd this doubt, by queſtion.*

GENIUS.

WHat ſight is this, ſo ſtrange! and full of ſtate!
The Son of *Maia*, making his deſcent
Unto the Fates, and met with good *Event*.

MERCURY.

Daughters of Night, and Secreſy, attend;
You, that draw out the Chain of *Deſtiny*,
Upon whoſe Threads, both Lives and Times depend,
And all the Periods of Mortality.
The will of *Jove* is, that you ſtraight do look
The Change, and Fate unto this Houſe decreed,
And ſpeaking from your Adamantine Book,
Unto the *Genius* of the Place it read;
That he may know, and knowing bleſs, his Lot,
That ſuch a Grace, beyond his Hopes hath got.

CLOTHO.

When underneath thy Roof, is ſeen
The greateſt King, and faireſt Queen,
With Princes an unmatched Pair,
One, hope of all the Earth, their Heir;
The other ſtiled of *Lorrain*,
Their Blood; and ſprung from *Charlemaine*:
When all theſe Glories jointly ſhine,
And fill thee with a heat Divine,
And theſe reflected, do beget
A ſplendent Sun, ſhall never ſet,
But here ſhine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following Night,
Then, *Genius*, is thy Period come,
To change thy Lord: Thus, Fates do doom.

GENIUS.

But is my Patron with this Lot content,
So to forſake his Fathers Monument?
Or, Is it Gain, or elſe Neceſſity,
Or Will to raiſe a Houſe of better Frame,
That makes him ſhut forth his Poſterity
Out of his Patrimony, with his Name?

MERCURY.

Nor Gain, nor Need; much leſs a vain Deſire,
To frame new Roofs, or build his Dwelling higher;
He hath, with Mortar, buſied been too much,
That his Affections ſhould continue ſuch.

GENIUS.

Do Men take Joy in Labours, not t'enjoy?
Or doth their Buſineſs all their likings ſpend?
Have they more pleaſure in a tedious way,
Than to repoſe them at their Journies end?

MERCURY.

Genius, Obey, and not Expoſtulate;
It is your Virtue: and ſuch Powers as you,
Should make Religion of offending Fate,
Whoſe Dooms are juſt, and whoſe Deſigns are true.

LACHESIS.

The perſon, for whoſe Royal ſake,
Thou muſt a Change ſo happy make,
Is he, that governs with his ſmile,
This leſſer World, this greateſt Iſle.
His Lady's Servant thou muſt be;
Whoſe ſecond would great *Nature* ſee,
Or *Fortune*, after all their pain,
They might deſpair to make again.

ATROPOS.

She is the grace of all, that are:
And as *Eliza*, now a Star,
Unto her Crown, and laſting praiſe,
Thy humbler walls (at firſt) did raiſe,
By virtue of her beſt Aſpect;
So ſhall *Bel-anna* them protect:
And this is all, the *Fates* can ſay;
Which firſt believe, and then obey.

GENIUS.

Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a Sin
So much 'gainſt kind, or knowledg, to protract
A Joy, to which I ſhould have raviſh'd been,
And never ſhall be happy, till I act?
Vouchſafe, fair Queen, my Patron's zeal in me;
Who flie with Fervor, as my Fate commands,
To yield theſe Keys: and wiſh, that you could ſee
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my Faith, my Thoughts——But ô
My Joys, like Waves, each other overcome!
And Gladneſs drowns where it begins to flow.
Some greater Powers ſpeak out, for mine are dumb.

At this, was the place fill'd with rare and choice Muſick, to which was heard the following Song, deliver'd by an excellent voice, and the burden maintain'd by the whole Quire.

SONG.

O bleſſed Change!
And no leſs glad, than ſtrange!
Where, we, that loſe, have won;
And, for a Beam, enjoy a Sun.

Cho. { *So, little Sparks become great Fires,*
{ *And high Rewards crown low Deſires.*

Was ever Bliſs
More full, or clear, than this!
The preſent Month of *May*
Ne're look'd ſo freſh, as doth this day.

Cho. { *So, gentle Winds breed happy Springs,*
{ *And Duty thrives by breath of Kings.*

The Author B. J.

MASQUES

MASQUES AT COURT.

The Author B. J.

Salve feſta dies, meliorque revertere ſemper. Ovid.

THE QUEENS MASQUES.

THE FIRST, Of *BLACKNESS:*

Perſonated at the Court at *Whitehall*, On the *Twelfth-night*, 1605.

THE honour and ſplendor of theſe *Spectacles* was ſuch in the Performance, as, could thoſe Hours have laſted, this of mine, now, had been a moſt unprofitable Work. But (when it is the Fate, even of the greateſt, and moſt abſolute Births, to need and borrow a Life of Poſterity) little had been done to the Study of *Magnificence* in theſe, if preſently with the rage of the People, who (as a part of greatneſs) are priviledged by Cuſtom, to deface their *carkaſſes*, the *Spirits* had alſo periſhed. In duty, therefore, to that *Majeſty*, who gave them their Authority, and Grace; and, no leſs than the moſt Royal of Predeceſſors, deſerves eminent Celebration for theſe Solemnities: I add this later hand, to redeem them as well from Ignorance as Envy, two common Evils, the one of *Cenſure*, the other of *Oblivion*.

(a) *Plinie*, (b) *Solinus*, (c) *Ptolomey*, and of late *Leo* (d) the *African*, remember unto us a River in *Æthiopia*, Famous by the Name of *Niger*; of which the People were called *Nigritæ*, now *Negroes*: and are the blackeſt Nation of the World. This (e) River taketh Spring out of a certain *Lake*, Eaſtward; and after a long Race, falleth into the Weſtern *Ocean*. Hence (becauſe it was her Majeſties will, to have them *Blackmores* at firſt) the Invention was derived by me, and preſented thus.

(a) *Natur. Hiſt.* l. 5 c. 8.
(b) *Pol. Hiſt.* c. 40 & 43.
(c) *Lib.* 4. *cap.* 5.
(d) *Deſcrip. Afric.*

(e) Some take it to be the ſame with *Nilus* which is by *Lucan* called *Melas*, ſignifying, *Niger*. Howſoever *Plin.* in the place above noted, hath this: *Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calamum, papyrum & eaſdem gignat animantes.* See *Solin.* above mentioned.

Firſt, for the *Scene*, was drawn a *Landſchap*, conſiſting of ſmall Woods, and here and there a void Place fill'd with Huntings; which falling, an artificial Sea was ſeen to ſhoot forth, as if it flowed to the Land, raiſed with Waves which ſeemed to move, and in ſome Places the Billows to break, as imitating that orderly Diſorder, which is common in Nature. In front of this Sea were placed (f) Six *Tritons*, in moving and ſprightly Actions, their upper Parts humane, ſave that their Hairs were blue, as partaking of the Sea-colour: their deſinent Parts, Fiſh, mounted above their Heads, and all varied in Diſpoſition. From their Backs were born out certain light Pieces of Taffata, as if carried by the Wind, and their Muſick made out of wreathed Shells. Behind theſe, a pair of *Sea-maids*, for Song, were as conſpicuouſly ſeated; between which, two great *Sea horſes* (as big as the life) put forth themſelves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his Head from the other, which ſeemed to ſink forward; ſo intended for variation, and that the Figure behind, might come off better: (g) upon their Backs, *Oceanus* and *Niger* were advanced.

(f) The form of theſe *Tritons*, with their Trumpets, you may read lively deſcribed in *Ov. Metam. lib.* 1. *Cæruleum Tritona vocat, &c.* and in *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 10. *Hunc vehit immanis Triton. & ſequent.*

(g) *Lucian in* PHTOP. Διάλογ. preſents *Nilus* ſo. *Equo fluviatili inſidentem.* And *Statius Neptune*, in *Theb.*

Oceanus, preſented in an human Form; the colour of his fleſh, blue; and ſhadow'd with a Robe of Sea-green; his head grey; and (*a*) horned; as he is deſcribed by the *Ancients:* his beard of the like mixt colour: he was gyrlanded with *Alga*, or Sea-graſs; and in his hand a *Trident*.

(*a*) The Ancients induced *Oceanus* always with a Bulls head: *propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, & impellitur: vel quia Taurus ſimilem fremitum emittat, vel quia tanquam Taurus furibundus, in littora feratur.* Euripid. in Oreſt. Ὠκεανὸν θ' ὃν ταυρόκρανον ἀγκάλαις ἑλίσσων, κυκλοῖ χθόνα. And Rivers ſometimes were ſo called. Look *Virg. de Tibert, & Eridano. Geor.* 4. *Æneid.* 8 *Hor. Car. lib.* 4. *Ode.* 14. and *Eurip. in Ione.*

Niger, in form and colour of an *Æthiop*; his hair and rare beard curled, ſhadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wriſts adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane, and paper-ruſh.

Theſe induced the *Maſquers*, which were twelve *Nymphs*, *Negroes*, and the daughters of *Niger*; attended by ſo many of the (*b*) *Oceaniæ*, which were their *light-bearers*.

(*b*) The daughters of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. See *Heſiod. in Theogon. Orphe. in Hym.* and *Virgil. in Georg.*

The *Maſquers* were placed in a great concave ſhell, like mother of pearl, curiouſly made to move on thoſe waters, and riſe with the billow; the top thereof was ſtuck with a *Chev'ron* of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the ſhell, ſtrook a glorious beam upon them, as they were ſeated, one above another: ſo that they were all ſeen, but in an extravagant order.

On ſides of the ſhell, did ſwim ſix huge *Sea-Monſters*, varied in their ſhapes and diſpoſitions, bearing on their backs the twelve *Torch-Bearers*; who were planted there in ſeveral graces; ſo as the backs of ſome were ſeen; ſome in *purfle*, or ſide; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of *Whelks*, or *Murex* ſhells.

The attire of *Maſquers* was alike, in all, without difference: the colours, *azure*, and *ſilver*; but returned on the top with a ſcroll and antique dreſſing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And, for the front, ear, neck, and wriſts, the ornament was of the moſt choice and orient pearl; beſt ſetting off from the black.

For the *light-bearers*, *Sea green*, waved about the skirts with gold and ſilver; their hair looſe, and flowing, gyrlanded with Sea-graſs, and that ſtuck with branches of coral.

Theſe thus preſented, the *Scene* behind, ſeemed a vaſt Sea (and united with this that flowed forth) from the termination, or *horizon* of which (being the level of the *State*, which was placed in the upper end of the Hall) was drawn, by the lines of *Proſpective*, the whole work ſhooting downwards, from the eye; which *decorum* made it more conſpicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandring beauty. To which was added an obſcure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole ſet of. So much for the bodily part. Which was of Maſter *Inigo Jones*'s deſign and act.

By this, one of the *Tritons*, with the two *Sea-maids*, began to ſing to the others loud Muſick, their voices being a *tenor*, and two *trebles*.

SONG.

SOund, ſound aloud
The welcom of the *Orient* floud,
Into the *Weſt*;
Fair, *Niger*, (*c*) Son to great *Oceanus*,
Now honour'd, thus,
With all his beauteous Race:
Who, though but black in Face,
Yet, are they bright,
And full of life, and light.
To prove that Beauty beſt,
Which not the Colour, but the Feature
Aſſures unto the Creature.

(*c*) All Rivers are ſaid to be the Sons of the *Ocean*: For, as the Ancients thought, out of the Vapors exhaled by the heat of the *Sun*, Rivers, and Fountains were begotten. And both by *Orph. in Hym.* and *Homer. Iliad. Ξ. Oceanus* is celebrated *tanquam pater, & origo diis, & rebus, quia nihil ſine humectatione naſcitur, aut putreſcit.*

OCEANUS.

BE ſilent, now the Ceremony's done,
And *Niger*, ſay, how comes it, lovely Son,
That thou, the *Æthiop*'s River, ſo far *Eaſt*,
Art ſeen to fall into th' extreameſt *Weſt*
Of me, the King of Flouds, *Oceanus*,
And, in mine Empire's heart, ſalute me thus?
My ceaſeleſs Current, now, amazed ſtands!
To ſee thy Labour, through ſo many Lands,
(*d*) Mix thy freſh billow, with my brackiſh ſtream;
And, in the ſweetneſs, ſtretch thy Diadem,
To theſe far diſtant, and unequall'd Skies
This ſquared Circle of cœleſtial Bodies.

(*d*) There wants not enough, in nature, to authorize this part of our Fiction, in ſeparating *Niger*, from the *Ocean*, (beſide the Fable of *Alpheus*, and that, to which *Virgil* alludes of *Arethuſa* in his 10. *Eclog. Sic tibi, cum fluctus ſubter labere Sicanos, Doris amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam*) Examples of *Nilus*, *Jordan*, and others, whereof ſee *Nicaſ. lib.* 1. *de flumin.* and *Plut. in vita Syllæ*, even of this our River (as ſome think) by the name of *Melas*.

NIGER.

DIvine *Oceanus*, 'tis not ſtrange at all,
That (ſince the immortal Souls of Creatures mortal,
Mix with their Bodies, yet reſerve for ever
A power of Separation) I ſhould ſever
My freſh ſtreams, from thy brackiſh (like things fixed)
Though, with thy powerful ſaltneſs, thus far mixed.
"Vertue, though chain'd to Earth, will ſtill live free;
"And Hell itſelf muſt yield to Induſtry.

OCEANUS.

BUT, what's the end of thy *Herculean* Labours,
Extended to theſe calm, and bleſſed Shores?

NIGER.

TO do a kind, and careful Father's part,
In ſatisfying every penſive heart
Of theſe my *Daughters*, my moſt loved birth:
Who thô they were the (*e*) firſt form'd dames of (earth,
And in whoſe ſparkling, and refulgent eyes,
The glorious *Sun* did ſtill delight to riſe;
Thô he (the beſt Judge, and moſt formal cauſe
Of all Dames beauties) in their firm hiews, (draws
Signs of his fervent'ſt love; and thereby ſhews
That, in their black, the perfect'ſt beauty grows;
Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,
(Which is the higheſt grace of Dames moſt fair)
No cares, no age can change; or there diſplay
The fearful tincture of abhorred *Gray*;
Since *Death* herſelf (herſelf being pale and blue)
Can never alter their moſt faithful hiew;
All which are Arguments, to prove, how far
Their Beauties conquer, in great Beauty's War;
And more, how near *Divinity* they be,
That ſtand from paſſion, or decay ſo free.
Yet, ſince the fabulous voices of ſome few
Poor brain-ſick Men, ſtil'd *Poets*, here with you,
Have, with ſuch envy of their *Graces*, ſung
The painted *Beauties*, other *Empires* ſprung;
Letting their looſe, and winged Fictions flie
T'infect all Climates, yea, our Purity;

(*e*) Read *Diod. Sicul. lib.* 3. It is a conjecture of the old *Ethnicks*, that they which dwell under the *South*, were the firſt begotten of the earth.

As of one (a) *Phaeton*, that fir'd the world,
And that, before his heedleſs flames were hurl'd
About the *Globe*, the *Æthiopes* were as fair,
As other *Dames*; now black, with black deſpair:
And in reſpect of their Complexions chang'd,
Are each where, ſince, for (b) luckleſs creatures [rang'd,
Which, when my *Daughters* heard, (as women are
Moſt jealous of their Beauties) fear and care
Poſſeſs'd them whole; yea, and believing (c) them,
They wept ſuch ceaſeleſs tears, into my ſtream,
That it hath, thus far, overflow'd his ſhore
To ſeek them patience: who have ſince, ere-more
As the *Sun* riſeth, (d) charg'd his burning throne
With vollies of revilings; 'cauſe he ſhone
On their ſcorch'd cheeks, with ſuch intemperate [fires,
And other *Dames*, made Queens of all deſires.
To fruſtrate which ſtrange Error, oft I ſought,
(Thô moſt in vain, againſt a ſetled thought
As Womens are) till they confirm'd at length
By Miracle, what I, with ſo much ſtrength
Of Argument reſiſted; elſe they fain'd:
For in the *Lake*, where their firſt ſpring they [gain'd
As they ſate cooling their ſoft limbs, one night,
Appear'd a face, all circumfus'd with light;
(And ſure they ſaw't, for *Æthiopes* (e) never [dream)
Wherein they might decipher thrô the ſtream,
These words:

That they a Land *muſt forthwith ſeek,*
Whoſe termination (of the Greek*)*
Sounds Tania; *where bright* Sol, *that heat*
Their bloods, doth never (f) riſe, or ſet,
But in his Journey paſſeth by,
And leaves that Climate *of the Sky,*
To comfort of a greater Light,
Who forms all beauty, with his ſight.

In ſearch of this, have we three *Princedoms* paſt,
That ſpeak out *Tania*, in their Accents laſt;
Black *Mauritania*, firſt; and ſecondly,
Swarth *Luſitania*; next, we did deſcry
Rich *Aquitania*: and, yet, cannot find
The place unto theſe longing Nymphs deſign'd.
Inſtruct, and aid me, great *Oceanus*,
What Land is this, that now appears to us?

OCEANUS.

This *Land*, that lifts into the temperate Air
His ſnowy Cliff, is (g) *Albion* the fair;
So call'd of (h) *Neptune*'s Son, who ruleth here:
For whoſe dear guard, my ſelf, (four thouſand [year)
Since old *Deucalion*'s days, have walk'd the round
About his Empire, proud, to ſee him crown'd
About my waves.

At this the Moon *was diſcover'd in the upper part of the houſe, triumphant in a* Silver *Throne, made in figure of a* Pyramis. *Her garments* White, *and* Silver, *the dreſſing of her Head antique; and crown'd with a* Luminary, *or* Sphere *of light: which ſtriking on the clouds, and heightned with* Silver, *reflected as natural clouds do by the ſplendor of the* Moon. *The Heaven, about her, was vaulted with blue Silk, and ſet with ſtars of* Silver, *which had in them their ſeveral lights burning. The ſudden ſight of which, made* Niger *to interrupt* Oceanus, *with this preſent paſſion.*

NIGER.

——— O ſee, our ſilver *Star!* The *Æthiopians* worſhipped the *Moon*, by that Surname, See *Steph. Θεὰ πόλεον. in voce* ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ.
Whoſe pure, auſpicious light greets us, thus far!
Great *Æthiopia*, goddeſs of our ſhore,
Since, with particular worſhip, we adore
Thy general brightneſs, let particular grace
Shine on my zealous *Daughters*: Shew the place,
Which, long, their longings urg'd their eys to ſee,
Beautifie them, which long have Deify'd thee.

ÆTHIOPIA.

Niger, be glad: Reſume thy native chear.
Thy *Daughters* labours have their period here,
And ſo thy Errors. I was that bright Face
Reflected by the *Lake*, in which thy *Race*
Read myſtick lines; (which skill *Pythagoras*
Firſt taught to men, by a reverberate Glaſs)
This bleſſed Iſle doth with that *Tania* end,
Which there they ſaw inſcrib'd, and ſhall extend
Wiſh'd ſatisfaction to their beſt deſires.
Britannia, which the triple world admires,
This Iſle hath now recover'd for her Name;
Where raign thoſe Beauties, that with ſo much Fame
The ſacred *Muſes* Sons have honoured,
And from bright *Heſperus* to *Eous* ſpred.
With that great Name *Britannia*, this bleſt Iſle
Hath won her ancient dignity, and ſtile,
A World divided from the World: and try'd
The abſtract of it, in his general pride.
For were the World, with all his wealth, a ring,
Britannia, (whoſe new Name makes all Tongues ſing)
Might be a Diamant worthy to inchaſe it,
Rul'd by a *Sun*, that to this height doth grace it:
Whoſe beams ſhine day, and night, and are of force
To blanch an *Æthiope*, and revive a *Corſe*.
His light ſciential is, and (paſt meer nature)
Can ſalve the rude defects of every creature.
Call forth thy honour'd *Daughters*, then;
And let them, 'fore the *Britain* men,
Indent the *Land*, with thoſe pure traces
They flow with, in their native graces.
Invite them, boldly, to the ſhore;
Their Beauties ſhall be ſcorch'd no more:
This *Sun* is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance ſhines.

Here the Tritons *ſounded, and they danced on ſhore, every couple (as they advanced) ſeverally preſenting their Fans: in one of which were inſcribed their mixt* Names, *in the other a mute* Hieroglyphick, *expreſſing their mixed qualities. Which manner of* Symbole *I rather choſe, than* Impreſe, *as well for ſtrangeneſs, as reliſhing of Antiquity, and more applying to that original doctrine of Sculpture, which the* Egyptians *are ſaid, firſt, to have brought from the* Æthiopians. [*Diod. Sicul. Herod.*]

		The Names.	*The Symbols.*
The Queen. Co. of Bedford.	1.	EUPHORIS. AGLAIA.	1. A golden Tree, laden with Fruit.
La. Herbert. Co. of Derby.	2.	DIAPHANE. EUCAMPSE.	2. The Figure *Iſocaedron* of Cryſtal.
La. Rich. Co. of Suffolke.	3.	OCYTE. KATHARE.	3. A pair of naked Feet, in a River.
La. Bevill. La. Effingham.	4.	NOTIS. PSYCHROTE.	4. The SALAMANDER ſimple.
La. El. Howard. La. Suſ. Vere.	5.	GLYCYTE. MALACIA.	5. A Cloud full of Rain, dropping.
La. Wroth. La. Walſingham.	6.	BARYTE. PERIPHERE.	6. An Urn Sphear'd with Wine.

(a) *Notiſſima fabula.* Ovid. *Met. lib.* 2.

(b) Alluding to that of *Juvenal. Satyr.* 5. *Et cui per mediam nolit occurrere noctem.*

(c) The *Poets.*

(d) A cuſtom of the *Æthiopes*, notable in *Herod.* and *Diod. Sic.* See *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 5. *cap.* 8.

(e) *Plin. ib.*

(f) Conſult with *Tacitus*, *in vita Agric.* and the *Paneg. ad Conſtant.*

(g) *Orpheus* in his *Argonaut.* calls it Λάκτιον χέρσον.

(h) Alluding to the *Rite* of ſtiling Princes, after the name of their Princedoms: ſo is he ſtill *Albion*, and *Neptune*'s Son that governs. As alſo his being dear to *Neptune*, in being ſo embraced by him.

Hiſtorical Theog. *The Names of the* OCEANIÆ *were.*

DORIS.	CYDIPPE.	BEROE.	IANTHE.
PETRAEA.	GLAUCE.	ACASTE.	LYCORIS.
OCYRHOE.	TYCHE.	CLYTIA.	PLEXAURE.

Their own ſingle Dance *ended, as they were about to make choice of their Men: One, from the Sea, was heard to call 'em with this* Charm, *ſung by a* Tenor *voice.*

SONG.

COme away, Come away,
We grow jealous of your ſtay:
If you do not ſtop your Ear,
We ſhall have more cauſe to fear
Syrens of the Land, than they
To doubt the *Syrens* of the Sea.

Here they danc'd with their Men, ſeveral Meaſures, *and* Coranto's. *All which ended, they were again accited to Sea, with a* Song *of two* Trebles, *whoſe Cadences were iterated by a double* Eccho, *from ſeveral parts of the Land.*

SONG.

DAughters of the ſubtle Flood,
Do not let Earth longer entertain you;
1 *Ecch.* Let Earth longer entertain you.
2 *Ecch.* Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,
That you give this little hope, to gain you.
1 *Ecch.* Give this little hope to gain you.
2 *Ecch.* Little hope to gain you.

If they love,
You ſhall quickly ſee;
For when to flight you move,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1 *Ecch.* Follow you, the more you flee.
2 *Ecch.* The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to others matter;
They are but Earth,
1 *Ecch.* But Earth.
2 *Ecch.* Earth.
And what you vow'd was Water.
1 *Ecch.* And what you vow'd was Water.
2 *Ecch.* You vow'd was Water.

ÆTHIOPIA.

ENough, bright *Nymphs*, the Night grows old,
And we are griev'd, we cannot hold
You longer light: But comfort take.
Your Father, only, to the *Lake*
Shall make return: your ſelves, with Feaſts,
Muſt here remain the *Ocean's* Gueſts.
Nor ſhall this Vail, the *Sun* hath caſt
Above your Blood, more Summers laſt.
For which, you ſhall obſerve theſe *Rites*.
Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen Nights,
(So often as I fill my *Sphere*
With glorious light, throughout the Year)
You ſhall (when all Things elſe do ſleep
Save your chaſt Thoughts) with reverence, ſteep
Your Bodies in that purer brine,
And wholeſome dew, call'd *Roſ-marine*:
Then with that ſoft, and gentler Fome,
Of which the *Ocean* yet yields ſome,
Whereof bright *Venus*, *Beauties* Queen,
Is ſaid to have begotten been,
You ſhall your gentler Limbs ore-lave,
And for your Pains, Perfection have.
So that, this Night, the Year gon round,
You do again ſalute this Ground;
And, in the Beams of yond' bright *Sun*,
Your Faces dry, and all is done.

At which, in a Dance *they returned to Sea, where they took their Shell; and with this full* Song, *went out.*

SONG.

NOw *Dian*, with her burning Face,
Declines apace:
By which our Waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.
Back *Seas*, back *Nymphs*; but, with a forward grace,
Keep, ſtill, your reverence to the Place:
And ſhout with joy of Favour, you have won,
In ſight of *Albion Neptune's* Son.

So ended the firſt Maſque: *which (beſide the ſingular grace of* Muſick *and* Dances) *had the ſucceſs in the Nobility of Performance, as nothing needs to the Illuſtration, but the memory by whom it was perſonated.*

THE

THE SECOND MASQUE.

Which was of *BEAUTY.*

Was preſented in the ſame Court, at *Whitehall*, on the Sunday Night after the *Twelfth-Night*, 1608.

TWO Years being now paſt, that her Majeſty had intermitted theſe Delights, and the third almoſt come; it was her Highneſs's Pleaſure again to glorifie the Court, and command, that I ſhould think on ſome fit Preſentment, which ſhould anſwer the former, ſtill keeping them the ſame Perſons, the Daughters of *Niger*, but their Beauties varied according to Promiſe, and their Time of abſence excus'd, with Four more added to their Number.

To which limits, when I had apted my Invention, and being to bring News of them from the Sea, I induc'd *Boreas*, one of the Winds, as my fitteſt Meſſenger; preſenting him thus:

In a Robe of Ruſſet and White mixt, full, and bagg'd; his Hair and Beard rough and horrid; his Wings grey, and full of Snow and Icicles: his Mantle borne from him with Wyres, and in ſeveral Puffs; his Feet (*a*) ending in Serpents Tails; and in his Hand a Leaf-leſs Branch, laden with Icicles.

(*a*) So *Pauſ. in Eliacis*, reports him to have, *as he was carved in arcâ Cypſelli.*

But before, in midſt of the Hall, to keep the ſtate of the Feaſt, and Seaſon, I had placed (*b*) *January*, in a Throne of Silver; his Robe of aſh-colour, long, fringed with Silver; a white Mantle; his Wings white, and his Buſkins; in his Hand a Lawrel bough; upon his Head an *Anademe* of Lawrel, fronted with the Sign *Aquarius*, and the *Character*. Who, as *Boreas* bluſter'd forth, diſcover'd himſelf.

(*b*) See *Iconolog. de Cæſare Ripa.*

BOREAS.

WHich among theſe, is *Albion*, *Neptunes* Son?

JANUARIUS.

WHat ignorance dares make that Queſtion?
Would any ask, who *Mars* were, in the Wars?
Or, which is *Heſperus*, among the Stars?
Of the bright *Planets*, which is *Sol*? Or can
A doubt ariſe, 'mong Creatures, which is Man?
Behold, whoſe Eyes do dart *Promethean* Fire
Throughout this all; whoſe Precepts do inſpire
The reſt with duty; yet commanding, chear:
And are obeyed more with love, than fear.

BOREAS.

WHat Power art thou, that thus informeſt me?

JANUARIUS.

DO'ſt thou not know me? I too well know thee
By thy (*c*) rude Voice, that doth ſo hoarcely blow;
Thy Hair, thy Beard, thy Wings, o'rehill'd with Snow,
Thy Serpent Feet, to be that rough *North wind*,
Boreas, that to my Reign art ſtill unkind.
I am the Prince of *Months*, call'd *January*;
Becauſe by me (*d*) *Janus* the Year doth vary,
Shutting up Wars, proclaiming Peace, and Feaſts,
Freedom, and Triumphs; making Kings his Gueſts.

(*c*) *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 6. near the end ſee *—horridus iràque ſolita eſt illi, nimiumque domeſtica, vento, &c.* (*d*) See the Offices and Power of *Janus*, *Ovid. Faſt.* 1.

BOREAS.

TO thee then, thus, and by thee, to that King,
That doth thee preſent Honours, do I bring
Preſent remembrance of Twelve *Æthiope* Dames:
Who, guided hither by the *Moons* bright Flames,
To ſee his brighter light, were to the Sea
Enjoyn'd again, and (thence aſſign'd a day
For their return) were in the Waves to leave
Their *blackneſs*, and true *beauty* to receive.

JANUARIUS.

WHich they receiv'd, but broke their day: and yet
Have not return'd a look of Grace for it,
Shewing a courſe and moſt unfit neglect.
Twice have I come, in Pomp here, to expect
Their preſence; Twice deluded, have been fain
With (*e*) other *Rites* my Feaſts to entertain:
And, now the third time, turn'd about the Year,
Since they were look'd for; and, yet, are not here.

(*e*) Two marriages; the one of the Earl of *Eſſex*, 1606. the other of the Lord *Hay*, 1607.

BOREAS.

IT was nor Will, nor Sloth, that caus'd their ſtay;
For they were all prepared by their Day,
And, with Religion, forward on their Way:
When *Proteus*, (*f*) the grey *Prophet* of the Sea,
Met them, and made report, how other Four
Of their black Kind (whereof their Sire had ſtore)
Faithful to that great Wonder, ſo late done
Upon their Siſters, by bright *Albion*,
Had followed them to ſeek *Britannia* forth,
And there to hope like favour, as like worth.

(*f*) Read his Deſcription, with *Vir. Geor.* 4. *Eſt in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.*

Which

Which *Night* envy'd, as done (*a*) in her deſpite,
And (mad to ſee an *Æthiope* waſhed white)
Thought to prevent in theſe; leſt Men ſhould deem
Her colour, if thus chang'd, of ſmall eſteem.
And ſo, by Malice, and her Magick, toſt
The *Nymphs* at Sea, as they were almoſt loſt,
Till, on an Iſland, they by chance arriv'd,
That (*b*) floated in the Main; where, yet, ſhe' had giv'd
Them ſo, in charms of Darkneſs, as no might
Should looſe them thence, but their chang'd Sitters ſight.
Whereat the *Twelve* (in piety mov'd, and kind)
Straight put themſelves in act, the Place to find;
Which was the *Nights* ſole truſt they ſo will do,
That ſhe, with labour, might confound them too.
For ever ſince with Error hath ſhe held
Them wand'ring in the *Ocean*, and ſo quell'd
Their Hopes beneath their Toil, as (deſperate now
Of any leaſt ſucceſs unto their Vow;
Nor knowing to return to' expreſs the Grace,
Wherewith they labour to this Prince, and Place)
One of them, meeting me at Sea, did pray,
That for the love of my (*c*) *Orythia*,
(Whoſe very Name did heat my froſty Breſt,
And make me ſhake my ſnow-fill'd Wings and Creſt)
To bear this ſad Report I would be won,
And frame their juſt excuſe; which here I have done.

(*a*) Becauſe they were before of her complexion.

(*b*) To give authority to this part of our fiction *Pliny* hath a *chap.* 95. of the 2. Book *Nat. Hiſt. de Inſulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib.* 1. *de rerum vari. & cap.* 7. reports one to be in his time known, in the Lake of *Lowmond*, in *Scotland*. To let paſs that of *Delos*, &c.

(*c*) The daughter of *Erechtheus*, King of *Athens*, whom *Boreas* raviſhed away, into *Thrace*, as ſhe was playing with other Virgins by the flood *Iliſſus*: or (as ſome will) by the Fountain *Cephiſus*.

Here a ſecond Wind came in, Vulturnus, *in a blue coloured Robe and Mantle, pufft as the former, but ſomewhat ſweeter; his Face black, and on his* (*e*) *Head a red* Sun, *ſhewing he came from the* Eaſt: *his Wings of ſeveral Colours; his Buskins white, and wrought with Gold.*

(*d*) The violence of *Boreas*, *Ovid* excellently deſcribes in the place above quoted. *Hic nubila pello, hic freta concutio, nodoſaque robora verto, induroque nives, & terras grandine pulſo.*

(*e*) According to that of *Virg.*——*Denuntiat igneus Eurus.*

JANUARIUS.

WOuld thou had'ſt not begun, unlucky *Wind*,
That never yet blew'ſt Goodneſs to Mankind;
But with thy bitter, and too piercing Breath,
Strik'ſt (*d*) Horrors through the Air, as ſharp as Death.

VULTURNUS.

ALL Horrors vaniſh, and all Name of *Death*,
Be all Things here as calm as is my Breath.
A gentler *Wind*, *Vulturnus*, brings you News
The *Iſle* is found, and that the *Nymphs* now uſe,
Their Reſt and Joy. The *Nights* black Charms are flown.
For, being made unto their *Goddeſs* known,
Bright *Æthiopia*, the Silver *Moon*,
As ſhe was (*f*) *Hecate*, ſhe brake them ſoon:
And now by vertue of their Light, and Grace,
The glorious *Iſle*, wherein they reſt, takes place
Of all the Earth for Beauty. (*g*) There, their *Queen*
Hath raiſed them a *Throne*, that ſtill is ſeen
To turn unto the Motion of the World;
Wherein they ſit, and are, like Heaven, whirl'd
About the Earth; whil'ſt, to them contrary,
(Following thoſe nobler Torches of the Sky,)
A World of little *Loves*, and chaſt *Deſires*,
Do light their Beauties, with ſtill moving Fires.
And who to *Heavens* conſent can better move,
Than thoſe that are ſo like it, *Beauty* and *Love*?
Hither, as to their new *Elyſium*,
The Spirits of the antick *Greeks* are come,
Poets, and *Singers*, *Linus*, *Orpheus*, all
That have excell'd in (*h*) knowledg muſical;
Where, ſet in Arbors made of Myrtle, and Gold,
They live, again, theſe Beauties to behold.
And thence in flowry Mazes walking forth,
Sing Hymns in celebration of their worth.
Whil'ſt, to their Songs, two Fountains flow, one height
Of *laſting Youth*, the other *chaſte Delight*,
That at the Cloſes, from their Bottoms ſpring,
And ſtrike the Air to *eccho* what they ſing.
But, why do I deſcribe what all muſt ſee?
By this time, near the Coaſt, they floating be;
For, ſo their vertuous *Goddeſs*, the chaſte *Moon*,
Told them, the Fate of th' *Iſland* ſhould, and ſoon
Would fix itſelf unto thy *Continent*,
As being the place, by Deſtiny forement,
Where they ſhould flow forth, dreſt in her Attires:
And, that the influence of thoſe holy Fires,
(Firſt rapt from hence) being multiplied upon
The other *four*, ſhould make their Beauties one.
Which now expect to ſee, great *Neptune*'s Son,
And love the Miracle, which thy ſelf haſt done.

(*f*) She is called ὠγύγιος Ἑκάτη, by *Eurip. in Helena*, which is *Lucifera*, to which name we here preſently allude.

(*g*) For the more full and clear underſtanding of that which follows, have recourſe to the ſucceeding Pages, where the *Scene* preſents itſelf.

(*h*) So *Terence*, and the Ancients call'd *Poeſie*, *Artem muſicam*.

Here, a *Curtain was drawn*, (*in which the* Night *was painted*,) *and the* Scene *diſcover'd*, *which* (*becauſe the former was* Marine, *and theſe*, *yet of neceſſity*, *to come from the Sea*) *I deviſed*, *ſhould be an* Iſland *floating on a calm water. In the midſt thereof was a Seat of State*, *called*, The Throne of Beauty, *erected*: *divided into eight* Squares, *and diſtinguiſhed by ſo many* Ionic Pilaſters. *In theſe* Squares *the ſixteen* Maſquers *were placed by Couples*: *behind them*, *in the Centre of the* Throne *was a tralucent* Pillar, *ſhining with ſeveral coloured lights*, *that reflected on their backs. From the top of which* Pillar *went ſeveral Arches to the* Pilaſters, *that ſuſtained the Roof of the* Throne, *which was likewiſe adorned with Lights and Gyrlands*: *And between the* Pilaſters, *in front*, *little* Cupids *in flying poſture*, *waving of Wreaths and Lights*, *bore up the* Coronice: *over which were placed eight* Figures, *repreſenting the* Elements *of* Beauty; *which advanced upon the* Ionic, *and being* Females, *had the* Corinthian *Order. The firſt was*

SPLENDOR

IN a Robe of *flame* colour, naked breaſted; her bright hair looſe flowing: She was drawn in a Circle of Clouds, her Face and Body breaking thorow; and in her hand a branch, with two (*i*) *Roſes*, a *white*, and a *red*. The next to her was

(*i*) The *Roſe* is called, elegantly, by *Achil. Tat. lib* 2. συνῳδὸν ἄγλαισμα, *the ſplendor of Plants*, and is everywhere taken for the *Hieroglyphic*, of Splendor.

SERENITAS

IN a garment of bright *ſky*-colour, a long treſs, and waved with a vail of divers colours, ſuch as the golden Sky ſometimes ſhews: upon her head a clear and fair *Sun* ſhining, with rays of gold ſtriking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a (*k*) *Cryſtal*, cut with ſeveral angles, and ſhadowed with divers colours, as cauſed by refraction. The third

(*k*) As this of *Serenity*, applying to the *Opticks* reaſon of the Rainbow, and the *Mythologiſts* making her the Daughter of *Electra*.

GER-

GERMINATIO.

IN green, with a *Zone* of gold about her waſte, crowned with *Myrtle*, her hair likewiſe flowing, but not of ſo bright a colour: In her hand, a branch of (*a*) *Myrtle*. Her ſocks of green, and gold. The fourth was

(*a*) So *Hor. lib.* 1 *Od.* 4. makes it the enſign of the *Spring*. *Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, aut flore, terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ*, &c.

LÆTITIA.

IN a veſture of divers colours, and all ſorts of flowers embroidered thereon. Her ſocks ſo fitted. A (*b*) *Garland* of flowers in her hand; her eyes turning up, and ſmiling; her hair flowing, and ſtuck with flowers. The fifth

(*b*) They are every where the tokens of gladneſs at all Feaſts, Sports.

TEMPERIES.

IN a Garment of *Gold*, *Silver*, and colours weaved: In one hand ſhe held a (*c*) burning *Steel*, in the other an *Urn* with Water. On her head a Garland of Flowers, Corn, Vine-leaves, and Olive-branches, interwoven. Her Socks, as her garment. The ſixth

(*c*) The ſign of temperature, as alſo her Garland mixed of the four *Seaſons*.

VENUSTAS.

IN a *Silver* Robe, with a thin ſubtil Vail over her Hair, and it: (*d*) Pearl about her Neck, and Forehead. Her Socks wrought with Pearl. In her hand ſhe bore ſeveral colour'd (*e*) *Lillies*. The ſeventh was

(*d*) *Pearls*, with the *Ancients*, were the ſpecial *Hieroglyphicks* of *lovelineſs*; *in quibus nitor tantum & lævor expetebantur*. (*e*) So was the *Lilly*, of which the moſt delicate Citre of the *Perſians* was called *Suſæ*: ſignifying that kind of Flower, in their tongue.

DIGNITAS.

IN a dreſſing of State, the Hair bound up with Fillets of Gold, the Garments rich, and ſet with Jewels, and Gold; likewiſe her Buſkins, and in her hand a (*f*) *Golden Rod*. The eighth

(*f*) The ſign of *honour*, and dignity.

PERFECTIO.

IN a Veſture of pure *Gold*, a Wreath of *Gold* upon her head. About her body the (*g*) *Zodiack*, with the *Signs*: In her hand a *Compaſs* of Gold, drawing a *Circle*.

On the top of all the *Throne*, (as being made out of all theſe) ſtood

(*g*) Both that, and the *Compaſs* are known Enſigns of *perfection*.

HARMONIA.

A Perſonage, whoſe dreſſing had ſomething of all the others, and had her Robe painted full of *Figures*. Her Head was compaſs'd with a Crown of *Gold*, having in it (*b*) ſeven Jewels equally ſet. In her Hand a *Lyra*, whereon ſhe reſted.

(*h*) She is ſo deſcribed in *Iconolog. di Ceſare Ripa*: his reaſon of Seven Jewels, in the Crown, alludes to *Pythagoras* his Comment, with *Mac. lib.* 2. *Som. Sci.* of the Seven *Planets* and their *Spheares*.

This was the Ornament of the *Throne*. The aſcent to which conſiſting of Six ſteps, was covered with a (*i*) multitude of *Cupids* (choſen out of the beſt, and moſt ingenious Youth

(*i*) The inducing of many *Cupids* wants not defence, with the beſt and moſt received of the *Ancients*, beſides *Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll.* eſpecially *Phil. in Icon. Amor.* whom I have particularly followed in this Deſcription.

of the *Kingdom*, noble, and others) that were the *Torch-bearers*; and all armed with *Bowes*, *Quivers*, *Wings*, and other *Enſignes* of *Love*. On the ſides of the *Throne* were curious, and elegant *Arbors* appointed; and behind, in the back-part of the *Iſle*, a *Grove* of grown Trees laden with golden Fruit, which other little *Cupids* plucked, and threw at each other, whilſt on the Ground (*k*) *Leverets* picked up the bruiſed Apples, and left them half eaten. The Ground-plat of the whole was a ſubtle indented *Maze*: And in the two formoſt Angles were two *Fountains* that ran continually, the one (*l*) *Hebe's*, the other (*m*) *Hedone's*: In the *Arbors* were plac'd the *Muſicians*, who repreſented the *Shades* of the old *Poets*, and were attir'd in a *Prieſt*-like Habit of *Crimſon* and *Purple*, with *Laurel* Gyrlands.

(*k*) They were the Notes of *Lovelineſs*, and ſacred to *Venus*. See *Philo* in that place mention'd.
(*l*) Of Youth.
(*m*) Of Pleaſure.

The Colours of the *Maſquers* were varied; the one half in *Orange-tawny*, and *Silver*: The other in *Sea green*, and *Silver*. The Bodies and ſhort Skirts on *White*, and *Gold*, to both.

The Habit and Dreſſing (for the Faſhion) was moſt curious, and ſo exceeding in Riches, as the *Throne* whereon they ſate ſeem'd to be a Mine of Light, ſtruck from their Jewels and their Garments.

This *Throne* (as the whole *Iſland* mov'd forward on the Water) had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *Motum Mundi*, from the *Eaſt* to the *Weſt*, or the Right to the Left ſide. For ſo *Hom. Ilia. M.* underſtands by Ἠῶ, *Orientalia Mundi*: By ἑσπερὰ *Occidentalia*. The ſteps whereon the *Cupids* ſate, had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum Planetarum*, from the *Weſt* to the *Eaſt*: Both which turned with their ſeveral Lights. And with theſe three varied *motions*, at once, the whole *Scene* ſhot it ſelf to the Land.

Above which the *Moon* was ſeen in a *Silver* Chariot, drawn by *Virgins* to ride in the Clouds, and hold them greater Light: With the *Sign Scorpio*, and the *Character*, plac'd before her.

The order of the *Scene* was carefully, and ingeniouſly diſpos'd; and as happily put in act (for the *motions*) by the *King's* Maſter Carpenter. The Painters, I muſt needs ſay, (not to be-ly them) lent ſmall Colour to any, to attribute much of the Spirit of theſe things to their Pen'cils. But that muſt not be imputed a Crime, either to the Invention, or Deſign.

Here the loud *Muſick* ceas'd; and the *Muſicians*, which were plac'd in the *Arbors*, came forth through the *Mazes* to the other Land: Singing this full *Song*, iterated in the cloſes by two *Eccheos*, riſing out of the Fountains.

SONG.

WHen *Love*, at firſt, did move
From (*n*) out of *Chaos*, brigtned
So was the World, and ligtned,
As now! *Ecch.* As now! *Ecch.* As now!
Yield *Night*, then, to the Light,
As *Blackneſs* hath to *Beauty*:
Which is but the ſame duty.
It was (*o*) for *Beauty*, that the World was made,
And where ſhe reigns, (*p*) *Loves* Lights admit no ſhade.
Ecch. Loves Lights admit no ſhade.
Ecch. Admit no ſhade.

(*n*) So is he fained by *Orpheus*, to have appeared firſt of all the *Gods*: awakened by *Clotho*: and is therefore call'd *Phanes*, both by him, and *Lactantius*. (*o*) An agreeing Opinion, both with *Divines* and *Philoſophers*, that the great *Artificer* in Love with his own *Idea*, did therefore frame the World. (*p*) Alluding to his Name of *Himerus*, and his ſignification in the Name, which is *Deſiderium poſt aſpectum*: And more than *Eros*, which is only *Cupido*, *ex aſpectu amare*.

Which ended, *Vulturnus* the Wind ſpake to the River *Thameſis*, that lay along between the Shores, leaning upon his Urn (that flow'd with water) and crown'd

with Flowers; with a blue Cloth of *Silver* Robe about him; and was perſonated by Maſter *Thomas Giles*, who made the *Dances*.

VULTURNUS.

RIſe aged *Thames*, and by the hand
Receive theſe *Nymphs*, within the Land.
And in thoſe curious *Squares*, and *Rounds*,
Wherewith thou flow'it betwixt the Grounds
Of fruitfull *Kent*, and *Eſſex* fair,
That lend thee Garlands for thy Hair;
Inſtruct their Silver Feet to tread,
Whilſt we, again to Sea, are fled.

With which the *Winds* departed; and the *River* received them into the *Land*, by *couples* and *fours*, their *Cupids* coming before them.

Their Perſons were,

The QUEEN.	*La. ANNE WINTER.*
La. ARABELLA.	*La. WINSORE.*
Co. of ARUNDEL.	*La. ANNE CLIFFORD.*
Co. of DERBY.	*La. MARY NEVILL.*
Co. of BEDFORD.	*La. ELIZ. HATTON.*
Co. of MONTGOMERY.	*La. ELIZ. GARRARD.*
La. ELIZ. GILFORD.	*La. CHICHESTER.*
La. KAT. PETER.	*La. WALSINGHAM.*

Theſe dancing forth a moſt curious *Dance*, full of excellent Device and Change, ended it in the Figure of a *Diamond*, and ſo, ſtanding ſtill, were by the *Muſicians* with a ſecond *Song* (ſung by a loud *Tenor*) celebrated.

SONG.

SO Beauty on the Waters ſtood,
When *Love* had (*a*) ſever'd Earth, from Flood!
So when he parted Air from Fire,
He did with Concord all inſpire!
And then a *Motion* he them taught,
That elder than himſelf was thought.
Which thought was, yet, (*b*) the Child of Earth,
For *Love* is elder than his Birth.

(*a*) As, in the creation, he is ſaid by the *Ancients*, to have done.
(*b*) That is, born ſince the World, and out of thoſe duller Apprehenſions that did not think he was before.

The Song ended; they danced forth their ſecond Dance, more ſubtile and full of change than the former, and ſo exquiſitely performed, as the King's Majeſty incited firſt (by his own liking, to that which all others there preſent wiſh'd) requir'd them both again, after ſome time of dancing with the Lords. Which time to give them reſpite was intermitted with Song; firſt, by a treble voice, in this manner.

SONG.

IF all theſe *Cupids*, now, were blind
As is (*c*) their wanton *Brother*;
Or Play ſhould put it in their mind
To ſhoot at one another:
What pretty Battail they would make,
If they their Objects ſhould miſtake,
And each one wound his *Mother*!

(*c*) I make theſe different from him, wch they fain *cæcum cupidine*, or *petulantem*, as I expreſs beneath in the third Song, theſe being chaſt *Loves* that attend a more divine Beauty than that of *Loves* common Parent.

Which was ſeconded by another Treble; thus.

IT was no policy of Court,
Albe' the Place were charmed,
To let in earneſt, or in ſport,
So many *Loves* in, armed.
For ſay, the *Dames* ſhould, with their Eyes,
Upon the Hearts, here, mean ſurprize;
Were not the Men like harmed?

To which a Tenor anſwered.

SONG.

YEs, were the *Loves* or falſe, or ſtraying;
Or *Beauties* not their Beauty weighing:
But here no ſuch deceit is mix'd,
Their Flames are pure, their Eyes are fix'd:
They do not war with different Darts,
But ſtrike a Muſick of like Hearts.

After which Songs they danced Galliards *and* Coranto's; *and with thoſe excellent Graces, that the Muſick appointed to celebrate them ſhewed it could be ſilent no longer; but, by the firſt Tenor, admired them thus.*

SONG.

HAd thoſe that dwell in Errour foul,
And hold (*d*) that Women have no Soul,
But ſeen theſe move; they would have then
Said, *Women were the Souls of Men.*
So they do move each Heart, and Eye,
With the (*e*) *World's ſoul*, true *harmony*.

(*d*) There hath been ſuch a profane *Paradox* publiſhed.
(*e*) The *Platonick's* Opinion. See alſo *Mac. lib.* 1. and 2. *Som. Scip.*

Here they danced a third moſt elegant and curious Dance, and not to be deſcribed again by any art, but that of their own footing, which ending in the Figure that was to produce the Fourth, January *from his State ſaluted them thus,*

JANUARIUS.

YOur Grace is great, as is your Beauty, *Dames*;
Enough my *Feaſts* have prov'd your thankfull Flames.
Now uſe your Seat: that Seat which was, before,
Thought ſtray'ing, uncertain, floting to each Shore,
And to whoſe having (*f*) every *Clime* laid claim,
Each *Land* and *Nation* urged as the aim
Of their Ambition, *Beauties* perfect *Throne*,
Now made peculiar to this Place alone;
And that by impulſion of your Deſtinies,
And his attractive Beams, that lights theſe Skies:
Who (though with th'*Ocean* compaſs'd) never wets
His Hair therein, nor wears a Beam that ſets.
Long may his Light adorn theſe happy *Rites*
As I renew them; and your gracious Sights
Enjoy that happineſs, even to envy, as when
Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd Men.

(*f*) For what Country is it thinks not her own *Beauty* faireſt, yet?

At which they danc'd their laſt Dance into their Throne again; and that turning the Scene, *cloſ'd with this full Song.*

SONG.

STill turn and imitate the Heaven
In Motion ſwift and even;
And as his Planets go,
Your brighter Lights do ſo:
May *Youth* and *Pleaſure* ever flow.
But let your ſtate, the while,
Be fixed as the Iſle.
Cho. { So all that ſee your *Beauties* Sphere,
{ May know th' *Elyſian* Fields are here.
Ecch. Th' *Elyſian* Fields are here.
Ecch. 'Elyſian Fields are here.

HYMENÆI:

Or, the Solemnities of

Maſque and Barriers

AT A

MARRIAGE.

IT is a noble and juſt Advantage that the Things ſubjected to *Underſtanding* have of thoſe which are objected to *Senſe*; that the one ſort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impreſſing, and laſting: Elſe the glory of all theſe *Solemnities* had periſh'd like a Blaze, and gone out, in the *Beholders* Eyes. So ſhort-liv'd are the *Bodies* of all Things, in compariſon of their *Souls*. And though *Bodies* oft-times have the ill luck to be ſenſually preferr'd, they find afterwards the good fortune (when *Souls* live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the moſt Royal *Princes* and Greateſt *Perſons* (who are commonly the *Perſonaters* of theſe *Actions*) not only ſtudious of Riches, and Magnificence in the outward Celebration, or ſhew; (which rightly becomes them) but curious after the moſt high and hearty *Inventions*, to furniſh the inward Parts: (and thoſe grounded upon *Antiquity*, and ſolid *Learning*) which, though their *Voice* be taught to ſound to preſent occaſions, their *Senſe*, or doth, or ſhould always lay hold on more remov'd *Myſteries*. And, howſoever ſome may ſquemiſhly cry out, that all endeavor of *Learning*, and *Sharpneſs* in theſe tranſitory *Devices*, eſpecially where it ſteps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong 'em) no Brain at all, is ſuperfluous; I am contented, theſe faſtidious *Stomachs* ſhould leave my full Tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty Trenchers, fitteſt for ſuch airy Taſtes; where perhaps a few *Italian* Herbs, pick'd up and made into a *Sallade*, may find ſweeter Acceptance than all the moſt nouriſhing and ſound Meats of the World.

For theſe Mens Palates, let not me anſwer, O *Muſes*. It is not my Fault, if I fill them out *Nectar*, and they run to *Metheglin*,

Vaticana bibant, ſi delectentur.

All the Courteſie I can do them, is to cry again;

Prætereant, ſi quid non facit ad ſtomachum.

As I will, from the thought of them, to my better Subject.

On the Night of the Maſques (*which were two, one of Men, the other of Women*) *the* Scene *being drawn, there was firſt diſcovered an Altar; upon which was inſcribed, in Letters of Gold.*

Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

UNIONI

SACR.

*Myſtically implying, that both it, the *place*, and all the ſucceeding *Ceremonies* were ſacred to *Marriage*, or *Union*; over which *Juno* was Preſident: to whom there was the like *Altar* erected, at *Rome*, as ſhe was called *Juga Juno*, in the ſtreet, which thence was named *Jugarius*. See *Feſt.* and, at which *Altar*, the *Rite* was to join the married Pair with bands of Silk, in ſign of future *Concord*.

To this Altar entred five Pages, attired in white, bearing (*a*) five Tapers of Virgin-wax; behind them, one repreſenting a *Bridegroom*: his (*b*) hair ſhort, and bound with party-colour'd Ribons, and Gold-twiſt: his Garments purple, and white.

(*a*) Thoſe were the *Quinque Cerei*, which *Plutarch* in his *Queſt. Roman.* mentions to be uſed in *Nuptials*. (*b*) The dreſſing of the *Bridegroom* (with the Ancients) was chiefly noted in that, *Quòd tonderetur. Ju. Sat.* 5. *Famque à Tonſore Magiſtro Pectenis.* And *Lucan. l.* 2. where he makes *Cato* negligent of the *Ceremonies* in Marriage, ſaith, *Ille nec horrificam ſancto dimovit ab ore Cæſariem.*

On the other hand, entred *Hymen* (the god of *Marriage*) in a Saffron-colour'd Robe, his under Veſtures white, his Socks yellow, a yellow Veil of Silk on his left Arm, his Head crowned with *Roſes*, and (*c*) *Marjoram*, in his right hand a *Torch* of (*d*) *Pine-Tree*.

(*c*) See how he is call'd out, by *Catullus in Nup. Jul. & Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Suave olentis amaraci, &c.* (*d*) For ſo I preſerve the *reading*, there in *Catul. Pineam quate tædam*, rather than to change it *Spineam*; and moved by the Authority of *Virg. in Cori.* where he ſays, *Pronuba nec caſtos incendet Pinus amores.* And *Ovid. Faſt. lib.* 2. *Expectet puros pinea Tæda dies.* Though I deny not, there was alſo *Spinea Tæda*, which *Pliny* calls *Nuptiarum facibus auſpicatiſſimam, Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 16. *cap.* 18. and whereof *Sextus Pompeius Feſt.* hath left ſo particular teſtimony. For which, ſee the following Note.

After him (*a*) a *Youth*, attired in white, bearing another light, of *white Thorn*; under his Arm, a little wicker *Flasket* shut: behind him two others in white, the one bearing a *Distaff*, the other a *Spindle*. Betwixt these a personated *Bride*, supported, her Hair flowing, and loose, sprinkled with grey; on her Head a *Gyrland* of *Roses*, like a Turret; her Garments white: and on her back, a Weather's fleece hanging down: her *Zone*, or Girdle about her waste of white Wooll, fastned with the *Herculean* knot.

(*a*) This (by the Ancients) was called *Camillus, quasi Ministter* (for so that signified in the *Hetrurian* Tongue) and was one of the three, which by *Sex. Pompei.* Were said to be *Patrimi & Matrimi, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: Unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba, Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which confer that of *Varro, lib.* 6. *de lingua Lat. Dicitur in Neptuni Camillus, qui Cumerum fert*: As also that of *Fest. lib.* 3. *Cumeram vocabant Antiqui vas quoddam quod opertum in Neptuni ferebant, in quo erant nubentii utensilia, quod & Camillum dicebant: ab quod sacrorum Ministrum κάμιλλον appellabant.*

In the midst went the (*b*) *Auspices*; after them, two that sung, in several coloured Silks. Of which, one bore the Water, the other the Fire: last of all the (*c*) Musicians, diversly attired, all crowned with *Roses*; and, with this Song began.

(*b*) *Auspices* were those that hand-fasted the married Couple: that wished them *good luck*: that took care for the *dowry*: and heard them profess that they came together, *for the cause of Children. Juven. Sat.* 10. *Veniet cum signatoribus Auspex.* And, *Lucan. lib.* 2. *Junguntur taciti, contentique Auspice Bruto.* They were also stiled *Pronubi, Proxenetæ, Paranymphi.* (*c*) The Custom of Musick at Nuptials, is clear in all Antiquity. *Ter. Adel. Act.* 5. *Verum hic mihi mora est, Tibicina, & Hymenæum qui canunt.* And *Claud. in Epithal. Ducant pervigiles carmina Tibiæ*, &c.

SONG.

BID all Profane away;
None here may stay
To view our *Mysteries*,
But, who themselves have been,
Or will, in time, be seen
The self-same *Sacrifice*.
For *Union*, *Mistriss* of these *Rites*,
Will be observ'd with Eyes,
As simple as her Nights.

Cho. { Fly then, all Profane, away,
Fly far off, as hath the *Day*;
Night her Curtain doth display,
And this is *Hymen*'s *Holy-day*.

The Song being ended, Hymen *presented himself foremost; and, after some sign of Admiration, began to speak.*

HYMEN.

WHat more than usual Light
(Throughout the place extended)
Makes *Juno's Fane* so bright!
Is there some greater *Deity* descended?

Or reign, on earth, those *Powers*
So rich, as with their Beams
Grace *Union* more than our's;
And bound her *influence* in their happier streams?

'Tis so: this same is he,
The *King*, and *Priest of Peace!*
And that his *Empress*, She,
That sits so crowned with her own increase!

O you, whose better Blisses
Have prov'd the strict embrace
Of *Union*, with chaste Kisses,
And seen it flow so in your happy *Race*;
That know, how well it binds
The fighting *Seeds of Things*,
Wins *Natures*, *Sexes*, *Minds*,
And ev'ry Discord in true Musick brings:

Sit now propitious *Aids*,
To *Rites*, so duely priz'd;
And view two noble *Maids*,
Of different Sex, to *Union* sacrific'd.
In honour of that blest *Estate*,
Which all good *Minds* should celebrate.

Here out of a Microcosm, *or* Globe, (*figuring Man*) *with a kind of contentious Musick, issued forth the first* Masque, *of eight Men.*

These represented the four (*d*) Humors, *and four* Affections, *all gloriously attired, distinguisht only by their several* Ensigns *and* Colours; *and, dancing out on the Stage, in their return, at the end of their Dance, drew all their Swords, offered to encompass the* Altar, *and disturb the* Ceremonies. *At which,* Hymen *troubled, spake:*

(*d*) That they were personated in Men, hath (already) come under some *Grammatical* Exception. But there is more than *Grammar* to release it. For, besides that *Humores* and *Affectus* are both *Masculine in Genere*, not one of the *Specials*, but in some Language is known by a *masculine* word. Again, when their *Influences* are common to both *Sexes*, and more generally impetuous in the *Male*, I see not, why they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the *Allegory*, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a Candle, yet because there are some, must complain of darkness, that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this Light. First, as in *natural Bodies*, so likewise in *Minds*, there is no Disease, or Distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding *humor*, or perverse *affection*; after the same manner, in *politick Bodies*, (where *Order, Ceremony, State, Reverence, Devotion*, are parts of the *Mind*) by the difference, or predominant Will of what we (*metaphorically*) call *Humors*, and *Affections*, all things are troubled and confused. These, therefore, were *tropically* brought in, before *Marriage*, as Disturbers of that *mystical Body*, and the *Rites*, which were *Soul* unto it; that afterwards, in *Marriage*, being dutifully tempered by her *power*, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet *Union*, to the harmonious Laws of Nature and Reason.

HYMEN.

SAve, save the *Virgins*; keep your hallow'd Lights
Untouch'd; and with their flame defend our *Rites*.
The four untemp'red *Humors* are broke out,
And, with their wild *Affections*, go about
To ravish all Religion. If there be
A Power, like *Reason*, left in that huge Body,
Or little *world of Man*, from whence these came,
Look forth, and with thy bright and (*e*) numerous [flame
Instruct their darkness, make them know, & see,
In wronging these, they have rebell'd 'gainst thee.

(*e*) Alluding to that opinion of *Pythagoras*; who held, all *Reason*, all *Knowledge*, all *Discourse* of the *Soul* to be meer *Number*. See *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

Hereat, Reason, *seated in the top of the* Globe (*as in the brain, or highest part of* Man) *figur'd in a venerable* Personage, *her hair white, and trayling to her waste, crowned with light, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white bend, fill'd with* Arithmetical *Figures, in one hand bearing a Lamp, in the other a bright Sword, descended, and spake:*

REASON.

FOrbear your rude Attempt; what Ignorance
Could yield you so prophane, as to advance
One thought in Act, against these *Mysteries*?
Are *Union's* (*f*) *Orgies* of so slender price?

(*f*) Ὄργια, with the *Greeks* value the same, that *Ceremoniæ* with the *Latines*; and imply all sorts of *Rites*: howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to *Bacchus*. See *Serv.* to that of *Virg. Æneid.* 4 *Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.*

She

She that makes *Souls*, with *Bodies*, mix in Love,
Contracts the *World* in one, and therein *Jove*;
Is (*a*) *ſpring*, and *end* of all things: yet, moſt ſtrange!
Her ſelf nor ſuffers *ſpring*, nor *end*, nor *change*.
No wonder, they were you, that were ſo bold;
For none but *Humors* and *Affections* would
Have dar'd ſo raſh a Venture. You will ſay
It was your zeal, that gave your powers the ſway;
And urge the *maſqued*, and diſguis'd pretence,
Of ſaving Blood, and ſucc'ring Innocence?
So want of *knowledge*, ſtill begetteth Jars,
When *humorous* Earthlings will controll the Stars.
Inform your ſelves, with ſafer Reverence,
To theſe myſterious *Rites*, whoſe myſtick Sence,
Reaſon (which all things, but it ſelf, confounds)
Shall clear unto you, from th' authentic grounds.

(*a*) Mac. in ſom. Scip. lib. 1.

At this, the Humors *and* Affections *ſheathed their Swords, and retired amazed to the ſides of the Stage, while* Hymen *began to rank the* Perſons, *and order the* Ceremonies: *And* Reaſon *proceeded to ſpeak.*

REASON.

THE Pair, which do each other ſide,
Though (yet) ſome ſpace doth them divide,
This happy *Night* muſt both make one
Bleſt *Sacrifice*, to *Union*.
Nor is this *Altar* but a ſign
Of one more ſoft, and more divine.
The (*b*) *Genial Bed*, where *Hymen* keeps
The ſolemn *Orgies*, void of ſleeps:
And wildeſt *Cupid*, waking, hovers
With Adoration 'twixt the *Lovers*.
The *Tead* of white and blooming Thorn,
In token of Increaſe is born:
As (*c*) alſo, with the ominous light,
To fright all malice from the *Night*.
Like are the (*d*) *fire*, and *water*, ſet;
That, ev'n as *moiſture*, mixt with *heat*,
Helps every natural Birth, to Life;
So, for their *Race*, join *Man* and *Wife*.
The (*e*) bluſhing *veil* ſhews ſhamefac'neſs
Th' ingenious *Virgin* ſhould profeſs
At meeting with the *Man*: Her hair,
That (*f*) flows ſo liberal, and ſo fair,
Is ſhed with grey, to intimate,
She entreth to a *Matrons* ſtate.
For which thoſe (*g*) *Utenſils* are born.
And, that ſhe would not labour ſcorn,
Her ſelf a (*h*) *ſnowy fleece* doth wear,
And theſe her (*i*) *rock* and *ſpindle* bear,
To ſhew, that nothing, which is good,
Gives check unto the higheſt blood.
The (*k*) *Zone* of wooll about her waſte,
Which, in contrary Circles caſt,
Doth meet in one (*l*) *ſtrong knot*, that binds,
Tells you, ſo ſhould all married minds.
And laſtly, theſe five *waxen lights*,
Imply *perfection* in the *Rites*;
For (*m*) *five* the ſpecial *number* is,
Whence hallow'd *Union* claims her bliſs.
As being all the Sum, that grows
From the united ſtrengths, of thoſe
Which (*n*) *male* and *female* numbers we
Do ſtile, and are *firſt two*, and *three*.
Which, joined thus, you cannot ſever
In equal parts, but one will ever
Remain as common; ſo we ſee
The binding force of *Unity*:

(*b*) Properly that, which was made ready for the new married *Bride*, and was call'd *Genialis, à generandis liberis. Ser. in 6. Æn.*
(*c*) See *Ovid. Faſt. lib. 6. Sic fatus, ſpinam, quâ triſtes pellere poſſet A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.*
(*d*) *Plutar. in Quæſt. Rom.* and *Var. lib. 4. de ling. Lat.*
(*e*) *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. 21. cap. 8.*
(*f*) *Pomp. Feſt. Briſſ. Hotto. de Rit. Nup.*
(*g*) *Var. lib. 6. de ling. Lat.* and *Feſt. in Frag.*
(*h*) *Feſt. ib.*
(*i*) *Plutar. in Quæſt. Rom. & in Romul.*
(*k*) *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. 8. cap. 48.* (*l*) That was *Nodus Herculeanus*, which the *Husband*, at Night, untied, in ſign of good Fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of Iſſue, as *Hercules* was, who left Seventy Children. See *Feſt. in Voc. Cingul.* (*m*) *Plutarch. in Quæſt. Rom.* (*n*) See *Mart. Capel. lib. 6. de Nupt. Phil. & Mer. in numero Pentade.*

For which alone, the peaceful *gods*
In number, always, love the odds;
And even parts as much deſpiſe,
Since out of them all diſcords riſe.

Here, the upper part of the Scene, *which was all of Clouds, and made artificially to ſwell, and ride like the Rack, began to open; and, the Air clearing, in the top thereof was diſcovered* (*o*) Juno, *ſitting in a Throne, ſupported by two beautiful* (*p*) Peacocks; *her Attire rich, and like a* (*q*) *Queen, a* (*r*) *white Diadem on her head, from whence deſcended a Veil, and that bound with a* (*s*) Faſcia, *of ſeveral coloured Silks, ſet with all ſorts of Jewels, and raiſed in the top with* (*t*) Lillies *and* Roſes; *in her right hand ſhe held a Scepter, in the other a Timbrel, at her golden feet the* (*u*) *hide of a Lion was placed: round about her ſate the Spirits of the Air, in ſeveral colours, making Muſick: Above her the* Region of Fire, *with a continual motion, was ſeen to whirl circularly, and* Jupiter *ſtanding in the top (figuring the* Heaven) *brandiſhing his thunder: Beneath her the* Rainbow, *Iris, and, on the two ſides eight Ladies, attired richly, and alike in the moſt celeſtial colours, who repreſented her* Powers, *as ſhe is the* (*x*) Governeſs *of* Marriage, *and made the ſecond* Maſque. *All which, upon the diſcovery,* Reaſon *made Narration of.*

(*o*) With the *Greeks*, *Juno* was interpreted to be the *Air* it ſelf. And ſo *Macr. de ſom. Scipio. l. 1. c. 17.* calls her. *Mar. Cap.* ſurnames her *Aëria*, of reigning there.
(*p*) They were ſacred to *Juno*, in reſpect of their colours, and temper, ſo like the *Air*. *Ovid. de Arte Amand. Laudatas oſtendit aves Junonia pennas.* And *Met. lib. 2. Habili Saturnia curru ingreditur liquidum pavonibus Æthera pictis.*
(*q*) She was call'd *Regina Juno* with the *Latines*, becauſe ſhe was *Soror & Conjux Jovis, Deorum & hominum Regis.*
(*r*) Read *Apul.* deſcribing her, in his 10th. of the *Aſs.*
(*s*) After the manner of the antique *Bond*, the varied colours implying the ſeveral mutations of the *Air*, as Showres, Dews, Serenity, Force of Winds, Clouds, Tempeſt, Snow, Hail, Lightning, Thunder, all which had their Noiſes ſignified in her Timbrel: the Faculty of cauſing theſe, being aſcribed to her by *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4.* where he makes her ſay. *His ego nigrantem commiſta grandine nimbum Deſuper infundam, & tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.*
(*t*) *Lillies* were ſacred to *Juno*, as being made white with her milk, that fell upon the earth, when *Jove* took *Hercules* away, whom by ſtealth he had laid to her breaſt: the *Roſe* was alſo call'd *Junonia*.
(*u*) So ſhe was figur'd at *Argos*, as a *Stepmother*, inſulting on the Spoils of her two *Privigni*, *Bacchus* and *Hercules*.
(*x*) See *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4.* Junoni *ante omnes cui vincla jugalia curæ*: and in another place, *Dant ſignum prima & Tellus, & Pronuba* Juno: And *Ovid. in Phil. Epiſt.* Junonemque *terris quæ præſidet alma Maritis.*

REASON.

AND ſee, where *Juno*, whoſe great Name
Is *Unio*, in the *Anagram*,
Diſplays her gliſtering State, and Chair,
As ſhe enlightned all the *Air!*
Hark how the charming Tunes do beat
In ſacred Concords 'bout her Seat!
And lo! to grace what theſe intend,
Eight of her nobleſt *powers* deſcend,
Which are (*y*) enſtil'd her *faculties*,
That govern nuptial Myſteries;
And wear thoſe Maſques before their Faces,
Leſt, dazling *Mortals* with their Graces
As they approach them, all *Mankind*
Should be, like *Cupid*, ſtrucken blind.
Theſe *Order* waits for, on the ground,
To keep, that you ſhould not confound
Their meaſur'd ſteps, which only move
About th' harmonious Sphere of *Love*.

(*y*) They were all eight called by particular *ſurnames* of *Juno*, aſcribed to her for ſome peculiar property in *marriage*, as ſomewhere after is more fitly declared.

Their Deſcent was made in two great Clouds, that put forth themſelves ſeverally, and (with one meaſure of time) were ſeen to ſtoop, and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits, came after ſome Statues *of* Juno, *no leſs airy, than glorious. The dreſſings of their heads, rare; ſo likewiſe of their feet: and all full of ſplendor, ſovereignty, and riches. Whil'ſt they were deſcending, this* Song *was ſung at the Altar.*

SONG.

SONG.

THeſe, theſe are they,
Whom *humor* and *affection* muſt obey;
Who come to deck the *genial Bower*,
And bring, with them, the grateful *Hower*
That crowns ſuch Meetings, and excites
The *married Pair* to freſh delights:
As *Courtings*, *Kiſſings*, *Coyings*, *Oaths*, and *Vows*,
Soft *Whiſperings*, *Embracements*, all the *Joyes*,
And *melting Toyes*,
That chaſter *Love allows*.
Cho. Haſte, haſte, for *Heſperus* his head down bows.

The Song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace; to a rare and full Muſick of twelve Lutes: led on by Order, *the Servant of* Reaſon, *who was, there, rather a Perſon of* Ceremony, *than* Uſe. *His Under-Garment was blue, his Upper white, and painted full of* Arithmetical *and* Geometrical *Figures; his Hair, and Beard long, a Star on his forehead, and in his hand a* Geometrical Staff: *To whom, after the Dance,* Reaſon *ſpake.*

REASON.

CONvey them, *Order*, to their places,
And rank them ſo, in ſeveral traces,
As they may ſet their mixed *Powers*
Unto the Muſick of the *Howers*;
And *Theſe*, by joining with them, know
In better temper how to flow:
Whil'ſt I (from their abſtracted *Names*)
Report the Vertues of the *Dames*.
Firſt (*a*) *Curis* comes to deck the *Brides* fair Treſs.
Care of the Oyntments (*b*) *Unxia* doth profeſs.
(*c*) *Juga*, her Office to make one of twain:
(*d*) *Gamelia* ſees that they ſhould ſo remain.
Fair (*e*) *Iterduca* leads the *Bride* her way;
And (*f*) *Domiduca* home her ſteps doth ſtay;
(*g*) *Cinxia* the *Maid*, quit of her *Zone*, defends;
(*h*) *Telia* (for *Hymen*) perfects all, and ends.

(*a*) This *Surname Juno* receiv'd of the *Sabines*; from them, the *Romans* gave it her: of the Spear, which (in the *Sabine Tongue*) was called *Curis*, and was that, which they nam'd *Haſta Cælibaris*, which had ſtuck in the body of a ſlain *Sword-player*, and wherewith the *Brides* head was dreſt, whereof *Feſt. in voce Celibar*, gives theſe Reaſons, *Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore Gladiatoris, ſic ipſa cum viro ſit; vel quia Matronæ* Junonis *Curitis in tutelâ ſit, quæ ita appellabatur à ferenda haſta: vel quòd fortes viros genituras ominetur; vel quod nuptialis jure imperio viri ſubjicitur Nubens, quia Haſta ſumma armorum, & imperii eſt*, &c. To moſt of which *Plutarch* in his *Queſt. Rom.* conſents, but adds a better in *Romul.* That when they div ded the *Brides* hair with the point of the Spear, σύμβολον ἦν τὸ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῆς ἁρπαγῆς γάμου γενέσθαι, it noted their firſt Nuptials (with the *Sabines*) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howſoever, that it was a *Cuſtom* with them, this of *Ovid. Faſt. lib.* 2. confirms. *Comat Virgineas haſta recurva comas.* (*b*) For the *Surname of* Unxia, we have *Mart. Capel.* his teſtimony, *De Nupt. Phil. & Mercu. lib.* 2. *quòd unctionibus præeſt*: As alſo *Servius, libro quarto Æneid.* where they both report it a faſhion with the *Romans*, that before the new-married *Brides* entred the Houſes of their *Husbands*, they adorned the Poſts of the Gates with woollen Tawdries, or Fillets, and anointed them with Oils, or the Fat of Wolves, and Boars; being ſuperſtitiouſly poſſeſt, that ſuch Ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the Family: and thence were they called *Uxores, quaſi Unxores*. (*c*) She was named *Juga, propter Jugum*, (as *Servius* ſays) for the yoke which was impos'd, in *Matrimony*, on thoſe that were married, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Feſt.*) *quòd Juges ſunt ejuſdem Jugi Pares, unde & Conjuges*, or in reſpect of the *Altar* (to which I have declar'd before) ſacred to *Juno, in Vico Jugario*. (*d*) As ſhe was *Gamelia*, in ſacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the *Altar*; intimating, that (after Marriage, there ſhould be known, no bitterneſs, nor hatred between the joined Couple, which might divide, or ſeparate them: See *Plutarch. Connub. Præ.* This *Rite* I have ſome-where following toucht at. (*e*) The title of *Iterduca* ſhe had amongſt them, *quòd ad ſponſi ædes, ſponſam comitabatur*; or was a Protectreſs of their Journy. *Mart. Capel. de Nupt. Philolo. & Mercur. libro ſecundo.* (*f*) The like of *Domiduca, quòd ad optatas domus duceret. Mart. ibid.* (*g*) *Cinxia*, the ſame *Author* gives unto her, as the *Defendreſs* of *Maids*, when they had put off their Girdle, in the *Bridal Chamber*; To which, *Feſtus. Cinxiæ Junonis nomen ſanctum habebatur in Nuptiis, quòd initio Conjugis ſolutio erat Cinguli, quo nova Nupta erat cincta.* And *Arnobius*, a Man moſt learned in their *Ceremonies*, *lib.* 3 *ad verſ. Gent.* ſaith, *Unctionibus ſupereſt Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.* (*h*) *Telia* ſignifies *Perfecta*, or, as ſome tranſlate it, *Perfectrix*; with *Jul. Pol. lib.* 3. *Onomaſt.* θεὸς τέλεια values *Juno!* *Præſes Nuptiarum*: who ſaith, the *Attribute* depends of τέλειος, which (with the *Ancients*) ſignified Marriage, and thence, were they call'd τέλειοι that entred into the ſtate. *Servius* interprets it the ſame with *Gamelia, Æneid.* 4. *ad verb. Et Junone ſecundâ*. But it implies much more, as including the Faculty too mature and perfect. See the Greek *Scholiaſte* on *Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thræum Ulixæ filium Argi.* τέλειος ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ καταδαίζειν καὶ τελειοῦσθαι τὸν βίον: that is, *Nuptials are therefore call'd* τέλειοι, *becauſe they effect Perfection of Life*, and do note that maturity which ſhould be in Matrimony. For before *Nuptials*, ſhe is called *Juno* παρθένος, that is, *Virgo*; after *Nuptials*, τέλεια, which is *Adulta*, or *Perfecta*.

By this time, the Ladies were paired with the Men; and the whole Sixteen *rank'd forth, in order, to dance: and were with the Song provok'd.*

SONG.

NOW, now, begin to ſet
Your ſpirits in active heat;
And, ſince your hands are met,
Inſtruct your nimble Feet,
In motions, ſwift, and meet,
The happy ground to beat:
Chor. Whil'ſt all this *Roof* doth ring,
And each diſcording ſtring,
With every varied voice,
In *Union* doth rejoice.

Here, they danced forth a moſt neat and curious meaſure, full of Subtilty *and* Device; *which was ſo excellently performed, as it ſeemed to take away that* Spirit *from the* Invention, *which the* Invention *gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the* Forms *flow'd more perfectly from the* Author's *brain, or their feet. The ſtrains were all notably different, ſome of them formed into* Letters, *very ſignifying to the name of the* Bridegroom, *and ended in manner of a Chain, linking hands: To which, this was ſpoken.*

REASON.

SUch was (*i*) the *Golden Chain* let down from
And not thoſe links more even, (*Heaven*;
Than theſe: ſo ſweetly temper'd, ſo combin'd
By *Union*, and refin'd.
Here no *Contention*, *Envy*, *Grief*, *Deceit*,
Fear, *Jealouſie* have weight;
But all is *Peace*, and *Love*, and *Faith*, and *Bliſs*:
What *harmony* like this?
The gall, behind the *Altar* quite is thrown;
This *Sacrifice* hath none.
Now no *Affections* rage, nor *Humors* ſwell;
But all compoſed dwell.
O *Juno*, *Hymen*, *Hymen*, *Juno!* who
Can merit with you two?
Without your preſence, *Venus* can do nought,
Save what with ſhame is bought;
No Father can himſelf a *Parent* ſhow,
Nor any *Houſe* with proſp'rous Iſſue grow.
O then! What *Deities* will dare
With *Hymen*, or with *Juno* to compare?

(*i*) Mentioned by *Homer Iliad.* 8. which many have interpreted diverſly, all Allegorically, *Pla. in Theæteto*, underſtands it to be the *Sun*, which while he circles the World in his courſe, all things are ſafe, and preſerved: others vary it. *Macrob.* (to whoſe Interpretation, I am ſpecially affected in my Alluſion) conſiders it thus: *in Sum. Scip. libr.* 1. *cap.* 14. *Ergo cùm ex ſummo Deo mens, ex mente anima ſit; anima verò & corpus, & vita compleat omnia quæ ſequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, & in univerſis appareat, ut in multis ſpeculis, per ordinem poſitis, vultus unus; Cumque omnia continuis ſucceſſionibus ſe ſequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi: invenietur preſſius intuenti à ſummo Deo uſque ad ultimam rerum fæcem una munditi ſe vinculis religans, & nuſquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc eſt Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de cœlo in terras Deum juſſiſſe commemorat.* To which ſtrength and evenneſs of Connexion I have not abſurdly likened this uniting of *Humors*, and *Affections*, by the ſacred *Powers* of *Marriage*.

The

The Speech being ended, they diſſolv'd: and all took forth other perſons, (Men, *and* Women) *to dance other* Meaſures, Galliards, *and* Corranto's ; *the whil'ſt this* Song *importun'd them to a fit remembrance of the time.*

S O N G.

THink, yet, how *Night* doth waſt,
How much of time is paſt,
What more than winged haſte
Your ſelves would take,
If you were but to taſte
The Joy, the Night doth caſt
(O might it ever laſt)
On this bright *Virgin*, and her happy *make.*

Their Dances yet laſting, they were the ſecond time importun'd, by Speech.

R E A S O N.

SEE, ſee! the bright * *Idalian* Star,
That lighteth *Lovers* to their War,
Complains, that you her influence loſe ;
While thus the Night-ſports you abuſe.

* *Stella Veneris*, or *Venus*, which when it goes before the *Sun*, is call'd *Phoſphorus*, or *Lucifer* ; when it follows, *Heſperus*, or *Noctifer* (as *Cat.* tranſlates it.) See *Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. cap. de Nup. Phi. & Mer. l.* 8. The nature of this Star *Pythagoras* firſt found out : and the preſent office *Clau.* expreſſeth in *Feſcen. Attollens thalamis Idalium jubar dilectus Veneris naſcatur Heſperus.*

H Y M E N.

THE longing *Bridegroom*, * in the Porch,
Shews you again, the bated Torch ;
And thrice hath *Juno* (*a*) mixt her *ayre*
With *fire*, to ſummon your repair.

* It was a cuſtom for the *Man* to ſtand there, expecting the approach of his *Bride.* See *Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.*

(*a*) Alluding to that of *Virgil. Æneid.* 4. *Prima & Tellus, & Pronuba* Juno *Dant ſignum : fulſere ignes, & conſcius æther Connubii*, &c.

R E A S O N.

SEE, now ſhe clean withdraws her light ;
And (as you ſhould) gives place to *Night*,
That ſpreads her broad, and blackeſt wing
Upon the World, and comes to bring
A * thouſand ſeveral colour'd *Loves*,
Some like Sparrows, ſome like Doves,
That hop about the *Nuptial-room*,
And flutt'ring there (againſt you come)
Warm the chaſte *Bowre*, which (*b*) *Cypria* ſtrows,
With many a Lilly, many a Roſe.

* *Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, toroſq; deæ, tenerum premit agmen Amorum.* And *Claud. in Epith. Pennati paſſim pueri, quo quemq; vocavit umbra, jacent.* Both which, prove the Ancients feign'd many *Cupids.* Read alſo *Prop. Ele.* 29. *l.* 2.

(*b*) *Venus* is ſo induced by *Stat. Claud.* and others, to celebrate Nuptials.

H Y M E N.

HAſte therefore, haſte, and call, away :
The gentle *Night* is preſt to pay
The Uſury of long Delights,
She owes to theſe protracted *Rites.*

At this (the whole Scene *being drawn again, and all cover'd with Clouds, as a* Night) *they left off their intermixed* Dances, *and return'd to their firſt places; where, as they were but beginning to move, this Song, the third time, urg'd them.*

S O N G.

OKnow to end, as to begin :
A minutes loſs, in *Love*, is Sin.
Theſe *humors* will the Night out-wear
In their own paſtimes here ;
You do our *Rites* much wrong,
In ſeeking to prolong
Theſe outward Pleaſures :
The *Night* hath other Treaſures
Than theſe (thô long conceal'd)
Ere day, to be reveal'd.
Then, know to end, as to begin ;
A minutes loſs, in *Love*, is ſin.

Here they dane'd their laſt Dances, *full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter ſtrain, fell into a fair* Orb *or* Circle; Reaſon *ſtanding in the midſt, and ſpeaking.*

R E A S O N.

HEre ſtay, and let your Sports be crown'd:
The perfect'ſt *Figure* is the *round.*
Nor fell you in it by Adventer,
When *Reaſon* was your Guide. and *Center.*
This, this that beauteous * *Ceſton* is
Of *Lovers* many-colour'd bliſs.
Come *Hymen*, make an inner Ring,
And let the *Sacrificers* ſing ;
Cheer up the faint, and trembling *Bride*,
That quakes to touch her *Bridegroom's* ſide :
Tell her, what *Juno* is to *Jove*,
The ſame ſhall be to her *Love* ;
His *Wife* : which we do rather meaſure
A (*c*) name of *Dignity*, than *Pleaſure.*
Up *Youths*, hold up your lights in Air,
And ſhake abroad (*d*) their flaming Hair.
Now move united, and, in gate,
As you (in pairs) do front the *ſtate*,
With grateful *honours*, thank his *grace*
That hath ſo glorified the place :
And as, in *Circle*, you depart
Link'd *hand in hand* ; So, *heart in heart*,
May all thoſe *Bodies* ſtill remain
Whom he (with ſo much ſacred pain)
No leſs hath bound within his Realms
Than they are with the *Oceans* ſtreams.
Long may his *Union* find increaſe
As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace.

* *Venus* Girdle, mentioned by *Homer. Ili. Ξ.* which was feign'd to be variouſly wrought with the Needle, and in it woven *Love, Deſire, Sweetneſs, ſoft Parlee, Gracefulneſs, Perſuaſion*, and all the *Powers* of *Venus.*

(*c*) See the words of *Ælius verus*, in *Spartian.*

(*d*) So *Cat. in Nupt. Jul. & Manlii* hath it. *Viden', ut faces ſplendidas quatiunt comas ?* and by and by after, *aureas quatiunt comas.*

With this, to a ſoft ſtrain of Muſick, *they pac'd once about, in their* Ring, *every pair making their Honours, as they came before the State : and then diſſolving, went down in Couples, led on by* Hymen, *the* Bride, *and* Auſpices *following, as to the* Nuptial Bower. *After them, the* Muſicians *with this Song, of which, then, onely one* ſtaffe *was ſung; but becauſe I made it both in* Form, *and* Matter *to emulate that kind of* Poem, *which was call'd* * Epithalamium, *and (by the Ancients) us'd to be ſung, when the* Bride *was led into her Chamber, I have here ſet it down whole: and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to pleaſe. Hoping, that* nemo doctus me jubeat Thalaſſionem verbis dicere non Thalaſſionis.

* It had the name *à Thalamo, dictum eſt autem,* θάλαμος *cubiculum Nuptiale primo ſuo ſignificatu,* ἀπὸ τὸ θάλλειν ἅμα, *quod eſt ſimul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.*

EPITHALAMION.

GLad *time* is at his point arriv'd,
For which *Loves* hopes were ſo long-liv'd.
Lead *Hymen*, lead away ;
And let no Object ſtay,
Nor Banquets (but ſweet Kiſſes)
The *Turtles* from their Bliſſes.

* 'Tis

* 'Tis *Cupid* calls to arm ;
And this his laſt *alarm*.
Shrink not, ſoft *Virgin*, you will love,
Anon, what you ſo fear to prove.
This is no killing War,
To which you preſſed are ;
But fair and gentle ſtriſe
Which *Lovers* call their *life*.
'Tis *Cupid* cries to arm ;
And this his laſt *alarm*.
Help *Youths*, and *Virgins*, help to ſing
The Prize, which *Hymen* here doth bring,
And did ſo lately (*a*) rap
From forth the *Mother's lap*,
To place her by that ſide
Where ſhe muſt long abide.
On *Hymen*, *Hymen* call,
This Night is *Hymen's* all.
See, *Heſperus* is yet in view !
What *Star* can ſo deſerve of you ?
Whoſe light doth ſtill adorn
Your *Bride*, that, e're the *morn*,
Shall far more perfect be,
And riſe as bright as he ;
When (*b*) like to him) her *Name*
Is chang'd, but not her flame.
Haſte, tender *Lady*, and adventer ;
The covetous *Houſe* would have you enter,
That it might wealthy be,
And you, her (*c*) Miſtriſs ſee :
Haſte your own good to meet ;
And (*d*) lift your golden Feet
Above the *threſhold*, high,
With proſperous *augury*.
Now, *Youths*, let go your pretty arms;
The place within chant's other Charms.
Whole ſhowers of *Roſes* flow ;
And *Violets* ſeem to grow,
Strew'd in the Chamber there,
As *Venus* Mead it were.
On *Hymen*, *Hymen* call,
This *Night* is *Hymen's* all.
Good *Matrons*, that ſo well are known
To aged *Husbands* of your own,
Place you our *Bride* to Night ;
And * ſnatch away the *light* :
That (*e*) ſhe not hide it dead
Beneath her *Spouſe's* Bed ;
Nor (*f*) he reſerve the ſame
To help the *funeral flame*.
So, now you may admit him in ;
The Act he covets, is no ſin,
But chaſte, and holy Love,
Which *Hymen* doth approve :
Without whoſe hallowing Fires
All Aims are baſe deſires.
On *Hymen*, *Hymen* call,
This Night is *Hymen's* all.
Now, free from *vulgar* ſpight, or noiſe,
May you enjoy your mutual joys ;
Now, you no Fear controuls,
But lips may mingle *Souls* ;
And ſoft embraces bind,
To each, the others mind :
Which may no power untie,
Till one, or both muſt die.
And, look, before you yield to ſlumber,
That your delights be drawn paſt number ;
" Joys, got with ſtrife, increaſe.
Affect no ſleepy peace ;
But keep the *Bride's* fair Eyes
Awake, with her own cryes,
Which are but *Maiden*-fears :
And Kiſſes dry ſuch tears.
Then, coin them, 'twixt your lips ſo ſweet,
And let not *Cockles* cloſer meet ;
Nor may your murmuring *Loves*
Be drown'd by * *Cypris Doves* :
Let *Ivy* not ſo bind
As when your Arms are twin'd :
That you may both, e're day,
Riſe perfect every way.
And *Juno*, whoſe great *powers* protect
The *Marriage-bed*, with good effect
The labour of this *night*
Bleſs thou, for future light :
And, thou, thy happy charge,
Glad (*g*) *Genius*, enlarge ;
That they may both, e're day,
Riſe perfect every way.
And (*h*) *Venus*, thou, with timely Seed
(Which may their after-comforts breed)
Inform the gentle Womb ;
Nor, let it prove a Tomb :
But, e're ten *Moons* be waſted,
The *Birth*, by *Cynthia* haſted.
So may they both, e're day,
Riſe perfect every way.
And, when the *Babe* to light is ſhown,
Let it be like each *Parent* known ;
Much of the *Father's* Face,
More of the *Mother's* Grace ;
And either *Grandſire's* Spirit,
And Fame let it inherit.
That Men may bleſs th' *Embraces*,
That joined to ſuch *Races*.
Ceaſe *Youths*, and *Virgins*, you have done ;
Shut faſt the door : And, as they ſoon
To their *perfection* haſte,
So may their ardors laſt.
So eithers ſtrength out-live
All loſs that *Age* can give :
And, though full years be told,
Their Forms grow ſlowly old.

* This Poem had for the moſt part *Verſum intercalarem*, or *Carmen Amœbæum* : yet that not alwayes one, but oftentimes varied, and ſometimes neglected in the ſame *Song*, as in ours you ſhall find obſerved.

(*a*) The *Bride* was alwayes fain'd, to be raviſhed, *ex gremio matris* : or (if ſhe were wanting) *ex proximâ neceſſitudine*, becauſe that had ſucceeded well to *Romulus*, who, by force gat Wives for him, and his, from the *Sabines*. See *Feſt.* and that of *Catul. Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.*

(*b*) When he is *Phoſphorus*, yet the ſame Star, as I have noted before.

(*c*) At the entrance of the *Bride*, the cuſtom was to give her the keys, to ſignifie that ſhe was abſolute *Miſtriſs* of the place, and the whole diſpoſition of the *Family* at her care, *Feſt.* (*d*) This was alſo another *Rite* : that ſhe might not touch the *threſhold* as ſhe entred, but was lifted over it. *Servius* ſaith, becauſe it was ſacred to *Veſta*, *Plut. in Quæſt. Rom.* remember divers cauſes. But that, which I take to come neareſt the truth, was only the avoiding of *Sorcerous* Drugs, us'd by Witches to be bury'd under that place, to the deſtroying of *Marriage*-Amity, or the Power of Generation. See *Alexand. in Genialibus* and *Chriſt. Landus upon Catul.* * For this, look *Feſt. in Voc. Rapi.* (*e f*) *Quo utroq; mors propinqua alterius ultrius captari putatur, Feſt. ib.*

* A frequent *Surname* of *Venus*, not of the place, as *Cypria* : but *quòd parere faciat*, ἢ τὸ κυεῖν παρέχειν, *Theoph. Phurnut.* and the *Grammarians* upon *Homer*, See them.

(*g*) *Deus Naturæ, ſive gignendi.* And is the ſame in the Male, as *Juno* in the Female. Hence *Genialis Lectus, qui nuptiis ſternitur, in honorem Genii. Feſt. Genius meus, quia me genuit.*

(*h*) She hath this Faculty given her, by all the Ancients. See *Hom. Iliad. θ. Lucret. in prin. Virg. in 2. Georg. &c.*

HItherto extended the firſt Nights *Solemnity*, whoſe grace in the execution, left not where to add unto it, with wiſhing : I mean, (nor do I court them) in thoſe, that ſuſtain'd the *nobler* parts. Such was the exquiſite performance, as (beſide the *pomp*, *ſplendor*, or what we may call *apparelling* of ſuch *Preſentments*) that alone (had all elſe been abſent) was of power to ſurprize with delight, and ſteal away the *Spectators* from themſelves. Nor was there wanting whatſoever might give to the *Furniture*, or *Complement* ; either in *Riches*, or ſtrangeneſs of the *Habits*, delicacy of *Dances*, magnificence of the *Scene*, or divine rapture of *Muſick*. Only the envy was, that it laſted not ſtill, or (now it is paſt) cannot by imagination, much leſs deſcription, be recovered to a part of that *Spirit* it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not utterly defraud the *Reader* of his hope, I am drawn to give it thoſe brief touches, which may leave behind ſome ſhadow of what it was: And firſt of the *Attires*.

That, of the Lords, had part of it (for the faſhion) taken from the *antique Greek* Statue; mixed with ſome *modern* additions : which made it both graceful, and ſtrange. On their heads they wore *Perſick* Crowns, that were with

ſcroles

ſcroles of *gold-plate* turn'd outward, and wreath'd about with a *carnation* and *ſilver* net-lawn; the one end of which hung careleſly on the left ſhoulder; the other was trick'd up before, in ſeveral degrees of folds, between the plates, and ſet with rich Jewels, and great Pearl. Their bodies were of *carnation* cloth of ſilver, richly wrought, and cut to expreſs the *naked*, in manner of the *Greek Thorax*; girt under the breaſts with a broad *belt* of cloth of gold, embroidered, and faſtened before with Jewels: Their Labels were of *white* cloth of ſilver, lac'd, and wrought curiouſly between, ſuitable to the upper half of their ſleeves; whoſe nether parts, with their baſes, were of *watchet* cloth of ſilver, chev'rond all over with lace. Their Mantils were of ſeveral colour'd ſilks, diſtinguiſhing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the firſt, *ſky colour*; the ſecond, *pearl colour*; the third, *flame colour*; the fourth, *tawny*: and theſe cut in leafs, which were ſubtilly tack'd up, and embroidered with *Oo's*, and between every rank of leafs, a broad ſilver lace. They were faſtened on the right ſhoulder, and fell compaſs down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot, to the faſtning of their Swords. Upon their legs they wore *ſilver* Greaves, anſwering in work to their Labels; and theſe were their *accoutrements*.

The Ladies *attire* was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the moſt true impreſſion of a *celeſtial* figure: the upper part of *white* cloth of ſilver, wrought with *Juno's birds* and *fruits*; a looſe under-garment, full gather'd, of *carnation*, ſtrip'd with *ſilver*, and parted with a golden *Zone*: beneath that, another flowing garment, of *watchet* cloth of ſilver, lac'd with gold; through all which, though they were round, and ſwelling, there yet appeared ſome touch of their delicate *lineaments*, preſerving the ſweetneſs of *proportion*, and expreſſing it ſelf beyond expreſſion. The *attire* of their heads did anſwer, if not exceed; their hair being careleſly (but yet with more art, than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich *Coronet*, adorn'd with all variety, and choice of Jewels; from the top of which, flow'd a tranſparent *veil*, down to the ground; whoſe verge, returning up, was faſtned to either ſide in moſt ſprightly manner. Their ſhooes were *azure*, and gold, ſet with Rubies and Diamonds; ſo were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No leſs to be admir'd, for the grace, and greatneſs, was the whole *Machine* of the *Spectacle*, from whence they came: the firſt part of which was a MIKPOKOΣMOΣ, or *Globe*, fill'd with *Countries*, and thoſe gilded; where the *Sea* was expreſt, heightned with ſilver Waves. This ſtood, or rather hung (for no *Axel* was ſeen to ſupport it) and turning ſoftly, diſcover'd the firſt *Maſque* (as we have before, but too runningly declared) which was of the *Men*, ſitting in fair *compoſition*, within a *Mine* of ſeveral metals: To which, the lights were ſo placed, as no one was ſeen; but ſeemed, as if only *Reaſon*, with the ſplendor of her Crown, illumin'd the whole Grot.

On the ſides of this (which began the other part) were placed two great *Statues*, feigned of gold, one of *Atlas*, the other of *Hercules*, in varied poſtures, bearing up the Clouds, which were of *Releve*, emboſſed, and tralucent, as Naturals: To theſe, a cortine of painted Clouds joined, which reach'd to the utmoſt roof of the Hall; and ſuddenly opening, reveal'd the three *Regions* of *Air*: In the higheſt of which, ſate *Juno*, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with *Comets*, and fiery *Meteors*, engendred in that hot and dry *Region*; her feet reaching to the loweſt: where, was made a *Rainbow*, and within it, *Muſicians* ſeated, figuring *airy* ſpirits, their habits various, and reſembling the ſeveral colours, cauſed in that part of the *Air* by reflexion. The midſt was all of dark and condenſed Clouds, as being the proper place, where *Rain*, *Hail*, and other watry *Meteors* are made; out of which, two concave clouds, from the reſt, thruſt forth themſelves (in nature of thoſe *Nimbi*, wherein, by *Homer*, *Virgil*, &c. the *gods* are feign'd to deſcend) and theſe carried the eight *Ladies*, over the heads of the two *Terms*; (*a*) who (as the Engine mov'd) ſeem'd alſo to bow themſelves (by vertue of their ſhadows) and diſcharge their ſhoulders of their glorious burden: when, having ſet them on the earth, both they and the Clouds gathered themſelves up again, with ſome rapture of the *Beholders*.

(*a*) *Atlas* and *Hercules*, the Figures mention'd before.

But that, which (as above in place, ſo in the beauty) was moſt taking in the *Spectacle*, was the *ſphere* of *fire*, in the top of all, encompaſſing the *Air*, and imitated with ſuch art and induſtry, as the *Spectators* might diſcern the Motion (all the time the *Shews* laſted) without any Mover; and that ſo ſwift, as no Eye could diſtinguiſh any colour of the light, but might form to it ſelf Five hundred ſeveral hews, out of the tralucent body of the *Air*, objected betwixt it, and them.

And this was crowned with a Statue of *Jupiter*, the *Thunderer*.

ON the next *Night*, whoſe *Solemnity* was of *Barriers* (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the *Hall*, a Miſt made of delicate Perfumes; out of which (a Battel being ſounded under the Stage) did ſeem to break forth two *Ladies*, the one repreſenting *Truth*, the other *Opinion*; but both ſo alike attired, as they could by no Note be diſtinguiſhed. The colour of their Garments was blue, their Socks white; they were crown'd with wreaths of Palm, and in their hand, each of them ſuſtained a Palm-bough. Theſe, after the Miſt was vaniſht, began to examine each other curiouſly with their Eyes, and approaching the State, the one expoſtulated the other in this manner.

TRUTH.

WHO art thou, thus that imitat'ſt my Grace,
In Steps, in Habit, and reſembled Face?

OPINION.

Grave (*a*) *Time*, and *Induſtry* my Parents are;
My Name is *Truth*, who thrô the ſounds of *War*
(Which figure the wiſe minds diſcurſive fight)
In Miſts by *Nature* wrapt, ſalute the Light.

(*a*) *Truth* is feigned to be the daughter of *Saturn*: who, indeed, with the Ancients, was no other than *Time*, and ſo his Name alludes, Κρόνος. *Plut. in Quæſt.* To which confer the *Greek Adage* ἄγει δὲ πάντας ὁ χρόνος καὶ τὴν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.

TRUTH.

I am that *Truth*, thou ſome illuſive Spright;
Whom to my likeneſs, the black Sorcereſs *Night*
Hath of theſe dry, and empty Fumes created.

OPINION.

Beſt *Herald* of thine own birth, well related:
Put me and mine to proof of Words, and Facts,
In any queſtion this fair *hour* exacts.

TRUTH.

I challenge thee, and fit this time of *Love*,
With this *Poſition*, which *Truth* comes to prove;
That the moſt honour'd ſtate of *Man* and *Wife*,
Doth far exceed th'inſociate *Virgin*-life.

OPINION.

I take the adverſe part; and ſhe that beſt
Defends her ſide, be *Truth* by all confeſt.

TRUTH.

It is confirm'd. With what an equal brow,
To *Truth*, (*b*) *Opinion's* Confident! and how,

(*b*) *Hippocrat.* in a certain Epiſtle to *Philopæm.* deſcribeth her, *Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, ſed audacior aſpectu & concitatior.* To which, *Cæſare Ripa* in his *Iconolog.* alludeth, in theſe words, *Faccia, ne bella, ne diſpiacevole*, &c.

Like *Truth*, her habit ſhews to ſenſual eyes!
But whoſo'ere thou be, in this diſguiſe,
Clear *Truth*, anon, ſhall ſtrip thee to the heart;
And ſhew how meer *phantaſtical* thou art.
Know then, the firſt *production* of things,
Required *two*; from meer *one* nothing ſprings:
Without that knot, the *Theam* thou glorieſt in,
(Th'unprofitable *Virgin*) had not bin.
The golden Tree of *Marriage* began
In *Paradiſe*, and bore the fruit of *Man*;
On whoſe ſweet branches *Angels* ſate, and ſung,
And from whoſe firm root all *Societie* ſprung.
Love (whoſe ſtrong virtue wrapt *Heav'ns* Soul in
And made a Woman glory in his birth) [*earth*,
In *Marriage*, opens his inflamed breſt;
And, leſt in him *Nature* ſhould ſtifled reſt,
His *genial* fire about the world he darts; [hearts.
Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with
Marriage Love's Object is; at whoſe bright eyes
He lights his Torches, and calls them his *Skies*.
For her, he wings his ſhoulders; and doth flie
To her white boſom, as his *Sanctuary*:
In which no luſtful finger can profane him,
Nor any Earth, with black *Eclipſes* wane him.
She makes him ſmile in ſorrows, and doth ſtand
'Twixt him, and all wants, with her ſilver hand.
In her ſoft locks, his tender feet are ti'de;
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as *Geometricians* have approv'd
That *Lines*, and *Superficies* are not mov'd
By their own Forces, but do follow ſtill
Their *bodies* motions; ſo the ſelf-lov'd Will
Of Man, or Woman, ſhould not rule in them,
But each with other wear the *Anademe*.
Mirrors, though deckt with diamants, are nought
If the like forms of things they ſet not forth: [worth
So *Men* or *Women* are worth nothing, neither,
If either eyes and hearts preſent not either.

OPINION.

Untoucht *Virginity*, laugh out; to ſee
Freedom in fetters plac'd, and urg'd 'gainſt thee.
What griefs lie groaning on the *nuptial* Bed?
What dull Society? In what ſheets of lead
Tumble, and toſs the reſtleſs *married pair*,
Each, oft, offended with the others air?
From whence ſprings all-devouring avarice,
But from the cares, which out of *wedlock* riſe?
And, where there is in *life's* beſt-tempred fires
An end, ſet in it ſelf to all deſires,
A ſetled quiet, freedom never checkt;
How far are *married lives* from this effect?
Euripus (*a*), that bears Ships, in all their pride,
'Gainſt rougheſt winds, with violence of his tide,
And ebbs, and flows, ſeven times in every day,
Toyls not more turbulent, or fierce than they.
And then, what Rules *Husbands* preſcribe their
[*Wives*!
In their eyes circles, they muſt bound their lives.
The *Moon*, when fartheſt from the *Sun* ſhe ſhines,
Is moſt refulgent; neareſt, moſt declines:
But your poor *Wives* far off muſt never rome,
But waſte their beauties, near their *Lords* at home:
And when their *Lords* range out, at home muſt
(Like to beg'd *Monopolies*) all their pride. [hide
When their *Lords* liſt to feed a ſerious fit,
They muſt be ſerious; when to ſhew their wit
In jeſts and laughter, they muſt laugh and jeſt;
When they wake, wake; and when they reſt, muſt
[reſt.
And to their *Wives Men* give ſuch narrow ſcopes,
As if they meant to make them walk on ropes:
No tumblers bide more peril of their necks
In all their tricks; than *Wives* in *Husbands* checks.

(*a*) A narrow Sea, between *Aulis*, a Port of *Bœotia*, and the Iſle *Eubœa*. See *Pom. Mela. lib.* 2.

Where *Virgins*, in their ſweet, and peaceful ſtate,
Have all things perfect; ſpin their own free *fate*;
Depend on no proud *ſecond*; are their own
Center, and *Circle*; Now, and always one.
To whoſe Example, we do ſtill hear nam'd
One *God*, one *Nature*, and but one *World* fram'd,
One *Sun*, one *Moon*, one Element of *Fire*,
So, of the reſt; one *King*, that doth inſpire
Soul, to all *Bodies*, in their Royal Sphere:

TRUTH.

And where is *Marriage* more declar'd, than there?
Is there a Band more ſtrict, than that doth tie
The *Soul*, and *Body*, in ſuch Unity?
Subjects to *Sovereigns*? doth one mind diſplay
In th'one's obedience, and the others ſway?
Believe it, *Marriage* ſuffers no compare,
When both Eſtates are valu'd, as they are.
The *Virgin* were a ſtrange, and ſtubborn thing,
Would longer ſtay a *Virgin*, than to bring
Her ſelf fit uſe, and profit in a *Make*.

OPINION.

[ſtake!
How ſhe doth err! and the whole Heav'n mi-
Look, how a Flower that cloſe in Cloſes grows,
Hid from rude Cattel, bruiſed with no Ploughs,
Which th'*Air* doth ſtroke, *Sun* ſtrengthen, *ſhowres* ſhoot
It many *Youths*, and many *Maids* deſire; [higher,
The ſame, when crop-by cruel hand is wither'd,
No *Youths* at all, no *Maidens* have deſir'd:
So a *Virgin*, while untoucht ſhe doth remain,
Is dear to hers; but when with bodies ſtain
Her chaſter flower is loſt, ſhe leaves to appear
Or ſweet to *Young-men*, or to *Maidens* dear.
That Conqueſt then may crown me in this War;
Virgins, O *Virgins*, flie from *Hymen* far.

TRUTH.

Virgins, O *Virgins*, to ſweet *Hymen* yield,
For as a-lone Vine, in a naked Field,
Never extols her branches, never bears
Ripe grapes, but with a head-long heavineſs wears
Her tender body, and her higheſt ſproot
Is quickly levell'd with her fading root;
By whom no *Husband-men*, no *Youths* will dwell;
But if, by fortune, ſhe be married well
To th'Elm, her *Husband*, many *Husband-men*
And many *Youths* inhabit by her, then:
So whilſt a *Virgin* doth, untoucht, abide
All unmanur'd, ſhe grows old, with her pride;
But when to equal *wedlock*, in fit time,
Her fortune, and endevour lets her clime,
Dear to her *Love*, and *Parents* ſhe is held.
Virgins, O *Virgins*, to ſweet *Hymen* yield.

OPINION.

Theſe are but words; haſt thou a Knight will try
(By ſtroke of Arms) the ſimple *Verity*?

TRUTH.

To that high proof I would have dared thee.
I'le ſtraight fetch *Champions* for the *Bride* and *me*.

OPINION.

The like will I do for *Virginity*.

Here, they both deſcended the Hall, *where at the lower end, a March being ſounded with Drums and Fifes, there entred* (*led forth by the* Earl *of* Notingham, *who was* Lord-high Conſtable *for that Night, and the* Earl *of* Worc'ſter, Earl Marſhal)

ſhal) *Sixteen Knights armed, with Pikes, and Swords; their Plumes, and Colours,* Carnation *and* White; *all richly accoutred, and making their Honours to the* State, *as they march'd by in pairs, were all rank'd on one ſide of the* Hall. *They plac'd Sixteen others like accoutred for Riches, and Arms, only that their Colours were varied to* Watchet, *and* White; *who were by the ſame* Earls *led up, and paſſing in like manner, by the* State, *plac'd on the oppoſite ſide.*

By this time, the Bar being brought up, Truth *proceeded.*

TRUTH.

Now join; and if this varied trial fail,
To make my *Truth* in *Wedlock's* praiſe prevail,
I will retire, and in more power appear;
To ceaſe this ſtrife, and make our Queſtion clear.

Whereat Opinion *inſulting, followed her with this Speech.*

OPINION.

I, do: it were not ſafe thou ſhouldſt abide:
This ſpeaks thy *name,* with ſhame to quit thy ſide.

Here the Champions *on both ſides addreſt themſelves for fight, firſt ſingle; after three to three: and performed it with that alacrity, and vigor, as if* Mars *himſelf had been to triumph before* Venus, *and invented a new* Maſque. *When on a ſudden, (the laſt ſix having ſcarcely ended) a ſtriking light ſeem'd to fill all the Hall, and out of it an* Angel or Meſſenger of Glory *appearing.*

ANGEL.

PRinces, attend a tale of height, and wonder,
Truth is deſcended in a ſecond thunder,
And now will greet you, with judicial ſtate,
To grace the *Nuptial* part in this debate;
And end with reconciled hands theſe Wars.
Upon her head ſhe wears a Crown of Stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waſte,
By which believing *Mortals* hold her faſt,
And in thoſe golden Chordes are carried even,
Till with her breath ſhe blows them up to Heaven.
She wears a Robe enchas'd with Eagles eyes,
To ſignifie her ſight in *Myſteries*;
Upon each ſhoulder ſits a milk-white Dove,
And at her feet do witty Serpents move:
Her ſpacious arms do reach from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
And you may ſee her heart ſhine through her breſt.
Her right hand holds a *Sun* with burning rayes,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keyes,
With which *Heaven* gates ſhe locketh, and diſplays.
A cryſtal mirror hangeth at her breſt,
By which Mens Conſciences are ſearch'd, and dreſt:
On her Coach-wheels *Hypocriſie* lies rackt;
And ſquint-ey'd *ſlander*, with *vain-glory* backt
Her bright Eyes burn to duſt: in which ſhines Fate.
An *Angel* uſhers her triumphant gate,
Whilſt with her fingers fans of Stars ſhe twiſts,
And with them beats back *Error*, clad in miſts.
Eternal *Unity* behind her ſhines
That *Fire*, and *Water*, *Earth*, and *Air* combines.
Her voice is like a Trumpet loud, and ſhrill,
Which bids all ſounds in *Earth*, and *Heav'n* be ſtill.
And ſee! deſcended from her Chariot now,
In this related pomp ſhe viſits you.

TRUTH.

HOnour to all, that honour *Nuptials*,
To whoſe fair lot, in juſtice, now it falls,
That this my *Counterfeit* be here diſclos'd,
Who, for *Virginity* hath her ſelf oppos'd.
Nor, though my brightneſs do undo her *Charms*,
Let theſe her *Knights* think, that their equal Arms
Are wrong'd therein. " For Valure wins Applauſe
" That dares, but to maintain the weaker Cauſe.
And Princes, ſee, 'tis mere *Opinion*
That in *Truth's* forced Robe, for *Truth* hath gone!
Her gaudy *colours*, piec'd with many folds,
Shew what uncertainties ſhe ever holds:
Vaniſh adult'rate *Truth*, and never dare
With proud *Maids* praiſe, to preſs where *Nuptials* are.
And *Champions*, ſince you ſee the *Truth* I held,
To *Sacred Hymen*, reconciled, yield:
Nor (ſo to yield) think it the leaſt *deſpight*.
" It is a Conqueſt to ſubmit a *Right*.
This *Royal Judge* of our Contention
Will prop, I know, what I have under-gone;
To whoſe right *Sacred Highneſs* I reſign
Low, at his feet, this *Starry Crown* of mine,
To ſhew, his Rule, and Judgment is Divine;
Theſe *Doves* to him I conſecrate withall,
To note his Innocence, without ſpot, or gall;
Theſe *Serpents*, for his wiſdom: and theſe *Rays*,
To ſhew his piercing ſplendor: theſe bright *Keys*,
Deſigning power to ope the ported Skies,
And ſpeak their glories to his Subjects Eyes.
Laſtly, this *heart*, with which all hearts be true:
And *Truth* in him make *Treaſon* ever rue.

With this they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled, as in triumph; and thus the Solemnities ended.

Vivite concordes, & noſtrum diſcite munus.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MASQUE. With the Nuptial Songs.

AT THE

Lord Vicount *HADDINGTON*'s Marriage at Court.

On the Shrove-Tuesday at Night. 1608.

THE worthy Custom of honouring worthy *Marriages*, with these noble *Solemnities*, hath, of late years, advanc'd it self frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our *Court*, than *Nobles*: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expence, and travel, with the chearfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the *Personaters*, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these *Persons*. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their Honour, in these *Celebrations*, to do nothing in them, beneath the dignity of either. With this prepos'd part of Judgment, I adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honourably fit: and (though it hath labour'd since, under censure) I, that know *Truth* to be always of one stature, and so like a Rule, as who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an *Artificer*) and give themselves a peremptory Licence to judge, who have never touch'd so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any *knowledge*. But, their daring dwell with them. They have found a place, to pour out their Follies; and I a Seat, to sleep out the passage.

The *Scene* to this *Masque*, was a high, steep, red Cliff, advancing it self into the Clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable Family of the *Radcliffes* first took their Name, (*à clivo rubro*) and is to be written with that *Orthography*; as I have observ'd out of M. *Cambden*, in his mention of the *Earls* of *Sussex*. This Cliff was also a Note of *Height*, *Greatness*, and *Antiquity*; before which, on the two sides, were erected two *pilasters*, charged with spoils and *trophees*, of *Love*, and his *mother*, consecrate to *marriage*: amongst which were old and young persons figur'd, bound with *Roses*, the Wedding garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixt with arrows, others flaming, *Virgins* girdles, gyrlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and over-head two personages, *Triumph*, and *Victory*, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a gyrland of *Myrtle* for the key. All which, with the *Pillars*, seem'd to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the Cliff was seen nothing but Clouds, thick, and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn Musick, a bright Sky breaking forth; there were discovered, first two (*a*) *Doves*, then two (*b*) *Swans* with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant Chariot; in which *Venus* sate, crowned with her *Star*, and beneath her the three *Graces*, or *Charites*, *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their Chariot, alighted on the top of the Cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, *Venus* having left her *Star*, only, flaming in her seat, came to the Earth, the *Graces* throwing gyrlands all the way, and began to speak.

(*a b*) Both *Doves* and *Swans* were Sacred to this *goddess*, and as well with the one as the other, her Chariot is induc'd by *Ovid. l.* 10. & 11. *Metamor.*

VENUS.

IT is no common Cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely *Graces*, makes your *Goddess* leave
Her state in *Heaven*, to Night, to visit *Earth*.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my Son;
And, whom long absent, *Venus* is undon.

Spy, if you can, his Footsteps on this Green;
For here (as I am told) he late hath been,
With (*c*) divers of his Brethren, lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious Night;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,
Whose Honours, to mine own, I still prefer.
But he, not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle *Grace*, or innocent *Beauty* here,
Be taken with him: or he hath surpriz'd
A second *Psyche*, and lives here disguis'd.
Find ye no tract of his stray'd Feet? *Gr.* 1. Not I.
Gr. 2. Nor I. *Gr.* 3. Nor I. *Ve.* Stay *Nymphs*, we then will try
A nearer way. Look all these Ladies Eyes,
And see if there he not concealed lies;
Or in their Bosoms, 'twixt their swelling Brests:
(The *Wag* affects to make himself such Nests)
Perchance, he'th got some simple heart, to hide
His subtle shape in: I will have him cry'd,

(*c*) Alluding to the *Lovers*, in the *Queens Masque* before.

And

And all his Vertues told. That, when they know
What Spright he is, ſhe ſoon may let him go,
That guards him now; and think her ſelf right bleſt,
To be ſo timely rid of ſuch a Gueſt.
Begin, ſoft *Graces*, and proclaim Reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

1 *GRACE.*

Beauties, have ye ſeen this Toy,
Call'd (*a*) *Love*, a little Boy,
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongſt ye, ſay;
He is *Venus* Run-away.

(*a*) In this *Love*, I expreſs *Cupid*, as he is *Veneris filius*, and owner of the following qualities, aſcrib'd him by the antick and later *Poets*.

2 *GRACE.*

She, that will but now diſcover
Where the winged *Wag* doth hover,
Shall, to Night, receive a Kiſs,
How, or where her ſelf would wiſh:
But, who brings him to his Mother,
Shall have that Kiſs, and another.

3 *GRACE.*

H'hath of marks about him plenty:
You ſhall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being ſhot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the ſkin.

1 *GRACE.*

At his ſight, the (*b*) *Sun* hath turned,
Neptune in the waters, burned;
(*c*) *Hell* hath felt a greater heat:
Jove himſelf forſook his ſeat:
From the *Centre*, to the *Skie*,
Are his (*d*) *Trophees* reared hie.

(*b*) See *Lucian. Dial. Deor.* (*c*) And *Claud. in raptu Proſerp.* (*d*) Such was the power aſcrib'd him, by all the *Ancients*: whereof there is extant an elegant Greek *Epigram. Phil. Poe.* wherein he makes all the other *Deities* deſpoil'd by him, of their Enſigns. *Jove* of his Thunder, *Phœbus* of his Arrows, *Hercules* of his Club, *&c.*

2 *GRACE.*

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip, to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not ſtay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow miſſes,
He will ſhoot himſelf, in kiſſes.

3 *GRACE.*

He doth bear a golden Bow,
And a Quiver, hanging low,
Full of Arrows, that out-brave
Dian's ſhafts: where, if he have
Any head more ſharp than other,
With that firſt he ſtrikes his Mother.

1 *GRACE.*

Still the faireſt are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmeſt blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth ſeaſon;
And he hates none like to *Reaſon*.

2 *GRACE.*

Truſt him not: his words, though ſweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiſs, but poyſon bears;
And moſt treaſon in his tears.

3 *GRACE.*

Idle minutes are his raign;
Then, the Stragler makes his gain,
By preſenting Maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys:
'Tis the ambition of the Elf,
To have all childiſh, as himſelf.

1 *GRACE.*

If by theſe ye pleaſe to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but ſhow him.

2 *GRACE.*

Though ye had a Will, to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'le not abide him.

3 *GRACE.*

Since ye hear his falſer play;
And that he is *Venus* Run-away.

At this, from behind the Trophees, Cupid *diſcovered himſelf, and came forth armed; attended with twelve* Boys, *moſt antickly attir'd, that repreſented the ſports, and pretty lightneſſes, that accompany* Love, *under the titles of* Joci, *and* Riſus; *and are ſaid to wait on* Venus, *as ſhe is* Præfect *of* Marriage. *Which* Horat. *conſents to.* (*a*) Car. lib. 1. Ode 2.

(*a*)——*Erycina ridens. Quam Jocus circumvolat, & Cupido.*

CUPID.

COme, my little jocund ſports,
Come away; the time now ſorts
With your paſtime: This ſame Night
Is *Cupid*'s day. Advance you light.
With your *Revel* fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a ſubtle capricious Dance, *to an odd a* Muſick, *each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antick faces, with other variety of ridiculous geſture, which gave much occaſion of mirth, and delight, to the* Spectators. *The* Dance *ended,* Cupid *went forward.*

CUPID.

WEll done, *Antiques*: Now, my Bow,
And my Quiver bear to ſhow;
That theſe *Beauties*, here, may know,
By what Arms this Feat was done,
That hath ſo much Honour won,
Unto *Venus*, and her *Son*.

At which, his Mother *apprehended him: and circling him in, with the* Graces, *began to demand.*

VENUS.

WHat Feat, what Honour is it, that you boaſt,
My little Stragler? I had given you loſt,

With

With all your *games*, here. *Cup.* Mother? *Ven.* Yes [Sir, ſhe.
What might your glorious cauſe of triumph be?
Ha' you ſhot (a) *Minerva*, or the *Theſpian* dames?
Heat aged (b) *Ops* again, with youthful flames?
Or have you made the colder *Moon* to viſit
Once more, a ſheep cote? Say, what conqueſt is it
Can make you hope ſuch a renown to win?
Is there a ſecond *Hercules* brought to ſpin?
Or for ſome new diſguiſe, leaves *Jove* his thunder?

(a) She urges theſe as miracles, becauſe *Pallas*, and the *Muſes* are moſt contrary to *Cupid*. See *Luc. Dial. Ven. & Cupid.* (b) *Rhea*, the Mother of the gods, whom *Lucian*, in that place makes to have fall'n frantickly in love, by *Cupid*'s means, with *Attys*. So of the *Moon*, with *Endymion*, *Hercules*, &c.

CUPID.

NOr that, nor thoſe, and yet no leſs a wonder;
Which to tell, I may not ſtay: [*And there ſlips from her.*
(c) *Hymen*'s preſence bids away;
'Tis, already, at his Night,
He can give you farther light.
You, my *ſports* may here abide,
Till I call, to light the *Bride*.

(c) Here *Hymen*, the god of *Marriage*, entred; and was ſo induc'd here, as you have him deſcrib'd in my *Hymenæi*.

HYMEN.

VEnus, is this a time to quit your Car?
To ſtoop to earth? to leave, alone, your Star,
Without your influence? and, (d) on ſuch a night,
Which ſhould be crown'd with your moſt [chearing ſight?
As you were ignorant of what were done
By *Cupid*'s hand, your *All-triumphing Son*?
Look on this State; and if you yet not know,
What Crown there ſhines, whoſe Scepter here [doth grow;
Think on thy lov'd (e) *Æneas*, and what name,
Maro, the golden Trumpet of his Fame,
Gave him, read thou in this. A Prince, that draws
By 'example more, than others do by Laws:
That is ſo juſt to his great act, and thought,
To do, not what Kings may, but what Kings ought.
Who, out of piety, unto peace, is vow'd;
To ſpare his Subjects, yet to quell the proud,
And dares eſteem it the firſt fortitude,
To have his paſſions, Foes at home, ſubdu'd.
That was reſerv'd, until the *Parcæ* ſpun
Their whiteſt wooll; and then, his thred begun.
Which thred, when (f) Treaſon would have [burſt, a *Soul*
(To day renown'd, and added to my roll)
Oppos'd; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honour, to (g) be *Saver of his King*.
This *King*, whoſe worth (if Gods for vertue love)
Should *Venus* with the ſame affections move,
As her *Æneas*; and no leſs endear
Her love to his ſafety, than when ſhe did chear,
(After (b) a Tempeſt) long afflicted *Troy*,
Upon the *Lybian* ſhore; and brought them joy.

(d) When ſhe is *Nuptiis Præfecta*, with *Juno*, *Suadela*, *Diana*, and *Jupiter* himſelf. *Pauſ. in Meſſeniac. & Plut. in problem.* (e) *Æneas*, the Son of *Venus*, *Virgil* makes throughout, the moſt exquiſit pattern of *Piety*, *Juſtice*, *Prudence*, and all other Princely vertues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I conſer my Sovereign, applying, in his deſcription, his own *word*, uſurped of that *Poets*, *Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos*. (f) In that monſtrous Conſpiracy of *E. Gowry*. (g) *Titulo tunc creſcere poſſes, nunc per te titulus.* (b) *Virg. Æneid. lib.* 1.

VENUS.

I Love, and know his vertues, and do boaſt
Mine own renown, when I renown him moſt.
My *Cupid*'s abſence I forgive, and praiſe,
That me to ſuch a preſent grace could raiſe.
His Champion ſhall, hereafter, be my care;
But ſpeak his Bride, and what her vertues are.

HYMEN.

SHE is a noble Virgin, ſtyl'd the *Maid*
Of the *Red cliff*, and hath her dowry weigh'd;
No leſs in *Vertue*, *Blood*, and *Form*, than gold.
Thence, where my *Pillar*'s rear'd, you may behold,
(Fill'd with *Loves* Trophees) doth ſhe take her [name.
Thoſe *Pillars* did uxorious (i) *Vulcan* frame,
Againſt this day, and underneath that hill,
He, and his *Cyclopes*, are forging ſtill
Some ſtrange, & curious piece, t' adorn the night,
And give theſe graced *Nuptials* greater light.

(i) The ancient *Poets*, whenſoever they would intend any thing to be done with great *Maſtery*, or excellent Art, made *Vulcan* the Artificer, as *Hom. Iliad* Σ. in the forging of *Achilles*'s Armor: and *Virg.* for *Æneas*, *Æneid.* 8 He is alſo ſaid to be the god of *fire*, and *light*. Sometime taken for the pureſt *beam*: and by *Orph.* in *Hym.* celebrated for the *Sun* and *Moon*. But more ſpecially, by *Eurip.* in *Troad.* he is made *Faciſer in Nuptiis*. Which preſent Office we give him here, as being *Calor Naturæ*, and *Præſes Luminis*. See *Plato* in *Cratyl.* For his Deſcription, read *Pauſa.* in *Elia.*

Here Vulcan *preſented himſelf* (*as over bearing* Hymen) *attir'd in a Caſſock girt to him*; *with bare Arms*; *his hair and beard rough*; *his hat of blue, and ending in a* Cone: *In his hand, a hammer, and tongs*; *as coming from the Forge.*

VULCAN.

WHich I have done; the beſt of all my life:
And have my end, if it but pleaſe my Wife,
And ſhe commend it, to the labour'd worth.
Cleave ſolid Rock, and bring the Wonder forth.

At which, with a loud and full Muſick, the Cliff parted in the midſt, and diſcovered an illuſtrious Concave, *fill'd with an ample and gliſtering light, in which, an artificial* Sphere *was made of ſilver, eighteen foot in the* Diameter, *that turned perpetually: the* Coluri *were heightned with gold*; *ſo were the* Arctick *and* Antarctick *Circles, the* Tropicks, *the* Equinoctial, *the* Meridian, *and* Horizon; *only the* Zodiack *was of pure gold: in which, the* Maſquers, *under the* Characters *of the twelve* Signs, *were placed, anſwering them in number; whoſe offices, with the whole frame, as it turned,* Vulcan *went forward, to deſcribe.*

VULCAN.

IT is a *Sphere*, I've formed round, and even,
In due proportion to the *Sphere* of Heaven,
With all his *lines*, and *circles*; that compoſe
The perfect'ſt form, and aptly do diſcloſe
The *heaven of marriage*: which I title it.
Within whoſe *Zodiack*, I have made to ſit,
In order of the *Signs*, twelve ſacred powers,
That are preſiding at all *nuptial* howers:

1. The firſt, in *Aries* place, reſpecteth pride
Of *Youth*; and *Beauty*; graces in the *Bride*.
2. In *Taurus*, he loves *ſtrength*, and *manlineſs*;
The vertues, which the *Bridegroom* ſhould profeſs.
3. In *Gemini*, that noble power is ſhown,
That *twins* their *hearts*; and doth, of two, make one.
4. In *Cancer*, he that bids the *wife* give way
With backward yielding, to her *husband*'s ſway.
5. In *Leo*, he that doth inſtil the *heat*
Into the Man: which, from the following ſeat,
6. Is tempred ſo, as he that looks from thence
Sees, yet, they keep a *Virgin innocence*.
7. In *Libra*'s room, rules he that doth ſupply
All happy Beds with ſweet equality.
8. The *Scorpion*'s place he fills, that makes the *jars*,
And *ſtings* in wedlock; little *ſtrifes*, and *wars*:
9. Which he, in th' *Archer*'s throne, doth ſoon remove
By making, with his ſhafts, new wounds of *love*.
10. And thoſe the *follower*, with more heat, inſpires,
As, in the *Goat*, the *Sun* renews his fires.
11. In wet *Aquarius* ſtead, reigns he, that ſhowres
Fertilsty upon the *genial* bowres.

12. Laſt

12. Laſt, in the *Fiſhes* place, ſits he, doth ſay;
In married joys, all ſhould be dumb, as they.

And this hath *Vulcan*, for his *Venus* done,
To grace the chaſter triumph of her *Son*.

VENUS.

AND for this gift, will I to Heaven return,
And vow, for ever, that my lamp ſhall burn
With pure and chaſteſt fire; or (*a*) never ſhine,
But when it mixeth with thy *Sphere*, and mine.

(*a*) As *Catul.* hath it in *nup. Jul.* and *Manl.* without *Hymen*, which is Marriage: *Nil poteſt* Venus, *fama quod bona comprobet*, &c.

Here Venus *returned to her Chariot with the* Graces: *while* Vulcan *calling out the Prieſts of* Hymen *who were the Muſicians, was interrupted by* Pyracmon, *one of the* Cyclops; *of whom with the other two,* Brontes, *and* Steropes, *ſee* (*b*) Virg. Æneid.

(*b*) *Ferrum exercebant vaſto* Cyclopes *in antro*, Bronteſque, Steropeſque *& nudus membra* Pyracmon, *&c.*

VULCAN.

Sing then ye *Prieſts*.

PYRACMON.

——Stay *Vulcan*, ſhall not theſe
Come forth and dance?

VULCAN.

Yes, my *Pyracmon*, pleaſe
The Eyes of theſe *Spectators*, with (*c*) our Art.

(*c*) As when *Hom. Iliad.* Σ makes *Thetis*, for her Son *Achilles*, to viſit *Vulcan's* houſe, he feigns that *Vulcan* had made twenty *Tripodes* or ſtools with golden wheels, to move of themſelves, miraculouſly, and go out, and return fitly. To which, the Invention of our Dance alludes, and is in the *Poet* a moſt elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.

PYRACMON.

COme here then, *Brontes*, bear a *Cyclops* part,
And *Steropes*, both with your ſledges ſtand,
And ſtrike a time unto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, ſtill guide their paces
In *muſical*, and ſweet proportion'd graces;
While I upon the work, and frame attend,
And *Hymen's Prieſts* forth, at their ſeaſons, ſend
To chaunt their hymns; and make this *ſquare* ad-
Our great *Artificer*, the *god of fire*. [mire

Here, the Muſicians *attired in yellow, with wreaths of* Marjoram, *and veils like* Hymen's Prieſts, *ſung the firſt ſtaff of the following* Epithalamion: *which, becauſe it was ſung in pieces, between the* Dances, *ſhewed to be ſo many ſeveral* Songs; *but was made to be read an entire* Poem. *After the* Song, *they came forth (deſcending in an oblique motion) from the* Zodiack, *and danced their firſt* Dance; *Then,* Muſick *interpoſed, (but varied with voices, only keeping the ſame* Chorus) *they danced their ſecond* Dance. *So after their third, and fourth* Dances; *which were all full of elegancy, and curious device. The two latter were made by M.* Thomas Giles, *the two firſt by M.* Hier. Herne: *who, in the perſons of the two* Cyclopes, *beat a time to them, with their hammers. The tunes were M.* Alphonſo Ferraboſco's. *The device and act of the* Scene, *M.* Ynigo Jones *his, with addition of the* Trophees. *For the invention of the whole and the Verſes,* Aſſertor qui dicat eſſe meos, Imponet plagiario pudorem.

The attire of the Maſquers, *throughout, was moſt graceful, and noble; partaking of the beſt both ancient and later figure. The colours* Carnation, *and* Silver, *enriched both with Embroydery, and Lace. The dreſſing of their heads,* Feathers, *and* Jewels; *and ſo excellently ordered, to the reſt of the habit, as all would ſuffer under any deſcription, after the ſhew. Their performance of all, ſo magnificent, and illuſtrious, that nothing can add to the ſeal of it, but the ſubſcription of their* names.

The *Duke* of *LENOX.*	Lo. of *WALDEN.*
Earl of *ARUNDELL.*	Lo. *HEY.*
Earl of *PEMBROKE.*	Lo. *SANKRE.*
Earl of *MONTGOMERY.*	Sir *RO. RICHE.*
Lo. *D'AUBIGNY.*	Sir *JO. KENNETHIE.*

Mr. *ERSSKINS.*

EPITHALAMION.

UP *Youths* and *Virgins*, up, and praiſe
The *god*, whoſe nights out-ſhine his days;
Hymen, whoſe hallowed *Rites*
Could never boaſt of brighter lights:
Whoſe bands paſs libertee.
Two of your troop, that, with the morn were free,
Are, now wag'd to his War.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection ſee,
Your ſelves muſt be.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

What joy, or honours can compare
With holy *nuptials*, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of ſtates, of hands, of hearts?
When, in the happy choice,
The *Spouſe*, and *ſpouſed* have the formoſt voice!
Such, glad of *Hymen's* War,
Live what they are,
And long perfection ſee:
And ſuch ours be.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

The ſolemn ſtate of this one Night
Were fit to laſt an Ages light;
But there are *Rites* behind
Have leſs of ſtate, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kiſſes,
And fruitful harveſt of his *Mothers* bliſſes.
Sound then to *Hymen's* War:
That what theſe are,
Who will perfection ſee,
May haſte to be.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

Love's Commonwealth conſiſts of toys;
His Councel are thoſe *antique* Boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on theſe Nights:
To whom we muſt give way,
For now their Reign begins, and laſts till day.
They ſweeten *Hymen's* War,
And, in that Jar,
Make all, that married be,
Perfection ſee.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

Why ſtays the *Bridegroom* to invade
Her, that would be a Matron made?
Good-night, whil'ſt yet we may
Good-night, to you a *Virgin*, ſay:
To morrow, riſe the ſame
Your (*d*) *Mother* is, and uſe a *nobler* Name.
Speed well in *Hymen's* War,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may ſee.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

(*d*) A wife, or matron: which is a name of more dignity, than *Virgin*. *D. Heins, in Nup. Ottonis Heurnii. Cras matri ſimilis tuæ redibis.*

To

To Night is *Venus Vigil* kept.
This Night no *Bridegroom* ever ſlept;
And if the fair *Bride* do,
The married ſay, 'tis his fault, too.
Wake then; and let your lights
Wake too: for they'll tell nothing of your Nights.
But, that in *Hymen's* War,
You perfect are.
And ſuch perfection, we
Do pray, ſhould be:
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

That, ere the roſie-finger'd *morn*
Behold nine Moons, there may be born
A Babe, t'uphold the Fame
Of *Radcliffe's* Blood, and *Ramſey's* Name:
That may, in his great Seed,
Wear the long honours of his *Fathers* deed.
Such fruits of *Hymen's* War
Moſt perfect are;
And all perfection, we
Wiſh, you ſhould ſee.
Shine *Heſperus*, ſhine forth, thou wiſhed *Star*.

THE

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS,

Celebrated from the Houſe of FAME:

BY THE

QUEEN of *Great Britain*, with her LADIES.

At *WHITEHALL*, *Feb.* 2. 1609.

IT encreaſing, now, to the third time of my being us'd in theſe Services to her *Majeſties* perſonal Preſentations, with the *Ladies* whom ſhe pleaſeth to honour; it was my firſt and ſpecial regard, to ſee that the nobility of the Invention ſhould be anſwerable to the dignity of their Perſons. For which reaſon I choſe the Argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue:* obſerving that Rule (*a*) of the beſt Artiſt, to ſuffer no object of delight to paſs without his mixture of Profit and Example. And becauſe her *Majeſty* (beſt knowing, that a principal part of life, in theſe *Spectacles*, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on ſome *Dance*, or *Shew*, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil or falſe *Maſque*: I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own Steps in that kind, ſince the (*b*) laſt Year, I had an *Anti-maſque* of Boys: and therefore now, devis'd, that twelve Women, in the habit of *Hags*, or *Witches*, ſuſtaining the Perſons of *Ignorance*, *Suſpicion*, *Credulity*, &c. the Oppoſites to good *Fame*, ſhould fill that part; not as a *Maſque*, but a *Spectacle* of ſtrangeneſs, producing multiplicity of Geſture, and not unaptly ſorting with the current, and whole fall of the Device.

(*a*) *Hor. in Art. Poetic.*

(*b*) In the Maſque at my Lord *Haddings* Wedding.

His *Majeſty*, then, being ſet, and the whole Company in full expectation, the part of the *Scene* which firſt preſented it ſelf, was an ugly *Hell*: which flaming beneath, ſmoked unto the top of the Roof. And in reſpect all *evils* are, *Morally*, ſaid to come from *Hell*; as alſo from that obſervation of *Torrentius* upon *Horace* his *Canidia*, (*c*) *quæ tot inſtructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri poſſit*: Theſe Witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal Muſick, came forth from thence. Firſt one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increaſed to eleven; all differently attyr'd: ſome with Rats on their Head; ſome on their Shoulders; others with Ointment Pots at their Girdles; all with Spindles, Timbrels, Rattles, or other *veneficall* Inſtruments, making a confuſed noiſe, with ſtrange Geſtures. The Device of their Attire was Maſter *Jones* his, with the Invention, and *Architecture* of the whole *Scene*, and *Machine*. Only, I preſcrib'd them their *Properties* of Vipers, Snakes, Bones, Herbs, Roots, and other Enſigns of their *Magick*, out of the Authority of ancient and late *Writers*, wherein the Faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cauſe I confeſt them.

(*c*) *Vide Lævin. Tor. Comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. Ode.* 5.

Theſe eleven Witches beginning to dance (which is an uſual (*d*) *Ceremony* at their *Conventi*, or Meetings, where ſometimes alſo they are vizarded, and maſqu'd) on the ſudden, one of them miſſed their *Chief*, and interrupted the reſt with this Speech.

(*d*) See the *King's Majeſties* Book (our *Sovereign*) of *Dæmonology*, *Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mal. Maleſ.* And a world of others in the general: But let us follow particulars.

Siſters, ſtay, we want our (*e*) *Dame*;
Call upon her by her Name,
And the *Charm* we uſe to ſay;
That ſhe quickly (*f*) anoint, and come away.

(*e*) Amongſt our vulgar Witches, the honour of *Dame* (for ſo I tranſlate it) is given with a kind of preeminence to ſome ſpecial one at their meetings: which *Delrio* inſinuates, *Diſquiſ. Mag. lib.* 2. *quæſt.* 9 quoting that of *Apulæius lib. de Aſin. aureo. de quadam caupona, Regina Sagarum.* And adds, *ut ſcias etiam tum quaſdam ab ea hoc titulo honoratas.* Which title *M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ queſt.* 10. doth alſo remember. (*f*) When they are to be tranſported from place to place, they uſe to anoint themſelves, and ſometimes the things they ride on. Beſide *Apul.* teſtimony, ſee theſe later, *Remig. Dæmonolatriæ lib.* 1. *cap.* 14. *Delrio, Diſquiſ. Mag. l.* 2. *quæſt.* 16. *Bodin. Dæmonoman. l.* 2. *c.* 4 *Barthol. de Spina. quæſt. de Strigib. Philippo. Ludwigus Elich. quæſt.* 10. *Paracelſus in magn. & occul. Philoſophia*, teacheth the confection. *Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, & cum herbis ſomniferis, quales ſunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta*, &c. And *Ioa. Baptiſt. Porta. lib.* 2. *Mag. Natur. cap.* 16.

1 *CHARM.*

DAme, *Dame*, the Watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
(a) From the Lakes, and from the Fens,
From the Rocks, and from the Dens,
From the Woods, and from the Caves,
From the Church-yards, from the Graves,
From the Dungeon, from the Tree
That they die on, here are we.

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

(a) These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckon'd up, as the fittest from whence such Persons should come: and were notably observed by that excellent *Lucan*, in the Description of his *Erictho*. *lib.* 6. To which we may add this Corollary out of *Agrip. de occult. Philosop. l.* 1. *c.* 48. *Saturno correspondent loca quæcunque horrida, tenebrosa, sulterranea, religiosa & funesta, ut cœmiteria, busta, & hominibus diserta habitacula, & vetustate caduca, loca obscura, & horrenda, & fontana antra, cavernæ putei: Præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, & ejusmodi.* And *in lib.* 3. *c.* 42. speaking of the like, and *in lib.* 4. about the end, *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum & consimilium phantasmatum, ut cœmiteria, & in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdum expiatapve rite sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.*

2 *CHARM.*

THe Weather is fair, the Wind is good,
Up *Dame*, o'your (b) Horse of Wood:
Or else, tuck up your gray Frock,
And taddle your (c) Goat, or your green (d) Cock,
And make his Bridle a bottom of Thrid,
To rowl up how many Miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we, all, stay.

Nor yet? Nay, then,
We'll try her agen.

(b) *Delrio Disq. Mag. lib.* 2. *quæ.* 6. has a Story out of *Trezius* of this Horse of Wood: but that which our Witches call so, is sometimes a Broom-staff, sometimes a Reed, sometimes a Distaff. See *Remig. Dæmonol. lib.* 1. *cap.* 14. *Bodin. l.* 2. *cap.* 4. *&c.* (c) The Goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their Solemnities, as appears by their Confessions in *Rem.* and *Bodin. ibid.* His *Majesty* also remembers the Story of the Devils appearance to those of *Calicut*, in that form, *Dæmonol. lib.* 2. *cap.* 3. (d) Of the green Cock, we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar Fable of a Witch, that with a Cock of that colour, and a bottom of blue Thred, would transport her self through the Air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of Justice. It was a Tale when I went to School, and somewhat there is like it, in *Mar. Delr. Disqu. Mag. lib.* 2. *quæst.* 6. of one *Zuts*, a *Bohemian*, that, among other his dexterities, *aliquoties equus rhedarii vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad Epirhedium suum allegatis, subsequebatur.*

3 *CHARM.*

THe Owl is abroad, the Bat, and the Toad,
And so is the Cat a-mountain,
The Ant, and the Mole sit both in a hole,
And Frog peeps out o'the Fountain;
The Dogs, they do bay, and the Timbrels play,
The (e) Spindle is now a turning;
The Moon it is red, and the Stars are fled,
But all the Sky is a burning:
The (f) Ditch is made, and our Nails the Spade,
With Pictures full, of Wax, and of Wooll;
Their Lives I stick, with Needles quick;
There lacks but the Blood, to make up the Flood.

Quickly *Dame*, then, bring your part in,
Spur, spur, upon little (g) *Martin*,
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A Worm in his Mouth, and a Thorn in's Tail,
Fire above, and Fire below,
With a Whip i'your Hand, to make him go.

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

(e) All this is but a *Periphrasis* of the Night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it with their Instruments, whereof the Spindle in *Antiquity* was the chief: and beside the testimony of *Theocritus*, *in Pharmaceutria* (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the Moon. To which *Martial* alludes, *lib* 9. *ep.* 30. *Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deducere rhombo, &c.* And *lib.* 12. *ep.* 57. *Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.*

(f) This *Rite* also of making a Ditch with their Nails, is frequent with our Witches; whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus, Mal. Godelman, l.* 2. *de Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it most lively expresst by *Hor. Satyr.* 8. *lib.* 1. where he mentions the Pictures, and the Blood of a black Lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern Witchcraft. *Scalpere terram* (speaking of *Canidia, and Sagana*) *Unguibus, & pullam divellere morsu dicus agnam Cæperunt: Cruor fossam confusus, ut inde Manes ejicerent animas responsa daturas. Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.* And then, by and by, *Serpentes atque videres Infernas errare canes, Lunamque rubentem, Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.* Of this Ditch, *Homer* makes mention in *Circes* Speech to *Ulysses*, *Od. ϰ.* about the end. Βοθρον ὀρυξαι, *&c.* And *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 7. in *Medeas* magick, *Haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit cultroque in gutture vellera nigri Concipit, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.* And of the waxen Images, in *Hyppolytes* Epistle to *Jason*, where he expresseth that mischief also of the Needles. *Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit. Et miserum tenues in pectur urget acus. Bodin. Dæmon. lib.* 2. *cap.* 8. hath (beside the known Story of King *Duffe* out of *Hector Boetius*) much of the Witches later practice in that kind, and reports a Relation of a *French Embassador*, out of *England*, of certain Pictures of Wax found in a Dunghill, near *Islington*, of our late *Queens*, which Rumor, I my self (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current. (g) Their little *Martin* is he that calls them to their Conventicles, which is done in a humane Voice, but coming forth, they find him in a shape of a great buck Goat, upon whom they ride to their Meetings, *Delr. Disq. Mag. quæst.* 16. *lib.* 2. And *Bod. Dæmon. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4 have both the same Relation from *Paulus Grillandus*, of a Witch. *Adveniente nocte & hora evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipsô Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, aliæ Magistrum Martinettum sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem unctionis, & inunctat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus & membris, quo limite exibat ex domo. & inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, & applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crinem, & statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, & brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, &c.*

At this, the (h) Dame *enter'd to them, Naked-arm'd, bare-footed, her Frock tuck'd, her hair knotted, and folded with Vipers; in her Hand a Torch made of a dead Man's Arm, lighted; girded with a Snake. To whom they all did Reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of Question, the End wherefore they came: which if it had been done either before, or otherwise, had not been so natural. For, to have made themselves, their own Decypherers, and each one to have told upon their entrance,* what they were, and whether they would, *had been a most pitious Hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a* Poem: *wherein a* Writer *should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the* Spectator, *especially, at these* Spectacles; *where Men, beside inquiring Eyes, are understood to bring quick Ears, and not those sluggish ones of* Porters *and* Mechanicks, *that must be bored through, at every* Act, *with* Narrations.

(h) This *Dame* I make to bear the Person of *Ate*, or Mischief (for so I interpret it) out of *Homer's* Description of her, *Il.* ι. where he makes her swift to hurt Mankind, strong, and sound of her Feet; and using one *Iliad. T.* walking upon Mens Heads; in both Places and the same Phrase to signifie her Power, Βλαπτῶσ' ἀνθρώπους, *Lædens homines.* I present her bare-footed, and her Frock tuck'd, to make her seem more expedite, by *Horace* his authority. *Sat.* 8. *lib.* 1. *Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo.* But for her Hair, I rather respect another Place of his, *Epod. lib. Ode.* 5. where she appears *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crines, & incomptum caput.* And that of *Lucan, lib.* 6. speaking of *Erictho's* attire. *Discolor, & vatio Furialis cultus amictu Induitur, vultusq; aperitur crine remoto, Et coma viperea substringitur horrida sertis.* For her Torch, see *Remig. lib.* 2. *cap.* 3.

DAME.

DAME. HAGS.

WEll done, my *Hags*. And, come we
[fraught with ſpight,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpoſe? *Hag.* Yes. *Dam.* But
[want's there none
Of our juſt number? *Hag.* Call us one
[by one,
And then our *Dame* ſhall ſee. *Dam.* (*a*) Firſt,
[then, advance
My drowſie Servant, ſtupid *Ignorance*,
Known by thy ſcaly Veſture; and bring on
Thy fearful Siſter, wild *Suſpicion*,
Whoſe Eyes do never ſleep; Let her knit
[Hands
With quick *Credulity*, that next her ſtands,
Who hath but one Ear, and that always
[ope;
Two-faced *Falſehood* follow in the Rope;
And lead on *Murmur*, with the Checks deep
[hung;
She *Malice*, whetting of her forked Tongue;
And *Malice*, *Impudence*, whoſe Forehead's
[loſt;
Let *Impudence* lead *Slander* on, to boaſt
Her oblique Look; and to her ſubtle Side,
Thou, black-mouth'd *Execration*, ſtand ap-
[ply'd;
Draw to thee *Bitterneſs*, whoſe Pores ſweat
[Gall;
She flame-ey'd *Rage*; *Rage*, *Miſchief*. *Hag.* Here
[we are all.

Dam. (*b*) Joyn now our Hearts, we faithful
[Oppoſites
To *Fame*, and *Glory*. Let not theſe bright
[Nights
Of honor blaze, thus to offend our Eyes;
Shew our ſelves truly Envious, and let riſe
Our wonted Rages: Do what may beſeem
Such Names, and Natures; *Vertue* elſe will deem
Our Powers decreas'd, and think us baniſh'd
[Earth,
No leſs than Heaven. All her antique Birth,
As *Juſtice*, *Faith*, ſhe will reſtore; and, bold
Upon our ſloth, retrieve her *Age of gold*.
We muſt not let our native Manners, thus,
Corrupt with Eaſe. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to ſee theſe Fruits of a ſoft Peace,
And curſe the Piety gives it ſuch Increaſe.
Let us diſturb it then, (*c*) and blaſt the Light;
Mix Hell with Heaven, and make *Nature* fight
Within her ſelf; looſe the whole henge of Things;
And cauſe the ends run back, into their Springs.
Hag. What our *Dame* bids us do,
We are ready for. *Dam.* Then fall too.
(*d*) But firſt relate me, what you have fought,
Where you have been, and what you have
brought.

(*a*) In the chaining of theſe *Vices*, I make, as if one link produced another, and the *Dame* were born out of them all, ſo as they might ſay to her, *Sola tenes ſcelerum quicquid poſſedimus omnes.* Nor will it appear much violenced, if their *Series* be conſidered, when the oppoſition to all *Virtue* begins out of *Ignorance*. That *Ignorance* begets *Suſpicion* (for knowledg is ever open, and charitable.) That *Suſpicion*, *Crudelity*. as it is a Vice: for being a Virtue, and free, it is oppoſite to it: but ſuch as are jealous of themſelves, do eaſily credit any thing of others whom they hate. Out of this *Credulity* ſprings *Falſhood*, which begets *Murmur*: and that of *Murmur* preſently grows *Malice*. which begets *Impudence*: and that *Impudence*, *Slander*: that *Slander*, *Execration*: *Execration*, *Bitterneſs*: *Bitterneſs*, *Fury*: and *Fury*, *Miſchief*. Now, for the perſonal Preſentation of them, the authority in *Poetry* is univerſal. But in the abſolute *Claudian*, there is a particular and eminent Place, where the *Poet* not only produceth ſuch Perſons, but almoſt to a like purpoſe, *in Ruf. lib.* 1. where *Alecto*, envious of the Times, *infernas ad limina tetra ſorores, Concilium deforme vocat, glomerantur in unum Innumeræ peſtes Erebi, quaſcunque ſiniſtro Nox genuit fortis: nutrix Diſcordia belli, Imperioſa Famas, leto vicina Senectus, Impatienſque ſui Morbus, Exſorque ſecunda Anxius & ſciſſo mœrens velamine Luctus, Et Timor, & cæco præceps Audacia vultu*: with many others, fit to diſturb the World, as ours the Night. (*b*) Here again, by way of irritation, I make the *Dame* purſue the purpoſe of their coming, and diſcover their Natures more largely: which had been nothing, if not done as doing another thing, but *Moratio circa vilem patulumq; orbem.* Than which, the *Poet* cannot know a greater Vice; he being that kind of Artificer, to whoſe work is required ſo much exactneſs, as indifferency is not tolerable.

(*c*) Theſe Powers of troubling *Nature*, frequently aſcrib'd to Witches, and challeng'd by themſelves whereever they are induc'd, by *Homer*, *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, *Pet. Arbiter*, *Seneca*, *Lucan*, *Claudian*. to whoſe authorities I ſhall refer more anon. For the preſent, hear *Sacrat. in Apul. de Aſin. aureo*, *l.* 1. deſcribing *Meroe* the Witch. *Saga, & Divinipotens cœlum deponere, terram ſuſpendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, Manes ſublimare, Deos infimare, Sydera extinguere, Tartarum ipſum illuminare*: and *l.* 2. *Byrrhena* to *Lucius*, of *Pamphile*. *Magæ primi nominis, & omnis carminis ſepulcralis Magiſtra creditur, quæ ſarculis & lapillis, & id genus frivolis inhalatis omnem iſtam lucem mundi ſyderalis, imis Tartari, & in vetuſtum chaos mergit*: as alſo this later of *Remigius*, in his moſt elegant Arguments, before his *Dæmonolatria*. *Quâ poſſint evertere fundatas orbem, Et Manes ſuperis miſcere, hæc unica cura eſt.* And *Lucan*. *Quarum, quicquid non creditur, ars eſt.* (*d*) This is alſo ſolemn in their Witchcraft, to be examined, either by the *Devil*, or their *Dame*, at their Meetings, of what miſchief they have done; and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludovigius Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, lib. quæſt.* 10. But *Remigius*, in the very form *lib.* 1. *Dæmonolat.* c. 22. *Quemadmodum ſolent Heri in villicii procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, ſegnitiem negligentiamque durius caſtigare; Ita Dæmon, in ſuis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cujuſque rebus atque actionibus ipſe conſtituit, eos peſſimè habere conſuevit, qui nihil afferunt quo ſe nequiores ac flagitiis cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune eſt, ſi à ſuperiore conventu nullo ſe ſcelere novo obſtrinxerit; ſed ſemper oportet, qui gratus eſſe volet, in altum, novum aliquod facinus feciſſe*: and this doth exceedingly ſolicite them all, at ſuch times, leſt they ſhould come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular uſe; whereby, alſo, we take occaſion, not only to expreſs the things (as Vapours, Liquors, Herbs, Bones, Fleſh, Blood, Fat, and ſuch like, which are call'd *Media magica*) but the *Rites* of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling (as near as we can) the practice of *Antiquity* to the *Neoterick*, and making it familiar with our popular Witchcraft.

HAGS.

1.

IHave been, all Day, looking after
A Raven, feeding upon a Quarter;
And, ſoon, as ſhe turn'd her Beak to the *South*,
I ſnatch'd this Morſel out of her Mouth.

1. For the gathering pieces of dead Fleſh, *Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philoſoph. lib.* 3. *cap.* 42. and *lib.* 4. *cap. ult.* obſerves, that the uſe was to call up *Ghoſts* and *Spirits*, with a Fumigation made of that (and Bones of Carkaſſes) which I make my Witch, here, not to cut her ſelf, but to watch the *Raven*, as *Lucan's Erichtho. lib.* 6. *Et quodcunque jacet nuda tellure cadaver, Ante feras volucreſque ſedet: nec carpere membra Vult ferro manibuſque ſuis, morſuſque luporum Expectat ſicci raptura à faucibus artus.* As if that piece were ſweeter which the Wolf had bitten, or the Raven had pick'd, and more effectuous: and to do it, at her turning to the *South*, as with the prediction of a Storm. Which, though they be but minutes in *Ceremony*, being obſerv'd, make the act more dark and full of horror.

2.

IHave been gathering Wolves Hairs,
The mad Dogs foam, and the Adders Ears;
The ſpurgings of a dead-man's Eyes,
And all ſince the *Evening Star* did riſe.

2. *Spuma canum, Lupi crines, nodus Hyenæ, oculi draconum, Serpentis membrana, Aſpidis aures*, are all mentioned by the *Ancients*, in Witchcraft. And *Lucan* particularly, *lib.* 6. *Hæc quicquid fœtu genuit Natura ſiniſtro Miſcetur, non ſpuma canum, quibus unda timori eſt, Viſcera non Lyncis, non duræ nodus Hyenæ Deſuit, &c.* And *Ovid. Metamorph. lib.* 7. reckons up others. But for the purging of the Eyes, let us return to *Lucan*, in the ſame Book, which Piece (as all the reſt) is written with an admirable height. *Aſt ubi ſervantur ſaxis, quibus intimus humor Ducitur, & tracta duroſcunt taba medulla Corpora, tunc omnem avidè doſavit in artus, Immerſitq; manus oculis, gaudeſque gelatos Effodiſſe orbes, & ſicca pallida rodit Excrementa manu.*

3.

I Last Night, lay all alone
O'the Ground, to hear the *Mandrake* grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the *Cock* did crow.

3. *Pliny* writing of the *Mandrake Nat. Hist. l.* 25. *c.* 13. and of the digging it up, hath this Ceremony, *Cavent effodiuri contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis antè gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad Occasum spectantes.* But we have later Authority, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the grone kills, and therefore they do it with Dogs, which I think but borrowed from *Josephus* his Report of the Root *Baaras, lib.* 7 *de B. Jud.* c. However it being so principal an ingredient in their *Magick*, it was fit she should boast to be the Plucker up of it her self. And, that *the Cock did crow*, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work: For they all confess, that nothing is so cross, or baleful to them, in their Nights, as that the Cock should crow before they have done. Which makes, that their little *Masters*, or *Martinets*, of whom I have mentioned before, use this form, in dismissing their Conventions. *Ejа, facessite propere hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that Bird is the Messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of darkness. See *Remig. Dæmonolat. lib* 1. *cap.* 4. where he quotes that of *Apollonius, de umbra Achillis*, *Philostr. lib* 4. *cap.* 5. And *Euseb. Cæsariens. in confutat. contra Hieroel.* 4. *de Gallicinio.*

4.

And I ha'been choosing out this Scull,
From Charnel Houses, that were full;
From private Grots, and publick Pits,
And frighted a Sexton out of his Wits.

4. I have touched at this before, in my Note upon the first. of the use of gathering Flesh, Bones, and Scull: to which I now bring that piece of *Apuleius, lib.* 3 *de Asino aureo*, of *Pamphile*: *Pectusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, & ignorali iter Lamiis literatis, & infælicium navium dirarumque clavis dilectorum, sepultorum ereptis, cadaverum expositis membris admixtis, hic nares, & digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alius truncidatorum servatus cruor, & exorta dentibus ferarum truncatæ calvariæ:* And for such places, *Lucan* makes his Witch to inhabit them, *lib.* 6. *Desertaque busta Incolit, & tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.*

5.

Under a Cradle I did creep,
By Day; and, when the Child was a sleep,
At Night, I suck'd the Breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding Nurse by the Nose.

5 For this Rite, see *Barthol. de Spina Quæst. de Strigibus, cap* 8 *Mal. Maleficar. Tom.* 2 where he disputes at large the transformation of Witches to Cats, and their sucking both their Spirits, and the blood, calling them *Striges* which *Godelman. lib. de Lamiis*, would have *à stridore, & avibus sacrificium ejusdem nominis*, which I the rather incline to, out of *Ovid*'s authority, *Fast. lib.* 6. where the *Poet* describes, to those Birds, the same almost that these do to the Witches. *Nocte volant, puerisque petunt nutricibus egentes, Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis: Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris, Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.*

6.

I Had a Dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an Infant, to have his fat.
A Piper it got, at a *Church ale*,
I bad him, again blow Wind i'th' Tail.

6. Their killing of Infants is common, both for confection of their Oyntment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as I have shewed before out of *Paracelsus* and *Porta*) as also out of a lust to do murder. *Sprenger in Mal. Maleficar.* reports, that a Witch, a Midwife in the *Diocese* of *Basil*, confessed to have killed above Forty Infants (ever as they were new born with pricking them in the Brain with a Needle) which she had offered to the *Devil*. See the Story of the three Witches in *Rom. Dæmonol. lib. cap* 3. about the end of the Chapter. And *M. Philippo Ludovigus Excis. Quæst.* 8. And, that it is no new Rite, read the practice of *Canidia, Epod. Horat. lib. Ode.* 5 and *Lucan. lib.* 6. whose admirable Verses I can never be weary to transcribe. *Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto. Nec refugit cædes, vivam si sacra cruorem Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ. Vulnere si ventris, non qua Natura vocabat Extrahitur partus calidus ponendus in aras; Et quoties sæcus opus est, & fortibus umbris Ipsa facit Manes. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.*

7.

A Murderer, yonder, was hung in Chains,
The Sun and the Wind had shrunk his [Veins;
I bit off a Sinew; I clipp'd his Hair,
I brought off his Rags, that danc'd i'th' Air.

7. The abuse of dead Bodies in their Witchcraft, both *Porphyrio* and *Psellus* are grave Authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. dæmonum cultu.* The other *lib. de Dæmon.* which *Apuleius* toucheth too, *lib* 2. *de Asin. aureo.* But *Remigius*, who deals with later Persons, and out of their own Mouths, *Dæmonol. lib.* 2. *cap.* 3. affirms, *Hæc & nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegis suis materiam mutuantur: Sed & ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem in vulgi etiam opinione sit esse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* And to this place, I dare not, out of religion to the divine *Lucan*, but bring his Verses from the same Book. *Laqueum, nodosque nocentes Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrasitque cruces, pectusque visceraque nimbis Vulsit, & incoctas admisso sole medullas. Infertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus Stillantis tabi sanem, virisque coactum Sustulit, & nervo morsus retinente pependit.*

8.

THe Scrich-owl's Eggs, and the Feathers black,
The Blood of the Frog, and the Bone in [his back,
I have been getting; and made of his Skin
A Purse, to keep Sir *Cranion* in.

8. These are *Canidia*'s Furniture, in *Hora. Epod. lib. Ode.* 5. *Et unctæ turpi ova ranæ sanguine, Plumamque nocturnæ strigis.* And part of *Medea*'s Confection in *Ovid. Metamorph. lib.* 7. *Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas* That of the Skin (to make a Purse for her *Fay*) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their *Familiars.*

9.

And I ha'been plucking (Plants among)
Hemlock, Henbane, Adders-tongue,
Night-shade, Moon-wort, Libbards-bane;
And twise, by the Dogs, was like to be tane.

9. *Cicuta, Hyoscyamus, Ophiogloſſon, Solanum Mortagon, Doronicum, Aconitum*, are the common *venefical* Ingredients remembered by *Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa*, and others; which I make her to have gathered, as about a Castle, Church, or some vast Building (kept by Dogs) among Ruins, and wild Heaps.

10.

I, From the Jaws of a Gardiner's Bitch,
Did snatch these Bones, and then leap'd the [Ditch;
Yet went I back to the House again,
Kill'd the black Cat, and here's the Brain.

10. *Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis*, *Horace* gives *Canidia*, in the place before quoted. Which *jejunæ*, I rather change to Gard'ners, as imagining such Persons to keep Mastiffs for the defence of their Grounds, whither this Hag might go also for *Simples*: where, meeting with the Bones, and not content with them, she would yet do a domestick hurt, in getting the Cat's Brains: which is another special *Ingredient*; and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the Cat is, if you will credit *Agrs. de suffitibus.*

11.

I Went to the Toad breeds under the Wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the Eyes of the Owl before,
I tore the Bat's Wing; what would you have [more?

11 These also, both by the confessions of Witches, and testimony of Writers, are of principal use in their Witchcraft. The Toad mention'd in *Virg. Geo. lib.* 1 *Inventusque canis Bufo.* Which by *Pliny* is called *Rubeta, Nat. Hist* 1 32. *c.* 5. and there celebrated for the force in *Magick Juvenal* toucheth at it twice, within my memory, *Satyr.* 1. & 6. And of the Owl's eyes, see *Corn. Agrs. de occult. Philos. l.* 1. *c.* 15. As of the Bat's Blood, and Wings there: and in the 25. Chap. with *Bapt. Porta. l.* 2. *c.* 26.

12.

DAME.

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of *Materials* (as they imagine)

YEs, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned Poppy, Cypress boughs,
The Fig-tree wild, that grows on Tombs,
And Juice, that from the *Larch tree* comes,
The *Basilick*'s Blood, and the *Viper*'s Skin:
And, now, our *Orgies* let's begin.

I make the *Dame* not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first *Papaver cornutum*, which I have touch'd at in the Confection) as *Sepulchris caprificos erutas, & cupressos funebres*, as *Horace* calls them, where he arms *Canidia, Epod. lib. Ode* 5. Then *Agaricum Laricis*, of which, see *Porta. lib.* 2. *de Nat. Mags.* against *Pliny*. And *Basilisci, quem & Saturni sanguinem vocant venefici, tantasque vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l.* 1. *c.* 42. With the Viper, remembred by *Lucan. lib.* 6. and the Skins of Serpents. *Innataque rubris Æquoribus custos pretiosæ vipera conchæ, Aut viventis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ.* And *Ovid, lib.* 7. *Nec defuit illis Squamea Cinyphei tenuis membrana chelydri.*

Here, the Dame *put her self in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation; wherein she took occasion, to boast all the power attributed to Witches by the* Ancients; *of which, every* Poet (*or the most*) *do give some:* Homer *to* Circe, *in the* Odyss. Theocritus *to* Simatha, *in* Pharmaceutria; Virgil *to* Alphesiboeus, *in his*. Ovid *to* Diptas, *in* Amor. *to* Medea *and* Circe, *in* Metamorph. Tibullus *to* Saga; Horace *to* Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia; Seneca *to* Medea, *and the Nurse, in* Herc. OEte. Petr. Arbiter; *to his* Saga, in Frag. *and* Claudian *to* Megæra, lib. 1. in Rufinum; *who takes the habit of a Witch, as these do, and supplies that* Historical *Part in the* Poem, *beside her* moral *Person of a* Fury; *confirming the same drift, in ours.*

(*a*) These Invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the Forms, in *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 7. *in Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib.* 6. which of all is the boldest and most horrid: beginning, *Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, pœnæque nocentum*, &c.

YOu (*a*) *Fiends* and *Furies* (if yet any be
Worse than our selves) you that have [quak'd to see
These (*b*) Knots untied; and shrunk, when we [have charm'd.
You, that (to arm us) have your selves dis- [arm'd
And to our Powers, resign'd your Whips & Brands
When we went forth, the scourge of Men and [Lands.
You that have seen me ride, when *Hecate*
Durst not take Chariot; when the boistrous Sea,
Without a breath of Wind, hath knockt the Sky;
And that hath thundred, *Jove* not knowing why:
When we have set the Elements at wars,
Made Midnight see the Sun, and Day the Stars;
When the wing'd Lightning, in the course, hath [staid;
And swiftest Rivers have run back, afraid,
To see the Corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole Places alter, and the Seasons change,
When the pale *Moon*, at the first Voice down fell
Poyson'd, and durst not stay the second *Spell*.
You, that have oft been conscious of these [Sights;
And thou (*c*) *three formed Star*, that, on these [Nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple Name
Thus we incline, *once*, *twice*, and *thrice the same*;
If now with *Rites* prophane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this Roof,
With present Fogs. Exhale Earths rot'nest Vapors.
And strike a Blindness through these blazing [Tapers.
Come, let a murmuring *Charm* resound,
The whilst we (*d*) bury all, i'th' Ground.
But first, see every (*e*) Foot be bare;
And every Knee. *Hag.* Yes, *Dame*, they are.

(*b*) The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business: as *Sagana* is presented by *Horace. Expedita, per totam domum Spargens Avernales aquas, Horret capillis ut marinus asperis Echinus, aut currens Aper.* (*c*) *Hecate*, who is called *Trivia*, and *Triformis*, of whom *Virgil. Æneid. lib.* 4. *Tergeminamque Hecatem, tria virginis ora Dianæ*. She was believ'd to govern in witchcraft; and is remembred in all their Invocations: See *Theoc. in Pharmaceut.* Ἐκάτᾱ δυσπάλλαξ, & *Medea in Senec. Mas vocata sacris noctium fidus veni, Pessimos induta vultus: Fronte non una minax.* And *Erichth.* in *Luc. Persephone, nostræque Hecates pars ultima*, &c.

(*d*) This *Rite* of burying their Materials is often confest in *Remig.* and describ'd amply in *Hor. Sat.* 8. *lib. Utque Lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ Abdiderint furtim terris*, &c. (*e*) The *Ceremony* also, of baring their feet, is expressed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib.* 7. as of their hair. *Egrediuntur tectis vestes induta recinctas, Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.* And *Horace. ibid. Pedibus nudis passque capillo.* And *Senec. in Tragœd. Med. Tibi more Gentis, vinculo solvens comam Secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede.*

4 *CHARM.*

DEep, (*f*) O deep, we lay thee to sleep;
We leave thee Drink by, if thou chance to [be dry;
Both Milk and Blood, the Dew, and the Flood.
We breathe in thy Bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,
Dame Earth shall quake,
And the Houses shake,
And her Belly shall ake,
As her Back were brake,
Such a Birth to make,
As is the blue *Drake*:
Whose form thou shalt take.

(*f*) Here they speak, as if they were creating some new feature, which the *Devil* perswades them to be able to do, often, by the pronouncing of words, and pouring out of liquors, on the earth. Hear what *Agrippa* says, *De occul. Phil. lib.* 4. near the end. *In evocationibus umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum & carne, cum ovis, lacte, melle, oleo, & similibus, quæ apeum mediam tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora*; and a little before. *Namque animæ cognitio media, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, odoresque facile alliciuntur.* Which Doctrine he had from *Apuleius*, without all doubt, or question, who in *lib.* 3. *de Asin. aureo*, thus setteth the same. *Tunc decantatum pirantibus fibris linat vario latice; nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libat & multâ. Sic illos capillos in nimios nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat vivis carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus inexpugnabili Magicæ Disciplinæ potestate & cæca numinum coactorum violentia, illa corpora quorum fumabant ferventes capilli, spiritum mutuantur humanum & sentiunt, & audiunt, & ambulant. Et qua nidor suavium ducebat exuviarum venerat.* All which are meer Arts of *Satan*, when either himself will delude them with a false form or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the means: as in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.

DAME.

NEver a Star yet shot?
Where be the Ashes? *Hag.* Here i'th' Pot.
Dam. (*g*) Cast them up; and the Flint-stone
Over the left Shoulder-bone:
Into the West, *Hag.* It will be best.

(*b*) This throwing of ashes, and sand, with the flint-stone, cross sticks, and burying of Sage, &c. are all us'd (and believ'd by them) to the raising of storm, and tempest. See *Remig. lib.* 1. *Dæmon. cap.* 25. *Nider. Formicari. cap.* 4. *Bodin. Dæmon. lib.* 2. *cap.* 8. And hear *Codelman. lib.* 2. *cap.* 6. *Nam quando Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit Deus, tum Maleficas instruit, ut quandoque silices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis, in aërem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant, cœlumque versus spargant, vel fossulâ factâ & eo infuso, vel aquâ digitum moveant: subinde in ollâ parcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transverse collocent, & alia id genus deliramenta efficiant.* And when they see the success, they are more confirm'd, as if the Event followed their working. The like illusion is of their phantasie, in sailing in egg-shells, creeping thorow augur-holes, and such like, so vulgar in their Confessions.

5 *CHARM.*

THe Sticks are a-cross, there can be no loss,
The Sage is rotten, the Sulphur is gotten
Up to the Sky, that was i'th' ground.
Follow it then, with our Rattles, round;

Under

Under the Bramble, over the Brier,
A little more heat will ſet it on Fire:
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow Water and blow Wind.
Rouncy is over, *Robble* is under,
A flaſh of Light, and a clap of Thunder,
A ſtorm of Rain, another of Hail.
We all muſt home, i'the Egg-ſhell ſail;
The Maſt is made of a great Pin,
The takle of Cobweb, the ſail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in ←

D A M E.

(a) This ſtop, or interruption ſhewed the better, by cauſing that general ſilence, which made all the following *Noiſes*, enforced in the next Charm, more direful, firſt imitating that of *Lucan*. *Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuiſſe moras; ſtrataque morti Verberat immotum vivo ſerpente cadaver*, and then their barking, howling, hiſſing, and confuſion of noiſe expreſſed by the ſame *Author*, in the ſame perſon. *Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis Excantare deos, confodit murmura primùm. Diſſona & humanæ multùm diſcordia linguæ. Latratus habet illa canum, gemituſque, luporum, Quod trepidus bubo quod ſtrix nocturna queruntur. Quod ſtridens ululantque feræ, quod ſibilat anguis. Exprimit & planctus illiſæ cautibus undæ, Sylvarumque ſonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis. Tot rerum vox una fuit.* See *Remig.* too, *Dæmonolat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 19.

(a) STay. All our *Charms* do nothing win
Upon the Night; our labour dies!
Our *Magick*-feature will not riſe;
Nor yet the ſtorm! We muſt repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with Vipers, till it ſweat.

6 C H A R M.

BArk Dogs, Wolves howl,
Seas roar, Woods roul,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our *Charms* do make.

D A M E.

NOT yet? my Rage begins to ſwell;
Darkneſs, Devils, Night, and *Hell*,
Do not thus delay my *Spell*.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you ſtay my thrice:
Thorough theſe Cranies where I peep,
I'le (b) let in the light to ſee your ſleep.
And all the Secrets of your ſway
Shall lie as open to the Day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf?
Reach me a Bough, (c) that ne're bare leaf,
To ſtrike the Air; and (d) *Aconite*,
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A (e) ruſty Knife, to wound mine Arm;
And, as it drops, I'le ſpeak a *Charm*,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old ſhrunk-up *Chaos*, and let riſe,
Once more, his dark, and reeking head,
To ſtrike the World, and *Nature* dead,
Until my *Magick* birth be bred.

(b) This is one of their common menaces, when their *Magick* receives the leaſt ſtop. Hear *Erichtho* again, *ibid.* *tibi peſſime mundi Arbiter immittam ruptis Titana cavernis, Et ſubito ferire die.* And a little before to *Proſerpina. Eloquar immenſo terræ ſub pondere quæ te contineant Eunæa dapes*, &c. (c) That withered ſtraight, as it ſhot out, which is called *Ramus feralis* by ſome, and *triſtis*, by *Senec. Trag. Med.* (d) A deadly poyſonous herb, feigned by *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 7. to ſpring out of *Cerberus*'s foam. *Pliny* gives it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 27. *cap.* 3. *Naſcitur in nudis cautibus, quas aconas vocant, & inde aconitum dixere, nullo juxtà ne pulvere quidem nutriente.* However the juice of it is like that liquor which the Devil gives Witches to ſprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the *Magick Maſters*. (e) A rusty Knife I rather give her, than any other, as fitteſt for ſuch a deviliſh Ceremony, which *Seneca* might mean by *ſacro cultro* in the *Tragedy*, where he arms *Medea*, to the like *Rite*, (for any thing I know) *Tibi nudato pectore Manes, ſacro feriam Brachia cultro: Manes noſter ſanguis ad aras.*

7 C H A R M.

BLack go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down, we give thee a ſhout.

(f) *Hoo!*

At thy riſing again, thou ſhalt have two,
And if thou doſt what we would have thee do,
Thou ſhalt have three, thou ſhalt have four,
Thou ſhalt have ten, thou ſhalt have a ſcore.

Hoo. Har. Har. *Hoo!*

(f) Theſe ſhouts and clamors, as alſo the voice *Har. Har.* are very particular with them, by the teſtimony of *Bodin Remig. Delrio.* and *M. Phil. Ludwig. Elich.* who out of them reports it, thus. *Tota turba colluvieſque peſſima feſcenninos in honorem Dæmonum cantat obſcæniſſimos: Hæc canit* Har. Har. *Illa, Diabolo, Diabole, ſalta huc, ſalta illuc; Altera, lude hic, lude illic; Alia, Sabaath, Sabaath*, &c. *Imò clamoribus, ſibilis, ululatibus, popyſmis fiunt, ac debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis quæ hominibus pecudibuſque ſpargant.*

8 C H A R M.

A Cloud of Pitch, a Spur, and a Switch,
To haſte him away, and a Whirlwind play,
Before, and after, which thunder for laughter,
And ſtorms for joy, of the roaring Boy;
His head of a Drake, his tail of a Snake.

9 C H A R M.

ABout, about, and about,
Till the Miſt ariſe, and the Lights flie out,
The Images neither be ſeen, nor felt;
The Woollen burn, and the Waxen melt;
Sprinkle your Liquors upon the ground,
And into the Air; around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
(g) Till a Muſick found,
And the paſe be found,
To which we may dance,
And our *Charms* advance.

(g) Nor do they want *muſick*, and in ſtrange manner given them by the *Devil*, if we credit their Confeſſions in *Remig. Dæm. lib.* 1. *cap.* 19. Such as the *Sybaneæan Quires* were, which *Athenæus* remembers out of *Clearchus, Deipnoſ. lib.* 15. where every one ſung what he would, without hearkning to his Fellow; like the noiſe of divers Oars, falling in the water. But be patient of *Remigius* Relation. *Miris modis illic miſcentur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ullâ oratione ſatis exprimi queat, quàm ſtrepant ſoni incondite, abſurdè, ac diſcrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verſùs ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum, buccam ceu tibiam admovet. Ille pro lyra equi calvariam pulſat, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuſte vel clavâ graviore quercum tundit unde exauditur ſonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementiùs pulſatorum. Interea unus rancidè, & compoſito ad lituí morem clangore Dæmonis, ipſumque cœlum fragoſa aridaque voce feriunt.*

AT which, with a ſtrange, and ſudden Muſick they fell into a (h) magical Dance, *full of prepoſterous change, and geſticulation, but moſt applying to their* Property *. who at their meetings, do all things contrary to the cuſtom of Men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with ſtrange* phantaſtick *motions of their heads, and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the* Dance, M. Hierome Herne, *whoſe right it is here to be named.*

(h) The manner alſo of their dancing is confeſt in *Bodin. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. And *Remig. lib.* 1. *cap.* 17. and 18. The ſum of which *M. Phil. Lud. Elich.* relates thus, in his *Dæmonum Quæſt.* 10. *Tripudia interdum interſunt facere liberâ & apertâ, interdum obductâ lanâ, linteo, corvice, rotundo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario externiculo involutâ.* And a little after. *Omnia fiunt ritu abſurdiſſimo & ab omni conſuetudine hominum alieniſſimo, denſis invicem obverſis, & in orbem junctis manibus, ſaltando circumeunt, perinde ſua jactantes capita, ut qui noſtro agitantur. Remigius* adds out of the Confeſſion of *Sybilla Morelia, Gyrum ſemper in ſævam progredi.* Which *Pliny* obſerves in the Prieſts of *Cybile. Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 28. *cap.* 2. and to be done with great Religion. *Bodin* adds, that they uſe brooms in their hands, with which we armed our Witches; and here we leave them.

In

IN the heat of their Dance, *on the ſudden, was heard a ſound of loud Muſick, as if many Inſtruments had made one blaſt; with which not only the* Haggs *themſelves, but the* Hell, *into which they ran, quite vaniſhed, and the whole face of the* Scene *altered, ſcarce ſuffering the memory of ſuch a thing: But in the place of it, appeared a glorious, and magnificent Building, figuring the* Houſe of Fame, *in the top of which, were diſcovered the twelve* Maſquers, *ſitting upon a Throne triumphal, erected in form of a* Pyramid, *and circled with all ſtore of light. From whom a Perſon, by this time deſcended, in the furniture of* Perſeus, *and expreſſing* heroique, *and* maſculine Vertue, *began to ſpeak.*

HEROICK VERTUE.

SO ſhould, at *Fame's* loud ſound, and *Vertue's* ſight,
All dark, and enviousWitchcraft flie the light.
I (*a*) did not borrow *Hermes* Wings, nor ask
His crooked Sword, nor put on *Pluto's* Cask,
Nor on mine arm, advanc'd wiſe *Pallas* ſhield,
(By which, my Face avers'd, in open field
I ſlew the *Gorgon*) for an empty Name:
When *Virtue* cut off *Terror*, he gate *Fame*.
And, if when *Fame* was gotten, *Terror* dy'de,
What black *Erynnis*, or more helliſh pride,
Durſt arm theſe *Haggs*, now ſhe is grown, and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat?
I was her Parent, and I am her ſtrength.
Heroique Virtue ſinks not under length
Of years, or ages; but is ſtill the ſame,
While he preſerves, as when he got *good Fame*.
My Daughter, then, whoſe glorious houſe you ſee
Built of all ſounding braſs, whoſe Columns be
Men-making *Poets*, and thoſe well made *Men*,
Whoſe ſtrife it was, to have the happieſt Pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride, to ſcorn the *Muſe*, and die forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the World,
And hath, about her vaulted *Palace*, hoorl'd
All Rumors and Reports, or true, or vain,
What utmoſt Lands, or deepeſt Seas contain;
(But only hangs great actions, on her file)
She, to this leſſer World, and greateſt Iſle,
To night ſounds *Honour*, which ſhe would have ſeen
In yond' bright *Bevis*, each of them a Queen.
Eleven of them are of times, long gone.
Penthe ſilea, the brave *Amazon*,
Swift-foot *Camilla*, Queen of *Volſcia*,
Victorious *Thomyris* of *Scythia*,
Chaſte *Artemiſia*, the *Carian* Dame,
And fair-hair'd *Berenice*, *Ægypt's* fame,
Hypſicratea, glory of *Aſia*,
Candace, pride of *Æthiopia*,
The *Britain* honour, *Voadicea*,
The vertuous *Palmyrene*, *Zenobia*,
The wiſe, and warlike *Goth*, *Amalaſunta*,
And bold *Valaſca*, of *Bohemia*;
Theſe, in their lives, as fortunes, crownd the choice
Of Woman-kind, and 'gainſt all oppoſite voice
Made good to *time*, had, after death, the clame
To live eterniz'd in the houſe of *Fame*.
Where hourly hearing (as, what there is old?)
The glories of *Bel-anna* ſo well told,
Queen of the *Ocean*; How, that ſhe alone
Poſſeſt all vertues, for which one by one
They were ſo fam'd; And wanting then a head
To form that ſweet, and gracious *Pyramede*
Wherein they ſit, it being the ſov'raign place
Of all that *Palace*, and reſerv'd to grace
The worthieſt Queen: Theſe, without envy on her,
In life, deſir'd that honour to confer,
Which, with their death, no other ſhould enjoy.
She thus embracing with a vertuous joy,
Far from ſelf-love, as humbling all her worth,
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory; and means, this night,
To make them once more viſible to light:
And to that light, from whence her truth of ſpirit
Confeſſeth all the luſtre of her merit.
To you, moſt Royal, and moſt Happy *King*,
Of whom, *Fame's* houſe, in every part, doth ring
For every vertue; but can give no increaſe:
Not, though her loudeſt Trumpet blaze your peace.
To you, that cheriſh every great *example*
Contracted in your ſelf; and being ſo ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A *Spectacle*, ſo full of love, and grace
Unto your *Court*: where every *Princely Dame*
Contends to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her.
For, by their lives, they only did confer
Good on themſelves; but, by their fame, to yours,
And every Age, the benefit endures.

(*a*) The Ancients expreſs'd a brave and maſculine *Vertue* in three Figures (of *Hercules*, *Perſeus*, and *Bellerophon*.) Of which we chuſe that of *Perſeus*, armed as we have deſcribed him, out of *Heſiod. Scuto Herc.* See *Apollodor.* the Grammarian, *lib.* 2. *de Perſeo.*

Here, the Throne wherein they ſate, being Machina verſatilis, *ſuddenly chang'd; and in the place of it appear'd* Fama bona, *as ſhe is deſcrib'd* (*in* Iconolog. di Cæſare Ripa) *atir'd in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which* Orus Apollo, *in his* Hierogl. *interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right hand, ſhe bore a trumpet, in her left an olive branch: And for her ſtate, it was, as* (*b*) Virgil *deſcribes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the Muſick had done, which waited on the turning of the* Machine, *call'd from thence, to* Vertue, *and ſpake this following Speech.*

(*b*) Æneid.

FAME.

VErtue, my Father, and my Honour; thou
That mad'ſt me good, as great; and dar'ſt avow
No *Fame*, for thine, but what is perfect: Aid,
To night, the triumphs of thy *white-wing'd Maid*.
Do thoſe renowned *Queens* all utmoſt Rites
Their ſtates can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own *Chariots* let them, crowned, ride;
And mine own *Birds*, and *Beaſts* in geers apply'd
To draw them forth. Unto the firſt *Carr* tye
Far-ſighted *Eagles*, to note *Fame's ſharp eye*.
Unto the ſecond, *Griffons*, that deſign
Swiftneſs and *ſtrength*, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the laſt, our *Lyons*, that imply
The top of graces, *State*, and *Majeſty*.
And let thoſe *Hags* be led as Captives, bound
Before their wheels, whil'ſt I my Trumpet ſound.

AT which, the loud Muſick founded, as before; to give the *Maſquers* time of deſcending. And here, we cannot but take the opportunity, to make ſome more particular deſcription of their *Scene*, as alſo of the *Perſons* they preſented; which, though they were diſpoſed rather by *Chance*, than *Election*, yet it is my part to juſtifie them all: And then, the *Lady* that will own her Preſentation, may.

To follow, therefore, the Rule of *Chronology*, which I have obſerv'd in my Verſe, the moſt upward in time was *Penthe ſilea*. She was Queen of the *Amazons*, and ſucceeded *Ortera*, or (as ſome will) *Orithya*; ſhe liv'd, and was preſent, at the War of *Troy* on their part, againſt the *Greeks*, and (as *Juſtin* gives her teſtimony) *Inter fortiſſimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extitere*. She is nowhere named,

med, but with the Preface of Honour, and Vertue; and is always advanced in the head of the worthieſt Women. (a) *Diodorus Siculus* makes her the daughter of *Mars*. She was honour'd in her death to have it the act of *Achilles*. Of which (b) *Propertius* ſings this triumph to her beauty.

(a) *Hiſt. lib.* 2.

(b) *Lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 10.

Aurea cui poſtquam nudavit caſſida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

Next, follows *Camilla*, Queen of the *Volſcians*, celebrated by (c) *Virgil*, than whoſe *Verſes* nothing can be imagin'd more exquiſite, or more honouring the perſon they deſcribe. They are theſe, where he reckons up thoſe, that came on *Turnus* his part, againſt *Æneas*.

(c) *Æneid. lib.* 7.

Hos ſuper advenit Volſca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florentis ære catervas,
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathiſve Minervæ
Fœminea aſſueta manus, ſed prælia virgo
Dura pati, curſuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterward tells her Attire, and *Arms*, with the admiration, that the *Spectators* had of her. All which if the *Poet* created out of himſelf, without *Nature*, he did but ſhew, how much ſo divine a Soul could exceed her.

The third liv'd in the age of *Cyrus*, the great *Perſian Monarch*; and made him leave to live. *Thomyris*, Queen of the *Scythians*, or *Maſſagets*. A *Heroine* of a moſt invincible, and unbroken fortitude. Who, when *Cyrus* had invaded her, and taking her only Son (rather by Treachery than War, as ſhe objected) had ſlain him; not touch'd with the grief of ſo great a loſs, in the juſter comfort ſhe took of a great revenge, purſued not only the occaſion, and honour of conquering ſo potent an Enemy, with whom fell two hundred thouſand Soldiers: but (what was right memorable in her Victory) left not a Meſſenger ſurviving, of his ſide to report the Maſſacre. She is remembred both by (d) *Herodotus* and (e) *Juſtin*, to the great renown, and glory of her kind: with this *Elogy*. *Quid potentiſſimo Perſarum Monarchæ bello congreſſa eſt, ipſumque & vita caſtris ſpoliavit, ad juſte ulciſcendam filii ejus indigniſſimam mortem.*

(d) *In Clo.*

(e) *Epit. lib.* 1.

The fourth was honour'd to life in time of *Xerxes*, and preſent at his great Expedition into *Greece*; *Artemiſia*, the Queen of *Caria*: whoſe vertue (f) *Herodotus*, not without ſome wonder, records. That, a Woman, a Queen, without a Husband, her Son a ward, and ſhe adminiſtring the Government, occaſion'd by no neceſſity, but a meer excellence of ſpirit, ſhould embark her ſelf for ſuch a War; and there, ſo to behave her, as *Xerxes* beholding her fight, ſhould ſay: (g) *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi fœminæ, fœminæ autem viri.* She is no leſs renowned for her Chaſtity, and love to her Husband, *Mauſolus*, (h) whoſe bones (after he was dead) ſhe preſerv'd in aſhes, and drunk in Wine, making her ſelf his Tomb; and yet, built to his memory, a *Monument*, deſerving a place among the *Seven Wonders of the World*, which could not be done by leſs than a wonder of Women.

(f) *In Polymn.*

(g) *Herod. In Urania.*

(h) *Val. Max. lib.* 4. *cap.* 6. and *A. Gel. lib.* 10. *cap.* 18.

The fifth was the fair-hair'd Daughter of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus*, by the elder *Arſinoe*; who, married to her Brother *Ptolomæus*, ſurnamed *Evergetes*, was after Queen of *Egypt*. I find her written both *Beronice*, and *Berenice*. This Lady, upon an Expedition of her new-wedded Lord into *Aſſyria*, vowed to *Venus*, if he return'd ſafe, and Conqueror, the offering of her hair; which Vow of hers (exacted by the ſucceſs) ſhe afterward perform'd. But, her Father miſſing it, and therewith diſpleas'd, *Conon*, a *Mathematician*, who was then in houſhold with *Ptolemy*, and knew well to flatter him, perſuaded the King that it was ta'ne up to Heaven, and made a *Conſtellation*; ſhewing him thoſe ſeven Stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are ſince called *Coma Beronices*. Which Story, then preſently celebrated by *Callimachus*, in a moſt elegant *Poem*, *Catullus* more elegantly converted; wherein they call her *the Magnanimous, even from a Virgin*: alluding (as (i) *Hyginus* ſays) to a Reſcue ſhe made of her Father in his flight, and reſtoring the courage and honour of his Army, even to a Victory. Their words are,

(i) *Aſtronom. lib.* 2. *in Leo.*

(k) *Cognoram à parva virgine magnanimam.* (k) *Catul. de Coma Beronic.*

The ſixth, that famous Wife of *Mithridates*, and *Queen* of *Pontus*, *Hypſicratea*, no leſs an Example of Vertue than the reſt; who ſo loved her Husband, as ſhe was aſſiſtant to him in all labours, and hazard of the War, in a maſculine habit. For which cauſe (as (l) *Valerius Maximus* obſerves) ſhe departed with a chief ornament of her beauty. *Tonſis enim capillis, equo ſe & armis aſſuefecit, quo facilius laboribus & periculis ejus intereſſet.* And, afterward, in his flight from *Pompey*, accompanied his misfortune, with a mind, and body equally unwearied. She is ſolemnly regiſtred, by that grave *Author*, as a notable Preſident of *Marriage-Loyalty*, and *Love*: Vertues, that might raiſe a mean Perſon to equality with a *Queen*; but a *Queen* to the State, and honour of a *Deity*.

(l) *Lib.* 4. *cap.* 6. *de Amor conjug.*

The ſeventh, that Renown of *Ethiopia*, *Candace*: from whoſe excellency, the ſucceeding *Queens* of that *Nation* were ambitious to be called ſo. A Woman of a moſt haughty ſpirit againſt Enemies, and a ſingular affection to her Subjects. I find her celebrated by (m) *Dion*, and (n) *Pliny*, invading *Egypt* in the time of *Auguſtus*; who, though ſhe were enforc'd to a Peace by his Lieutenant *Petronius*, doth not the leſs worthily hold her place here; when, everywhere, this *Elogy* remains of her Fame: That ſhe was *Maximi animi mulier, tantique in ſuos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopum Reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ.* She govern'd in *Meroe*.

(m) *Hiſt. Rom. l.* 54.

(n) *Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 6. *cap.* 29.

The eighth, our own honour, *Voadicea*, or *Boodicea*; By ſome *Bunduica*, and *Bunduca*: *Queen* of the *Iceni*. A people, that inhabited that part of our *Iſland*, which was called *Eaſt-Anglia*, and comprehended *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, *Cambridge*, and *Huntington*-ſhires. Since ſhe was born here at home, we will firſt honour her with a home-born teſtimony; from the grave and diligent (o) *Spencer*.

(o) *Ruines of time.*

——— Bunduca *Britoneſs.*

Bunduca, *that victorious Conquereſs,*
That lifting up her brave Heroique thought
'Bove Womans weakneſs, with the Romans *fought;*
Fought, and in Field againſt them thrice prevail'd, &c.

To which, ſee her Orations in Story, made by (p) *Tacitus*, and (q) *Dion*: wherein is expreſſed all magnitude of a ſpirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her Country. The later of whom, doth honeſt her beſide, with a particular deſcription. Bunduica, *Britannicæ fœmina, orta ſtripe Regia, quæ non ſolum eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, ſed etiam bellum omne adminiſtravit; cujus anima virilis potius quam muliebris erat.* And afterwards, *Fœmina, forma honeſtiſſima, vultu ſevero*, &c. All which doth weigh the more to her true praiſe, in coming from the mouths

(p) *Annal. lib.* 14.

(q) *Epit. Joan. Xiphilon. in Ner.*

mouths of *Romans*, and Enemies. She liv'd in the time of *Nero*.

The ninth, in time, but equal in Fame, and (the cauſe of it) vertue, was the chaſte *Zenobia Queen* of the *Palmyrenes*, who, after the death of her husband *Odenatus*, had the Name to be reckoned among the XXX. that uſurped the *Roman Empire* from *Galienus*. She continued a long and brave War, againſt ſeveral *Chiefs*; and was at length triumphed on by *Aurelian*: but, *ea ſpecie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur.* Her Chaſtity was ſuch, *Ut ne virum ſuum quidem ſciret, niſi tentatis conceptionibus.* She liv'd in a moſt royal manner, and was adored to the cuſtom of the *Perſians*. When ſhe made Orations to her Soldiers, ſhe had always her Cask on. A Woman of a moſt divine ſpirit, and incredible beauty. In (*a*) *Trebellius Pollio*, read the moſt notable deſcription of a *Queen*, and her; that can be utter'd, with the dignity of an *Hiſtorian*.

(*a*) *In trigin. Tyrann.*

The tenth, ſucceeding, was that learned, and *Heroique Amalaſunta*, *Queen* of the *Oſtrogoths*, Daughter to *Theodorick*, that obtained the Principality of *Ravenna*, and almoſt all *Italy*. She drave the *Burgundians* and *Almaines* out of *Liguria*, and appear'd in her Government rather an *Example*, than a *Second*. She was the moſt eloquent of her *Age*, and cunning in all Languages, of any *Nation* that had Commerce with the *Roman Empire*. (*b*) It is recorded of her, that, *Sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipſam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in decernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil ſibi acerbum pati viderentur.*

(*b*) *M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel.* (out of *Caſſiod*) *Ennead. 7. lib. 2.*

The eleventh, was that brave *Bohemian Queen*, *Valaſca*, who for her Courage, had the Surname of *Bold*: That to redeem her ſelf and her *Sex*, from the *Tyranny* of Men, which they liv'd in, under *Primiſlaus*, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the Women to the ſlaughter of their barbarous *Husbands* and *Lords*. And poſſeſſing themſelves of their Horſes, Arms, Treaſure, and places of ſtrength, not only ruled the reſt, but lived many years after, with the liberty, and fortitude of *Amazons*. Celebrated by (*c*) *Raphael Volateranus*, and in an elegant Tract of an *Italians* (*d*) in *Latin*, who names himſelf Philalethes, *Polytopienſis civis*) *inter præſtantiſſimas fœminas*.

(*c*) *In Geograph. l. 2.* (*d*) *Forcia. Quæſt.*

The twelv'th, and worthy *Severaign* of all, I make *Belanna*, Royal *Queen* of the *Ocean*; of whoſe dignity and perſon, the whole *Scope* of the *Invention* doth ſpeak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that ſacred modeſty, which hears any teſtimony of others iterated, with more delight, than her own praiſe. She being plac'd above the need of ſuch Ceremony, and ſafe in her princely vertue, againſt the good, or ill, of any Witneſs. The *Name* of *Bel-anna* I devis'd, to honour hers proper by; as adding to it, the Attribute of *Fair*: And is kept by me, in all my *Poems*, wherein I mention her *Majeſty*, with any ſhadow, or figure. Of which, ſome may come forth with a longer *Deſtiny*, than this *Age*, commonly, gives to the beſt Births, if but help'd to light by her gracious, and ripening favour.

But, here, I diſcern a poſſible Objection, ariſing againſt me; to which I muſt turn: As, *How I can bring* Perſons *of ſo different* Ages, *to appear properly together? Or, why* (*which is more unnatural*) *with* Virgil's *Mezentius, I join the living with the dead?* I anſwer to both theſe, at once. Nothing is more proper; Nothing more natural. For theſe all live; and together, in their *Fame*: and ſo I preſent them. Beſides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of *Poetry*, where could I not take Sanctuary? or in whoſe *Poem?* For other Objections, let the looks and noſes of Judges hover thick; ſo they bring the brains: or if they do not, I care not. When I ſuffer'd it to go abroad, I departed with my right: And now, ſo ſecure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praiſe, nor diſpraiſe ſhall affect me.

There reſts, only, that we give the Deſcription (we promis'd) of the *Scene*, which was the Houſe of *Fame*. The Structure, and Ornament of which (as is profeſt before) was entirely Maſter *Jones* his Invention, and Deſign. Firſt, for the lower Columns, he choſe the *Statues* of the moſt excellent *Poets*, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Lucan*, &c. as being the ſubſtantial Supporters of *Fame*. For the upper, *Achilles*, *Æneas*, *Cæſar*, and thoſe great *Heroes*, which theſe *Poets* had celebrated. All which ſtood, as in maſſy gold. Between the Pillars, underneath, were figured *Land-Battels*, *Sea-Fights*, *Triumphs*, *Loves*, *Sacrifices*, and all magnificent Subjects of Honour: in braſs, and heighten'd with ſilver. In which, he profeſt to follow that noble deſcription, made by *Chaucer*, of the place. Above were ſited the *Maſquers*, over whoſe heads he devis'd two eminent figures of *Honour*, and *Vertue*, for the *Arch*. The *Freezes*, both below, and above, were fill'd with ſeveral colour'd lights, like *Emeralds*, *Rubies*, *Saphyres*, *Carbuncles*, &c. the reflex of which, with other lights, placed in the Concave, upon the *Maſquers* habits, was full of glory. Theſe habits had in them the excellency of all device, and riches; and were worthily varied by his Invention, to the *Nations*, whereof they were *Queens*. Nor are theſe, alone, his due; but divers other acceſſions to the ſtrangeneſs, and beauty of the *Spectacle*: as the *Hell*, the going about of the *Chariots*, the binding the *Witches*, the turning *Machine*, with the preſentation of *Fame*. All which I willingly acknowledge for him: ſince it is a Vertue, planted in good Natures, that what reſpects they wiſh to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuouſly themſelves.

By this time, imagin the *Maſquers* deſcended; and again mounted into three triumphant *Chariots*, ready to come forth. The firſt four were drawn with *Eagles*, (whereof I gave the reaſon, as of the reſt in *Fame's* Speech) their four Torch-bearers, attending on the *Chariot* ſides, and four of the *Hags*, bound before them. Then followed the ſecond, drawn by *Griffons*, with their Torch-bearers, and four other *Hags*. Then the laſt, which was drawn by *Lyons*, and more eminent; (wherein her Majeſty was) and had ſix Torch-bearers more, (peculiar to her) with the like number of *Hags*. After which, a full triumphant *Muſick*, ſinging this *Song*, while they rode, in State, about the Stage.

SONG.

HElp, help all Tongues, to celebrate this Wonder:
The voice of *Fame* ſhould be as loud as Thunder.
Her Houſe is all of *Eccho* made,
Where never dies the ſound;
And, as her Brows the Clouds invade,
Her Feet do ſtrike the Ground.
Sing then *good Fame*, that's out of *Vertue* born:
For, who doth *Fame* neglect, doth *Vertue* ſcorn.

Here they lighted from their *Chariots*, and danc'd forth their firſt *Dance*; then a ſecond, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of ſubtile and excellent changes, and ſeem'd perform'd with no leſs ſpirits, than of thoſe they perſonated. The firſt was to the *Cornets*, the ſecond to the *Violins*. After which, they took out the Men, and danc'd the *meaſures*; entertaining the time, almoſt to the ſpace of an hour, with ſingular variety: when, to give them reſt, from the *Muſique* which attended the *Chariots*, by that moſt excellent *Tenor* voice, and exact Singer (her Majeſties Servant, Maſter *Jo. Allin*) this *Ditty* was ſung.

SONG.

WHen all the *Ages* of the Earth
Were crown'd, but in this *famous Birth*;
And that, when they would boaſt their ſtore
Of *worthy Queens*, they knew no more:
How happier is that *Age*, can give
A *Queen*, in whom all they do live.

After it, ſucceeded their third *Dance*; than which, a more *numerous* compoſition could not be ſeen: *Graphically* diſpoſed into *Letters*, and honouring the name of the moſt ſweet and ingenious *Prince*, CHARLES, *Duke* of *York*. Wherein, beſide that principal grace of perſpicuity, the motions were ſo even and apt, and their expreſſion ſo juſt; as if *Mathematicians* had loſt *Proportion*, they might there have found it. The *Author* was Maſter *Tho. Giles*. After this, they danc'd Galliards, and Corranto's. And then their laſt *Dance*, no leſs elegant (in the place) than the reſt, with which they took their *Chariots* again, and triumphing about the Stage, had their return to the *Houſe of Fame* celebrated with this laſt *Song*; whoſe Notes (as the former) were the work, and honour of my excellent Friend, *Alfonſo Ferraboſco*.

SONG.

WHO, *Vertue*, can thy power forget,
That ſees theſe live, and triumph yet?
Th' *Aſſyrian* Pomp, the *Perſian* Pride,
Greeks Glory, and the *Romans* di'de:
And who yet imitate
Their Noiſes, tarry the ſame Fate.
Force greatneſs all the glorious ways
You can, it ſoon decays;
But ſo *good Fame* ſhall never:
Her Triumphs, as their Cauſes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of *Epilogue*, than the Celebration of who were the *Celebraters*.

The *QUEENS MAJESTY.*	The Co. of *MONTGOMERY.*
The Co. of *ARUNDEL.*	The Vicou. of *CRANBORNE.*
The Co. of *DERBY.*	The La. *ELIZA. GUILFORD.*
The Co. of *HUNTINGTON.*	The La. *ANNE WINTER.*
The Co. of *BEDFORD.*	The La. *WINDSORE.*
The Co. of *ESSEX.*	The La. *ANNE CLIFFORD.*

THE

THE SPEECHES AT PRINCE HENRY's BARRIERS.

The Lady of the Lake, firſt diſcovered.

A Silence, calm as are my waters, meet
Your rais'd attentions, whilſt my ſilver feet
Touch on the richer ſhore; and to this ſeat
Vow my new duties and mine old repeat.
Leſt any yet ſhould doubt, or might miſtake
What *Nymph* I am; behold the ample Lake
Of which I am ſtyl'd; and near it *Merlin*'s Tomb
Grave of his cunning, as of mine the Womb.
By this it will not ask me to proclaim
More of my ſelf, whoſe Actions, and whoſe Name
Were ſo full feign'd in *Britiſh Arthur*'s Court;
No more than it will fit me to report.
What hath before been truſted to our ſquire
Of me, my Knight, his Fate, and my deſire
To meet, if not prevent his deſtiny,
And ſtile him to the Court of *Britanny*;
Now when the Iſland hath regain'd her Fame
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient Name,
And that a *Monarch* equal good and great,
Wiſe, temperate, juſt, and ſtout, *claims Arthur*'s Seat.
Did I ſay equal? O too prodigal Wrong
Of my o're-thirſty, and unequal Tongue!
How brighter far, than when our *Arthur* liv'd,
Are all the Glories of this place reviv'd!
What riches do I ſee; what beauties here!
What awe! what love! what reverence! joy! and fear!
What Ornaments of Counſel as of Court!
All that is high or great, or can comport
Unto the Stile of Majeſty, that knows
No Rival, but it ſelf, this place here ſhows.
Only the Houſe of *Chivalry* (how e're
The inner parts and ſtore be full, yet here
In that which Gentry ſhould ſuſtain) decayed
Or rather ruin'd ſeems; her Buildings lay'd
Flat with the Earth; that were the Pride of Time,
And did the barbarous *Memphian* heaps out-clime.
Thoſe *Obilisks* and *Columns* broke, and down,
That ſtrook the Stars, and rais'd the *Britiſh* Crown
To be a Conſtellation: Shields and Swords,
Cob-web'd, and ruſty; not a helm affords
A Spark of Luſtre, which were wont to give
Light to the World, and made the Nation live,
When in a Day of Honour fire was ſmit
To have put out *Vulcan*'s, and have laſted yet.
O, when this Ædifice ſtood great and high,
That in the Carcaſs hath ſuch Majeſty,
Whoſe very Sceleton boaſts ſo much worth,
What Grace, what Glories did it then ſend forth?
When to the Structure went more noble Names
Than the *Epheſian* Temple loſt in flames:
When every Stone was laid by vertuous Hands;
And ſtanding ſo, (O that it yet not ſtands!)
More Truth of *Architecture* there was blaz'd,
Than liv'd in all the ignorant *Goths* have rais'd.
There *Porticus* were built, and Seats for Knights
That watch'd for all *Adventure*, Days and Nights
The *Nieces* fill'd with Statues, to invite
Young Valours forth, by their old Forms to fight.
With Arks triumphal for their Actions done,
Out-ſtriding the *Coloſſus* of the Sun.
And *Trophies*, rear'd, of ſpoiled Enemies,
Whoſe Tops pierc'd through the Clouds, and hit the Skies.

ARTHUR.

AND thither hath thy Voice pierc'd. Stand [not maz'd, Diſcovered as a Star above.
Thy Eyes have here on greater Glories gaz'd.

And not been frighted. I thy *Arthur* am
Tranſlated to a Star; and of that frame
Or conſtellation that was call'd for me
So long before, as ſhowing what I ſhould be.
Arcturus, once thy King, and now thy Star.
Such the rewards of all good Princes are.
Nor let it trouble thy deſign, fair Dame,
That I am preſent to it with thy flame
And influence; ſince the times are now devolv'd
That *Merlin*'s Myſtick propheſies are abſolv'd,
In *Britain*'s Name, the Union of this Ile;
And claim both of my Scepter and my Stile.

Fair fall his Vertue, that doth fill that Throne,
In which I joy, to find my ſelf ſo out-ſhone;
And for the greater, wiſh, men ſhould him take,
As it is nobler to reſtore than make.

Proceed in thy great Work; bring forth thy Knight
Preſerved for his times, that by the might
And magick of his Arm, he may reſtore,
Theſe ruin'd Seats of Vertue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was *Triſtram*, *Tor*.
Launc'lot, and all our Liſt of Knight-hood: or
Who were before, or have been ſince. His name
Strike upon Heaven, and there ſtick his fame.
Beyond the Paths, and Searches of the Sun,
Let him tempt Fate; and when a World is wun,
Submit it duely to this State, and Throne,
Till time, and utmoſt ſtay make that his own.
But firſt receive this ſhield; wherein is wrought
The truth that he muſt follow; and (being taught
The ways from Heaven) ought not be deſpis'd.
It is a piece, was by the Fates devis'd
To arm his maiden Valour; and to ſhow
Defenſive Arms th'offenſive ſhould fore-go.
Indow him with it *Lady* of the Lake.
And for the other Myſteries, here, awake
The learned *Merlin*; when thou ſhut'ſt him there,
Thou buried'ſt Valour too, for Letters reer
The Deeds of Honour high, and make them live.
If then thou ſeek to reſtore *proweſs*, give
His Spirit freedom; then preſent thy Knight:
For Arms and Arts ſuſtain each others right.

LADY.

MY errour I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it; There's no reſiſting Fate.
Ariſe great *Soul*; Fame by ſurreption got
May ſtead us for the time, but laſteth not.
O, do not riſe with ſtorm, and rage. Forgive
Repented wrongs. I'am cauſe thou now ſhalt live
Eternally, for being depreſt a-while,
Want makes us know the price of what we avile.

MERLIN.

I Neither ſtorm, nor rage; 'tis Earth; blame her
That feels theſe motions when great Spirits ſtir,
She is affrighted, and now chid by Heaven,
Whilſt we walk calmly on upright and even.
Call forth the fair *Meliadus*, thy Knight,
They are his Fates that make the Elements fight:
And theſe but uſual throws, when time ſends forth
A Wonder or a Spectacle of Worth.
At common Births the World feels nothing new
At theſe ſhe ſhakes; Mankind lives in a few.

LADY.

THE Heavens, the Fates, and thy peculiar Stars,
Meliadus ſhew thee; and conclude all Jarrs.

Meliadus, *and his ſix Aſſiſtants here diſcovered.*

MERLIN.

I, Now the Spheres are in their Tunes again. *Ariſing out of the Tomb.*
What place is this ſo bright that doth re-
[main
Yet undemoliſh'd? or but late built! O,
I read it now. St. *George's Portico!*
The ſupreme Head of all the World, where now
Knight-hood lives honour'd with a crowned brow.
A noble *Scene*, and fit to ſhew him in
That muſt of all Worlds fame the Garland win.

LADY.

DO's he not ſit like *Mars*, or one that had
The better of him, in his Armor clad?
And thoſe his ſix Aſſiſtants, as the pride
Of the old *Græcian Heroes* had not died?
Or like *Apollo*, rais'd to the World's view,
The minute after he the *Python* ſlew.

MERLIN.

'GIS all too little, *Lady*, you can ſpeak.
My thought grows great of him, and fain would
[break.
Invite him forth, and guide him to his Tent,
That I may read, this ſhield his Fates preſent.

LADY.

GLory of Knights, and hope of all the Earth,
Come forth; your Fortreſs bids; who from your
[Birth
Hath bred you to this Hour, and for this Throne.
This is the Field to make your Vertue known.
If he were now (he ſays) to vow his Fires
Of Faith, of Love, of Service, then his Squires
Had utter'd nothing for him: But he hopes
In the firſt tender of himſelf, his Scopes
Were ſo well read, as it were no decor'm
Where truth is ſtudied, there to practice form.

MERLIN.

NO, let his Actions ſpeak him; and this ſhield
Let down from Heav'n, that to his Youth will yield
Such Copy of Incitement: Not the Deeds
Of antique Knights, to catch their fellows ſteeds
Or Ladies palfreys, reſcue from the force
Of a fell Giant, or ſome ſcore to unhorſe.
Theſe were bold Stories of our *Arthur*'s Age;
But here are other Acts; another *ſtage*
And *Scene* appeas; it is not ſince as then:
No Giants, Dwarfs, or Monſters here, but Men.
His Arts muſt be to govern, and give Laws
To Peace no leſs than Arms. His fate here draws
An Empire with it, and deſcribes each State
Preceding there, that he ſhould imitate.
Firſt, fair *Meliadus*, hath ſhe wrought an Iſle.
The happieſt of the Earth (which to your ſtile
In time muſt add) and in it placed high
Britain, the only Name, made *Cæſar* fly.
Within the nearer parts, as apt, and due
To your firſt Speculation you may view
The Eye of *Juſtice* ſhooting through the Land,
Like a bright *Planet* ſtrengthned by the hand
Of firſt, and warlike *Edward*; then th'increaſe
Of Trades and Tillage, under Laws and Peace,
Begun by him, but ſetled and promov'd
By the third *Heroe* of his Name, who lov'd
To ſet his own awork, and not to ſee
The fatneſs of his Land a portion be

For

For ſtrangers. This was he, erected firſt
The trade of Clothing, by which Art were nurſt
Whole millions to his ſervice, and reliev'd
So many poor, as ſince they have believ'd
The golden Fleece, and need no foreign Mine,
If Induſtry or home do not decline. [here
To prove which true, obſerve what treaſure
The wiſe and ſeventh *Henry* heapt each year,
To be the ſtrength and ſinews of a War,
When *Mars* ſhould thunder, or his peace but jar.
And here how the eighth *Henry* his brave Son
Built Forts, made general Muſters, train'd Youth on
In exerciſe of Arms, and girt his Coaſt [boaſt
With ſtrength; to which (whoſe Fame no Tongue can
Up to her worth, though all beſt Tongues be glad
To name her ſtill) did great *Eliza* add
A Wall of Shipping, and became thereby
The Aid, or Fear of all the Nations nigh.
Theſe, worthieſt Prince, are ſet you near to read,
That Civil Arts the Martial muſt precede:
That Laws and Trade bring Honours in and Gain,
And Arms defenſive a ſafe Peace maintain.
But when your Fate ſhall call you forth to aſſure
Your Virtue more (though not to make ſecure)
View here, what great Examples ſhe hath plac'd.
Firſt, Two brave *Britain Heroes*, that were grac'd
To fight their *Saviour's* Battels, and did bring
Deſtruction on the Faithleſs; one a King,
Richard, ſurnamed with the *Lions heart*,
The other *Edward*, and the firſt, whoſe part
(Then being but Prince) it was to lead theſe Wars
In the Age after, but with better Stars.
For here though *Cœur de Lion* like a Storm
Pour on the *Saracens*, and doth perform
Deeds paſt an Angel, arm'd with Wrath and Fire,
Plowing whole Armies up, with zealous Ire,
And walled Cities, while he doth defend
That Cauſe that ſhould all Wars begin and end;
Yet when with Pride, and for humane Reſpect
The *Auſtrian* Colours he doth here deject
With too much ſcorn, behold at length how Fate
Makes him a wretched Priſoner to that State;
And leaves him, as a mark of Fortune's ſpight,
When Princes tempt their Stars beyond their light:
Whil'ſt upright *Edward* ſhines no leſs than he,
Under the wings of golden Victory,
Nor lets out no leſs Rivers of the blood
Of *Infidels*, but makes the Field a flood,
And marches through it, with St. *Georges* Croſs,
Like *Iſraels* Hoſt to the *Egyptians* loſs,
Through the *Red Sea*: the Earth beneath him cold,
And quaking ſuch an Enemy to behold.
For which, his temper'd zeal, ſee Providence
Flying in here, and arms him with defence
Againſt th'Aſſaſſinate made upon his life
By a foul wretch, from whom he wreſts the knife,
And gives him a juſt hire: which yet remains
A warning to great Chiefs, to keep their trains
About 'em ſtill, and not, to privacy,
Admit a hand that may uſe treachery.
Nearer than theſe, not for the ſame high cauſe,
Yet for the next (what was his Right by Laws
Of Nations due) doth fight that *Mars* of Men
The Black Prince *Edward*, 'gainſt the *French*, who
At *Creſſey* field had no more years than you, [then
Here his glad Father has him in the view
As he is entring in the School of War,
And pours all bleſſings on him from afar
That Wiſhes can; whilſt he (that cloſe of day)
Like a young Lyon, newly taught to prey,
Invades the herds, ſo fled the *French*, and tears
From the *Bohemian* Crown the Plume he wears,
Which after for his Creſt he did preſerve
To his Fathers uſe, with this fit word, *I SERVE.*
But here at *Poictiers* he was *Mars* indeed.
Never did Valor with more ſtream ſucceed
Than he had there. He flow'd out like a Sea
Upon their Troops, and left their Arms no way:
Or like a Fire carried with high winds
Now broad, and ſpreading, by and by it finds
A vent upright, to look which way to burn:
Then ſhoots along again, or round doth turn,
Till in the circling ſpoil it hath embrac't
All that ſtood nigh, or in the reach to waſt:
Such was his rage that day; but then forgot
Soon as his Sword was ſheath'd, it laſted not,
After the King, the *Dauphin*, and *French* Peers
By yielding to him, wiſely quit their fears,
Whom he did uſe with ſuch humanity,
As they complain'd not of Captivity;
But here to *England* without ſhame came in.
To be his Captives, was the next to win.
Yet reſts the other thunderbolt of War,
Harry the Fifth, to whom in Face you are
So like, as *Fate* would have you ſo in worth,
Illuſtrious Prince. This Vertue ne're came forth,
But *Fame* flue greater for him, than ſhe did
For other Mortals; *Fate* herſelf did bid
To ſave his life: The time it reach'd unto,
War knew not how to give him enough to do.
His very Name made head againſt his Foes.
And here at *Agin Court* where firſt it roſe,
It there hangs ſtill a Comet over *France*,
Striking their malice blind, that dare advance
A thought againſt it, lightned by your flame
That ſhall ſucceed him both in deeds and name.
I could report more actions yet of weight
Out of this Orb, as here of *Eighty-eight*,
Againſt the proud *Armada*, ſtil'd by *Spain*,
The Invincible; that cover'd all the Main,
As if whole Iſlands had broke looſe, and ſwame;
Or half of *Norway* with her Firr-trees came,
To join the Continents, it was ſo great;
Yet by the auſpice of *Eliza* beat:
That dear-belov'd of Heaven, whom to preſerve
The winds were call'd to fight, and ſtorms to ſerve.
One tumor drown'd another. billows ſtrove
To out-ſwell Ambition, water Air out-drove,
Though ſhe not wanted on that glorious day,
An ever-honor'd *Howard* to diſplay
St. *Georges* Enſign; and of that high race
A ſecond, both which ply'd the Fight and Chace:
And ſent firſt bullets, then a fleet of fire,
Then ſhot themſelves like Ordnance; and a tire
Of ſhips for pieces, through the Enemies Moon,
That wan'd before it grew, and now they ſoon
Are rent, ſpoil'd, ſcatter'd, toſt with all diſeaſe,
And for their thirſt of *Britain* drink the Seas.
The Fiſh were never better fed than then,
Although at firſt they fear'd the blood of men
Had chang'd their Element; and *Neptune* ſhook
As if the thunderer had his palace took.
So here in *Wales*, *Low-Countries*, *France* and *Spain*,
You may behold both on the land main
The conqueſts got, the ſpoils, the *Trophies* rear'd
By *Britiſh* Kings, and ſuch as no bleſt heard
Of all the Nation, which may make t'invite
Your valure upon need, but not t'incite
Your neighbour Princes, give them all their due,
And be prepar'd if they will trouble you.
He doth but ſcourge himſelf, his ſword that draws
Without a purſe, a counſel and a cauſe.
But all theſe ſpurs to vertue, ſeeds of praiſe
Muſt yield to this that comes. Here's one will raiſe
Your glory more, and ſo above the reſt,
As if the acts of all mankind were preſt
In his Example. Here are Kingdoms mixt
And Nations join'd, a ſtrength of Empire fixt

Con-

Conterminate with Heaven; the golden vein
Of *Saturns* Age is here broke out again.
Henry but joyn'd the *Roſes*, that enſign'd
Particular families, but this hath joyn'd
The *Roſe* and *Thiſtle*, and in them combin'd
A Union, that ſhall never be declin'd.
Ireland that more in title than in fact
Before was conquer'd is his *Lawrels* act!
The wall of Shipping by *Eliza* made,
Decay'd (as all things ſubject are to fade)
He hath new built, or ſo reſtor'd, that men
For noble uſe, prefer it afore then:
Royal and *mighty James*, whoſe name ſhall ſet
A goal for all poſterity to ſweat,
In running at by actions hard and high:
This is the height at which your thoughts muſt fly.
He knows both how to govern, how to ſave,
What ſubjects, what their *contraries* ſhould have,
What can be done by power, and what by love,
What ſhould to *Mercy*, what to *Juſtice* move:
All *Arts* he can. and from the hand of *Fate*
Hath he enforc'd the making his own date
Within his proper vertue hath he plac'd
His guards 'gainſt *Fortune*, and there fixed faſt
The wheel of *Chance*, about which Kings are hurl'd
And whoſe outragious raptures fill the World.

LADY.

I This is he, *Meliadus*, whom you
, Muſt only ſerve, and give your ſelf unto:
And by your diligent practice to obey
So wiſe a Maſter learn the art of ſway.
Merlin, advance the ſhield upon his tent
And now prepare fair Knight to prove th' event
Of your bold *Challenge*. Be your vertue ſteel'd,
And let your drum give note you keep the field.
Is this the land of *Britain* ſo renown'd
For deeds of *Arms*, or are their hearings drown'd
That none do anſwer?

MERLIN.

Stay, methinks I ſee
A perſon in yond' *Cave*. Who ſhould that be?
I know her Enſigns now: 'Tis *Chevalry*
Poſſeſs'd with ſleep, dead as a *Lethargy*:
If any *Charm* will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our *Meliadus*. I'll uſe his *Fame*.
Lady, *Meliadus*, Lord of the Iſles,
Princely *Leliadus*, and whom *Fate* now ſtiles
The fair *Meliadus*, hath hung his ſhield,
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike and ſword.

CHAVALRY.

WEre it from death, that name would wake me. Say
Which is the Knight? O, I could gaze a day
Upon his armour that hath ſo reviv'd
My ſpirits, and tells me that I am long liv'd
In his appearance. Break you ruſty dores
That have ſo long been ſhut, and from the ſhores
Of all the world, come knighthood like a flood
Upon theſe liſts, to make the field here, good,
And your own honors, that are now call'd forth
Againſt the wiſh of men to prove your worth.

The BARRIERS.

After which Merlin *ſpeaks.*

NAy, ſtay your valure, 'tis a wiſdom high
In Princes to uſe fortune reverently.
He that in deeds of *Arms* obeys his blood,
Doth often tempt his deſtiny beyond good.
Look on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that muſt have grace in you:
His equal *Juſtice*, upright *Fortitude*
And ſetled *Prudence*, with that *Peace* indued
Of face, as mind, always himſelf and even.
So *Hercules*, and good men bear up heaven.
I dare not ſpeak his vertues for the fear
Of flatt'ring him, they come ſo high and near
To wonders; yet thus much I propheſie
Of him and his. All cares your ſelves apply.
You, and your other you, great King and Queen,
Have yet the leaſt of your bright *Fortune* ſeen,
Which ſhall riſe brighter every hour with *Time*,
And in your pleaſure quite forget the crime
Of change; your ages night ſhall be her noon.
And if this young Knight, that now puts forth ſo ſoon
Into the World, ſhall in your names atchieve
More *Gyrlands* for this State, and ſhall relieve
Your cares in government; while that young Lord
Shall ſecond him in *Arms*, and ſhake a ſword
And launce againſt the foes of God and you.
Nor ſhall leſs joy your royal hopes purſue
In that moſt princely *Maid*, whoſe form might call
The World to war, and make it hazard all
His valour for her beauty, ſhe ſhall be
Mother of *Nations*, and her Princes ſee
Rivals almoſt to theſe. Whilſt you ſit high,
And led by them behold your *Britain* fly
Beyond the line, when what the ſeas before
Did bound, ſhall to the ſky then ſtretch his ſhore.

OBERON,

THE

FAIRY PRINCE.

A

MASQUE

OF

PRINCE HENRY'S.

THE first face of the Scene *appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark Rock, with Trees beyond it; and all wildness, that could be presented: Till, at one corner of the Cliff, above the* Horizon, *the* Moon *began to shew, and rising, a* Satyr *was seen (by her light) to put forth his head, and call.*

SATYR 1.

(a) CHromis, (b) *Mnasyl*? None appear?
See you not, who riseth here?
(c) You saw *Silenus*, late, I fear!
I'le prove, if this can reach your Ear.

(ab) They are the names of two young *Satyrs*, I find in *Vir. Eclog.* 6. that took *Silenus* sleeping; who is fain'd to be the *Pædagoge* of *Bacchus*: As the *Satyrs* are his Collusores, or Play-fellows. So doth *Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian.* in *Cæsarib.* report them. (c) A proverbial Speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking, or sleepiness; alluding to that former place, in *Virgil. Chromis & Mnasylus in antro Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem, Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iacchо.*

He wound his Cornet, and thought himself answer'd; but was deceived by the Ecchо.

O, you wake then: Come away,
Times be short, are made for play;
The hum'rous Moon too will not stay:
What doth make you thus delay?
(d) Hath his Tankard toucht your brain?
Sure, they're faln asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Ecchо, did me entertain.

(d) *Silenus* is every-where made a lover of wine, as in *Cyclops Eurip.* and known by that notable ensign, his Tankard: out of the same place of *Virg. Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.* As also out of that famous piece of Sculpture, in a little gem or piece of *Jasper*, observ'd by *Monsieur Causabon*, in his Tract *de Satyrica Poësi*, from *Rascasius Bagarrius*: wherein is described the whole manner of the *Scene*, and *Chori*, of *Bacchus*, with *Silenus*, and the *Satyrs*. An elegant and curious Antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass, (to use his words) there is *Rerum, Personarum, Actionum plane stupenda varietas.*

Prove again. I thought 'twas she.
Idle *Nymph*, I pray thee, be
Modest, and not follow me.
(e) I nor love my self, nor thee.

[*He wound the second time, and found it.*]

(e) Respecting that known Fable of *Ecchо's* following *Narcissus*; and his Self-*Love*.

Here he wound the third time, and was answer'd by another Satyr, *who likewise shewed himself. To which he spoke.*

I, this Sound I better know:
Lift! I would I could hear mo.

At this they came running forth severally, from divers parts of the Rock, leaping, and making antick actions, and gestures, to the number of ten; some of them speaking, some admiring: And amongst them a Silene, *who is ever the* Præfect *of the* Satyrs, *and so presented in all their* Chori, *and meetings.*

SATYR 2.

Thank us, and you shall do so.

SATYR 3.

I, our Number soon will grow.

SATYR 2.

See (d) *Silenus*!

(d) In the pomps of *Dionysius*, or *Bacchus*, to every company of *Satyrs*, there was still given a *Silene*, for their Overseer, or Governor. And in that which is describ'd by *Athenæus*, in his fifth Book, *Bini* Sileni *non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium* Satyrorum *gregibus præsint. Erant enim eorum Epistatæ, Præsules, & Coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem.* He was also *purpureo pallio vestitus, cum albo soleis, & petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dipnos. lib. 6. de pompâ Ptolomæi.*

SATYR 3.

CERCOPS, too!

SATYR

SATYR 4.

Yes. What is there now to do?

SATYR 5.

Are there any *Nymphs* to woo?

SATYR 4.

(*a*) The nature of the *Satyrs* the wise *Horace* expreſs'd well, in the word, when he called them *Risores & Dicaces*, as the *Greek* Poets, *Nonnus*, &c. ſtile them φιλοχρόμους. *Nec ſolum dicaces, ſed & proni in Venerem, & ſaltatores aſſidui & credebantur, & fingebantur.*

Unde Satyrica *ſaltatio, quæ σικιννὶς dicebatur, & à quâ* Satyri *ipſi* σικίννιδες. *Vel à Sicuno inventore vel ἀπὸ τῆς σικύης, id eſt, a motu ſaltationis Satyrorum, qui eſt concitatiſſimus.*

(*a*) If there be, let me have two.

SILENUS.

(*b*) But in the *Solemnes*, was nothing of this petulance, and lightneſs, but on the contrary, all gravity, and profound knowledge, of moſt ſecret myſteries. Inſomuch as the moſt learned of Poets, *Virgil*, when he would write a Poem of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great Antiquities, attributed the parts of diſputing them, to *Silenus*, rather than any other. Which whoſoever thinks to be eaſily, or by chance done by the moſt prudent Writer, will eaſily betray his own ignorance, or folly. To this ſee the teſtimonies of *Plato*, *Syneſius*, *Herodotus*, *Strabo*, *Philoſtratus*, *Tertullian*, &c.

(*b*) Chaſter language. Theſe are Nights
Solemn, to the ſhining Rites
Of the *Fairy* Prince, and Knights:
While the Moon their *Orgies* lights.

SATYR 2.

Will they come abroad, anon?

SATYR 3.

Shall we ſee young *OBERON*?

SATYR 4.

Is he ſuch a princely one,
As you ſpeak him long agone?

SILENUS.

Satyrs, he doth fill with grace,
Every ſeaſon, ev'ry place;
Beauty dwells, but in his Face:
(*c*) H'is the height of all our Race.
Our *Pan's* Father, (*d*) god of tongue,
Bacchus, though he ſtill be young,
Phœbus, (*e*) when he crowned ſung,
Nor *Mars*, (*f*) when firſt his armor rung,
Might with him be nam'd, that day.
He is lovelier, than in *May*
Is the Spring, and there can ſtay
As little, as he can decay.

(*c*) Among the Ancients, the kind, both of the *Centaures*, and *Satyrs*, is confounded; and common with either. As ſometimes the *Satyrs* are ſaid to come of the *Centaures*, and again the *Centaures* of them. Either of them are δηρὶς, but after a diverſe manner. And *Galen* obſerves out of *Hippocrates*, *Comment.* 3. *in* 6. *Epidemior*: that both the *Athenians* and *Ionians*, called the *Satyrs* σῆγας, or σηρέας; which name the *Centaures* have with *Homer*: from whence, it were no unlikely Conjecture, to think our word *Faëries* to come. *Videsne Critici.* (*d*) *Mercury*, who for the love of *Penelope*, while ſhe was keeping her Father *Icarius* Herds on the Mountain *Taygetan*, turn'd himſelf into a fair Buck-Goat; with whoſe Sports and Flatteries, the *Nymph* being taken, he begat, on her, *Pan*: who was born, *Capite cornuto, barbaque, ac pedibus hircinis. As Homer* hath it, in *Hymnis*: and *Lucian*, *in dialogo Panis & Mercurii.* He was call'd *the Giver of Grace*, χαριδότης, φαίδρος, καὶ λιπαρὸς. *Hilaris, & albus, nitens Cyllenius alit.* As *Bacchus* was call'd ἀνθεὺς, *floridus*: and *Hebe*, *à lanugine & molli ætate, ſemper virens.* (*e*) *Apollo* is ſaid, after *Jupiter* had put *Saturn* to flight, to have ſung his Father's Victory to the Harp, *Purpurea toga decorus, & lauro coronatus, muſiceque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectaviſſe.* Which *Tibullus*, *in lib.* 2. *Elegiar.* points to. *Sed nitidus, pulcherque veni. Nunc indue veſtem Purpuream, longas nunc bene necte comas. Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato Victoris laudes tunc cecinisſe Jovis.* (*f*) He was then lovely, as being not yet ſtain'd with blood, and called χρυσάλακτ' Ἄρης, *quaſi aureum flagellum* (*vel rectius*) *auream galeam habens.*

CHORUS.

O, that he would come away!

SATYR 3.

(*g*) Grandſire, we ſhall leave to play
With (*b*) *Lyæus* now; and ſerve
Only *OB'RON.*

(*g*) In *Julius Pollux*, *lib.* 4. *cap.* 19. in that Part, which he entitles, *de Satyricis perſonis*, we read, that *Silenus* is called πάππος, that is, *avus*, to note his great age: as amongſt the comick perſons, the reverenced for their years, were called πάππου: and with *Julian*, in *Cæſ. Bacchus*, when he ſpeaks him fair, calls him παππίδιον. (*b*) A name of *Bacchus*, *Lyæus*, of freeing mens minds from cares: ἀπὸ τὸ λύω, *ſolvo.*

SILENUS.

He'le deſerve
All you can, and more, my Boys.

SATYR 4.

Will he give us pretty Toys,
To beguile the Girls withall?

SATYR 3.

And to make 'em quickly fall?

SILENUS.

Peace my Wantons: he will do
More than you can aim unto.

SATYR 4.

Will he build us larger Caves?

SILENUS.

Yes, and give you Ivory Staves,
When you hunt; and better Wine:

SATYR 1.

Than the Maſter of the Vine?

SATYR 2.

And rich Prizes, to be wun,
When we leap, or when we run?

SATYR 1.

I, and gild our cloven Feet?

SATYR 3.

Strew our heads with powders ſweet?

SATYR 1.

Bind our crooked legs in hoops
Made of ſhells, with ſilver loops?

SATYR 2.

Tie about our tawny wriſts
Bracelets of the *Fairy* twiſts?

SATYR 4.

And, to ſpight the coy Nymphs Scorns,
Hang upon our ſtubbed Horns,
Garlands, Ribons, and fine Poeſies;

SATYR 3.

Freſh, as when the Flower diſcloſes?

SATYR 1.

Yes, and ſtick our pricking Ears
With the Pearl that *Tethys* wears.

SATYR

SATYR 2.

And to anſwer all things els,
Trap our ſhaggy thighs with bells;
That as we do ſtrike a time,
In our Dance, ſhall make a chime

SATYR 3.

Louder, than the ratling Pipes
Of the wood-gods;

SATYR 1.

Or the ſtripes
Of (*a*) the *Taber*; when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.

(*a*) *Erat ſolenne Bacchо in pompa teneorum more puerorum geſtari à Silено, & Satyris, Bacchi præcedentibus, quarum una ſemper erat Tympaniſtria, altera Tibicina, &c. vide Athenæ.*

CHORUS.

O, that he ſo long doth tarry!

SILENUS.

See the Rock begins to ope,
Now you ſhall enjoy your hope;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole Scene *opened, and within was diſcover'd the* Frontiſpiece, *of a bright and glorious* Palace, *whoſe gates and walls were tranſparent. Before the gates lay two* Sylvanes, *armed with their Clubs, and dreſt in leafs, aſleep. At this the* Satyrs *wondering,* Silenus *proceeds.*

Look! Do's not his *Palace* ſhow
Like another *Sky* of lights?
Yonder, with him, live the Knights,
Once, the nobleſt of the Earth,
Quickned by a ſecond Birth;
Who, for proweſs, and for truth,
There are crown'd with laſting youth:
And do hold, by *Fate's* Command,
Seats of Bliſs in *Fairy* Land.
But, their Guards (methinks) do ſleep!
Let us wake 'em. Sirs, you keep
Proper Watch, that thus do lie
Drown'd in Sloth.

SATYR 1.

They'ha'ne're an Eye
To wake withall.

SATYR 2.

Nor Sence, I fear;
For they ſleep in either Ear.

SATYR 3.

Holla, *Sylvanes!* Sure they'r Caves
Of Sleep, thoſe, or elſe they'r Graves!

SATYR 4.

Hear you, Friends, who keeps the Keepers?

SATYR 1.

They'r the eight and ninth Sleepers!

SATYR 2.

Shall we cramp 'em?

SILENUS.

SATYRS, no.

SATYR 3.

Would we had *Boreas* here, to blow
Off their heavy Coats, and ſtrip 'em.

SATYR 4.

I, I, I; that we might whip 'em.

SATYR 3.

Or, that w'ad a Waſp, or two
For their Noſtrils.

SATYR 1.

Hayres will do
Even as well: Take my Tail.

SATYR 2.

What d'you ſay t'a good Naſl
Through their Temples?

SATYR 3.

Or an Eel,
In their guts, to make 'em feel?

SATYR 4.

Shall we ſteal away their Beards?

SATYR 3.

For *Pan's* Goat, that leads the Herds?

SATYR 2.

Or try, whether is more dead,
His Club, or th'other's Head.

SILENUS.

Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

SATYR 1.

I would fain, now, ſee 'em roul'd
Down a Hill, or from a Bridge
Headlong caſt, to break their Ridge-
Bones: or to ſome River take 'em;
Plump: and ſee, if that would wake 'em.

SATYR 2.

There no motion, yet, appears.

SILENUS.

Strike a Charm into their Ears.

At which the Satyrs *fell ſuddenly into this Catch:*

Buz, quoth the blue Flie,
Hum, quoth the Bee:
Buz, and hum, they cry,
And ſo do we.
In his Ear, in his Noſe,
Thus, do you ſee?
He eat the Dormouſe;
Elſe it was he.

The two Sylvanes *ſtarting up amazed, and betaking themſelves to their Arms, were thus queſtion'd by* SILENUS.

How now, *Sylvanes!* can you wake?
I commend the Care you take
I'your Watch. Is this your guiſe
To have both your Ears, and Eyes
Seal'd ſo faſt; as theſe mine *Elves*
Might have ſtol'n you, from your ſelves?

SATYR 3.

We had thought we muſt have got
Stakes, and heated 'em red-hot,

— And have bor'd you, through the Eyes
(With the * *Cyclops*) e're you'ld riſe.

* *Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satyri Ulyſſi auxilio ſint ad amburendum oculum Cyclopis.*

SATYR 2.

Or have fetch'd ſome Trees, to heave
Up your Bulks, that ſo did cleave
To the ground, there.

SATYR 4.

Are you free
Yet of ſleep, and can you ſee
Who is yonder up, aloof?

SATYR 1.

Be your Eyes, yet, Moon-proof?

SYLVANE.

Satyrs, leave your petulance;
And go friſk about, and dance;
Or elſe rail upon the Moon:
Your Expectance is too ſoon.
For before the ſecond Cock
Crow, the Gates will not unlock.
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we ſleep.

SATYR 1.

Say you ſo? then let us fall
To a Song, or to brawl:
Shall we, grand ſire? Let us ſport,
And make Expectation ſhort.

SILENUS.

Do my Wantons, what you pleaſe.
I'le lie down, and take mine eaſe.

SATYR 1.

Brothers, ſing then, and upbraid
(As we uſe) yond' ſeeming Maid.

SONG.

NOW, my cunning Lady; Moon,
Can you leave the ſide, ſo ſoon,
Of the Boy, you keep ſo hid?
Midwife *Juno* ſure will ſay,
This is not the proper way
Of your paleneſs to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To wear ſickneſs i'your Face,
That there might be Wagers laid
Still, by Fools, you are a Maid.
Come, your Changes overthrow,
What your look would carry ſo;
Moon, confeſs then, what you are,
And be wiſe, and free to uſe
Pleaſures, that you now do loſe;
Let us *Satyrs* have a ſhare.
Though our Forms be rough and rude,
Yet our Acts may be endu'd
With more vertue: Every one
Cannot be *ENDYMION.*

The Song ended: they fell ſuddenly into an antick Dance, full of geſture, and ſwift motion, and continued it, till the crowing of the Cock: At which they were interrupted by Silenus.

SILENUS.

STay, the chearful *Chanticleers*
Tells you, that the time is near:
See, the gates already ſpread!
Every *Satyr* bow his head.

There the whole Palace open'd, and the Nation of Faies *were diſcover'd, ſome with Inſtruments, ſome bearing Lights; others ſinging; and within afar off in perſpective, the Knights Maſquers ſitting in their ſeveral Sieges: At the further end of all,* OBERON, *in a Chariot, which to a loud triumphant Muſick began to move forward, drawn by two white Bears, and on tither ſide guarded by three* Sylvanes, *with one going in front.*

SONG.

MElt Earth to Sea, Sea flow to Air,
And Air flie into Fire,
Whil'ſt we in Tunes, to *Arthur*'s Chair
Bear *Oberon*'s deſire;
Than which there nothing can be higher,
Save *JAMES*, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of Tongues, of Ears, of Eyes.
Who hath not heard, who hath not ſeen,
Who hath not ſung his Name?
The Soul, that hath not, hath not been;
But is the very ſame
With buried Sloth, and knows not Fame,
Which doth him beſt compriſe:
For he the wonder is of Tongues, of Ears, of Eyes.

By this time, the Chariot was come as far forth as the face of the Scene. *And the* Satyrs *beginning to leap, and expreſs their joy, for the amuſed State, and Solemnity, the foremoſt* Sylvane *began to ſpeak.*

SILVANI.

GIve place, and ſilence; you were rude too late:
This is a Night of Greatneſs, and of State;
Not to be mixt with light, and skipping ſport:
A Night of Homage to the *Britiſh* Court,
And Ceremony due to *Arthur*'s Chair,
From our bright Maſter, *OBERON* the Fair:
Who, with theſe Knights, Attendants, here preſerv'd
In *Faery* Land, for good they have deſerv'd
Of yond' high Throne, are come of right to pay
Their annual Vows; and all their Glories lay
At Feet, and tender to this only great,
True Majeſty, reſtored in this Seat:
To whoſe ſole Power, and Magick they do give
The honour of their being; that they live
Suſtain'd in Form, Fame, and Felicity,
From rage of Fortune, or the fear to dye.

SILENUS.

AND may they well. For this indeed is he,
My Boys, whom you muſt quake at, when you ſee.
He is above your reach; and neither doth,
Nor can he think, within a *Satyrs* tooth:
Before his preſence, you muſt fall, or flie.
He is the matter of Vertue, and plac'd high.
His Meditations, to his height, are even:
And all their Iſſue is akin to Heaven.
He is a god, o're Kings; yet ſtoops he then
Neareſt a Man, when he doth govern Men;
To teach them by the ſweetneſs of his ſway,
And not by force. He's ſuch a King, as they,
Who're tyrannes Subjects, or ne're taſted peace,
Would, in their wiſhes, form, for their releaſe.
'Tis he, that ſtays the time from turning old,
And keeps the Age up in a head of Gold.
That in his own true Circle, ſtill doth run;
And holds his courſe, as certain as the Sun.
He makes it ever Day, and ever Spring,
Where he doth ſhine, and quickens every thing
Like a new Nature: ſo, that true to call
Him, by his Title, is to ſay, He's all.

SYL-

SYLVANE.

I Thank the wiſe *Silenus*, for his praiſe.
Stand forth bright *Faies*, and *Elves*, and tune your lays
Unto his Name: Then let your nimble Feet
Tread ſubtil Circles, that may always meet
In point to him; and Figures, to expreſs
The grace of him, and his great Empereſs.
That All, that ſhall to Night behold the Rites,
Perform'd by Princely *Oberon*, and theſe Knights,
May, without ſtop, point out the proper hair
Deſign'd ſo long to *Arthur's* Crowns, and Chair.

The SONG, *by two* Faies.

1. SEek you Majeſty, to ſtrike?
Bid the World produce his like.
2. Seek you glory, to amaze?
Here, let all Eyes ſtand at gaze.
1. { Seek you Wiſdom, to inſpire?
2. { Touch, then, at no other's Fire.
1. Seek you knowledge, to direct?
Truſt to his without ſuſpect.
2. Seek you Piety, to lead?
In his Footſteps, only, tread.
Cho. { Every Virtue of a King,
And of all, in him, we ſing.

Then, the leſſer Faies *dance forth their Dance; which ended, a full Song follows, by all the Voices.*

SONG.

THE ſolemn Rites are well begun;
And, though but lighted by the Moon,
They ſhew as rich, as if the Sun
Had made this Night his Noon.
But may none wonder, that they are ſo bright,
The Moon now borrows from a greater light
Than, Princely *OBERON*,
Go on,
This is not every Night.

There OBERON, *and the Knights dance out the firſt Maſque Dance: which was follow'd with this Song.*

SONG.

NAY, nay,
You muſt not ſtay,
Nor be weary, yet;
This's no time to caſt away;
Or for *Faies* ſo to forget
The vertue of their Feet.
Knotty Legs, and Plants of Clay
Seek for Eaſe, or love Delay.
But with you it ſtill ſhould fare
As with the Air of which you are.

After which, they danced forth their ſecond Maſque-Dance, and were again excited by a Song.

SONG.

1 NOR yet, nor yet, O you in this Night bleſt,
Muſt you have Will, or Hope to reſt?
2 If you uſe the ſmalleſt ſtay,
You'll be overtain by day.
1 And theſe Beauties will ſuſpect
That their Forms you do neglect,
If you do not call them forth:
2 Or that you have no more worth
Than the coarſe, and country *Fairy*,
That doth haunt the Hearth, or Dairy.

Then follow'd the Meaſures, Coranto's, Galliards, &c. *till* Phoſphorus, *the Day-ſtar appear'd, and call'd them away; but firſt they were invited home, by one of the* Sylvanes, *with this Song.*

SONG.

GEntle Knights,
Know ſome meaſure of your Nights.
Tell the high-grac'd *OBERON*,
It is time, that we were gone.
Here be Forms, ſo bright, and airy,
And their motions ſo they vary
As they will enchant the *Fairy*,
If you longer, here, ſhould tarry.

PHOSPHORUS.

TO reſt, to reſt; The *Herald* of the day,
Bright *Phoſphorus* commands you hence; Obey.
The *Moon* is pale, and ſpent; and winged Night
Makes head-long haſte, to fly the Morning's ſight:
Who, now, is riſing from her bluſhing Wars,
And with her roſie hand, puts back the Stars.
Of which my ſelf, the laſt, her Harbinger,
But ſtay to warn you, that you not defer
Your parting longer. Then, do I give way,
As Night hath done, and ſo muſt you, to day.

After this, they dane'd their laſt Dance, into the Work. And with a full Song, ſtrait vaniſh'd, and the whole Machine clos'd.

SONG.

OYet, how early, and before her time
The envious *Morning* up doth clime,
Though ſhe not love her Bed!
What haſte the jealous *Sun* doth make,
His fiery Horſes up to take,
And once more ſhew his head!
Left, taken with the brightneſs of this Night,
The World ſhould wiſh it laſt, and never miſs his light.

LOVE
FREED FROM
Ignorance and Folly.
A
MASQUE
Of Her MAJESTIES.

So ſoon as the King's Majeſty was ſet, and in expectation, there was heard a ſtrange Muſick of wild Inſtruments. To which a Sphynx *came forth dancing, leading* Love *bound.*

SPHYNX leading *LOVE* bound.

By this *Sphynx* was underſtood *Ignorance*, who is always the Enemy of *Love* and *Beauty*, and lies ſtill in wait to entrap them. For which, *Antiquity* hath given her the upper parts, and Face of a Woman: the nether parts of a *Lion*, the wings of an Eagle, to ſhew her fierceneſs, and ſwiftneſs to evil, where ſhe hath power.

COme Sir *Tyranne* lordly *Love*,
You that awe the gods above,
As their Creatures, here below,
With the Scepter, call'd your Bow;
And do all their Forces bear
In the Quiver, that you wear,
Whence no ſooner you do draw
Forth a Shaft, but is a Law:
Now, they ſhall not need to tremble,
When you threaten, or diſſemble,
Any more; And, though you ſee
Whom to hurt, you ha'not free
Will, to act your Rage. The Bands
Of your Eyes, now tie your hands.
All the Triumphs, all the Spoils
Gotten by your Arts, and Toils,
Over Foe, and over Friend,
O're your Mother, here muſt end.
And you, now, that thought to lay
The World waſte, muſt be my Prey.

LOVE.

CRuel *Sphynx*, I rather ſtrive
How to keep the World alive,
And uphold it; without me,
All again would *Chaos* be.
Tell me *Monſter*, what ſhould move
Thy deſpight, thus, againſt *Love*?
Is there nothing fair, and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still, thou art thy ſelf, and made
All of practice, to invade
Cleareſt Boſoms. Hath this place
None will pity *Cupid*'s Caſe?
Some ſoft Eye, (while I can ſee
Who it is, that melts for me)
Weep a Fit. Are all Eyes here
Made of Marble? But a Tear,
Though a falſe one; It may make
Others true Compaſſion take.
I would tell you all the Story
If I thought you could be ſorry.
And, in truth, there's none have reaſon,
Like your ſelves, to hate the Treaſon.
For it practis'd was on Beauty,
Unto whom *Love* owes all Duty.
Let your Favour but affright
Sphynx here, I ſhall ſoon recite
Every paſſage, how it was.

SPHYNX.

DO, I'le laugh, or cry alas,
Thinks poor *Love*, can Ladies looks
Save him from the *Sphynx*'s hooks?

LOVE.

NO, but theſe can Witneſs bear
Of my *Candor*, when they hear
What thy malice is; or, how
I became thy Captive now:
And it is no ſmall Content,
Falling, to fall Innocent.
Know then, all you *Glories* here,
In the utmoſt Eaſt there were
Eleven Daughters of the Morn.
Ne're were brighter Bevies born,
Nor more perfect Beauties ſeen.
The eldeſt of them was the Queen
Of the Orient, and 'twas ſed,
That ſhe ſhould with *Phœbus* wed.
For which high-vouchſafed Grace,
He was lov'd of all their Race.

And

And they would, when he did riſe,
Do him early Sacrifice
Of the rich, and pureſt Gum,
That from any Plant could come;
And would look at him as far
As they could diſcern his Carr:
Grieving that they might not ever
See him; and when Night did ſever
Their Aſpects, they ſate and wept
Till he came, and never ſlept:
Inſomuch, that at the length
This their Fervor gat ſuch ſtrength,
As they would a Journey prove,
By the guard, and aid of *Love*.
Hither to the fartheſt Weſt:
Where they heard, as in the Eaſt,
He a Palace, no leſs bright,
Had, to Feaſt in every Night
With the Ocean, where he reſted
Safe, and in all ſtate inveſted.
I, that never left the ſide
Of the Fair, became their Guide.
But behold, no ſooner landing
On (*a*) this Iſle, but this commanding

(*a*) The meaning of this is, that theſe Ladies being the perfect iſſue of Beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by *Love* to celebrate the Majeſty and Wiſdom of the King, figur'd in the Sun, and ſeated in theſe extreme parts of the World; where they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their firſt approach, to the hazard of their Affection, it being her Nature to hinder all Noble Actions; but that the *Love* which brought them thither, was not willing to forſake them, no more than they were to abandon it; yet was it enough perplex'd, in that the Monſter Ignorance ſtill covets to enwrap it ſelf in dark and obſcure terms, and betray that way, whereas true *Love* affects to expreſs it ſelf, with all clearneſs and ſimplicity.

Monſter *Sphynx*, the Enemy
Of all Actions great, and high,
Knowing, that theſe Rites were done
To the wiſdom of the Sun,
From a Cliff ſurpriz'd them all.
And, though I did humbly fall
At her Lyons feet, and pray'd
As ſhe had the face of Maid,
That ſhe would Compaſſion take
Of theſe Ladies, for whoſe ſake
Love would give himſelf up; ſhe
Swift to evil, as you ſee
By her wings, and hooked hands,
Firſt did take my offer'd bands,
Then, to Priſon of the Night
Did condemn thoſe Siſters bright,
There, for ever to remain,
'Leſs they could the knot un-ſtrain
Of a Riddle, which ſhe put,
Darker, than where they're ſhut:
Or, from thence their freedoms prove
With the utter loſs of *Love*.
They unwilling to forego
One, who had deſerved ſo
Of all beauty, in their names,
Were content to have their flames
Hid in laſting Night, e're I
Should for them untimely dy.
I, on th'other ſide as glad
That I ſuch advantage had,
To aſſure them mine, engag'd
Willingly my ſelf, and wag'd
With the Monſter, that if I
Did her Riddle not unty,
I would freely give my Life
To redeem them, and the ſtrife.

SPHINX.

Ha' you ſaid, Sir? Will you try,
Now, your known dexterity?
You preſume, upon your Arts,
Of tying, and untying Hearts:
And it makes you confident;
But, anon, you will repent.

LOVE.

No, *Sphynx*, I do not preſume,
But ſome little heart aſſume
From my Judges here, that ſit
As they would not loſe *Love* yet.

SPHINX.

You are pleaſant, Sir, 'tis good.

LOVE.

Love do's often change his mood.

SPHINX.

I ſhall make you ſad agen.

LOVE.

I ſhall be the ſorrier, then.

SPHINX.

Come, Sir, lend it your beſt Ear.

LOVE.

I begin t'have half a Fear.

SPHINX.

Firſt, *Cupid*, you muſt caſt about
To find a World the World without,
Wherein what's done, the Eye doth do;
And is the light, and treaſure too.
This Eye ſtill moves, and ſtill is fixed,
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two Contraries; which time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to join, or how.
Yet, if you hit the right upon,
You muſt reſolve theſe, all, by one.

LOVE.

Sphynx, you are too quick of tongue:
Say't again, and take me along.

SPHINX.

I ſay, you firſt muſt caſt about
To find a World, the World without.

LOVE.

I ſay, that is already done,
And is the new World i'th'Moon.

SPHINX.

Cupid, you do caſt too far;
This World is nearer by a Star.
So much light I'le give you to't.

LOVE.

Without a Glaſs? Well, I ſhall do't.
Your World's a Lady, then; each creature
Humane, is a World in feature,
Is it not?

SPHINX.

SPHINX.

Yes, but find out
A World you muſt, the World without.

LOVE.

Why, if her Servant be not here,
She doth a ſingle World appear
Without her World.

SPHINX.

Well, you ſhall run.

LOVE.

Nay, *Sphynx*, thus far is well begun.

SPHINX.

Wherein what's done, the Eye doth do,
And is the light, and treaſure too.

LOVE.

That's clear as light; for wherein lies
A Lady's power but in her Eyes?
And not alone her grace, and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth, and dower.

SPHINX.

I ſpake but of an Eye, not Eyes.

LOVE.

A one-ey'd Miſtreſs that unties.

SPHINX.

This Eye ſtill moves, and ſtill is fixed.

LOVE.

A rolling Eye, that Native there,
Yet throws her glances everywhere;
And, being but ſingle, fain would do
The Offices, and Arts of two.

SPHINX.

And in the Powers thereof are mixed
Two Contraries.

LOVE.

That's Smiles, and Tears,
Or Fire, and Froſt; For either bears
Reſemblance apt.

SPHINX.

Which time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to join, or how.
How now *Cupid*? at a ſtay?
Not another word, to ſay?
Do you find by this, how long
You have been at a fault, and wrong?

LOVE.

Sphynx, it is your Pride, to vex
Whom you deal with, and perplex
Things moſt eaſie: Ignorance
Thinks ſhe doth her ſelf advance,
If of Problems clear, ſhe make
Riddles, and the Senſe forſake,
Which came gentle from the Muſes,
Till her utt'ring, it abuſes.

SPHINX.

Nay, your railing will not ſave you
Cupid, I of right muſt have you.
Come my fruitful Iſſue forth,
Dance, and ſhew a gladneſs, worth
Such a Captive, as is *Love*,
And your Mother's triumph prove.

The Follies dance, which were twelve She-Fools.

SPHINX.

NOW, (*a*) go take him up, and bear him
To the Cliff, where I will tear him
Piece-meal, and give each a part
Of his raw, and bleeding heart.

(*a*) This ſhews, that *Love's* Expoſitions are not always ſerious, till it be divinely inſtructed; and that ſometimes it may be in the danger of Ignorance and Folly, who are the Mother and Iſſue: For no Folly but is born of Ignorance.

LOVE.

Ladies, have your looks no power
To help Love at ſuch an hour?
Will you loſe him thus? adieu,
Think, what will become of you,
Who ſhall praiſe you, who admire,
Who ſhall whiſper, by the Fire
As you ſtand, ſoft tales; who bring you
Pretty News, in Rimes who ſing you,
Who ſhall bathe him in the ſtreams
Of your blood, and ſend you dreams
Of delight.

SPHINX.

Away, go bear him
Hence, they ſhall no longer hear him.

The Muſes *Prieſts, their Number twelve, their Song to a Meaſure.*

GEntle (*b*) *Love*, be not diſmay'd.
See, the *Muſes* pure, and holy,
By their Prieſts have ſent thy Aid
Againſt this brood of Folly.
It is true, that *Sphynx* their Dame
Had the Senſe firſt from the *Muſes*,
Which in utt'ring ſhe doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuſes.
But they bid, that thou ſhould'ſt look
In the brighteſt Face here ſhining,
And the ſame, as would a Book,
Shall help thee in divining.

(*b*) Here is underſtood the power of Wiſdom in the *Muſes* Miniſters; by which name all that have the Spirit of Propheſie, are ſtil'd, and ſuch they are that need to encounter Ignorance, and Folly: and are ever ready to aſſiſt *Love* in any Action of Honour, and Virtue, and inſpire him with their own Soul.

LOVE.

'Tis done, 'tis done. I have found it out,
Britain's the World, the World without.
The King's the Eye, as we do call
The Sun the Eye of this great All.
And is the Light and Treaſure too;
For 'tis his Wiſdom all doth do.

Which

Which ſtill is fixed in his breſt,
Yet ſtill doth move to guide the reſt.
The Contraries which Time till now
Nor Fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majeſty, and *Love*; which there,
And no where elſe, have their true Sphere.
Now *Sphynx*, I've hit the right upon,
And do reſolve theſe All by one:
That is, that you meant *Albion*.

PRIESTS.

'Tis true in him, and in no other,
Love, thou art clear abſolved.
Vaniſh Follies, with your Mother,
The Riddle is reſolved.
Sphynx muſt fly, when *Phœbus* ſhines,
And to aid of *Love* enclines.

LOVE.

Appear then you my brighter charge,
And to light your ſelves enlarge,
To behold that glorious Star,
For whoſe Love you came ſo far,
While the Monſter, with her Elves,
Do precipitate themſelves.

GRACES.

Their Song crowning Cupid.

A Crown, a Crown for *Loves* bright head,
Without whoſe happy Wit
All Form, and Beauty had been dead,
And we had dy'd with it.
For what are all the Graces
Without good Forms, and Faces?
Then *Love* receive the due Reward
Thoſe *Graces* have prepar'd.
Cho. { And may no Hand, no Tongue, no Eye
Thy Merit, or their Thanks envy.

A Dialogue between the Chorus *and the* Graces.

WHat gentle Forms are theſe that move
To honour *Love*?
They are the bright and golden Lights
That grace his Nights.
And ſhot from *Beauties* Eyes,
They look like fair *Aurora*'s ſtreams,
They are her fairer Daughters beams,
Who now doth riſe.
Then Night is loſt, or fled away;
For where ſuch *Beauty* ſhines, is ever day.

The Maſque Dance followed.

That done, one of the Prieſts *along ſung.*

Prie. { O What a Fault nay, what a Sin
In *Fate*, or *Fortune* had it been,
So much Beauty to have loſt!
Could the World with all her coſt
Have redeem'd it? *Cho.* { No, no, no.

Prie. { How ſo?

Cho. { It would *Nature* quite undo,
For loſing theſe, you loſt her too.

The Meaſures and Revels follow.

Then another of the Prieſts *alone.*

HOW near to good is what is fair!
Which we no ſooner ſee,
But with the Lives, and outward Air
Our Senſes taken be.
We wiſh to ſee it ſtill, and prove,
What ways we may deſerve;
We court, we praiſe, we more than love:
We are not griev'd to ſerve.

The laſt Maſque-Dance.

And after it, this full Song.

WHat juſt Excuſe had aged *Time*,
His weary limbs now to have eas'd,
And ſate him down without his Crime,
While every thought was ſo much pleas'd!
But he ſo greedy to devour
His own, and all that he brings forth,
Is eating every piece of hour
Some Object of the rareſt worth.
Yet this is reſcued from his Rage,
As not to die by Time, or Age.
For Beauty hath a living Name,
And will to Heaven, from whence it came.

The going out.

NOW, now, Gentle *Love* is free, and *Beauty* [bleſt
With the ſight it ſo much long'd to ſee,
Let us the *Muſes Prieſts*, and *Graces* go to reſt,
For in them our labours happy be. [feet,
Then, then, angry *Muſick* ſound, and teach our
How to move in time, and meaſure meet:
Thus ſhould the *Muſes Prieſts*, and *Graces* go to
Bowing to the Sun, throned in the Weſt. [reſt

LOVE RESTORED,

IN A

Maſque at Court,

By Gentlemen the Kings Servants.

MASQUERADO.

I Would, I could make 'hem a ſhew my ſelf. In troth Ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to night, and I am afraid you can do little elſe but expect it. Though I dare not ſhew my face, I can ſpeak truth, under a vizard. Good faith, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, your Maſquers are all at a ſtand; I cannot think your Majeſty will ſee any Show to night, at leaſt worth your patience. Some two hours ſince, we were in that forwardneſs, our dances learn'd, our maſquing attire on and attired. A pretty fine ſpeech was taken up o'the Poet too, which if he never be paid for, now, its no matter; His wit coſts him nothing. Unleſs we ſhould come in like a Morrice-dance, and whiſtle our ballat our ſelves, I know not what we ſhould do: we ha' neither Muſician to play our tunes, but the wild Muſick here, and the rogue Play boy that acts *Cupid*, is got ſo hoarſe, your Majeſty cannot hear him, half the breadth o' your chair. See, they ha' thruſt him out, at adventure. We humbly beſeech your Majeſty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpoſe it ſhould have been better, howſoever we are loſt in it.

Plut. What makes this light, fether'd vanity, here? Away, impertinent folly. Infect not this aſſembly.

Maſq. How boy!

Plut. Thou common corruption of all manners, and places that admit thee.

Maſq. Ha' you recovered your voice, to rail at me?

Plut. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither Player, nor Maſquer; but the God himſelf, whoſe deity is here profaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think your ſelves authoriz'd in this place, to all licence of ſurquedry. But you ſhall find cuſtome hath not ſo grafted you here, but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee, I will have no more Maſquing; I will not buy a falſe, and fleeting delight ſo dear: The merry madneſs of one hour ſhall not coſt me the repentance of an age.

Robin Goodfellow. How! no Maſque, no Maſque? I pray you ſay, are you ſure on't? no Maſque indeed? What do I here then? Can you tell?

Maſq. No, Faith.

Rob. Slight, I'll be gone again, and there be no Maſque; There's a jeſt. Pray you reſolve me. Is there any? or no? A Maſque?

Plut. Who are you?

Rob. Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Do's any body know themſelves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a Maſque, or no.

Plut. There is none, nor ſhall be, ſir; does that ſatisfie you?

Rob. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of *Englands Joy*, this. Are theſe your Court-ſports! would I had kept me to my gamboles o'the country ſtill, ſelling of fiſh, ſhort ſervice, ſhooing the wild Mare, or roſting of *Robin* Redbreſt. Theſe were better, than after all this time no Maſque: you look at me. I have recovered my ſelf, now, for you, I am the honeſt plain country Spirit, and harmleſs: *Robin* Good-fellow, he that ſweeps the harth, and the houſe clean, riddles for the Country Maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles: one, that has diſcours'd with your Court ſpirits, e're now; but was fain to night to run a thouſand hazards to arrive at this place; never poor Goblin was ſo put to his ſhifts, to get in, to ſee nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have paſt, deſerv'd the beſt Maſque; the whole ſhop of the *Revels*. I would you would admit ſome of my feats, but I ha' little hope o'that i'faith, you let me in ſo hardly.

Plut. Sir, here's no place for them, nor you. Your rude good-fellowſhip muſt ſeek ſome other Sphear for your admitte.

Rob. Nay, ſo your ſtiff-necked Porter told me, at the gate, but not in ſo good words. His ſtaff ſpoke ſomewhat to that boiſtrous ſenſe: I am ſure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me, e'ne climb over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, ſo to the tarras, where when I came, I found the okes of the guard more unmov'd, and one of 'hem, upon whoſe arm I hung, ſhov'd me off o'the ladder, and dropt me down like an Acorn. 'Twas well there was not a Sow in the verge, I had been eaten up elſe. Then I heard ſome talk o' the Carpenters way, and I attempted that, but there the woodden rogues let a huge trap-door fall o' my head. If I had not been a ſpirit, I had been mazarded. Though I confeſs I am none of thoſe ſubtil ones, that can creep thorough at a key-hole, or the crackt pane of a window. I muſt come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would not imitate ſo Catholick a Cockeſcomb as *Coryat*. Therefore I took another courſe. I watch'd what kind of Perſons the door moſt open'd to, and one of their ſhapes I would belie to get in with. Firſt, I came with authority, and ſaid, I was an engineer, and belong'd to the motions. They ask'd me if I were the fighting Bear of laſt year, and laught me out of that, and ſaid, the motions were ceas'd. Then I took another figure, of an old tire-woman; but tir'd under that too, for none of the *Maſquers* would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a Muſician, marry, I could not ſhew mine Inſtrument, and that bred a diſcord. Now, there was nothing left for me that I could preſently think on, but a Feather-maker of *Black-fryers*, and in that ſhape I told 'hem, ſurely, I muſt come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me, as of my feather; and wonder'd how I could be a *Puritane*, being of ſo vain a vocation. I anſwer'd, We are all *Maſquers* ſometimes: with which they knock'd *Hypocriſie* o' the pate, and made

room

room for a bombard man, that brought bouge for a Country Lady or two, that fainted, he ſaid, with faſting, for the fine ſight ſince ſeven a Clock i' the morning. O how it griev'd me, that I was prevented o' that ſhape, and had not toucht on it in time: It lik'd me ſo well. But I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry before I could procure my properties, alarum came, that ſome of the Whimlen's had too much; and one ſhew'd how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he ſtood under the grices; and another came out complaining of a cataract, ſhot into his eyes, by a planet, as he was ſtar-gazing. There was that device defeated. By this time I ſaw a fine Citizens Wife, or two, let in; and that figure provok'd me exceedingly to take it; which I had no ſooner done, but one o' the *Black-guard* had his hand in my veſtry, and was groping of me as nimbly as the *Chriſtmas* cut-purſe. He thought he might be bold with me, becauſe I had not a Husband in ſight to ſqueak to. I was glad to forgo my form, to be rid of his hot ſteeming affection, it ſo ſmelt o' the boyling houſe. Forty other devices I had, of *Wyremen*, and the *Chandrie*, and I know not what elſe: but all ſucceeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done ſo privately, as it durſt be taken, for the danger of an example. At laſt, a troop of ſtrangers came to the door; with whom I made my ſelf ſure to enter: but before I could mix, they were all let in, and I left alone, without, for want of an Interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to my ſelf a *Coloſſus*, the company told me, I had *Engliſh* enough to carry me to bed; with which, all the other ſtatues of fleſh laugh'd. Never, till then, did I know the want of an hook, and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four o' thoſe goodly wide mouths with. In this deſpair, when all invention, and tranſlation too, fail'd me, I e'ne went back, and ſtuck to this ſhape you ſee me in, of mine own, with my broom, and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out, I was a part o' the device: At which, though they had little to do with wit; yet, becauſe ſome on't might be uſed here to night, contrary to their knowledg, they thought it fit, way ſhould be made for me; and, as it falls out, to ſmall purpoſe.

Plut. Juſt as much as you are fit for. Away idle ſpirit; and thou the idle cauſe of his adventring hither, vaniſh with him. 'Tis thou, that art not only the ſower of vanities, in theſe high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality, nor riots no more; they are the ruine of ſtates. Nor ſhall the tyranny of theſe nights, hereafter impoſe a neceſſity upon me, of entertaining thee. Let 'hem embrace more frugal paſtimes. Why ſhould not the thrifty and right worſhipful game of *Poſt* and *Pair* content 'hem? Or the witty invention of *Noddie*, for *counters*? or *God make them rich*, at the *Tables*? but Masking, and Revelling? Were not theſe Ladies, and their Gentlewomen more houſewifely employed, a dozen of 'hem to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to ſave charges i' their chambers, at home, and their old night-gowns, at *Drawgloves*, *Riddles*, *Dreams*, and other pretty *Purpoſes*, rather than to wake here, in their flaunting wires, and tires, lac'd gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken-up braveries. Away, I will no more of theſe ſuperfluous exceſſes. They are theſe make me hear ſo ill, both in town and country, as I do; which, if they continue, I ſhall be the firſt ſhall leave 'hem.

Maſq. Either I am very ſtupid, or this a reformed *Cupid*.

Rob. How? do's any take this for *Cupid*? the *Love in Court*.

Maſq. Yes, is't not he?

Rob. Nay then, we ſpirits (I ſee) are ſubtler yet, and ſomewhat better diſcoverers. No; it is not he, nor his Brother *Anti-Cupid*, the *Love of Vertue*, though he pretend to it with his phraſe and face: 'Tis that Impoſtor *Plutus*, the God of *money*, who has ſtoln *Love's* enſigns; and in his belied figure, raigns; the world making friendſhips, contracts, marriages, and almoſt religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the neareſt reſpects of mankind; and uſurping all thoſe offices in this Age of gold, which *Love* himſelf perform'd in the golden Age. 'Tis he, that pretends to tye Kingdoms, maintain commerce, diſpoſe of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him: even to the very Country, where *Love's* name cannot be ras'd out, he has yet gain'd there upon him, by a proverb, inſinuating his preeminence, *Not for love, or money*. There *Love* lives confin'd, by his tyranny, to a cold Region, wrapt up in furres like a *Muſcovite*, and almoſt frozen to death: while he, in his inforced ſhape, and with his raviſh'd Arms, walks as if he were to ſet bounds, and give laws to deſtiny. 'Tis you, mortals, that are fools; and worthy to be ſuch, that worſhip him: for if you had wiſdom, he had no God-head. He ſhould ſtink in the grave with thoſe wretches, whoſe Slave he was. Contemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you ſhall find *Love*, and by the vertue of this Majeſty, who projecteth ſo powerful beams of light and heat through this Hemiſphere, thaw his icie fetters, and ſcatter the darkneſs that obſcures him. Then, in deſpight of this inſolent and barbarous *Mammon*, your ſports may proceed, and the ſolemnities of the night be compleat, without depending on ſo earthy an idol.

Plut. I, do; attempt it: 'Tis like to find moſt neceſſary and fortunate event, whatſoever is enterpris'd without my aides. Alas! how bitterly the ſpirit of *Poverty* ſpouts it ſelf againſt my weal, and felicity! but I feel it not. I cheriſh and make much of my ſelf, flow forth in eaſe, and delicacy, while that murmures, and ſtarves.

Enter Cupid, *in his Chariot, guarded with the* Maſquers.

SONG.

O, How came *Love*, that is himſelf a fire, to be ſo cold!
Yes, tyran Money quencheth all deſire, or makes it old.
But here are beauties will revive
Loves youth, and keep his heat alive:
As often as his Torch here dies,
He need but light it at freſh eyes.
Joy, joy, the more: for in all Courts,
If *Love* be cold, ſo are his ſports.

CUPID.

I have my ſpirits again, and feel my lims.
Away with this cold cloud, that dims
My light. Lie there my furres, and charms,
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,
And guards him naked, in theſe places,
As at his birth, or 'mongſt the Graces.
Impoſtor *Mammon*, come, reſign
This bow and quiver; they are mine.
Thou haſt too long uſurp'd my rites,
I now am Lord of mine own nights.
Be gone, whilſt yet I give thee leave.
When, thus, the world thou wilt deceive,
Thou canſt in youth and beauty ſhine,
Belie a God-heads form divine,
Scatter thy gifts, and flie to thoſe,
Where thine own humor may diſpoſe:
But when to good men thou art ſent,
By *Joves* direct commandment,
Thou then, art aged, lame, and blind,
And canſt nor path nor perſons find.
Go, honeſt ſpirit, chaſe him hence,
T' his caves; and there let him diſpence
For *murders*, *treaſons*, *rapes*, his bribes
Unto the diſcontented tribes;
Where, let his heaps grow daily leſs,
And he, and they, ſtill want ſucceſs.

The Majeſty, that here doth move,
Shall triumph, more ſecur'd by Love,
Than all his earth; and never crave
His aids, but force him as a ſlave.
To thoſe bright beams I owe my life,
And I will pay it, in the ſtrife
Of duty back. See, here are ten,
The ſpirits of Court, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flam'd intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly preſence grace.
Nor will they rudely ſtrive for place,
One to precede the other; but
As *muſick* them in form ſhall put,
So will they keep their meaſures true,
And make ſtill their proportions new,
Till all become, one *harmonie*,
Of *honour*, and of *courteſie*,
True *valour*, and *urbanity*,
Of *confidence*, *alacrity*,
Of *promptneſs*, and of *induſtry*,
Hability, *Reality*.
Nor thoſe graces ever quit your Court:
Or I be wanting to ſupply their ſport.

DANCES.

SONG.

THis motion was of love begot,
It was ſo airy, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he ſhot,
Or elſe himſelf into their blood.
But ask not how. The end will prove,
That love's in them, or they're in love.

SONG.

HAve men beheld the Graces dance,
Or ſeen the upper Orbes to move?
So theſe did turn, return, advance,
Drawn back by doubt, put on by love.
And now, like earth, themſelves they fix,
Till greater powers vouchſafe to mix
Their motions with them. Do not fear
You brighter Planets of this Sphear:
Not one male-heart you ſee,
But rather to his female eyes
Would dye a deſtin'd ſacrifice,
Than live at home, and free.

SONG.

GIve end unto thy paſtimes, Love,
Before thy labors prove:
A little reſt between,
Will make thy next Shows better ſeen.
Now let them cloſe their eyes, and ſee
If they can dream of thee,
Since morning haſtes to come in view,
And all the morning dreams are true.

A Challenge at TILT,

At a MARRIAGE.

Two CUPIDS *ſtriving the day after the Marriage.*

1. IT is my right, and I will have it.

2. By what law or neceſſity? pray you come back.

1. I ſerve the man and the nobler creature.

2. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier: becauſe you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, Sir: No, I appeal to you Ladies.

1. You are too rude, boy, in this preſence.

2. That cannot put modeſty in me, to make me come behind you though; I will ſtand for mine inches with you, as *peremptory as an Ambaſſador*; Ladies, your Soveraignties are concern'd in me, I am the Wives page.

1. And I the Husbands.

2. How!

1. Ha!

2. One of us muſt break the wonder; and therefore I that have beſt cauſe to be aſſur'd of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magick thou wear'ſt my enſigns? or haſt put on my perſon?

1. Beware, young Ladies, of this Impoſtor: and Mothers, look to your Daughters and Neeces: A falſe *Cupid* is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to do theſe glad ſolemnities their proper rites, have been contented (not to put off, but) to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a ſervant to attend him who was yeſterday the happy *Bridegroom*, in the complement of his Nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2. He tells my tale; he tells my tale; and pretends to my Act. It was I that did this for the *Bride*: I am the true Love, and both this figure, and thoſe arms, are uſurp'd by moſt unlawful power: Can you not perceive it? Do I not look liker a *Cupid* than he? am I not more a child? Ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your boſom? is the reſemblance of Love baniſh'd your breaſts? Sure, they are theſe garments that eſtrange me to you! If I were naked, you would know me better: No relique of Love left, in an old boſome here? what ſhould I do?

1. My little ſhadow is turn'd furious.

2. What can I turn other, than a *Fury* it ſelf, to ſee thy impudence? If I be a ſhadow, what is ſubſtance? was it not I that yeſter night waited on the *Bride*, into the nuptial chamber, and againſt the *Bridegroom* came, made her the throne of Love? Had I not lighted my Torches in her eyes? planted my mothers roſes in her cheeks? were not her eye brows bent to the faſhion of my bow? and her looks ready to be loos'd thence, like my ſhafts? Had I not rip'ned kiſſes on her lips, fit for a *Mercury* to gather? and made her language ſweeter than his, upon her tongue? was not the girdle about her, he was to untye, my mothers? wherein all the joys and delights of Love were woven.

1. And did not I bring on the bluſhing *Bridegroom*, to taſte thoſe joys? and made him think all ſtay a torment? did I not ſhoot my ſelf, into him, like a flame? and made his deſires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power,

power, to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wiſh'd for? was there a curle in his hair, that I did not ſport in? or a ring of it criſp'd, that might not have become *Juno*'s fingers? His very undreſſing was it not loves arming? did not all his kiſſes charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings? and flue in ſinging at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2. Hers, hers did ſo into his: and all his vertue was borrowed from my powers in her; as thy form is from me. But, that this royal and honour'd aſſembly be no longer troubled with our contention: behold, I challenge thee of falſhood; and will bring upon the firſt day of the new year, into the liſts, before this Palace, ten Knights arm'd, who ſhall undertake againſt all aſſertion, that I am the child of *Mars* and *Venus*: and, in the honor of that Lady (whom it is my ambition to ſerve) that, that love is the moſt true and perfect, that ſtill waiteth on the woman, and is the ſervant of that ſex.

1. But, what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2. My Bow and Quiver, or what elſe I can make.

1. I take only them; and in exchange give mine, to anſwer, and puniſh this thy raſhneſs, at thy time aſſigned, by a juſt number of Knights, who, by their vertue, ſhall maintain me, to be the right *Cupid*; and the true iſſue of valour and beauty: and that no love can come near either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2. It is agreed.

1. In the mean time, Ladies, ſuſpend your cenſures, which is the right: and to entertain your thoughts, till the day, may the Court hourly preſent you, with delicate and freſh objects, to beget on you, pretty and pleaſing fancies: may you feed on pure meats, eaſie of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer.

So they departed.

On New-years day, he that before is numbred the ſecond Cupid, *came now the firſt, with his ten Knights, attir'd in the Brides colours, and lighting from his Chariot, ſpake.*

NOW Ladies, to glad your aſpects once again, with the ſight of Love, and make a *Spring* ſmile i' your faces, which muſt have look'd like *Winter* without me; behold me, not like a ſervant now, but a *Champion*, and in my true figure, as I uſe to reign and revel in your faces, tickling your ſoft ears with my feathers, and laying little ſtraws about your hearts, to kindle bone-fires, ſhall flame out at your eyes; playing in your bloods, like fiſhes in a ſtream, or diving like the *boyes* i' the *Bath*, and then riſing on end, like a *Monarch*, and treading humour like water, bending thoſe ſtiff pickardils of yours, under this yoke my bow, or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales, with my bowſtring, and made 'hem run up into your waſtes (they have lain ſo flat) for fear of my indignation: What! is *Cupid* of no name with you? have I loſt all reputation (or what is leſs, opinion) by once putting off my deity? Becauſe I was a Page at this ſolemnity, and would modeſtly ſerve one, for the honour of you all: am I therefore diſhonour'd by all? and loſt in my value ſo, that every Juggler, that can purchaſe him a pair of wings, and a quiver, is committed with me in balance? and contends with me for ſovereignty? Well, I will chaſtiſe you, Ladies, believe it, you ſhall feel my diſpleaſure for this; and I will be mighty in it: Think not to have thoſe acceſſes to me you were wont; you ſhall wait four of thoſe Galleries off, and ſix Chambers for me; ten doors lock'd between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you ſhall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, I will not regard you; I will paſs by like a man of buſineſs, and not ſee you, and I will have no Maſter of Requeſts for you. There ſhall not the greateſt pretender, to a ſtate-face, living, put on a more ſupercilious look than I will do upon you. Truſt me: Ha! what's this?

The other Cupid *enters with his company.*

O Are you here, Sir? you have got the ſtart of me now, by being *Challenger*, and ſo the precedency, you think? I ſee you are reſolv'd to try your title by Arms then? you will ſtand to be the right *Cupid* ſtill? how now! what ails you? that you anſwer not? Are you turn'd a Statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceiv'd you?

1. Art thou ſtill ſo impudent, to belye my figure? that in what ſhape ſoever, I preſent my ſelf, thou wilt ſeem to be the ſame? Not ſo much as my Chariot, but reſembled by thee? and both the Doves and Swans, I have borrowed of my Mother, to draw it? the very number of my Champions emulated? and almoſt their habits? what inſolence is this?

2. Good little one, quarrel not, you have now put your ſelf upon others valour, not your own, and you muſt know you can bring no perſon hither to ſtrengthen your ſide, but we can produce an equal. Be it *Perſwaſion*, you have got there, the peculiar *Enchantreſs* of your *Sex*; behold, we have *Mercury* here to charm againſt her, who gives all lovers their true and maſculine eloquence; or are they the *Graces*, you preſume on (your known Clients) *Spring*, *Beauty*, *and Cheerfulneſs*? Here are *Youth*, *Audacity*, and *Favour*, to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for love: Child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honor or diſcretion kept ſafe, to continue on a ſtrife, wherein, you are already vanquiſhed; yield, be penitent, early, and confeſs it.

1. I will break my Bow and Quiver into duſt firſt (reſtore me mine own Arms) or be torn in pieces with *Harpyes*, marry one of the *Furies*, turn into *Chaos* again, and diſſolve the harmony of Nature.

2. O, moſt ſtiffly ſpoken! and fit for the ſex you ſtand for! well, give the ſign then: let the Trumpets ſound, and upon the valour and fortune of your Champions put the right of your cauſe.

1. 'Tis done.

The TILTING.

After the ſecond CUPID.

NOW Sir, you have got mightily by this Contenon, and advanc'd your Cauſe, to a moſt high degree of eſtimation with theſe *Spectators*? Ha' you not?

1. Why, what have you done, or won?

2. It is enough for me (who was call'd out of this tryal) that I have not loſt, or that my ſide is not vanquiſh'd.

Enters Hymen *to them.*

HYMEN.

COme, you muſt yield both: this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of Tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances; and crack kiſſes inſtead of ſtaves: which, there is no beauty here, I preſume, ſo young, but can fancy, nor ſo tender, but would venter: Here is the palm, for which you muſt ſtrive: which of you wins this bough, is the right and beſt *Cupid*; and whilſt you are ſtriving, let *Hymen*, the *Preſident* of theſe ſolemnities, tell you ſomething of your own ſtory, and what yet you know not of your ſelves: you are both true *Cupids*, and both the ſons of *Venus* by *Mars*, but this the firſt born, and was called *Eros*: who upon his birth prov'd a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his Mother; but after his growth not anſwering his form, not only *Venus*, but the *Graces*, who nurs'd him, became extremely ſolicitous for him: and were impell'd out of their grief and care, to conſult the *Oracle* about him: *Themis* (for *Apollo* was not yet of years) gave anſwer there wanted nothing to this perfection, but that they had not enough conſider'd, or look'd into the nature of the Infant, which indeed was deſirous of a Companion only; for though Love, and the true, might be born of *Venus* ſingle and alone, yet he could not thrive and encreaſe alone. Therefore if ſhe affected his growth, *Venus* muſt bring forth a Brother to him, and name him *Anteros*: that with reciprocal affection, might pay the exchange of Love. This made, that thou wert born her ſecond birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking upon other, thrive, and by your mutual reſpects and interchange of ardor, flouriſh and proſper; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worſe with both. This is the Love, that *Hymen* requires, without which no Marriage is happy: when the contention is not, who is the true Love, but (being both true) who loves moſt; cleaving the Bough between you, and dividing the Palm; This is a ſtrife, wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds emulation, when the Lover transforms himſelf into the perſon of his beloved, as you two do now; By whoſe example, let your Knights (all honorable friends and ſervants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the liſts equal in their friendſhips for ever, as to day they have been in their fortunes. And may this Royal Court never know more difference in humours; or theſe well-grac'd Nuptials more diſcord in affections, than what they preſently feel, and may ever avoid.

1. 2.

To this Love *ſays* Amen.

THE

The IRISH MASQUE AT COURT,

By Gentlemen the King's Servants.

THE King being ſet in expectation, out ran a fellow attir'd like a Citizen: after him, three or four footmen.

Denniſſe, Donnell, Dermock, Patrick.

FOR chreeſhes ſayk, phair iſh te King? Phich iſh he an't be? ſhow me te ſhweet faiſh, quickly. By got, o' my conſhence, tiſh iſh he! Ant tou be King *Yamiſh*, me name is *Dennish*, I ſherve ti Mayeſties owne caſhtermonger, be me trote; and cry peep'ſh, and pomwater'ſh i'th Mayeſties ſhervice, tis five year now. Ant, tou vilt not truſh me now, cal up ti clarke o' ti kitchin, be ant be, ſhall give hiſh wort, upon hiſh book, iſh true.

Don. Iſhit te faſhion, to beate te Imbaſheters, here? and knocke 'hem o'te heads, phit te phoit ſtick?

Der. Ant make ter meſhage run out at ter mothſh, before teyſhpeake vit te King.

Den. Peaſh *Dermock*, here iſh te King.

Der. Phair iſh te King?

Don. Phich iſh te King?

Den. Tat iſh te King.

Der. Iſh tat te King? Got bleſh him.

Den. Peaſh, and take heet, vat tou ſhayſht, man.

Der. Creeſh bleſh him I ſhay. Phat reaſon I tayk heet, for tat?

Don. Creſh bleſh ti ſhweet faiſh, King *Yamiſh*; and my miſtreſh faiſh too: Pre te, heare me now. I am come a great vay of miles to ſhe te now, by my fayt and trote, and graiſh o' got.

Den. Phat iſh ti meaning o'tiſh, *Donnell*? Didſh tou not ſhay a gotſh name, I ſhould tell ty tayle for tee? ant entrayt me come to te Court, and leave my vare at ſhixe, and ſeven? By got, iſh true now.

Don. Yeſh. But I thanke got I can tell my tayle my ſhelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: Pre dee hear me King *Yamiſh*.

Den. Pree dee heare me King *Yamiſh*. I can tell tee better ten he.

Pat. Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: Here'ſh *Dermock* vill ſhpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

Der. No fayt ſhweet hart tow lyeſht. *Patrick* here iſh te veſht man of hiſh tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

Pat. By chreeſh ſhave me tow lyesht. I have te vorſht tongue in te company at thy ſherviſh. Vill ſhome body ſhpeake?

Den. By my fayt I vill not.

Der. By my goſhips hand I vill not.

Pat. Speake *Deniſh* ten.

Den. If I ſpeake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit ſhamrokes and butter, and vaiter creſhes in ſtead of pearſh and peepſh.

Pat. If no body vill ſhpeake, I vill ſhpeake. Pleaſh ty ſhweet faiſh we come from Ireland.

Der. We be Iriſh men and 't pleaſh tee.

Don. Ty good ſhubſhects of Ireland, and pleaſh ty Mayeſty.

Den. Of Connough, Leymſter, Ulſter, Munſter. I mine one ſhelfe vaſh born in the Engliſh payle and pleaſh ty Mayeſty.

Pat. Sacrament o' chreeſh, tell ty tale, ty ſhelfe, and be all tree.

Den. And pleaſh ty graiſh I vill tell tee, Tere vaſh a great neweſh in Ireland of a great Brideall of one o' ty Lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne tey ſhay.

Don. Mary ty man Toumaiſh, hiſh daughter, tey ſhay.

Der. I, ty good man, Toumaiſh, o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke uſh o'te payt here aſh we come by, by a good token.

Der. I fayt tere iſh very muſh phoyt ſtick here ſtirring to night. He takes uſh for no Shquires I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinkſh not ve be Imbaſheters.

Don. No fayt I tinke ſho too. But tiſh Marriage bring over a doſhen of our beſht Mayshters, to be merry perht tee ſhweet faish, andt be; and daunſh a fading at te vedding.

Den. But tey vere Iceke to daunſh naked, and pleaſh ty Mayeſty; for te villanous vild Iriſh ſheas have caſht away all ter fine cloyſh, as many aſh coſht a towſand cowes, and garraves I warrant tee.

Der. And te priſhe of a Caſhtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty Mayeſty, tey have ner a great fish now, nor a ſheamoynſhter to ſhave teyr cloyſh alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoiſh vit a clowd to feſh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey muſht eene come and daunch i' teyr mantels now; and ſhow tee how tey can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip adunboyne I trow.

Don. I pre dee now, let not ty ſweet fayſht Ladies make a mock on 'hem and ſcorn to daunſht vit 'hem now, becaſh tey be poor.

Pat. Tey

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.
Don. It ish better ten uſquebagh to daunsh vit *Patrick.*
Pat. By my faters hand tey vill daunsh very vell.
Der. I by S. *Patrick* vill tey; for tey be nimble men.
Den. And vill leap ash light, be creesh ſave me, ash he tat veares te biggeſt fether in ty Court, King *Yamiſh.*
Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preſherve 'hem.
Don. Nor all te four cornersh o'te World, to creep out on.
Pat. But tine own Kingdomes.
Don. Tey be honesht men.
Pat. And goot men: tine own ſhubshects.
Der. Tou hasht very good ſhubshects in Ireland.
Den. A great goot many, o' great goot ſhubshects.
Don. Tat love ty Mayeſty heartily.
Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog, and te Bannoke, be te graish o' Got, and graish o' King.
Der. By got, tey vill fight for tee, King *Yamiſh*, and for my miſtrish tere.
Den. And my little maishter.
Pat. And te ufrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.
Don. Tey vill ſpend ter heart, in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs, in ter heelsh.
Der. By creesh, tey vill ſhpend all teyr cowesh for tee.
Den. Pre tee make mush on 'tem.
Pat. Pre tee, ſweet faysh do.
Don. Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh, and knavesh.
Pat. Nor beleeve, no tayles, King *Yamiſh.*
Der. For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.
Don. Pre tee, bid 'em velcome, and got make 'em rish for tee.
Der. Tey vill make tem shelves honesht.
Den. Tou hasht not a hundret touſand ſush men by my trote.
Pat. No, nor forty, by my hant.
Don. By juſtish Delounes hant, not twenty.
Der. By my Lord Deputish hant not ten, in all ti great Brittayne. Shall I call hem to tee?
Don. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.
Pat. Shtay te peepe i'sh come! harke, harke.
Der. Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh *Denniſe.*
Den. By creesh ſa'me I ha' forgot.
Don. A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

Here the Foot-men had a dance, being ſix men, and ſix boys, to the bagpipe, and other rude muſick, after which they had a ſong, and then they cried,

Peash. Peash. Now room for our mayshters. Room for our mayshters.

Then the Gentlemen dance forth a dance in their Iriſh mantles, to a ſolemn Muſick of Harpes: which done, the foot-men fell to ſpeak again, till they were interrupted by a civil Gentleman of the Nation, who brings in a Bard.

Der. How like tou tish *Yamiſh*? And tey had fine cloysh now, and liveries, like tine own men and be.
Don. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.
Der. Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, and be
Don. Isht not pitty te cloysh be drown'd now?
Pat. Pre tee shee another daunsh, and be not veary.
Gent. He may be of your rudeneſs. Hold your tongues.
And let your courſer manners ſeek ſome place,
Fit for their wildneſs. This is none, be gone.
Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view
The gladding face of that great King, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.
This is that *James* of which long ſince thou ſung'ſt,
Should end our Countries moſt unnatural broiles;
And if her ear, then deafned with the drum,
Would ſtoop but to the Muſick of his peace,
She need not with the Sphears change harmony.
This is the man thou promis'dſt should redeem,
If she would love his counſels as his laws,
Her head from ſervitude, her feet from fall,
Her fame from barbariſme, her ſtate from want,
And in her all the fruits of bleſſing plant.
Sing then ſome charme, made from his preſent looks,
That may aſſure thy former prophecies,
And firm the hopes of theſe obedient ſpirits,
Whoſe love no leſs, than duty, hath call'd forth
Their willing powers: who if they had much more,
Would do their All, and think they could not move
Enough to honor that, which he doth love.

Here the Bard ſings to two Harps.

SONG 1.

BOW both your heads at once, and hearts:
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but ſtanding in his eye,
You'll feel your ſelves chang'd by and by.
Few live, that know, how quick a ſpring
Works in the preſence of a King:
'Tis done by this; your ſlough let fall,
And come forth new-born creatures all.

In this ſong, the Maſquers let fall their mantles, and diſcovered their maſquing apparel. Then dance forth.

After the dance the Bard ſings this.

SONG 2.

SO breaks the Sun earths rugged chains,
Wherein rude winter bound her veins;
So grows both ſtream and ſource of price,
That lately fetter'd were with ice.
So naked trees get criſped heads,
And colour'd coats the rougheſt meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and ſpright,
That are but look'd on by his light.

MER-

MERCURY

Vindicated from the

ALCHYMISTS,

AT COURT,

By Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

After the lowd muſick, the Scene diſcovered; being a Laboratory, or Alchymiſts work-houſe: Vulcan *looking to the Regiſters, while a* Cyclope, *tending the fire, to the Cornets began to ſing.*

CYCLOPE.

SOft, ſubtil fire, thou ſoul of Art,
Now do thy part
On weaker Nature, that thro age is lamed.
Take but thy time, now ſhe is old,
And the Sun her friend grown cold,
She will no more, in ſtrife with thee be named.

Look, but how few confeſs her now,
In cheeke or brow!
From every head, almoſt, how ſhe is frighted!
The very age abhors her ſo,
That it learns to ſpeak and go
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, Mercury *appeared, thruſting out his head, and afterward his body, at the Tunnel of the middle furnace; which* Vulcan *eſpying, cried out to the* Cyclope.

VULCAN.

STay, ſee! our *Mercury* is coming forth; Art and all the Elements aſſiſt. Call forth our *Philoſophers.* He will be gone, he will evaporate. Dear *Mercury!* help. He flies. He is ſcap'd. Precious golden *Mercury,* be fixt; be not ſo volatile. Will none of the Sons of Art appear?

In which time Mercury *having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and ſpeaks.*

MERCURY.

NOW the place and goodneſs of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature, or other, ſave *Mercury,* and free him. Ne're an old Gentlewoman i' the houſe, that has a wrinkle about her, to hide me in? I could run into a Serving-womans pocket now; her glove, any little hole. Some merciful Verdingale among ſo many, be bounteous, and undertake me: I will ſtand cloſe up, any where, to eſcape this polt-footed *Philoſopher,* old *Smug* here of *Lemnos,* and his ſmoaky family. Has he given me time to breath? O the variety of torment that I have endured in the reign of the *Cyclops,* beyond the moſt exquiſite wit of *Tyrannes.* The whole houſhold of 'hem are become *Alchymiſts* (ſince their trade of armour-making fail'd them) only to keep themſelves in fire, for this Winter; for the miſchief of *Secret,* that they know, above the conſuming of coals, and drawing of *Uskabah.* Howſoever they may pretend under the ſpecious names of *Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombaſt of Hohenheim,* to commit miracles in Art, and Treaſon againſt Nature. And, as if the title of *Philoſopher,* that creature of glory, were to be fetch'd out of a furnace, abuſe the curious and credulous *Nation* of metal-men through the world, and make *Mercury* their inſtrument. I am their Crude, and their Sublimate; their Precipitate, and their Unctuous; their Male and their Female; ſometimes their *Hermaphrodite:* what they liſt to ſtile me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and ſublim'd, and reduc'd, and fetch'd over, and filtred, and waſh'd, and wip'd; what between their ſalts and their ſulphures, their oyls and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a ſous'd *Mercury,* now a ſalted *Mercury,* now a ſmoak'd and dry'd *Mercury,* now a pouldred and pickel'd *Mercury:* never Herring, Oyſter, or Coucumer paſt ſo many vexations: my whole life with 'hem hath been an exerciſe of torture; one, two, three, four and five times an hour ha' they made me dance the *Philoſophical* circle like an Ape thorow a hoope, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turn-ſpit indeed: they eat or ſmell no roaſt-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit ſtill, that paſſes for their Victuals and Houſe-room. It is through me, they ha' got this corner o' the Court to coozen in, where they ſhark for a hungry dyet below ſtairs, and cheat upon your under-Officers, promiſing mountains for their meat, and all upon *Mercuries* ſecurity. A poor *Page* o' the Ladder, they have made obſtinately believe, he ſhall be *Phyſician* for the houſhold next Summer: they will give him a quantity of the quinteſſence, ſhall ſerve him to cure kibes or the mormall o' the ſhin, take away the puſtles i' the noſe, and *Mercury* is ingag'd for it. A child o' the *Scullery* ſteals all their coals for 'hem too, and he is bid ſleep ſecure, he ſhall find a corner o' the *Philoſophers* ſtone for't, under his bolſter, one day, and have the Proverb inverted. Againſt which, one day I am to deliver the Buttry in ſo many Firkins of *Aurum potabile,* as it delivers out Bombards of Budge to them, between this and that. For the *Pantry,* they are at a certainty with me, and keep a Tally, an Ingot, a Loaf, or a wedge of ſome five pound weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And ſo the Black-

guard

guard are pleaſed with any leaſe of life (for ſome 999) eſpecially thoſe o' the boyling-houſe, they are to have *Medeas* kettle hung up, that they may ſouſe into it when they will, and come out renew'd like ſo many ſtrip'd Snakes at their pleaſure. But theſe are petty Engagements, and (as I ſaid) below the ſtaires; Marry above here, perpetuity of beauty, (do you hear, Ladies) health, riches, honour; a matter of Immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron (as it might be a mother o' the maids) and ſpring up a young Virgin, out of her aſhes, as freſh as a *Phœnix*: Lay you an old Courtier o' the coales like a ſawſedge, or a bloat herring, and after they ha' broil'd him enough, blow a ſoul into him with a pair of bellows, till he ſtart up into his Galliard, that was made when *Monſieur* was here. They profeſs familiarly to melt down all the old ſinners o' the Suburbs once in a half-year, into freſh Gameſters again. Get all the crack'd Maiden-heads, and caſt 'em into new Ingots, half the Wenches o' the Town are *Alchymy*. See, they begin to muſter again, and draw their Forces out againſt me! The *Genius* of the place defend me. You that are both the *Sol* and *Jupiter* of this Sphear, *Mercury* invokes your Majeſty againſt the ſooty Tribe here; for in your favour only, I grow recover'd and warm.

At which time Vulcan *entring with a troop of thredbare* Alchymiſts, *prepares them to the firſt Antimaſque.*

VULCAN.

BEgin your charm, ſound muſick, circle him in, and take him: If he will not obey, bind him.

They all danc'd about Mercury *with variety of changes, whilſt he defends himſelf with his* Caduceus, *and after the dance, ſpake.*

MERCURY.

IT is in vain *Vulcan*, to pitch your net in the ſight of the fowl thus: I am no ſleepy *Mars*, to be catch'd i' your ſubtile toys. I know what your aimes are, Sir, to tear the wings from my head, and heels, lute me up in a glaſs, with my own ſeals, while you might wreſt the *Caduceus* out of my hand, to the adultery and ſpoil of *Nature*, and make your acceſſes by it, to her diſhonor, more eaſie. Sir, would you believe it ſhould be come to that height of impudence, in Mankind, that ſuch a neſt of fire-worms as theſe are (becauſe their Patron *Mulciber* heretofore has made ſtools ſtir, and Statues dance, a dog of braſs to bark, and (which ſome will ſay, was his worſt act, a Woman to ſpeak) ſhould therefore with his heats call'd *Balnei, Cineris*, or Horſe-dung, profeſs to outwork the *Sun* in vertue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay almoſt creation? It is ſo, tho. For, in yonder veſſels which you ſee, in their laboratory, they have incloſ'd *Materials*, to produce Men, beyond the deeds of *Deucalion*, or *Prometheus* (of which, one, they ſay, had the *Philoſophers ſtone*, and threw it over his ſhoulder, the other the fire, and loſt it.) And what men are they, they are ſo buſie about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, ſuch as the times wanted, and the *Age* had a ſpecial deal of need of: ſuch, as there was a neceſſity, they ſhould be artificial; for Nature could never have thought or dreamt o'their compoſition. I can remember ſome o' their titles to you, and the Ingredients do not look for *Paracelſus* man among 'em, that he promiſed you out of white bread, and dele-wine, for he never came to light. But of theſe, let me ſee; the firſt that occurs; a Maſter of the *Duel*, a Carrier of the differences. To him went ſpirit of ale, a good quantity, with the Amalgama of ſugar and nutmegs, oyl of Oaths, ſulphure of quarrel, ſtrong Waters, Valour precipitate, vapor'd o'er the helm with Tobacco, and the roſin of *Mars* with a dram o' the buſineſs, for that's the word of tincture, the buſineſs. Let me alone with the buſineſs, I will carry the buſineſs. I do underſtand the buſineſs. I do find an affront i' the buſineſs. Then another is a Fencer i' the *Mathematicks*, or the Towns cunning-man, a creature of art too; a ſuppoſed Secretary to the Stars; but, indeed, a kind of lying *Intelligencer* from thoſe parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juyce of Almanacks, extraction of *Ephemerides*, ſcales of the *Globe*, filings of Figures, duſt o'the twelve Houſes, conſerve of Queſtions, ſalt of Confederacy, a pound of Adventure, a grain of Skill, and a drop of Truth. I ſaw Vegitals too, as well as Minerals, put into one glaſs there, as Adders-tongue, Title-bane, Nitre of Clients, Tartar of falſe Conveyance, *Aurum palpabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of Conſcience, with the faces of Honeſty; but for what this was, I could not learn; only I have over-heard one o' the *Artiſts* ſay, out o' the corruption of a Lawyer was the beſt generation of a Broker in ſuits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

VULCAN.

THou art a ſcorner, *Mercury*, and out of the pride of thy protection here, mak'ſt it thy ſtudy to revile Art, but it will turn to thine own contumely ſoon. Call forth the Creatures of the firſt claſs, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the ſlanderer have ſeal'd up his own lips, to his own torment.

MERCURY.

LET 'hem come, let 'hem come, I would not wiſh a greater puniſhment to thy impudence.

There enters the ſecond Antimaſque *of imperfect Creature, with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whoſe dance ended,*

MERCURY proceeded.

ART thou not aſham'd, *Vulcan*, to offer in defence of thy fire and Art, againſt the excellence of the Sun and Nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and inſects, that are her treſpaſſes and ſcapes? Vaniſh with thy inſolence, thou and thy impoſtors, and all mention of you melt, before the Majeſty of this light, whoſe *Mercury* henceforth I profeſs to be, and never again the *Philoſophers*. Vaniſh, I ſay, that all who have but their ſenſes, may ſee and judge the difference between thy ridiculous Monſters and his abſolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature *was placed, with* Prometheus *at her feet; and the twelve Maſquers, ſtanding about them. After they had been a while viewed,* Prometheus *deſcended, and* Nature *after him, ſinging.*

NATURE.

HOW young and freſh am I to night,
To ſee't kept day by ſo much light,
And twelve my ſons ſtand in their Makers ſight?
Help, wiſe *Prometheus*, ſomething muſt be done,
To ſhew they are the Creatures of the Sun,
That each to other
Is a brother,
And *Nature* here no ſtepdame, but a mother.

Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then,
That make perfection up, and may abſolve you men.

But

But ſhew thy winding ways and arts,
Thy riſings, and thy timely ſtarts
Of ſtealing fire from Ladies eyes and hearts.
Thoſe ſofter circles are the young mans heaven,
And there more Orbs and Planets are than ſeven,
To know whoſe motion
Were a Notion
As worthy of youths ſtudy, as devotion.
Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the time will gain,
For *Nature* bids the beſt, and never bade in vain.

The firſt Dance.

After which this Song.

PROMETHEUS. NATURE.

Pro. HOW many, 'mongſt theſe Ladies here,
Wiſh now they ſuch a mother were!
Nat. Not one I fear,
And read it in their laughters.
There's more I gueſs would wiſh to be my daughters.
Pro. You think they would not be ſo old, for ſo much glory.
Nat. I think that thought ſo told
Is no falſe piece of ſtory,
'Tis yet with them, but Beauties noon,
They would not Grandames be too ſoon.
Pro. Is that your Sexes humor?
'Tis then ſince *Niobe* was chang'd, that they have left (that tumor.
Cho. Move, move again, in forms as heretofore.
Nat. 'Tis form allures.
Then move, the Ladies here are ſtore.

Pro. *Nature* is motions mother, as ſhe is yours.
Cho. The ſpring, whence order flows, that all directs,
And knits the cauſes with th' effects.

The maine Dance.
Then dancing with the Ladies.
Then their laſt Dance.

After which, Prometheus *calls to them in ſong.*

PROMETHEUS.

WHat have you done
So ſoon?
And can you from ſuch beauty part?
You'll do a wonder more than I.
I woman with her ills did fly;
But you their good, and them deny.
Cho. Sure each hath left his heart
In pawn to come again, or elſe he durſt not ſtart.

NATURE.

THey are loth to go
I know,
Or ſure they are no ſons of mine.
There is no banquet, boys, like this,
If you hope better, you will miſs;
Stay here, and take each one a kiſs.
Cho. Which if you can refine, (wine.
The taſte knows no ſuch cares, nor yet the palate
No cauſe of terrying ſhun,
They are not worth his light, go backward from the (Sun;

THE Golden Age Reſtored. IN A MASQUE

At COURT, 1615.

By the Lords and Gentlemen the King's Servants.

Lowd Muſick.
Pallas *in her Chariot deſcending.*
To a ſofter Muſick.

LOok, look! rejoyce, and wonder!
That you offending mortals are
(For all your crimes) ſo much the care
Of him that bears the thunder!

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones ſhould your leſs invade;
Or that your weak, tho bad, be made
A prey unto the ſtronger.

And therefore, means to ſettle
Aſtræa in her ſeat again;
And let down in his golden chain
The Age of better mettle.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Envy may behold
Time not enjoy his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conſerveth
As time, ſo all times honors too,
Regarding ſtill what heaven ſhould do,
And not what earth deſerveth.

A tumult and claſhing of arms, heard within.

But hark, what tumult from yond' cave is heard!
What noiſe, what ſtriſe, what earthquake and alarms!
As troubled Nature for her Maker, fear'd;
And all the iron-age were up in arms!

Hide me, ſoft cloud, from their prophaner eyes,
Till inſolent Rebellion take the field,
And as their ſpirits with their counſels riſe,
I fruſtrate all with ſhowing of my ſhield.

Iron-age preſents it ſelf, calling forth the Evils.

COme forth, come forth, do we not hear
What purpoſe, and how worth our fear,
The King of Gods hath on us?
He is not of the iron breed,
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let ſhame in ſo upon us.
Riſe, riſe then up, thou Grandame Vice
Of all my iſſue, Avarice,
Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands,
Or any ſubtler ill, that ſtands
To be a more Commander.
Thy Boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe laſt born,
Smooth Treachery call hither.
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our *Pyrrhick* dance:
We may triumph together,
Upon this enemy ſo great,
Whom, if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the maſters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The ſcepter, and the thunder.
Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any ſcar,
To keep your own ſtates even?
But, here, which of you is that he,
Would not himſelf the weapon be,
To ruine *Jove* and Heaven?
About it then, and let him feel,
The iron-age is turn'd to ſteel,
Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are leſs
Than were the Giants; he'll confeſs
Our malice is far greater.

The Antimaſque, and their Dance, two Drums, Trumpets, and a confuſion of Martial Muſick: at the end of which Pallas *ſhewing her ſhield.*

SO change, and periſh, ſcarcely knowing how,
That 'gainſt the Gods do take ſo vain a vow,
And think to equal with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.
'Twas time t' appear, and let their folly ſee,
'Gainſt whom they fought, and with what deſtiny.

Die

Die all, that can remain of you, but ſtone,
And that beſeen awhile, and then be none.
They metamorphos'd & the Scene chang'd, ſhe calls *Aſtræa* & the Golden age.
Now, now, deſcend you both belov'd of *Jove*,
And of the good on earth no leſs the love;
Deſcend you long long wiſh'd, and wanted pair,
And as your ſofter times divide the air,
So ſhake all clouds off with your golden hair;
For ſpight is ſpent: the iron-age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

1 *ASTRÆA.* 2 *AGE. deſcending.*

1, 2. And are we then,
To live agen,
With men?
1. Will *Jove* ſuch pledges to th' earth reſtore
As Juſtice? 2. Or the purer ore?

PALLAS.

Once more.

ASTRÆA. AGE.

2. But do they know,
How much they owe,
below?
1. And will of grace receive it, not as due?

PALLAS.

If not they harm themſelves, not you.

ASTRÆA. AGE.

1 *True.* 2 *True.*

QUIRE.

Let narrow Natures (how they will) miſtake,
The great ſhould ſtill be good for their own ſake.

PALLAS.

They are deſcended
Welcome to earth and raign.

ASTRÆA. AGE.

But how without a train
Shall we our ſtate ſuſtain?

PALLAS.

Leave that to *Jove*: therein you are
No little part of his *Minerva*'s care.
Expect a while,
She calls the Poets.
You far fam'd ſpirits of this happy Iſle,
That, for your ſacred ſongs have gain'd the ſtile
Of *Phœbus* ſons: whoſe notes the air aſpire
Of th' old *Ægyptian*, or the *Thracian* lyre,
That *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lidgate*, *Spencer* hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To wait upon the age that ſhall your names
new nouriſh,
Since vertue preſt ſhall grow, and buried arts
ſhall flouriſh.

Poets deſcend.

2 We come. 2 We come.
4 Our beſt of fire
Is that which *Pallas* doth inſpire.

PALLAS.

Then ſee you yonder ſouls, ſet far within the (ſhade,
And in *Eliſian* bowers the bleſſed ſeats do keep,
That for their living good now ſemy-gods are made.
And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with ſleep:
Theſe we muſt joyn to wake; for theſe are of the ſtrain
That juſtice dare defend, and will the age ſuſtain.

QUIRE.

Awake, awake, for whom theſe times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never ſlept,
Make haſt and put on air, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is ſtill reward.

PALLAS.

Thus *Pallas* throws a lightning from her ſhield.

QUIRE. The Scene of light diſcovered

To which let all that doubtful darkneſs yeild.

1 *ASTRÆA.* 2 *AGE.*

1 Now peace. 2 And love. 1 Faith. 2 Joys.
1, 2. All all increaſe.

POETS. A pauſe.

2 And ſtrife, 2 And hate, 2 And fear, 2 And
pain, 4 All ceaſe.

PALLAS.

No tumour of an iron vain.
The cauſes ſhall not come again.

QUIRE.

But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to theſe ſounds.
And, do, not only, walk your ſolemn rounds,
But give thoſe light and ayry bounds,
That fit the *Genii* of theſe gladder grounds,

The firſt dance, after which, PALLAS.

Already? Do not all things ſmile?

ASTRÆA.

But when they have enjoy'd a while,
The ages quickning power:

AGE.

That every thought a ſeed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth ſpring,
And every breath a flower:

PALLAS.

Then earth unplough'd ſhall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak ſhall drop,
The fountain ſhall run milk:
The thiſtle ſhall the lilly bear,
And every bramble roſes wear,
And every worm make ſilk.

QUIRE.

The very ſhrub ſhall *balſame* ſweat,
And *Nectar* melt the rock with heat,
Till earth have drunk her fill:
That ſhe no harmful weed may know,
Nor barren *Ferne*, nor *Mandrake* low,
Nor *Minerall* to kill.

The main dance, after which,

PALLAS.

But here's not all: you muſt do more,
Or elſe you do but half reſtore
The *Ages* liberty.

POETS.

The male and female us'd to joyn,
And into all delight did coyn
That pure ſimplicity.
Then feature did to form advance,
And Youth call'd Beauty forth to dance,
And every grace was by.
It was a time of no diſtruſt,
So much of Love had nought of luſt,
None fear'd a jealous eye.
The language melted in the ear,
Yet all without a bluſh might hear,
They liv'd with open vow.

QUIRE.

Each touch and kiſs was ſo well plac'd,
They were as ſweet as they were chaſt,
And ſuch muſt yours be now.

Dance with Ladies.

PALLAS aſcending, calls them.

'Tis now enough, behold you here,
What *Jove* hath built to be your ſphere,
You hither muſt retire.
And as his bounty gives you cauſe,
Be ready ſtill without your pauſe,
To ſhew the world your fire.
Like lights about *Aſtræa*'s throne,
You here muſt ſhine, and all be one,
In fervor and in flame.
That by your union ſhe may grow,
And, you ſuſtaining her, may know,
The age ſtill by her name.

Who vows, againſt, or heat or cold,
To ſpin you garments of her gold,
That Want may touch you never,
And making garlands every hour,
To write your names in ſome new flower,
That you may live for ever.

QUIRE.

To *Jove*, to *Jove*, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raiſe from earth to heaven.

ASTRÆA.

What change is here! I had not more
Deſire to leave the earth before,
Than I have now to ſtay;
My ſilver feet, like roots, are wreath'd
Into the ground, my wings are ſheath'd,
And I cannot away.

Of all there ſeems a ſecond birth,
It is become a heaven on earth,
And *Jove* is preſent here,
I feel the God-head: nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
Whoſe power is every where.

This, this, and only ſuch as this,
The bright *Aſtræa*'s region is,
Where ſhe would pray to live,
And in the midſt of ſo much gold,
Unbought with grace or fear unſold,
The law to mortals give.

Galliards and Corantо's.

FINIS.

BARTHOLMEW FAIR.

A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1614. By the LADY ELIZABETH's Servants.

And then dedicated to KING JAMES, of moſt bleſſed Memory.

By the Author Benjamin Johnſon.

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: *nam*
Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem, mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt. 1.

THE
PROLOGUE to the KING's MAJESTY.

YOur Majeſty *is welcome to a* Fair;
Such Place, ſuch Men, ſuch Language, and ſuch Ware,
You muſt expect: with theſe, the zealous noiſe
Of your Lands Faction, *ſcandaliz'd at Toys,*
As Babies, Hobby-horſes, Puppet-plays,
And ſuch like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Your ſelf have known, and have bin vext with long.
Theſe for your Sport, without particular wrong,
Or juſt complaint of any private Man,
(Who of himſelf, or ſhall think well or can)
The Maker doth preſent: and hopes, to Night
To give you for a Fairing, *true delight.*

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

JOHN LITTLE-WIT,	*A Proctor.*
WIN LITTLE-WIT,	*His Wife.*
DAME PURECRAFT,	*Her Mother and a Widow.*
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY,	*Her Suiter, a* Banbury *Man.*
WIN-WIFE,	*His Rival, a Gentleman.*
QUARLOUS,	*His Companion, a Gamester.*
BARTHOLMEW COKES,	*An Esquire of* Harrow.
HUMPHREY WASPE,	*His Man.*
ADAM OVERDO,	*A Justice of Peace.*
DAME OVERDO,	*His Wife.*
GRACE WELBORN,	*His Ward.*
LANT. LEATHERHEAD,	*A Hobbi-Horse seller.*
JOAN TRASH,	*A Ginger-Bread Woman.*
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH,	*A Cutpurse.*
NIGHTINGALE,	*A Ballad-singer.*
URSLA,	*A Pig-Woman.*
MOON-CALF,	*Her Tapster.*
JORDAN KNOCK-HUM,	*A Horse-courser, and a ranger o' Turnbull.*
VAL. CUTTING,	*A Roarer.*
CAPTAIN WHIT,	*A Bawd.*
PUNQUE ALICE,	*Mistriss o' the Game.*
TROUBLE-ALL,	*A Mad man.*

WATCHMEN, three.
COSTARD-monger.
MOUSTRAP-man.
CLOTHIER.
WRESTLER.
PORTERS.
DOOR-KEEPERS.
PUPPETS.

THE

THE INDUCTION ON THE STAGE.

Stage-keeper.

GEntlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, inſtantly. He that ſhould begin the *Play*, Maſter *Little-wit*, the *Proctor*, has a ſtitch new ſaln in his black ſilk Stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty. He plays one o' the *Arches* that dwells about the *Hoſpital*, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am looking, leſt the *Poet* hear me, or his Man, Maſter *Broom*, behind the *Arras*) it is like to be a very conceited ſcurvy one, in plain *Engliſh*. When't comes to the *Fair* once, you were e'en as good go to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smithfield*. He has not hit the Humours, he do's not know 'em; he has not convers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they ſay; he has ne'er a Sword and Buckler Man in his *Fair*; nor a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kind-heart, if any bodies Teeth ſhould chance to ake in his *Play*; nor a Jugler with a well-educated Ape, to come over the Chain for the King of *England*, and back again for the *Prince*, and ſit ſtill on his Arſe for the *Pope*, and the King of *Spain!* None o' theſe fine ſights! Nor has he the Canvas-cut i' the Night, for a Hobby-horſe-man to creep into his ſhe-neighbour, and take his leap there! Nothing! No, and ſome writer (that I know) had had but the Penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you ſuch a *Figajog* i' the Boothes, you ſhould ha' thought an Earthquake had been i' the *Fair!* But theſe Maſter-Poets, they will ha' their own abſurd courſes; they will be inform'd of nothing. He has (*ſirreverence*) kick'd me three or four times about the Tyring-houſe, I thank him, for but offering to put in with my experience. I'll be judg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one conceit of mine! Would not a fine Pump upon the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Punque* ſet under upon her Head, with her Stern upward, and ha' been ſous'd by my witty young Maſters o' the *Inns o' Court?* What think you o' this for a ſhew, now? he will not hear 'o this! I am an Aſs! I! and yet I kept the Stage in Maſter *Tarleton*'s time, I thank my Stars. Ho! and that Man had liv'd to have play'd in *Bartholmew Fair*, you ſhould ha' ſeen him ha' come in, and ha' been coſened i' the Cloath-quarter, ſo finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his Vermine about, as though they had coſt him nothing. And then a ſubſtantial Watch to ha' ſtoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with miſtaking words, as the faſhion is in the Stage-practice.

Book holder, Scrivener. [*To him.*

BOok. How now? what rare diſcourſe are you faln upon? ha? ha' you found any familiars here, that you are ſo free? what's the buſineſs?

Sta. Nothing, but the underſtanding Gentlemen o'the Ground here, ask'd my judgment.

Book. Your judgment, Raſcal? for what? ſweeping the Stage? or gathering up the broken Apples for the Bears within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in theſe *Spectacles*, when ſuch a Youth as you pretend to a judgment. And yet he may, i' the moſt o' this matter i' faith: For the *Author* hath writ it juſt to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgments here, his Play-fellows in wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am ſent out to you here, with a *Scrivener*, and certain Articles drawn out in haſte between our *Author* and you; which if you pleaſe to hear, and as they appear reaſonable, to approve of; the *Play* will follow preſently. Read, *Scribe*, gi 'me the Counterpain.

Scr. Articles of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the *Bankſide*, in the County of *Surry* on the one party; And the *Author* of *Bartholmew Fair* in the ſaid place and County, on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614. and in the twelfth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, *James*, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith: And of *Scotland* the Seven and fortieth.

Inprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the Parties above-ſaid, and the ſaid *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as alſo the grounded judgments and underſtandings, do for themſelves ſeverally covenant and agree to remain in the Places their Money or Friends have put them in, with patience, for the ſpace of two Hours and an half, and ſomewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiſeth to preſent them by us, with a new ſufficient Play, called *Bartholmew Fair*, merry, and as full of noiſe, as ſport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the wit or the honeſty to think well of themſelves.

It is further agreed, That every Perſon here, have his or their free-will of Cenſure, to like or diſlike at their own charge, the *Author* having now departed with his

right: it ſhall be lawful for any Man to judge his ſix Pen'orth, his twelve Pen'orth, ſo to his eighteen Pence, two Shillings, half a Crown, to the value of his Place; provided always his Place get not above his Wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may cenſure for all them too, ſo that he will undertake that they ſhall be ſilent. He ſhall put in for *Cenſures* here, as they do for *Lots* at the *Lottery:* marry, if he drop but ſix Pence at the Door, and will Cenſure a Crowns worth, it is thought there is no Conſcience, or Juſtice in that.

It is alſo agreed, That every Man here exerciſe his own Judgment, and not Cenſure by *Contagion*, or upon *truſt*, from anothers Voice, or Face, that ſits by him, be he never ſo firſt in the *Commiſſion of Wit:* As alſo, that he be fixt and ſettled in his Cenſure, that what he approves, or not approves to day, he will do the ſame to morrow; and if to morrow, the next day, and ſo the next week (if need be:) and not to be brought about by any that ſits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite and arraign *Plays* daily. He that will ſwear, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the beſt *Plays*, yet ſhall paſs unexcepted at here, as a Man whoſe Judgment ſhews it is conſtant, and hath ſtood ſtill theſe five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an Ignorance, it is a vertuous and ſtaid Ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd *error* does well; ſuch a one the *Author* knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed, That how great ſoever the expectation be, no Perſon here is to expect more than he knows, or better Ware than a *Fair* will afford: neither to look back to the Sword and Buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himſelf with the preſent. Inſtead of a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promiſe a ſtrutting *Horſe-courſer*, with a *leer*-Drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wiſh. And then for *Kind-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine Oily *Pig-woman* with her *Tapſter*, to bid you welcome, and a Conſort of *Roarers* for Muſick. A wiſe *Juſtice* of *Peace meditant*, inſtead of a *Jugler*, with an *Ape*. A civil *Cutpurſe ſearchant*. A ſweet *Singer* of new Ballads *allurant:* and as freſh an *Hypocrite*, as ever was broach'd, *rampant*. If there be never a *Servant-monſter* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he ſays, nor a Neſt of *Antiques?* He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like thoſe that beget *Tales*, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like *Drolleries*, to mix his Head with other Mens Heels; let the concupiſcence of *Jigs* and *Dances*, reign as ſtrong as it will amongſt you: yet if the *Puppets* will pleaſe any body, they ſhall be entreated to come in.

In *conſideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the foreſaid *Hearers* and *Spectators*, That they neither in themſelves conceal, nor ſuffer by them to be concealed, any *State-decipherer*, or *Politick Picklock* of the *Scene*, ſo ſolemnly ridiculous, as to ſearch out, who was meant by *Ginger-bread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horſe-man*, who by the *Coſtard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own *inſpired Ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magiſtrates* is meant by the *Juſtice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pig-woman*, what *conceal'd Statesman*, by the *Seller* of *Mouſe-traps*, and ſo of the reſt. But that ſuch Perſon, or Perſons ſo found, be left diſcovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter aforeſaid. As alſo, ſuch as ſhall ſo deſperately, or ambitiouſly, play the fool by his place aforeſaid, to challenge the *Author* of ſcurrility, becauſe the Language ſomewhere ſavours of *Smithfield*, the Booth, and the Pig broath, or of prophaneneſs, becauſe a *Mad-man* cries, *God quit you*, or *bleſs you*. In *witneſs* whereof, as you have prepoſterouſly put to your Seals already (which is your Money) you will now add the other part of ſuffrage, your Hands. The *Play* ſhall preſently begin. And though the *Fair* be not kept in the ſame Region, that ſome here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the *Author* hath obſerv'd a ſpecial *Decorum*, the place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as ſtinking every whit.

Howſoever, he prays you to believe, his *Ware* is ſtill the ſame, elſe you will make him juſtly ſuſpect that he that is ſo loth to look on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horſe* here, would be glad to take up a *Commodity* of them, at any laughter or loſs in another place.

BARTHOL-

BARTHOLMEW FAIR.

Act I. Scene I.

Little-wit. [To him] *Win.*

A Pretty Conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' ſuch luck to ſpin out theſe fine things ſtill, and like a Silk-worm, out of my ſelf. Here's Maſter *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o' th' Hill*, i' th' County of *Middleſex*, Eſquire, takes forth his Licence to marry Miſtreſs *Grace Well-born*, of the ſaid Place and County: And when do's he take it forth? to day! the Four and Twentieth of *Auguſt! Bartholmew-day! Bartholmew* upon *Bartholmew!* there's the Device! who would have mark'd ſuch a Leap-Frog Chance now? A very leſs than *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! Well, go thy ways, *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o' the pretty Wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit of London* (ſo thou art call'd) and ſomething beſide. When a Quirk or a *Quiblin* do's ſcape thee, and thou doſt not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Conſtable of Conceit: (there now, I ſpeak *Quib* too) let 'em carry thee out o' the Arch-deacons Court into his Kitchin, and make a *Jack* of thee, inſtead of a *John*. (There I am again la!) *Win*, Good Morrow, *Win*. I marry, *Win!* Now you look finely indeed, *Win!* this Cap do's convince! you'ld not ha' worn it, *Win*, nor ha' had it Velvet, but a rough Countrey Bever, with a Copper Band, like the Conney-skin-woman of *Budge-Row*? Sweet *Win*, let me kiſs it! And her fine high Shooes, like the *Spaniſh* Lady! Good *Win*, go a little, I would fain ſee thee pace, pretty *Win!* By this fine Cap, I could never leave kiſſing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are ſuch a Fool ſtill!

Litt. No, but half a one, *Win*, you are the t'other half: Man and Wife make one Fool, *Win.* (Good!) Is there the Poctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Dioceſs*, that ever had the Fortune to win him ſuch a *Win!* (There I am again!) I do feel Conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn Tongue too. A Pox o' theſe Pretenders to Wit! Your *Three Cranes*, *Miter* and *Mermaid* men! Not a Corn of true Salt, not a Grain of right Muſtard amongſt them all. They may ſtand for Places, or ſo, again the next *Wit* fall, and pay Two Pence in a Quart more for their *Canary* than other Men. But gi' me the Man can ſtart up a *Juſtice* of *Wit* out of Six Shillings Beer, and give the Law to all the *Poets* and *Poet-Suckers* i' Town, becauſe they are the Players Goſſips. 'Slid, other Men have Wives as fine as the Players, and as well dreſt. Come hither, *Win*.

Act I. Scene II.

Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

WHy, how now, Maſter *Little-wit!* meaſuring of Lips? or molding of Kiſſes? which is it?

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my *Wins* dreſſing here! Doſt not fine, Maſter *Win-wife*? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not ha' worn this Habit. I challenge all *Cheapſide* to ſhew ſuch another: *More-fields*, *Pimlico-path*, or the *Exchange*, in a Summer-Evening, with a Lace to boot, as this has. Dear *Win*, let Maſter *Win-wife* kiſs you. He comes a wooing to our Mother, *Win*, and may be our Father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harm in him, *Win*.

Win-w. None i' the Earth, Maſter *Little-wit*.

Litt. I envy no Man my Delicates, Sir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the Garden where they grow ſtill! A Wife here with a *Strawberry*-Breath, *Cherry*-Lips, *Apricot*-Cheeks, and a ſoft Velvet Head, like a *Melicotton*.

Litt. Good, i'faith! now dulneſs upon me, that I had not that before him, that I ſhould not light on't as well as he! Velvet Head!

Win-w. But my taſte, Maſter *Little-wit*, tends to Fruit of a latter kind: the Sober Matron, your Wives Mother.

Litt. I! we know you are a Suitor, Sir; *Win*, and I both, wiſh you well: By this Licence here would you had her, that your Two Names were as faſt in it as here are a Couple. *Win* would fain have a fine Young Father i' Law, with a Feather: that her Mother might Hood it, and Chain it, with Miſtris *Overdoe*. But you do not take the right courſe, Maſter *Win-wife*.

Win-w. No? Maſter *Little-wit*, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? Is Madneſs a right courſe?

Lit. I ſay nothing, but I wink upon *Win*. You have a Friend, one (Maſter *Quarlous*) comes here ſometimes.

Win-w. Why? he makes no Love to her, do's he?

Lit. Not a Tokenworth that ever I ſaw, I aſſure you: But——

Win-w. What?

Lit. He is the more Mad-cap o' the Two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot Coal i' your Mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear *Win*.

Win. I'll tell him my ſelf.

Lit. Do, and take all the Thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

Win. Sir, my Mother has had her Nativity-water caſt lately by the Cunning-Men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her Fortune, and do enſure her, ſhe ſhall never have happy hour, unleſs ſhe marry within this Sen'night; and when it is, it muſt be a Mad Man, they ſay.

Lit. I, but it muſt be a Gentleman-Mad Man.

Win. Yes, ſo the t' other man of *More-fields* ſays.

Win-w. But do's ſhe believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at *Bedlam* twice ſince every day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a Confederacy, a meer piece of practice upon her by theſe *Impoſtors*.

Lit. I tell her ſo; or elſe, ſay I, that they mean ſome Young Madcap-Gentleman (for the Devil can equivocate as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I adviſe you to be a little madder than Maſter *Quarlous* hereafter.

Win. Where is ſhe? ſtirring yet?

Lit.

Lit. Stirring! Yes, and ſtudying an Old Elder come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in here at Meal-tide, to praiſe the painful Brethren, or pray that the Sweet Singers may be reſtor'd; Says a Grace as long as his Breath laſts him! Some time the Spirit is ſo ſtrong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my Mother, or *Win*, are fain to fetch it again with Malmſey, or *Aqua Cœleſtis*.

VVin. Yes indeed, we have ſuch a tedious Life with him for his Dyet, and his Clothes too, he breaks his Buttons, and cracks Seams at every Saying he ſobs out.

John. He cannot abide my Vocation, he ſays.

VVin. No, he told my Mother, a *Proctor* was a Claw of the *Beaſt*, and that ſhe had little leſs than committed *Abomination* in marrying me ſo as ſhe ha's done.

Joh. Every Line (he ſays) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Biſhop's Court, is a long black Hair, kemb'd out of the Tail of *Anti-Chriſt*.

VVin-w. When came this *Proſelyte?*

Joh. Some three days ſince.

Act I. Scene III.

Quarlous, John, VVin, VVin-wife.

O Sir, ha' you tane Soyl here? it's well a Man may reach you after three hours running yet! what an unmerciful Companion art thou, to quit thy Lodging at ſuch ungentlemanly hours? None but a ſcatter'd Covey of Fidlers, or one of theſe Rag-rakers in Dung-hills, or ſome Marrow-bone-man at moſt, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all Deſcription. I pray thee what aileſt thou, thou canſt not ſleep? haſt thou Thorns i' thy Eye-lids, or Thiſtles i' thy Bed?

Win w. I cannot tell: It ſeems you had neither i' your Feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City ſhould have drawn after you by the Scent rather. Mr. *John Little-wit!* God ſave you, Sir. 'Twas a hot Night with ſome of us, laſt Night, *John:* ſhall we pluck a Hair o' the ſame Wolf to day, Proctor *John?*

Joh. Do you remember, Maſter *Quarlous*, what we diſcours'd on laſt night?

Quar. Not I, *John:* nothing that I either diſcourſe or do, at thoſe times I forfeit all to forgetfulneſs.

Joh. No? not concerning *Win*, look you: there ſhe is, and dreſt, as I told you ſhe ſhould be: Hark you, Sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this Head, I'll beware how I keep you company, *John*, when I am drunk, and you have this dangerous memory! that's certain.

Joh. Why Sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little ſtain'd laſt Night, ſprinkled with a Cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *John* here, to come and do ſomewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he ſays he was coming to fetch me: Before *Truth*, if you have that fearful Quality, *John*, to remember when you are ſober, *John*, what you promiſe drunk, *John*; I ſhall take heed of you, *John*. For this once I am content to wink at you; where's your Wife? Come hither, *Win*. [*He kiſſeth her.*

Win. Why, *John!* do you ſee this, *John?* look you! help me, *John*.

Joh. O *Win*, fie, what do you mean, *Win?* Be womanly *Win*; make an Out-cry to your Mother, *Win?* Maſter *Quarlous* is an honeſt Gentleman, and our worſhipful good Friend, *Win:* and he is Maſter *VVin-wifes* Friend too: And Maſter *VVinwife* comes a Suitor to your Mother, *VVin*; as I told you before, *VVin*, and may perhaps be our Father, *VVin*: they'l do you no harm, *VVin*, they are both our Worſhipful good Friends. Maſter *Quarlous!* you muſt know Maſter *Quarlous*, *VVin*; you muſt not quarrel with Maſter *Quarlous*, *VVin*.

Quar. No, we'll kiſs again, and fall in.

Joh. Yes, do, good *VVin*.

VVin. I' faith you are a Fool, *John*.

Joh. A *Fool-John*, ſhe calls me; do you mark that, Gentlemen? Pretty Little-wit of Velvet! a Fool-*John*.

Quar. She may call you an Apple-*John*, if you uſe this.

VVin w. Pray thee forbear, for my Reſpect, ſomewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how reſpective you are become o' the ſudden! I fear this Family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Becauſe ſhe is in poſſibility to be your Daughter-in-Law, and may aſk you Bleſſing hereafter, when ſhe courts it to *Totnam* to eat Cream. Well, I will forbear, Sir; but i' faith, would thou would'ſt leave thy Exerciſe of Widow-hunting once! this drawing after an Old Reverend Smock by the Splay-Foot: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i' the Town, but thou art ſtraight noſing it, and 'tis a fine Occupation thou'lt confine thy ſelf to, when thou haſt got one; ſcrubbing a piece of Buff, as if thou hadſt the perpetuity of *Pannyer-Alley* to ſtink in; or perhaps worſe, currying a Carkaſs that thou haſt bound thy ſelf to alive. I'll be ſworn, ſome of them (that thou art, or haſt been a Suitor to) are ſo old, as no chaſte or married pleaſure can ever become 'em: the honeſt Inſtrument of Procreation has (Forty Years ſince) left to belong to 'em; thou muſt viſit 'em as thou wouldſt do a *Tomb*, with a Torch, or Three Handfuls of Link, flaming hot, and ſo thou maiſt hap to make 'em feel thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy Inches. A ſweet courſe for a man to waſte the Brand of Life for, to be ſtill raking himſelf a Fortune in an Old Womans Embers; we ſhall ha' thee, after thou haſt been but a Month married to one of 'em, look like the *Quartane Ague* and the *Black Jaundiſe* met in a Face, and walk as if thou hadſt borrow'd Legs of a *Spinner*, and Voice of a *Cricket*. I would endure to hear Fifteen Sermons a week for her, and ſuch courſe, and loud ones, as ſome of 'em muſt be; I would e'en deſire of Fate, I might dwell in a Drum, and take in my Suſtenance with an old broken Tabacco-pipe and a Straw. Doſt thou ever think to bring thine Ears or Stomach to the patience of a dry *Grace*, as long as thy Table-Cloath? and droan'd out by thy Son here (that might be thy Father), till all the meat o' thy Board has forgot it was that day i' the Kitchin? Or to brook the noiſe made in a Queſtion of *Prædeſtination*, by the good Labourers and painful Eaters aſſembled together, put to 'em by the Matron your Spouſe; who moderates with a Cup of Wine, ever and anon, and a Sentence out of *Knoxe* between? Or the perpetual ſpitting before and after a ſober drawn *Exhortation* of Six Hours, whoſe better part was the *Hum-ha-hum?* Or to hear Prayers groan'd out over thy Iron Cheſts, as if they were *Charms* to break 'em? And all this for the hope of Two *Apoſtle*-Spoons, to ſuffer! and a Cup to eat a Cawdle in! For that will be thy Legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her State ſafe enough from thee, an' ſhe be a right Widow.

VVin. Alas, I am quite off that Scent now.

Quar. How ſo?

VVin-w. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one that, they ſay, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of thoſe *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

VVin-w.

Win-w. Maſter *Little-wit* can tell us.

Joh. Sir! good *Win*, go in, and if Maſter *Bartholmew Cokes* his Man come for the Licence (the little Old Fellow) let him ſpeak with me; what ſay you, Gentlemen?

Win-w. What call you the Reverend *Elder* you told me of? your *Banbury*-man?

Joh. Rabbi Buſy, Sir, he is more than an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

Joh. He was a Baker, Sir, but he do's dream now, and ſee Viſions, he has given over his Trade.

Quar. I remember that too: out of a Scruple he took, that (in ſpic'd Conſcience) thoſe Cakes he made, were ſerv'd to *Bridales*, *May-Poles*, *Morriſſes*, and ſuch prophane Feaſts and Meetings; his Chriſten-Name is *Zeal-of-the-land*.

Joh. Yes, Sir, *Zeal-of-the-land Buſy*.

Win-w. How! what a Name's there!

Joh. O, they have all ſuch Names, Sir; he was Witneſs for *Win* here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Win-the-fight*, you thought her Name had been *Winnifred*, did you not?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Joh. He would ha' thought himſelf a ſtark Reprobate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a Blew-ſtarch-woman o' the Name, at the ſame time. A notable hypocritical Vermine it is; I know him. One that ſtands upon his Face, more than his Faith, at all times; Ever in ſeditious motion, and reproving for Vain-glory: of a moſt *Lunatick* Conſcience and Spleen, and affects the Violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has undone a Grocer here, in *Newgate-Market*, that broke with him, truſted him with Currans, as errant a Zeal as he, that's by the way:) By his Profeſſion, he will ever be i' the State of Innocence, though; and Childhood; derides all *Antiquity*, defies any other *Learning* than *Inſpiration*; and what Diſcretion ſoever Years ſhould afford him, it is all prevented in his *Original Ignorance*; ha' not to do with him: for he is a Fellow of a moſt arrogant and invincible dullneſs, I aſſure you; who is this?

Act I. Scene IV.

VVaſpe, John, VVin-wife, Quarlous.

BY your leave, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and God give you good morrow; Maſter *Little-wit*, my buſineſs is to you. Is this Licenſe ready?

Joh. Here I ha' it for you in my hand, Maſter *Humphrey*.

Waſ. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no Clerk, I ſcorn to be ſav'd by my Book, i'faith I'll hang firſt; fold it up o' your word, and gi' it me; what muſt you ha' for't?

Joh. We'll talk of that anon, Maſter *Humphrey*.

Waſ. Now or not at all, good Mr. *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I aſſure you.

Joh. Sweet *Win*, bid *Solomon* ſend me the little black Box within in my Study.

Waſ. I, quickly, good Miſtris, I pray you: for I have both Eggs o'the Spit, and Iron i'the Fire, ſay what you muſt have, good Mr. *Little-wit*.

Joh. Why, you know the price, Mr. *Numps*.

Waſ. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in haſte) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I ſcorn to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another; you muſt have a *Mark* for your thing here, and *Eight Pence* for the Box; I could ha' ſav'd *Two Pence* i' that, an' I had bought it my ſelf, but here's *Fourteen Shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife ſtays! pray God *Solomon*, your Clerk, be not looking i' the wrong Box, Mr. *Proctor*.

Joh. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, *Solomon* is wiſer than ſo, Sir.

Waſ. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Maſter *Little-wit*, this is ſcurvy, idle, fooliſh and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? *Jack Little-wit*, what buſineſs does thy pretty head think this Fellow may have, that he keeps ſuch a coyl with?

Quar. More than buying of Ginger-bread i' the *Cloyſter*, here, (for that we allow him) or a guilt pouch i' the *Fair*?

Joh. Maſter *Quarlous*, do not miſtake him: he is his Maſter's Both-hands, I aſſure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his Boots a Mornings, or his Stockings, do's he?

Joh. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him ſoftly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you preſently. A terrible teſty old Fellow, and his Name is *Waſpe* too.

Quar. Pretty *Inſect*! make much on him.

Waſ. A Plague o' this Box, and the Pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that ſhould ha' ſought it, ſent it, or brought it! do you ſee, Sir?

Joh. Nay, good Mr. *Waſpe*.

VVaſ. Good Maſter *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue: do not I know you? Your Father was a *Potbecary*, and ſold Gliſters, more than he gave, I wuſſe: and turd i' your little Wives teeth too (here ſhe comes), 'twill make her ſpit as fine as ſhe is, for all her Velvet Cuſtard on her head, Sir.

Joh. O! be civil, Maſter *Numps*.

VVaſ. Why, ſay I have a Humour not to be civil; how then? who ſhall compel me? you?

Joh. Here is the Box now.

VVaſ. Why a Pox o' your Box, once again: let your little Wife ſtale in it, and ſhe will. Sir, I would have you to underſtand, and theſe Gentlemen too, if they pleaſe——

VVin w. With all our Hearts, Sir.

VVaſ. That I have a charge, Gentlemen.

Joh. They do apprehend, Sir.

VVaſ. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an Aſs) I have a Young Maſter, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing, is now mine. His fooliſh School-maſters have done nothing, but run up and down the Countrey with him to beg Puddings, and Cake-bread of his Tenants, and almoſt ſpoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to ſing *Catches*, and repeat *Rattle Bladder, rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile Tunes, which he will ſing at Supper, and in the Sermon-times! If he meet but a Carman i' the Street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whiſtle him, and all his Tunes over at Night in his Sleep! he has a head full of Bees! I am fain now (for this little time I am abſent) to leave him in charge with a Gentlewoman:: 'Tis true, ſhe is a Juſtice of Peace his Wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the Hood, and his Natural Siſter: But what may happen under a Womans Government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him: he is another manner of piece than you think for! but Nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the Head, God bleſs him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine Fellow!

VVin-w. He has made his Maſter a finer by this Deſcription, I ſhould think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's Croſs and Pile, whether for a New Farthing.

VVaſ.

Waſ. I'll tell you, Gentlemen———

Joh. Will't pleaſe you drink, Maſter *Waſpe?*

Waſ. Why, I ha' not talk't ſo long to be dry, Sir; you ſee no Duſt or Cobwebs come out o' my Mouth: do you? you'ld ha' me gone, would you?

Joh. No, but you were in haſte e'en now, Mr. *Numps.*

Waſ. What an' I were? ſo I am ſtill, and yet I will ſtay too; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there, ſhe has as little Wit as her Husband, it ſeems: I have others to talk to.

Joh. She's my match indeed, and as little Wit as I, Good!

Waſ. We ha' been but a day and a half in Town, Gentlemen, 'tis true, and yeſterday i' the Afternoon we walk'd *London*, to ſhew the City to the Gentlewoman he ſhall marry, Miſtris *Grace*; but afore I will endure ſuch another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good Gib cat, through the great Pond at home, as his Uncle *Hodge* was! why, we could not meet that *Heathen* thing all day, but ſtaid him: he would name you all the *Signs* over, as he went, aloud: and where he ſpi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there he was pitch'd, with all the little Long-Coats about him, Male and Female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad o' the black boy in *Bucklers bury*, that takes the ſcurvy, roguy *Tabacco* there.

Joh. You ſay true, Maſter *Numps:* there's ſuch a one indeed.

Waſ. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of *John*'s reading at any hand.

Act I. Scene V.

Cokes, Miſtris *Over-doe*, *VVaſpe*, *Grace*, *Quarlous*, *VVinwife*, *John*, *VVin.*

O *Numps!* are you here, *Numps?* look where I am. *Numps!* and Miſtris *Grace* too! nay, do not look angerly, *Numps*: my Siſter is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waſ. What the miſchief do you come with her? or ſhe with you?

Cok. We came all to ſeek you, *Numps.*

Waſ. To ſeek me? why, did you all think I was loſt, or run away with your Fourteen Shillings worth of ſmall Ware here? or that I had chang'd it i' the *Fair* for Hobby-horſes? S' precious———to ſeek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. *Numps* do you ſhew diſcretion, tho he be exorbitant, (as Mr. *Over-do* ſays) and't be but for conſervation of the *Peace.*

Waſ. Marry gip, Goody She-Juſtice, Miſtris *Frenchhood!* turd i' your teeth; and turd i' your *French-hoods* teeth too, to do you ſervice, do you ſee? muſt you quote your *Adam* to me! you think you are Madam *Regent* ſtill, Miſtris *Over-do*; when I am in place? No ſuch matter, I aſſure you, your *Raign* is out, when I am in, *Dame.*

Over. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be govern'd by you; ſo ſhould he too, if he did well; but 'till be expected you ſhould alſo govern your Paſſions.

Waſ. Will't ſo, forſooth? good Lord! how ſharp you are! with being at *Beth'lem* yeſterday? *VVhetſtone* has ſet an Edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your Dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waſ. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the Licence, *Numps?* for Loves ſake let me ſee't; I never ſaw a Licence.

Waſ. Did you not ſo? why, you ſhall not ſee't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good *Numps.*

Waſ. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i'theſe Fooleries; ſet your heart at reſt; there's nothing in't but hard words; and what would you ſee't for?

Cok. I would ſee the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will ſee't now, ſo I will.

Waſ. You ſha' not ſee it here.

Cok. Then I'll ſee't at home, and I'll look upon the Caſe here.

Waſ. Why, do ſo; a man muſt give way to him a little in Trifles: Gentlemen. Theſe are Errors, Diſeaſes of Youth: which he will mend when he comes to Judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive ſo, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this *Dry-Nurſe*, I ſay ſtill, is a delicate man.

VVin-w. And I am, for the Coſſet, his charge! Did you ever ſee a Fellows Face more accuſe him for an Aſs?

Quar. Accuſe him? it confeſſes him one without accuſing. What pity 'tis yonder wench ſhould marry ſuch a *Cokes?*

VVin-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She ſeems to be diſcreet, and as ſober as ſhe is handſome.

VVin-w. I, and if you mark her, what a reſtrain'd ſcorn ſhe caſts upon all his behaviour and ſpeeches?

Cok. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another piece of buſineſs more, the *Fair*, *Numps*, and then—

Waſ. Bleſs me! deliver me, help, hold me! the *Fair!*

Cok. Nay, never fidg up and down, *Numps*, and vex it ſelf. I am reſolute *Bartholmew* in this; I'll make no ſuit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my Journey indeed, to ſhew Mrs. *Grace* my *Fair*. I call't my *Fair*, becauſe of *Bartholmew:* you know my Name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fair.*

Joh. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning. I had that i'faith upon his Licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, *John*, this ambitious Wit of yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the end.

Joh. No? why Sir?

Quar. You grow ſo inſolent with it, and over-doing, *John*; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to ſome obſcure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

VVin-w. Do not truſt it too much, *John*, be more ſparing, and uſe it but now and then; a Wit is a dangerous thing in this Age; do not over-buy it.

Joh. Think you ſo, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

VVin. Yes, do *John.*

Cok. A pretty little Soul, this ſame Mrs. *Little-wit* would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body elſe, ſo I might ſcape you.

Cok. *Numps*, I will ſee it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed: never be melancholly for the matter.

Waſ. Why, ſee it, Sir, ſee it, do, ſee it! who hinders you? why do you not go ſee it? 'Slid ſee it.

Cok. The *Fair*, *Numps*, the *Fair.*

Waſ. Would the *Fair*, and all the Drums and Rattles in't were i' your belly for me: they are already i' your Brain: he that had the means to travel your head now, ſhould meet finer ſights than any are i' the *Fair*; and make a finer Voyage on't; to ſee it all hung with Cockle-ſhels, Pebbles, fine Wheat-ſtraws, and here and there a Chicken's Feather, and a Cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, metkinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch Flies, with his Sir *Cranion* Legs.

VVin-w. And his *Numps*, to flap 'em away.

Waſ. God, be w'you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a Box, and much good do't you.

Cok. Why, your Friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be ſo contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, *Numps?*

Waſ. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

Over.

Over. You will not let him go, *Brother*, and loſe him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loſe him than the *Fair*, I wuſſe.

Waſ. You do not know the inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perſwade to, nor what trouble I have with him in theſe humours. If he go to the *Fair*, he will buy of every thing to a Baby there; and Houſhold-ſtuff for that too. If a Leg or an Arm on him did not grow on, he would loſe it i' the Preſs. Pray Heaven I bring him off with one Stone! And then he is ſuch a ravener after Fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day, to compound a buſineſs between a Katern-pear-woman, and him, about ſnatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you muſt not leave him now to theſe hazards, *Numps*.

Waſ. Nay, he knows too well, I will not leave him, and that makes him preſume: well, Sir, will you go now? if you have ſuch an itch i' your feet, to foot it to the *Fair*, why do you ſtop, am I your Tarriars? go, will you go? Sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O *Numps!* have I brought you about? come Miſtriſs *Grace*, and Siſter, I am reſolute *Bat*, i' faith, ſtill.

Gra. Truly, I have no ſuch fancy to the *Fair*; nor ambition to ſee it; there's none goes thither of any quality or faſhion.

Cok. O Lord, Sir! you ſhall pardon me, Miſtriſs *Grace*, we are enow of our ſelves to make it a faſhion: and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a Rogue in apprehenſion is this! to underſtand her Language no better.

Win w. I, and offer to marry to her. Well, I will leave the chaſe of my Widow, for to day, and directly to the *Fair*. Theſe Flies cannot, this hot ſeaſon, but engender us excellent creeping ſport.

Quar. A Man that has but a Spoon full of Brain would think ſo. Farewel, *John*.

Joh. Win, you ſee, 'tis in faſhion, to go to the *Fair*, *Win*: we muſt to the *Fair* too, you and I, *Win*. I have an affair i' the *Fair*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine own making: ſay nothing, that I writ for the *motion* Man, which you muſt ſee, *Win*.

Win. I would I might *John*; but my Mother will never conſent to ſuch a *prophane motion*: ſhe will call it.

Joh. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: (Now, *Wit*, help at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come good *Wit*, and 't be thy will.) I have it, *Win*, I have it i' faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eat of a Pig, ſweet *Win*, i' the *Fair*; do you ſee? i' the heart o' the *Fair*; not at *Pye-corner*. Your Mother will do any thing, *Win*, to ſatisfie your longing, you know; pray thee long preſently, and be ſick o' the ſudden, good *Win*. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy Lace i' the mean time, and play the *Hypocrite*, ſweet *Win*.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never ſo ſtraight lac'd.

Joh. You ſay true, you have bin bred i' the Family, and brought up to't. Our Mother is a moſt elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this ſeven year with it, like Gentle-folks.

Win. I, Let her alone, *John*, ſhe is not a wiſe wilful Widow for nothing; nor a ſanctified Siſter for a Song. And let me alone too, I ha' ſomewhat o' the Mother in me, you ſhall ſee, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

Act I. Scene VI.

Purecraft, Win, John, Buſy, Salomon.

NOw, the blaze of the beauteous Diſcipline, fright away this evil from our Houſe! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet Child, ſpeak to me.

Win. Yes, forſooth.

Pur. Look up, ſweet *Win-the-fight*, and ſuffer not the Enemy to enter you at this Door, remember that your Education has bin with the pureſt; what polluted one was it, that nam'd firſt the unclean Beaſt, Pig, to you, Child?

Win. (Uh, uh.)

Joh. Not I, o' my ſincerity Mother: ſhe long'd above three hours e'er ſhe would let me know it; who was it *Win*?

Win. A prophane black thing with a Beard, *John*.

Pur. O! reſiſt it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleſhly motion of Pig, be ſtrong againſt it, and it's foul temptations, in theſe aſſaults, whereby it broacheth Fleſh and Blood, as it were on the weaker ſide, and pray againſt it's carnal provocations; good Child, ſweet Child, pray.

Joh. Good Mother, I pray you, that ſhe may eat ſome Pig, and her belly full too; and do not you caſt away your own Child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: how do you, *Win*? Are you not ſick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, *John*, (uh, uh.)

Pur. What ſhall we do? call our zealous Brother *Buſy* hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adverſary; Child, my dear Child, you ſhall eat Pig, be comforted, my ſweet Child.

Win. I, but i' the *Fair*, Mother.

Pur. I mean i' the *Fair*, if it can be any way made or found lawful; where is our Brother *Buſy*? Will he not come? look up, Child.

Joh. Preſently, Mother, as ſoon as he has cleans'd his Beard. I found him faſt by the Teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pie i' the Cupboard, with a great white Loaf on his left-hand, and a Glaſs of *Malmſey* on his right.

Pur. Slander not the *Bretbren*, wicked one.

Joh. Here he is now, purified Mother.

Pur. O Brother *Buſy!* your help here to edifie and raiſe us up in a ſcruple; my Daughter *Win-the-fight* is viſited with a natural Diſeaſe of *Women*; call'd, *A longing to eat Pig*.

Joh. I Sir, a *Bartholmew*-Pig: and in the *Fair*.

Pur. And I would be ſatisfied from you, Religiouſly-wiſe, whether a Widow of the ſanctified Aſſembly, or a Widows Daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker Siſters.

Buſ. Verily, for the Diſeaſe of Longing, it is a Diſeaſe, a carnal Diſeaſe, or Appetite, incident to Women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: Now Pig, it is a Meat, and a Meat that is nouriſhing, and may be long'd for, and ſo conſequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the *Fair*, and as a *Bartholmew*-Pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a *Bartholmew*-Pig; and to eat it ſo, is a ſpice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fair* no better than one of the high *Places*. This I take it is the ſtate of the queſtion. A high place.

Joh. I, but in ſtate of neceſſity: *Place* ſhould give place, Mr. *Buſy*, (I have a conceit left yet.)

Pur. Good Brother, *Zeal-of-the-land*, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Joh. Yes Sir, and as ſoon as you can: for it muſt be Sir; you ſee the danger my little Wife is in, Sir.

Pur. Truly, I do love my Child dearly, and I would not have her miſcarry, or hazard her firſt fruits, if it might be otherwiſe.

Buſ. Surely, it may be otherwiſe, but it is ſubject to conſtruction, ſubject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face, but that face may have a veil put over it, and be ſhaddowed as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fair*, I take it, in a Booth, the Tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be Religious in midſt of the prophane, ſo it be eaten with a reformed Mouth, with *ſobriety*, and humbleneſs; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedineſs; there's the fear: for, ſhould ſhe go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dreſſing, to feed the vanity of the Eye, or the luſt of the Palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Joh. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough, we'll ſeek out the homelieſt Booth i' the *Fair*; that's certain, rather then fail, we'll eat it o' the Ground.

Pur. I, and I'll go with you my ſelf, *Win-the-fight*, and my Brother *Zeal of-the-land* ſhall go with us too, for our better conſolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Joh. I, and *Salomon* too *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Buſy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my Cloke.

Sal. Here, Sir.

Buſ. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and propheſie; there may be a good uſe made of it too, now I think on't: by the publick eating of Swines Fleſh, to profeſs our hate and loathing of *Judaiſm*, whereof the Brethren ſtand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly.

Joh. Good i' faith, I will eat heartily too, becauſe I will be no *Jew*, I could never away with that ſtiffnecked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pig ſo i' the Mothers Belly.

Buſ. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

Act II. Scene I.

Juſtice Overdoo.

WEll, in Juſtice name, and the Kings, and for the Commonwealth! defie all the World, *Adam Overdoo*, for a diſguiſe, and all *ſtory*; for thou haſt fitted thy ſelf I ſwear; fain would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles Eye, that piercing *Epidaurian* Serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* calls him) that could diſcover a Juſtice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this covering. They may have ſeen many a fool in the habit of a Juſtice; but never till now, a Juſtice in the habit of a fool. Thus muſt we do, though that wake for the publick good: and thus hath the wiſe Magiſtrate done in all Ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never ſhall I enough commend a worthy worſhipful Man, ſometime a capital Member of this City, for his high wiſdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a Porter, now of a Carman, now of the Dog-killer, in this month of *Auguſt*; and in the Winter, of a ſeller of Tinder-boxes; and what would he do in all theſe ſhapes? marry, go you into every Alehouſe, and down into every Celler; meaſure the length of Puddings, take the gage of Black-pots, and Cans, I, and Cuſtards with a Stick; and their circumference with a Thread; weigh the Loaves of Bread on his middle-finger; then would he ſend for 'em home; give the Puddings to the Poor, the Bread to the Hungry, the Cuſtards to his Children; break the Pots, and burn the Cans himſelf; he would not truſt his corrupt Officers, he would do't himſelf. Would all Men in Authority would follow this worthy preſident. For (alas) as we are publick Perſons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other Mens Ears, we ſee with other Mens Eyes. A fooliſh Conſtable, or a ſleepy Watchman, is all our information, he ſlanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and we by the vice of ours, muſt believe him. As a while agone, they made me, yea me, to miſtake an honeſt zealous Purſivant, for a *Seminary*: and a a proper young Batchellor of Muſick, for a Bawd. This we are ſubject to, that live in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and moſt of our intelligencers Knaves: and by your leave, our ſelves thought little better, if not errant Fools for believing 'em. I *Adam Overdoo*, am reſolv'd therefore, to ſpare ſpy-mony hereafter, and make mine own diſcoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this *Fair*, in whoſe Courts of *Pye-poulders* I have had the honour, during the three days, ſometimes to ſit as Judge. But this is the ſpecial day for detection of thoſe foreſaid enormities. Here is my black Book for the purpoſe; this the Cloud that hides me; under this Covert I ſhall ſee and not be ſeen. On *Junius Brutus*. And as I began, ſo I'll end; in Juſtice name, and the Kings, and for the Commonwealth.

Act II. Scene II.

Leatherhead, Traſh, Juſtice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Coſtermonger, Paſſengers.

THE *Fair*'s peſtlence dead methinks; People come not abroad to day, what ever the matter is. Do you hear, Siſter *Traſh*, Lady o' the Basket? ſit farther with your Ginger-bread progeny there, and hinder not the proſpect of my Shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the *Fair*, what ſtuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what ſtuff are they made on, Brother *Leather-head*? nothing but what's wholſome, I aſſure you.

Lea. Yes, ſtale Bread, rotten Eggs, muſty Ginger, and dead Hony, you know.

Juſ. I! have I met with enormity ſo ſoon?

Lea. I ſhall mar your Market, old *Jone*.

Tra. Mar my Market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worſt, I defie thee, I, and thy Stable of Hobby-Horſes. I pay for my Ground, as well as thou doſt, and thou wrong'ſt me for all thou art parcel-Poet, and an Ingineer. I'll find a Friend ſhall right me, and make a Ballad of thee, and thy Cattle all over. Are you puſt up with the pride of your Wares? your *Arſedine*?

Lea. Go too, old *Jone*, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore Juſtice *Overdoo*, he is the Man muſt charm you, I'll ha' you i' the *Pie-pouldres*.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee Face to Face, afore his Worſhip, when thou dar'ſt: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing as any Woman in *Smithfield*; I, charm me?

Juſ. I am glad to hear my name is their terror, yet this is doing of Juſtice.

Lea. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horſes, Babies o' the beſt? Fiddles o' th' fineſt? [*Enter* Coſt.

Coſ. Buy any Pears, Pears, fine, very fine Pears.

Tra. Buy any Ginger-bread, guilt Ginger-bread!

Nig. Hey, *now the Fairs a filling!*

O, for a Tune to ſtartle
The Birds o' the Booths here billing:
Yearly with old Saint Barthle!
The Drunkards they are wading,
The Punques, and Chapmen trading;
Who'ld ſee the Fair without his lading? Buy any Ballads; new Ballads?

Urſ. Fie upon't: who would wear out their youth, and prime thus, in roaſting of Pigs, that had any cooler vocation?

vocation? Hell's a kind of cold Cellar to't, a very fine Vault, o' my Conſcience! what *Moon-calf.*

Moo. Here, Miſtriſs.

Nig. How now *Urſla?* in a heat, in a heat?

Urſ. My Chair, you falſe Faucet you; and my Mornings draught, quickly, a Bottle of Ale, to quench me, Raskal. I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I ſhall e'en melt away to the firſt Woman, a Rib again, I am afraid. I do water the Ground in knots, as I go, like a great Garden-pot; you may follow me by the S. S. I make.

Nig. Alas, good *Urs*, was *Zekiel* here this morning?

Urſ. Zekiel? what *Zekiel?*

Nig. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil Cut-purſe, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you ſtill: I call him my Secretary.

Urſ. He promis'd to be here this morning, I remember.

Nig. When he comes, bid him ſtay: I'll be back again preſently. [Moon-calf *brings in the Chair.*

Urſ. Beſt take your morning Dew in your Belly, *Nightingale*: come, Sir, ſet it here; did not I bid you ſhould get this Chair let out o' the ſides, for me, that my Hips might play? you'll never think of any thing, till your Dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: becauſe it can take in your Graſs-hoppers Thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the corner o' the Booth, fleaing your Breech with a Candles end, and ſet fire o' the *Fair.* Fill, *Stote:* fill.

Juſ. This Pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my ſecond enormity; ſhe hath been before me, *Punk*, *Pinnace*, and *Bawd*, any time theſe two and twenty years upon Record i' the *Pie-poudres.*

Urſ. Fill again, you unlucky Vermine.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, Miſtriſs, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urſ. No, no, I ſhall e'en dwindle away to't, e'er the *Fair* be done: you think, now you ha' heated me? A poor vex'd thing I am, I feel my ſelf dropping already, as faſt as I can: two Stone a Sewet a day is my proportion: I can but hold Life and Soul together, with this (here's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiff of Tabacco, at moſt. Where's my Pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee.*

Nig. Nay, *Urſla*, thou'lt gall between the Tongue and the Teeth, with fretting, now.

Urſ. How can I hope that ever he'll diſcharge his place of truſt, Tapſter, a Man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I ſay to him? but look too't, Sirrah, you were beſt, three Pence a Pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half Pound of Tabacco, and a quarter of a Pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to eech it out. I that have dealt ſo long in the fire, will not be to ſeek in ſmoke, now. Then ſix and twenty Shillings a Barrel I will advance o' my Beer, and fifty Shillings a hundred o' my Bottle-Ale; I ha' told you the ways how to raiſe it. Froth your Cans well i' the filling, at length Rogue, and jog your Bottles o' the Buttock, Sirrah, then skink out the firſt Glaſs, ever, and drink with all Companies, though you be ſure to be drunk; you'll miſ-reckon the better, and be leſs aſham'd on't. But your true trick, Raskal, muſt be, to be ever buſie, and miſ-take away the Bottles and Cans, in haſte, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they ſhould chance to mark you) till you ha' brought freſh, and be able to forſwear 'em. Give me a drink of Ale.

Juſ. This is the very *Womb*, and *Bed* of enormity! groſs as her ſelf! this muſt, all down for enormity, all, every whit on't. [*One knocks.*

Urſ. Look, who's there, Sirrah? five Shillings a Pig is my Price, at leaſt; if it be a Sow-pig, ſix Pence more; if ſhe be a great bellied Wife, and long for't, ſix Pence more for that.

Juſ. O tempora! O mores! I would not ha' loſt my diſcovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worſhip o' the *Bench*, how is the poor abus'd here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moon-calf*, and win out wonders of enormity. By thy leave, goodly Woman, and the fatneſs of the *Fair:* oily as the King's Conſtables Lamp, and ſhining as his Shooing-horn! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beer ſtrength? that the Tongue of Man may be tickled? and his Palate pleas'd in the Morning? let thy pretty Nephew here, go ſearch and ſee.

Urſ. What new Roarer is this?

Moo. O Lord! do you not know him, Miſtris? 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Maſter, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how do you? welcome to the *Fair*; when ſhall we hear you again, to handle your matters? with your Back again a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little diſciples, i' my days!

Juſ. Let me drink, Boy, with my Love, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy beſt, leſt it be bitter in my Mouth, and my words fall foul on the *Fair.*

Urſ. Why doſt thou not fetch him Drink? and offer him to ſit?

Moo. Is't Ale, or Beer? Maſter *Arthur?*

Juſ. Thy beſt, pretty ſtripling, thy beſt; the ſame thy Dove drinketh, and thou draweſt on Holy-days.

Urſ. Bring him a ſix Penny Bottle of Ale; they ſay, a Fools hanſel is lucky.

Juſ. Bring both, Child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beer for *Bradley.* Ale for thine Aunt, Boy. My diſguiſe takes to the very wiſh and reach of it. I ſhall by the benefit of this diſcover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certain midling thing, between a Fool and a Madman.

Act II. Scene III.

Knockhum. [*To them.*

WHat! my little lean *Urſla!* my ſhe-Bear! art thou alive yet? with thy litter of Pigs, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fair?* ha!

Urſ. Yes, and to amble afoot, when the *Fair* is done, to hear you groan out of a Cart, up the heavy Hill.

Kno. Of *Holborn*, *Urſla*, mean'ſt thou ſo? for what? for what, pretty *Urs?*

Urſ. For cutting Half-penny Purſes: or ſtealing little penny Dogs, out o' the *Fair.*

Kno. O! good words, good words, *Urs.*

Juſ. Another ſpecial enormity. A cut-purſe of the Sword, the Boot, and the Feather! thoſe are his marks.

Urſ. You are one of thoſe Horſe-leaches that gave out I was dead, in *Turn bull-ſtreet*, of a ſurfeit of Bottle Ale and Tripes?

Kno. No, 'twas better Meat *Urs:* Cows Udders, Cows Udders!

Urſ. Well, I ſhall be-meet with your mumbling Mouth one day.

Kno. What? thou'lt poyſon me with a Neuft in a Bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a Spider in a Tabacco pipe, *Urs?* Come, there's no malice in theſe fat Folks, I never fear thee, and I can ſcape thy lean *Moon calf* here. Let's drink it out, good *Urs*, and no vapours!

Juſ. Doſt thou hear, Boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) ſpeak in thy faith of a Faucet, now; is this goodly Perſon before us here, this Vapours, a Knight of the Knife?

Moo. What mean you by that, Maſter *Arthur?*

Juſ. I mean a Child of the Horn-thumb, a Babe of booty, Boy, a Cutpurſe.

Moo. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Maſter *Dan. Knockhum: Jordane* the Ranger of *Turnbull.* He is a Horſe courſer, Sir.

Juſ. Thy Dainty Dame, though, call'd him Cutpurſe.

Moo. Like enough, Sir, ſhe'll do forty ſuch things in an hour (an you liſten to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i' the greaſie Kerchief: it makes her fat you ſee. She battens with it.

Juſ. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd, now, and ha' put a Fools blot upon my ſelf, if I had not play'd an af-Game o' diſcretion. [Urſla *comes in again dropping.*

Kno. Alas poor *Urs*, this's an ill ſeaſon for thee.

Urſ. Hang your ſelf, Hackney-man.

Kno. How? how? *Urſ*, Vapours, motion breed Vapours?

Urſ. Vapours? never tusk, nor twirle your Dibble, good *Jordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captain o' the Roarers, and fight well at the caſe of piſs-pots, you ſhall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your Tusks; you angry? you are hungry: come, a Pigs-head will ſtop your Mouth, and ſtay your Stomach at all times.

Kno. Thou art ſuch another mad merry *Urs*, ſtill! Troth I do make conſcience of vexing thee, now i' the Dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundring thee i' the Body, and melting down a *Pillar* of the *Fair*. Pray thee take thy Chair again, and keep ſtate; and let's have a freſh Bottle of Ale, and a Pipe of Tabacco; and no Vapours. I'll ha' this Belly o' thine taken up, and thy Graſs ſcour'd, Wench; look, here's *Ezekiel Edgworth*; a fine Boy of his inches, as any is i' the *Fair!* has ſtill Money in his Purſe, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good Vapours.

Act II. Scene IV.

To them.] *Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Paſſengers.*

THat I will indeed, willingly, Maſter *Knockhum*, fetch ſome Ale, and Tabacco.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? Maid, ſee a fine Hobby-horſe for your young Maſter: coſt you but a token a Week his Provender.

Cor. Ha' you any Corns i' your Feet and Toes?

Tin. Buy a Mouſe-trap, a Mouſe-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

Tra. Buy ſome Ginger-bread.

Nig. Ballads, Ballads! fine new Ballads:
Hear for your Love, and buy for your Money.
A delicate Ballad o' the Ferret *and the* Coney.
A preſervative again' the Punques evil.
Another of Gooſe green-ſtarch, *and the* Devil.
A dozen of Divine Points, *and the* Godly Garters.
The Fairing of good Counſel, *of an Ell and three quarters.* What is't you buy?
The *Wind-mill blown down by the Witches Fart!*
Or *Saint* George, *that O! did break the* Dragons *Heart!*

Edg. Maſter *Nightingale*, come hither, leave your Mart a little.

Nig. O my Secretary! what ſays my Secretary?

Juſ. Child o' the Bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moo. A civil young Gentleman, Maſter *Arthur*, that keeps company with the Roarers, and diſburſes all ſtill. He has ever Money in his Purſe; He pays for them; and they roar for him: one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he ſerves no body. A great Friend of the Ballad-mans, they are never aſunder.

Juſ. What pitty 'tis, ſo civil a young Man ſhould haunt this debaucht company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper pen-man, I ſee't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks look with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moo. A very quick hand, Sir.

Edg. All the Purſes, and purchaſe, I give you to day by conveyance, bring hither to *Urſla*'s preſently. Here we will meet at night in her Lodg, and ſhare. Look you chuſe good places for your ſtanding i' the *Fair*, when you ſing, *Nightingale.*

[*This they whiſper, that* Overdo *hears it not.*

Urſ. I, near the fulleſt paſſages; and ſhift 'em often.

Edg. And i' your ſinging, you muſt uſe your Hawks Eye nimbly, and fly the Purſe to a mark, ſtill, where 'tis worn, and o' which ſide; that you may gi' me the ſign with your Beak, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

Urſ. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendſhip (Maſters) is not now to begin. Drink your draught of Indenture, your ſup of Covenant, and away, the *Fair* fills apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pig ready yet.

Kno. Well ſaid! fill the Cups, and light the Tabacco: let's give fire i' th' Works, and noble Vapours.

Edg. And ſhall we ha' Smocks *Urſla*, and good whimſies, ha?

Urſ. Come, you are i' your bawdy vain! the beſt the *Fair* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keep his word; how do the Pigs, *Moon-calf?*

Moo. Very paſſionate, Miſtris, on' on 'em has wept out an Eye. Maſter *Arthur* o' *Bradley* is melancholy, here, no body talks to him. Will you any Tabacco Maſter *Arthur?*

Juſ. No, Boy, let my meditations alone.

Moo. He's ſtudying for an Oration, now.

Juſ. If I can with this days travel, and all my policy, but reſcue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd Man, and the ſtrange Woman, I will ſit down at night, and ſay with my Friend *Ovid*, *Famque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis*, &c.

Kno. Here *Zekiel*; here's a Health to *Urſla*, and a kind Vapour: thou haſt Money i' thy Purſe ſtill, and ſtore! how doſt thou come by it? Pray thee Vapour thy Friends ſome in a courteous Vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Maſter *Dan. Knockhum*, is always at your ſervice.

Juſ. Ha, ſweet nature! what Goſhawk would prey upon ſuch a Lamb?

Kno. Let's ſee, what 'tis, *Zekiel!* count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

Act II. Scene V.

Win-wife, Quarlous. [*To them.*

WE are here before 'em, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we ſhall ſee 'em come in now.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine Horſe? a Lyon? a Bull? a Bear? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Inſtrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's *Orpheus* among the Beaſts, with his Fiddle, and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable Bread, Gentlemen?

Quar. And *Ceres* ſelling her Daughters Picture, in Ginger-work!

Win. That theſe People ſhould be ſo ignorant to think us chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horſes?

Quar. Why, they know no better Ware than they have, nor better Cuſtomers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true cuſtomer for 'em.

Kno. How much is't? thirty Shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife?* and *Tom Quarlous*, I think! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Maſter *Winwife!* Maſter *Quarlous!* will you take a Pipe of Tabacco with us? do not diſcredit me now, *Zekiel.*

Win. Do not ſee him! he is the roaring Horſe-courſer, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud

Quar. 'Slud, I'll ſee him, and roar with him too, and he roar'd as loud as *Neptune*; pray thee go with me.

Vvin. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you pleaſe, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, man, but to ſee ſights now.

Kno. Welcome Maſter *Quarlous*, and Maſter *Win-wife!* will you take any froth, and ſmoak with us?

Quar. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon us, if we knew not of ſo much familiarity between us afore.

Kno. As what, Sir?

Quar. To be ſo lightly invited to Smoak and Froth.

Kno. A good Vapour! will you ſit down, Sir? this is Old *Urſla*'s Manſion, how like you her Bower? here you may ha' your Punck and your Pig in State, Sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my Punck cold, Sir.

Juſ. There's for me, Punck! and Pig!

Urſ. What *Mooncalf*, you Rogue? [*She calls within.*

Moo. By and by, the Bottle is almoſt off, Miſtris; here Maſter *Arthur*.

Urſ. I'll part you, and your Play-fellow there, i' the garded Coat, an' you ſunder not the ſooner.

Kno. Maſter *Win-wife*, you are proud (me thinks) you do not talk, nor drink, are you proud?

Win. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I aſſure you.

Kno. You do not except at the Company! do you! are you in Vapours, Sir?

Moo. Nay, good Maſter *Dan. Knockhum*, reſpect my Miſtris Bower, as you call it; for the Honour of our Booth, none o' your Vapours here.

Urſ. Why, you thin lean Polecat you, and they have a mind to be i' their Vapours, muſt you hinder 'em? what did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' loſt a Cloak, or ſuch a Trifle? muſt you be drawing the Air of Pacification here? while I am tormented within i'the fire, you Weaſel? [*She comes out with a fire-brand.*

Moo. Good Miſtris, 'twas in the behalf of your Booth's Credit that I ſpoke.

Urſ. Why! would my Booth ha' broke, if they had fal'n out in't, Sir? or would their heat ha' fir'd it? In, you Rogue, and wipe the Pigs, and mend the Fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baſte and roaſt you till your Eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the Bottle behind you, and be curſt a while.)

Quar. Body o' the *Fair!* what's this? Mother o' the Bawds?

Kno. No, ſhe's Mother o' the Pigs, Sir, Mother o'the Pigs.

Win. Mother o' the *Furies*, I think, by her Firebrand.

Quar. Nay, ſhe is too fat to be a *Fury*, ſure ſome walking Sow of Tallow!

Vvin. An inſpir'd Veſſel of Kitchin-ſtuff!

Quar. She'll make Excellent Geer for the Coachmakers here in *Smithfield*, to anoint Wheels and Axel-trees with. [*She drinks this while.*

Urſ. I, I, Gameſters, mock a plain plump ſoft Wench o' the Suburbs, do, becauſe ſhe's juicy and wholeſome: you muſt ha' your thin pinch'd Ware, pent up i' the compaſs of a Dog-Collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, ſet upright, and a green feather, like Fennel i' the Joll on't.

Kno. Well ſaid, *Urs*, my good *Urs*; to 'em *Urs*.

Quar. Is ſhe your Quag-mire, *Dan. Knockhum?* is this your Bog?

Nig. We ſhall have a quarrel preſently.

Kno. How, Bog? Quagmire? foul Vapours! humh!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I aſſure him, might ſink into her, and be drown'd a week, e're any Friend he had could find where he were.

Vvin. And then he would be a fort'night weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole Shire of Butter: they had need be a Team of *Dutchmen* ſhould draw him out.

Kno. Anſwer 'em, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholmew*-wit now, *Urs*, thy *Bartholmew*-wit?

Urſ. Hang 'em, rotten, Roguy Cheaters, I hope to ſee 'em plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am ſure) with lean Play-houſe Poultry, that has the Bony Rump, ſticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every Rib of 'em is like the Tooth of a Saw: and will ſo grate 'em with their Hips and Shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how ſhe drips! She's able to give a Man the Sweating Sickneſs with looking on her.

Urſ. Marry look off, with a patch o' your face, and a Dozen i' your Breech, tho they be o' Scarlet, Sir. I ha' ſeen as fine out-ſides as either o' yours, bring lowſie Linings to the Brokers, e're now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new Cucking-ſtool i' the *Fair*, to be purchas'd? one large enough, I mean. I know there is a Pond of Capacity for her.

Urſ. For your Mother, you Raſcal, out you Rogue, you Hedge-bird, you Pimp, you Pannier-man's Baſtard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urſ. Do you ſneer, you Dogs-head, you *Trendle Tail!* you look as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in Harveſt-time, when the Whelp was hot and eager. Go, ſnuff after your Brother's Bitch, Mrs. *Commodity*; that's the Livery you wear, 'twill be out at the Elbows ſhortly. It's time you went to't for the to'ther Remnant.

Kno. Peace, *Urs*, peace, *Urs*, they'll kill the poor Whale, and make Oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urſ. I'll ſee 'em pox'd firſt, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win. Let's away, her Language grows greaſier than her Pigs.

Urſ. Does't ſo, Snotty-noſe? good Lord! are you ſniveling? You were engendred on a She-beggar, in a Barn, when the bald Thraſher, your Sire, was ſcarce warm.

Win. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith: I'll ſtay the end of her now: I know ſhe cannot laſt long; I find by her *Similies* ſhe wanes a pace.

Urſ. Does ſhe ſo? I'll ſet you gone. Gi' me my Pig-pan hither a little. I'll ſcald you hence, and you will not go.

Kno. Gentlemen, theſe are very ſtrange Vapours! and very idle Vapours! I aſſure you.

Quar. You are a very ſerious Aſs, we aſſure you.

Kno. Humh! Aſs? and ſerious? nay, then pardon me my Vapour. I have a fooliſh Vapour, Gentlemen: any man that does vapour me the Aſs, Maſter *Quarlous*——

Quar. What then, Maſter *Jordan?*

Kno. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that.

Kno. Nay then, Vapours upon Vapours.

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the Pan, the Pan, the Pan, ſhe comes with the Pan, Gentlemen. God bleſs the Woman. [Urſla *comes in with the Scalding-Pan.*

Urſ. Oh. [*They fight.*

Era. What's the matter?

Juſ. Goodly woman!

Moo. Miſtreſs! [*She falls with it.*

Urſ. Curſe of Hell, that ever I ſaw theſe Fiends, oh! I ha' ſcalded my Leg, my Leg, my Leg, my Leg. I ha' loſt a Limb in the Service! run for ſome Cream

and

and Sallad Oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you Baboon? rip off my Hoſe, an' you be men, men, men.

Moo. Run you for ſome Cream, good Mother *Jone.* I'll look to your Basket.

Lea. Beſt ſit up i' your Chair, *Urſla.* Help, Gentlemen.

Kno. Be of good cheer, *Urs*, thou haſt hindred me the currying of a Couple of Stallions here, that abus'd the good Race-Bawd o' *Smithfield*; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I'faith, when the Pan came, they had made you run elſe. (This had been a fine time for purchaſe, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit, theſe fellows were too fine to carry Money.

Kno. Nightingale, get ſome help to carry her Leg out o' the Air; take off her Shooes; body o' me, ſhe has the Mallanders, the Scratches, the Crown Scab, and the Quitter Bone i'the to'ther Leg.

Urſ. Oh, the Pox! why do you put me in mind o' my Leg thus, to make it prick and ſhoot? would you ha' me i'the Hoſpital afore my time?

Kno. Patience, *Urs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a Bliſter as big as a Windgall; I'll take is away with the white of an Egg, a little Honey and Hogs Greaſe, ha' thy Paſterns well roll'd, and thou ſhalt pace again by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and look to thy Affairs the while: Thou ſhalt ſit i' thy Chair, and give Directions, and ſhine *Urſa major.*

Act II. Scene VI.

Juſtice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waſpe, Miſtris *Overdoo, Grace.*

THeſe are the Fruits of Bottle Ale and Tabacco! the Fome of the one, and the Fumes of the other! Stay young man, and deſpiſe not the Wiſdom of theſe few Hairs that are grown gray in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, ſtay a little. Indeed I'll hear ſome o' this!

Cok. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? Welcome into the *Fair*, Miſtris *Grace.*

Edg. 'Slight, he will call Company, you ſhall ſee, and put us into doings preſently.

Juſ. Thirſt not after that frothy Liquor, Ale: for who knows when he openeth the Stopple, what may be in the Bottle? Hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea, a Neuſt been found there? thirſt not after it, youth: thirſt not after it.

Cok. This is a brave Fellow, *Numps*, let's hear him.

Waſ. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a garded Coat? You were beſt truck with him, e'en ſtrip, and truck preſently, it will become you, why will you hear him, becauſe he is an Aſs, and may be a-kin to the *Cokeſes.*

Cok. O, good *Numps!*

Juſ. Neither do thou luſt after that Tawny Weed, Tabacco.

Cok. Brave words!

Juſ. Whoſe Complexion is like the *Indians* that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave words, Siſter?

Juſ. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piſs'd thereon?

Waſ. 'Heart let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! and they were all the brave words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? Miſtris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you acceſſary. If you do loſe your Licence, or ſomewhat elſe, Sir, with liſtning to his Fables, ſay *Numps* is a Witch, with all my heart, do, ſay ſo.

Cok. Avoid i' your Sattin Doublet, *Numps.*

Juſ. The creeping Venome of which ſubtil Serpent, as ſome late Writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perillous Plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way perſway or aſſwage.

Cok. Good i' faith! is't not, Siſter?

Juſ. Hence it is that the Lungs of the Tabacconiſt are rotted, the Liver ſpotted, the Brain ſmoak'd like the Back-ſide of the Pig-womans Booth here, and the whole Body within, black as her Pan you ſaw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine Similitude, that, Sir! did you ſee the Pan?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Juſ. Nay, the hole in the Noſe here, of ſome Tabacco-takers, or the Third Noſtril, (if I may ſo call it) which makes, that they can vent the Tabacco out, like the Ace of Clubs, or rather the Flower-de-lice, is cauſed from the Tabacco, the meer Tabacco! when the poor innocent Pox, having nothing to do there, is miſerably and moſt unconſcionably ſlander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' miſt this, Siſter?

Over. Not any body but *Numps.*

Cok. He does not underſtand.

Edg. Nor you feel. [*He picketh his Purſe.*

Cok. What would you have, Siſter, of a Fellow that knows nothing but a Basket-Hilt, and an Old Fox in't? the beſt Muſick i' the *Fair* will not move a Log.

Edg. In, to *Urſla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: ſee it told. This Fellow was ſent to us by Fortune, for our firſt Fairing.

Juſ. But what ſpeak I of the Diſeaſes of the Body, Children of the *Fair*?

Cok. That's to us, Siſter. Brave i' faith!

Juſ. Hark, O you Sons and Daughters of *Smithfield!* and hear what malady it doth the Mind: It cauſeth ſwearing, it cauſeth ſwaggering, it cauſeth ſnuffling and ſnarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath ſomething of Maſter *Over-doo*, me thinks, brother.

Cok. So me thought, Siſter, very much of my Brother *Over-doo*: And 'tis when he ſpeaks.

Juſ. Look into any Angle o' Town, (the *Streights*, or the *Bermuda*'s) where the Quarrelling Leſſon is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with Bottle Ale and Tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one ſide, and his Pupils o' the other; But the Seconds are ſtill Bottle Ale and Tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty Pound a week in Bottle Ale! Forty in Tabacco! and Ten more in Ale again. Then for a Suit to drink in, ſo much, and (that being ſlaver'd) ſo much for another Suit, and then a Third Suit, and a Fourth Suit! and ſtill the Bottle Ale ſlavereth, and the Tabacco ſtinketh!

Waſ. Heart of a mad man! are you rooted here? Will you never away? What can any man find out in this bawling Fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher ſin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and ſet up a Booth, Sir?

Juſ. I will conclude briefly——

Waſ. Hold your peace, you roaring Raſcal, I'll run my Head i' your Chaps elſe. You were beſt build a Booth, and entertain him; make your Will, and you ſay the Word, and him your Heir! Heart, I never knew one taken with a Mouth of a Peck afore. By this Light, I'll carry you away o' my back, and you will not come. [*He gets him up on pick-pack.*

Cok. Stay, *Numps*, ſtay, ſet me down: I ha' loſt my Purſe, *Numps*, O my Purſe! One o' my fine Purſes is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, Brother?

Cok.

Cok. I, as I am an honeſt man, would I were an errant Rogue elſe! a plague of all roguy damn'd Cut-purſes for me.

VVaſ. Bleſs 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you ſee! Now, as I am no Infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my Witneſs) do you ſee, Sir? I did not tell you of his Fables, I? no, no, I am a dull Malt-Horſe, I, I know nothing. Are you not juſtly ſerv'd, i' your Conſcience now? Speak i' your Conſcience. Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

Edg. This Fellow is very Charitable, would he had a Purſe too! But I muſt not be too bold all at a time.

Cok. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my beſt Purſe.

Waſ. Not your beſt! death! why ſhould it be your worſt? why ſhould it be any, indeed, at all? Anſwer me to that, gi' me a Reaſon from you, why it ſhould be any?

Cok. Nor my Gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, look here elſe, Siſter.

Waſ. Why ſo, there's all the feeling he has!

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, Brother.

Cok. Nay, ſo I will, I warrant you; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain ſee him get this, look you here.

VVaſ. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo! Very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Siſter, will you take notice of a good Jeſt? I will put it juſt where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you ſhall ſee a delicate fine Trap to catch the Cut-purſe nibling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try e're you be out o' the *Fair*.

Cok. Come, Miſtris *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my miſchance; ſorrow wi' not keep it, Sweet heart.

Gra. I do not think on't, Sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little ſcurvy white money, hang it: it may hang the Cut-purſe one day. I ha' Gold left to gi' thee a Fairing yet, as hard as the World goes: no thing angers me but that no body here look'd like a Cut-purſe, unleſs 'twere *Numps*.

VVaſ. How? I? I look like a Cut-purſe? Death! your Siſter's a Cut-purſe! and your Mother and Father, and all your Kin were Cut-purſes! And here is a Rogue is the Bawd o' the Cut-purſes, whom I will beat to begin with.

They ſpeak all together: and Waſpe *beats the* Juſtice.

Cok. Numps, Numps.

Over. Good Mr. *Humphrey.*

VVaſ. You are the *Patrico!* are you? the Patriarch of the Cut-purſes? You ſhare, Sir, they ſay, let them ſhare this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

Juſ. Murther, murther, murther.

Juſ. Hold thy Hand, Child of Wrath, and Heir of Anger, make it not *Childermas* Day in thy Fury, or the Feaſt of the *French Bartholmew*, Parent of the Maſſacre.

Act III. Scene I.

VVhit, Haggiſe, Briſtle, Leather-head, Traſh.

NAY, tiſh all gone, now! diſh tiſh, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Maſter Offiſher, phat iſh a man te better to liſhen out noyſhes for tee, and tou art in an oder 'orld, being very ſhuffiſhient noyſhes and gallantſh too, one o' their brabbleſh would have fed uſh all diſh fortnight, but tou art ſo buſhy about beggerſh ſtill, tou haſt no leſhure to intend ſhentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, *Davy Briſtle.*

Cri. Come, come, you told me a Pudding, *Toby Haggiſe*; A matter of nothing; I am ſure it came to nothing! You ſaid, let's go to *Urſla*'s indeed; but then you met the man with the Monſters, and I could not get you from him. An Old Fool, not leave ſeeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd ſo early? or that the Ale o' the *Fair* would ha' been up ſo ſoon.

Whi. Phy? phat a Clock toeſt tou tink it iſh man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

VVhi. Tou art a Viſh Vatchman, i'te mean teem.

Hag. Why? ſhould the Watch go by the Clock, or the Clock by the Watch, I pray?

Bri. One ſhould go by another, if they did well.

VVhi. Tou art right now! phen didſt tou ever know or hear of a ſhuffiſhient Vatchman, but he did tell the Clock, phat buſhineſs ſoever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's moſt true, a ſufficient Watchman knows what a Clock it is.

VVhi. Shleeping or vaking! aſh well as te Clock himſhelf, or te Jack dat ſhtrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of Maſter *Leatherhead*, or *Jone Traſh* here. Maſter *Leatherhead*, do you hear, Maſter *Leather-head?*

VVhi. If it be a Ledderhead, tiſh a very tick Ledderhead, tat ſho muſh noiſh vill not peirſh him.

Lea. I have a little buſineſs now, good friends, do not trouble me.

VVhi. Phat? becauſe o' ty wrought neet Cap, and ty Phelvet Sherkin, Man? Phy? I have ſheene tee in ty Ledder Sherkin, e're now, Maſhter o' de Hobby-Horſes, as buſhy and as ſtately as tou ſheem'ſt to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, Captain *VVhit*? He has his choice of Jerkins, you may ſee by that, and his Caps too, I aſſure you, when he pleaſes to be either ſick or imploy'd.

Lea. God a mercy *Jone*, anſwer for me.

VVhi. Away, be not ſheen i' my Company, here be Shentlemen, and men of Vorſhip.

Act III. Scene II.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Buſy, John, Pure-craft, Win, Knockhum, Moon-calf, Urſla.

WE had wonderful ill luck, to miſs this Prologue o' the Purſe, but the beſt is, we ſhall have Five *Acts* of him e're Night: He'll be Spectacle enough! I'll anſwer for't.

Whi. O Creeſh! Duke *Quarlous*, how doſht tou? tou doſht not know me, I fear? I am te viſheſht man, but Juſtiſh *Over-doo*, in all *Bartholmew Fair* now. Gi' me Twelve Pence from tee, I vill help tee to a Vife vorth Forty Marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, Rouge; Pimp, away.

Whi.

Whi. And ſhe ſhall ſhew tee as fine cut o'rke for't in her Shmock too as tou canſht viſh i' faith; vilt tou have her, Vorſhipful *Vin-vife?* I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into Pig-Quarter, gi' me ty Twelve Pence from tee.

Win-w. Why, there's Twelve Pence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

Whi. Tou art a Vorthy Man, and a Vorſhipful Man ſtill.

Quar. Get you gone, Raſcal.

Whi. I do mean it, man. Prinſh *Quarlous*, if tou haſht need on me, tou ſhalt find me here at *Urſla*'s, I vill ſee phat Ale and Punque iſh i' te Pigſhty for tee, bleſs ty good Vorſhip.

Quar. Look! who comes here? *John Little-wit!*

Win-w. And his Wife, and my Widow, her Mother: the whole Family.

Quar. 'Slight, you muſt gi'em all Fairings now!

Win-w. Not I, I'll not ſee 'em.

Quar. They are going a feaſting. What Schoolmaſter's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my Rival, I believe, the *Baker!*

Buſ. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left: let not your Eyes be drawn aſide with Vanity, nor your Ear with Noiſes.

Quar. O, I know him by that ſtart!

Lea. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Miſtris? a fine Hobby-horſe, to make your Son a Tilter? a Drum, to make him a Soldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, Male or Female?

Buſ. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is *Smithfield*, or the *Field of Smiths*, the Grove of Hobby-horſes and Trinkets, the Wares are the Wares of Devils. And the whole *Fair* is the Shop of *Satan!* They are Hooks and Baits, very Baits, that are hung out on every ſide, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the Gills, and by the Noſtrils, as the Fiſher doth: Therefore you muſt not look nor turn toward them—The *Heathen* man could ſtop his Ears with Wax againſt the Harlot o'the Sea: Do you the like with your Fingers againſt the Bells o' the Beaſt.

Win-w. What flaſhes comes from him!

Quar. O, he has thoſe of his Oven! a notable hot *Baker* 'twas, when he ply'd he Peel: he is leading his Flock into the *Fair* now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the Pens: for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Kno. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine Velvet Caps, the *Fair* is duſty. Take a ſweet delicate Booth, with Boughs, here i' the way, and cool your ſelves i' the ſhade; you and your Friends. The beſt Pig and Bottle Ale i' the *Fair*, Sir. Old *Urſla* is Cook, there you may read: The Pig's Head ſpeaks it. Poor Soul, ſhe has had a *Stringhalt*, the *Maryhincheo*: but ſhe's prettily amended. [Little-wit *is gazing at the Sign; which is the Pig's Head with a large Writing under it.*

Whi. A delicate Show-Pig, little Miſtris, with ſhweet Sauce, and Crackling, like de Bay-Leaf i' de Fire, la! Tou ſhalt ha' de clean ſide o' de Table-Clot, and di Glaſs waſh'd with phaterſh of Dame *Anneſh Cleare.*

Joh. This's fine verily, here be the beſt Pigs: and ſhe does roaſt 'em as well as ever ſhe did; the Pig's Head ſays.

Kno. Excellent, excellent Miſtris, with Fire o' *Juniper* and *Roſemary* Branches! The Oracle of the Pig's Head, that, Sir.

Pur. Son, were you not warn'd of the Vanity of the Eye? Have you forgot the wholeſome Admonition ſo ſoon?

Joh. Good Mother, how ſhall we find a Pig, if we do not look about for't? Will it run off o' the Spit into our mouths, think you? as in *Lubberland?* and cry, *we, we?*

Buſ. No, but your Mother, religiouſly wiſe, conceiveth it may offer it ſelf by other means to the Senſe, as by way of Steem, which I think it doth here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. And it were a Sin of Obſtinacy, great Obſtinacy, high and horrible Obſtinacy, to decline or reſiſt the good Titillation of the famelick Senſe, which is the Smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh), follow the Scent. Enter the Tents of the Unclean, for once, and ſatiſhe your Wives Frailty. Let your frail Wife be ſatisfied: your zealous Mother, and my ſuffering ſelf, will alſo be ſatisfied. *Buſy ſcents after it like a Hound.*

Joh. Come, *Win*, as good winny here as go farther, and ſee nothing.

Buſ. We ſcape ſo much of the other Vanities, by our early entring.

Pur. It is an edifying Conſideration.

Win. This is ſcurvy, that we muſt come into the *Fair*, and not look on't.

Joh. Win, have patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

Kno. Moon-calf, entertain within there, the beſt Pig i' the Booth; a Pork-like Pig. Theſe are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the ſincere ſtud, come a Pig-hunting. *Whit*, wait, *Whit*, look to your Charge.

Buſ. A Pig prepare preſently, let a Pig be prepared to us.

Moo. 'Slight, who be theſe?

Urſ. Is this the good Service, *Jordan*, you'ld do me?

Kno. Why, *Urs?* why, *Urs?* thou'lt ha Vapours i' thy Leg again preſently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the Scratches elſe.

Urſ. Hang your Vapours, they are ſtale, and ſtink like you, are theſe the Gueſts o'the Game you promis'd to fill my Pit withal to day?

Kno. I, what ail they, *Urs?*

Urſ. Ail they? they are all Sippers, Sippers o'the City, they look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of Bottle Ale amongſt 'em,

Moo. A body may read that i' their ſmall printed Ruffs.

Kno. Away, thou art a Fool, *Urs*, and thy *Moon-calf* too, i' your ignorant Vapours now: Hence, good Gueſts, I ſay, right Hypocrites, good Gluttons. In, and ſet a Couple o' Pigs o' the Board, and Half a Dozen of the biggeſt Bottles afore 'em, and call *Whit*: I do not love to hear Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling Hypocrites! and a Stone-Puritan with a Sorrel Head and Beard, good mouth'd Gluttons: Two to a Pig, away.

Urſ. Are you ſure they are ſuch?

Kno. O' the right Breed, thou ſhalt try 'em by the Teeth, *Urs*, where's this *Whit?*

Whi. *Behold, man, and ſee, what a worthy man am ee!*
With the Fury of my Sword, and the ſhaking of my Beard,
I will make Ten Thouſand Men afeard.

Kno. Well ſaid, brave *Whit*, in, and fear the Ale out o'the Bottles into the Bellies of the Brethren, and the Siſters drink to the Cauſe, and pure Vapours.

Quar. My Roarer is turn'd Tapſter, me thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy Widow, thou'lt never be a Maſter of a better ſeaſon or place; She that will venture her ſelf into the *Fair*, and a Pig-box, will admit any Aſſault, be aſſur'd of that.

Win w. I love not Enterpriſes of that ſuddenneſs tho.

Quar.

Quar. I'll warrant thee then, no Wife out o' the Widdows Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that ſtreight Stomacher of hers, I would now aſſure my ſelf to carry her, yet ere ſhe went out of *Smithfield*. Or ſhe ſhould carry me, which were the fitter ſight I confeſs. But you are a modeſt undertaker, by Circumſtances and Degrees; come, 'tis Diſeaſe in thee, not Judgment, I ſhould offer at all together. Look, here's the poor Fooll again, that was ſtung by the Waſp ere while.

Act III. Scene III.

Juſtice, Win-wife, Quarlous.

I Will make no more Orations, ſhall draw on theſe tragical Concluſions. And I begin now to think, that by a ſpice of collateral Juſtice, *Adam Overdoo* deſerv'd this beating; for I the ſaid *Adam* was one Cauſe (a By-cauſe) why the Purſe was loſt: and my Wives Brothers Purſe too, which they know not of yet. But I ſhall make very good mirth with it at Supper, (that will be the ſport) and put my little Friend, Mr. *Humphrey Waſp's* Choler quite out of countenance. When, ſitting at the upper end o' my Table, as I uſe, and drinking to my Brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Overdoo*, as I will, my Wife, for their good affection to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and ſhew 'em the Marks. To ſee what bad Events may peep out o' the Tail of good Purpoſes! the Care I had of that civil young Man, I took fancy to this Morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the Company indeed; which drew the Cut-purſe; which drew the Money; which drew my Brother *Cokes* his loſs: which drew on *Waſp's* anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they ſhall ha' it i' their Diſh i' faith at night for Fruit; I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one ſpecial blow he ga' me, to have revealed my ſelf; but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembred that a wiſe Man (and who is ever ſo great a part o' the Common-wealth in himſelf) for no particular diſaſter ought to abandon a publick good Deſign. The Husband-man ought not for one unthankful Year, to forſake the Plough; the Shepherd ought not for one ſcab'd Sheep to throw by his Tar-box; the Pilot ought not for one Leak i' the Poop to quit the Helm; nor the Alderman ought not for one Cuſtard more at a Meal to give up his Cloak; the Conſtable ought not to break his Staff, and forſwear the Watch for one roaring Night; nor the Piper o' the Pariſh (*Ut parvis componere magna ſolebam*) to put up his Pipes for one rainy Sunday. Theſe are certain knocking Concluſions; out of which, I am reſolv'd, come what come can, come Beating, come Impriſonment, come Infamy, come Baniſhment; nay, come the Rack, come the Hurdle, (welcom all) I will not diſcover who I am, till my due time; and yet ſtill, all ſhall be, as I ſaid ever, in Juſtice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

Win. What does he talk to himſelf, and act ſo ſeriouſly? poor Fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's freſher Argument, intend that.

Act III. Scene IV.

Cokes, Leatherhead, Waſp, Miſtreſs Overdoo, Win-wife, Quarlous, Traſh, Grace.

COme, Miſtris *Grace*, come Siſter, here's more fine ſights, yet i' faith. Gods 'lid where's *Numps*?

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles! Drums? Babies? little Dogs? and Birds for Ladies? What do you lack?

Cok. Good honeſt *Numps*, keep afore, I am ſo afraid thou'lt loſe ſomewhat: my Heart was at my Mouth, when I miſt thee.

Waſ. You were beſt buy a Whip i' your Hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not miſtake, *Numps*, thou art ſo apt to miſtake: I would but watch the Goods. Look you now, the treble Fiddle, was e'en almoſt like to be loſt.

Waſ. Pray you take heed you loſe not your ſelf: your beſt way, were e'en get up, and ride for more ſurety. Buy a tokens worth of great Pins, to faſten your ſelf to my Shoulder.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? fine Purſes, Pouches, Pincaſes, Pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' Smiths to wake you i' the Morning? or a fine whiſtling Bird?

Cok. Numps, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by odds! and more delicate Horſes, a great deal good *Numps*, ſtay, and come hither.

Waſ. Will you ſcourſe with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your ſelf with a fine eaſie going Street-nag, for your Saddle again *Michaelmaſs term*, do, has he ne're a little odd Cart for you to make a Carroch on, i' the Countrey, with four pyed Hobyhorſes? why the Meazils, ſhould you ſtand here, with your Train, cheaping of Dogs, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no Children to beſtow 'em on? ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' Children, *Numps*, that's all one.

Waſ. Do, do, do, do; how many ſhall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'ld buy for all my Tenants too, they are a kind o' civil Savages, that will part with their Children for Rattles, Pipes, and Knives. You were beſt buy a Hatchet, or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good *Numps*, hold that little Tongue o' thine, and ſave it a labour. I am reſolute *Bat*, thou know'ſt.

Waſ. A reſolute Fool, you are, I know, and a very ſufficient Coxcomb; with all my Heart; nay you have it, Sir, and you be angry, Turd i' your Teet, twice: (if I ſaid it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever ſuch a ſelf-affliction? and ſo impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his care will go neer to crack him, let's in, and comfort him.

Waſ. Would I had been ſet i' the ground, all but the head on me, and had my Brains bowl'd at, or threſh'd out, when firſt I underwent this plague of a charge!

Quar. How now *Numps*? almoſt tir'd i' your Protectorſhip? overparted? overparted?

Waſ. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieve you?

Quar. No, I ſwear dos't not, *Numps*: to ſatisfie you.

Waſ. Numps? 'Sblood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas ſince Morning ſure.

Waſ. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Waſ. It's no matter why, you ſee with your Eyes, now, what I ſaid to you to day? you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the *Fair*, *Numps*?

VVaſ. A pretty queſtion! and a very civil one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you ſee; or ſhall have anon, you may know whoſe Beaſt I am by my Burthen. If the Pannier-mans Jack were ever better known by his Loyns of Mutton, I'll be flead, and feed Dogs for him when his time comes.

VVin. How melancholick Miſtris *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's go enter our ſelves in *Grace*, with her.

Cok. Thoſe ſix Horſes, Friend I'll have——

VVaſ. How!

Cok. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I have one Drum already) and your Smiths; I like that device o' your Smiths, very pretty well, and four Halberts—— and (le' me ſee) that fine painted great Lady, and her three Women for ſtate, I'll have.

VVaſ. No, the Shop; buy the whole Shop, it will be beſt, the Shop, the Shop!

Lea. If his Worſhip pleaſe.

VVaſ. Yes, and keep it during the *Fair*, Bobchin.

Cok. Peace, *Numps*. Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wiſe, and would ſhew your Head above board: he will ſting thorow your wrought Night-cap, believe me. A ſet of theſe Violins, I would buy too, for a delicate young noiſe I have i' the Countrey, that are every one a ſize leſs then another, juſt like your Fiddles. I would fain have a fine young Maſque at my Marriage, now I think on't: but I do want ſuch a number o' things. And *Numps* will not help me now, and I dare not ſpeak to him.

Tra. Will your Worſhip buy any Ginger-bread, very good Bread, comfortable Bread?

Cok. Ginger-bread! yes, let's ſee.

VVaſ. There's the t'other ſprindge? [*He runs to her Shop.*

Lea. Is this well, goody *Jone*? to interrupt my Market in the midſt? and call away my Cuſtomers? can you anſwer this at the *Piepouldres*?

Tra. Why? if his Maſter-ſhip have a mind to buy, I hope my Ware lies as open as another's; I may ſhew my Ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his Shop and thy Basket.

VVaſ. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why ſhould you put him from it Friend?

VVaſ. Cry you mercy! you'ld be ſold too, would you? what's the price on you? Jerkin, and all as you ſtand? ha' you any Qualities?

Tra. Yes, Good-man-angry-man, you ſhall find he has Qualities if you cheapen him.

VVaſ. Gods ſo, you ha' the ſelling of him! what are they? will they be bought for Love or Money?

Tra. No indeed, Sir.

VVaſ. For what then, Victuals?

Tra. He ſcorns Victuals, Sir, he has Bread and Butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good Meal, if the Toy take him i' the Belly: marry then they muſt not ſet him at lower ends; if they do, he'll go away though he faſt. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been ſent for, and ſought out for nothing, at your great City-ſuppers, to put down *Coriat* and *Cokeley*, and been laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the Town over, and the Players, every Company, and his own Company too; he ſpares no body!

Cok. I' faith?

Tra. He was the firſt, Sir, that ever baited the Fellow i' the Bear's Skin, an't like your Worſhip: no Dog ever came near him ſince. And for fine Motions!

Cok. Is he good at thoſe too? can he ſet out a Mask trow?

Tra. O Lord, Maſter! ſought to far and neer for his Inventions: and he engroſſes all, he makes all the Puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Do'ſt thou (in troth) old Velvet Jerkin? give me thy hand.

Tra. Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſee him in his Velvet Jerkin, and a Scarf too, at night, when you hear him interpret Maſter *Little-wit's* Motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but ſhut up Shop preſently, Friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her Hamper, beſide. Thy Shop ſhall furniſh out the Mask, and hers the Banquet: I cannot go leſs, to ſet out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole Shop, Caſe, and all as it ſtands?

Lea. Sir, it ſtands me in Six and twenty Shilling ſeven Pence half-penny, beſides Three Shillings for my ground.

Cok. Well, Thirty Shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours too?

Tra. Four Shillings and eleven Pence, Sir, Ground and all, an't like your Worſhip.

Cok. Yes, it does like my Worſhip very well, poor Woman, that's Five Shillings more, what a Mask ſhall I furniſh out, for Forty Shillings? (Twenty pound Scotch) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a ſtately thing! *Numps?* Siſter? and my Wedding Gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my Wedding Gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a device will there be? to make 'em eat their Fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'll ha' this Poeſie put to 'em: *For the beſt Grace*, meaning Miſtris *Grace*, my Wedding Poeſie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholomew* Wit.

VVaſ. You do not mean this, do you? is this your firſt Purchaſe?

Cok. Yes faith, and I do not think, *Numps*, but thou'lt ſay, it was the wiſeſt Act that ever I did in my Wardſhip.

VVaſ. Like enough! I ſhall ſay any thing. I!

Act III. Scene V.

Juſtice, Edgworth, Nightingale.

I Cannot beget a *Project*, with all my political Brain, yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young Man from his debaucht Company: I have followed him all the *Fair* over, and ſtill I find him with this ſongſter: And I begin ſhrewdly to ſuſpect their familiarity; and the young Man of a terrible taint, *Poetry!* with which idle Diſeaſe, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a State-courſe. *Actum eſt*, of him for a Commonwealths-man: if he go to't in *Rime*, once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread: ſet in quickly, before he part with too much of his Money.

Nig. My Maſters and Friends, and good People, draw neer, &c. [*He runs to the Ballad Man.*

Cok. Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, Fellow, ſtay a little, good *Numps*, look to the Goods. What Ballads haſt thou? let me ſee, let me ſee my ſelf.

VVaſ. Why ſo! he's flown to another Lime-buſh, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a Feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? ſhall I have Credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith, ſhalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou ſweateſt for't. I never ſaw a young Pimp-errant and his Squire better match'd.

VVin-w. Faith, the Siſter comes after 'em, well too.

Gra. Nay, if you ſaw the Juſtice her Husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Meſs, he is ſuch a wiſe one his way——

Win-w. I wonder, we ſee him not here.

Gra. O! he is too ſerious for this Place, and yet better ſport then than the other three, I aſſure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though't be o' the Bench.

Cok. How doſt thou call it! A Caveat againſt Cut-purſes! a good Jeſt, i' faith, I would fain ſee that *Dæmon*, your Cut-purſe you talk of, that delicate handed Divel; they ſay he walks here about; I would ſee him walk now. Look you Siſter, here, here, let him come, Siſter, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any Cut-purſes haunt hereabout? pray thee raiſe me one or two: begin and ſhew me one. *He ſhews his Purſe boaſtingly.*

Nig. Sir,

Nig. Sir, this is a Spell againſt 'em, ſpick and ſpan new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own Perſon, and I ſing it in mine own defence. But 'twill coſt a Penny alone if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the price, thou doſt not know me, I ſee, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

Ova. Ha'ſt a fine Picture, Brother?

Cok. O Siſter, do you remember the Ballads over the Nurſery-chimney at home o' my own paſting up, there be brave Pictures. Other manner of Pictures than theſe Friend.

Waſ. Yet theſe will ſerve to pick the Pictures out o' your Pockets, you ſhall ſee.

Cok. So I heard 'em ſay. Pray thee mind him not, Fellow: he'll have an Oar in every thing.

Nig. It was intended Sir, as if a Purſe ſhould chance to be cut in my Preſence, now, I may be blamleſs tho': as by the Sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We ſhall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir,

Cok. Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine own Country dance! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle Admonition, you muſt know, Sir, both to the Purſe-cutter, and the Purſe-bearer.

Cok. Not a word more, out o' the tune, an' thou lov'ſt me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

Nig. My Maſters and Friends, and good People draw near,
And look to your Purſes, for that I do ſay;

Cok. Ha, ha, this Chimes! good counſel at firſt daſh.

Nig. And tho' little Money, in them you do bear.
It coſt more to get, then to loſe in a day. [*Cok.* Good!
You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old; } *Cok.* Well ſaid! he were to blame
And bidden beware of the Cut-purſe ſo bold: } that would not i' faith.
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curſe,
Who both give you warning, for, and the Cut-purſe.
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd by thy Nurſe,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a Purſe.

Cok. Good i' faith, how ſay you, *Numps?* Is there any harm i' this?

Nig. It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade, } *Cok.* The more Cox-combs they that did it I wuſſe.
That oftentimes we are the Cauſe of this Crime.
Alack and for pitty, why ſhould it be ſaid?
As if they regarded or Places, or Time.
Examples have been
Of ſome that were ſeen,
In Weſtminſter *Hall, yea, the Pleaders between,*
Then why ſhould the Judges be free from this Curſe, } *Cok.* God a mercy for that! why ſhould they be more free indeed?
More then my poor ſelf, for cutting the Purſe?
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd by thy Nurſe,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a Purſe.

Cok. That again, good Ballad-man, that again. O rare! I would fain rub mine Elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On I pray thee, he that made this Ballad, ſhall be *Poet* to my *Maſk*.

[*He ſings the burden with him.*

Nig. At Worc'ter 'tis known well, and even i' the Jayl,
A Knight of good Worſhip did there ſhew his Face,
Againſt the foul Sinners, in zeal for to raile,
And loſt (ipſo facto) *his Purſe in the place.* } *Cok.* Is it poſſible?
Nay, once from the Seat
Of Judgment ſo great,
A Judge there did loſe a fair Pouch of Velvet. [*Cok.* I' faith?
O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worſe,
Are thoſe that ſo venture their Necks for a Purſe! Youth, youth, &c.

Cok. Youth, youth, &c? pray thee ſtay a little, Friend, yet o' thy Conſcience, *Numps*, ſpeak, is there any harm i' this?

Waſ. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, leſs you had grace to follow it.

Juſ. It doth diſcover enormity, I'll mark it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of Poetry ſo well a good while.

Cok. Youth, Youth, &c! where's this Youth now? A Man muſt call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear: look here, here's for him; Handy-dandy, which Hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the reſt, I do hear of him, but I cannot ſee him, this Maſter *Youth*, the Cut purſe. [*He ſhews his Purſe.*

Nig. At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Seſſions,
'Tis daily their practice ſuch booty to make:
Yea, under the Gallows, at Executions,
They ſtick not the Stare-abouts *Purſes to take.*
Nay one without grace, } *Cok.* That was a fine Fellow!
at a better Place } I would have him now.
At Court, *and in* Chriſtmas, *before the King's Face,*
Alack then for pitty muſt I bear the Curſe,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purſe?

Cok. But where's their cunning, now, when they ſhould uſe it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, youth, thou hadſt better, &c.* The Rat-catchers Charm, are all Fools and Aſſes to this! A pox on 'em, that they will not come! that a Man ſhould have ſuch a deſire to a thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God I'ld give half the *Fair*, and 'twere mine, for a Cut-purſe for him to ſave his longing.

[*He ſhews his Purſe again.*

Cok. Look you Siſter, here, here, where is't now? which Pocket is't in, for a Wager?

Waſ. I beſeech you leave your Wagers, and let him end his Matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified *Numps*?

Juſ. Indeed he do's interrupt him, too much: There *Numps* ſpoke to Purpoſe.

Cok. Siſter, I am an Aſs, I cannot keep my Purſe: on, on, I pray thee Friend. [*Again.*

Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the Ear with a Straw twice to draw his hand out of his Pocket.

Nig. But O, you vile Nation of Cut-purſes all, — *VVin-w.* Will you ſee ſport? look, there's a Fellow gathers up to him, mark.
Relent and repent, and amend and be ſound,
And know that you ought not, by honeſt Mens fall,
Advance your own Fortunes, to dye above Ground,
And though you go gay,
In Silks as you may, — *Qua.* Good, 'i faith! O he has lighted on the wrong Pocket.
It is not the high way to Heaven, (as they ſay)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worſe:
And kiſs not the Gallows for cutting a Purſe. — *VVin-w.* He has it, 'fore God he is a brave Fellow; pitty he ſhould be detected.
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarv'd by thy Nurſe,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a Purſe.

All. An excellent Ballad! an excellent Ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the firſt, let me ha' the firſt, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, Sir. Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

VVin. That conveyance was better then all, did you ſee't? he has given the Purſe to the Ballad-ſinger.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy: I'll not hinder the poor Mans Profit: pray you miſtake me not.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honeſt Gentleman; if that be miſtaking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my Purſe is gone, my Purſe, my Purſe, *&c.*

Waſ. Come do not make a ſtir, and cry your ſelf an Aſs, thorow the *Fair* afore your time.

Cok. Why, haſt thou it, *Numps*, good *Numps*, how came you by it? I marl!

Waſ. I pray you ſeek ſome other Gameſter to play the Fool with: you may loſe it time enough, for all your *Fair* Wit.

Cok. By this good Hand, Glove and all, I ha' loſt it already, if thou haſt it not: feel elſe, and Miſtris *Grace's* Handkercher too, out o' the t'other Pocket.

Waſ. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

Edg. Are you ſure you ha' loſt it, Sir?

Cok. O God! yes; as I am an honeſt Man, I had it but e'en now, at *youth, youth.*

Nig. I hope you ſuſpect not me, Sir.

Edg. Thee? that were a jeſt indeed! Doſt thou think the Gentleman is fooliſh? where hadſt thou hands, I pray thee? Away Aſs, away.

Juſ. I ſhall be beaten again, if I be ſpi'd.

Edg. Sir, I ſuſpect an odd Fellow, yonder, is ſtealing away.

Ove. Brother, it is the preaching Fellow! you ſhall ſuſpect him. He was at your t'other Purſe, you know! Nay ſtay, Sir, and view the work you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thank your own Handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you ſhall take no pride in your Preferment: you ſhall be ſilenc'd quickly.

Juſ. What do you mean ſweet Buds of Gentility.

Cok. To ha' my Penyworths out on you: Bud. No leſs then two Purſes a day ſerve you? I thought you a ſimple Fellow, when my Man *Numps* beat you i' the Morning, and pittied you——

Ove. So did I, I'll be ſworn, Brother; but now I ſee he is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Maſter *Overdoo* calls him.)

Juſ. Mine own words turn'd upon me, like Swords.

Cok. Cannot a Man's Purſe be at quiet for you, i' the Maſters Pocket, but you muſt intice it forth and debauch it?

Waſ. Sir, Sir, keep your debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew* Terms to your ſelf; and make as much on 'em as you pleaſe. But gi' me this from you, i' the mean time: I beſeech you, ſee if I can look to this.

[Waſp *takes the Licenſe from him.*

Cok. Why, *Numps?*

Waſ. Why? becauſe you are an Aſs, Sir, there's a Reaſon the ſhorteſt way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the trick of loſing, you'ld loſe your Breech an't 'twere looſe. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the Vermine you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the Truth on't? they are ſuch retchleſs Flies as you are, that blow Cut-purſes abroad in every Corner; your fooliſh having of Money makes 'em. An' there were no wiſer then I, Sir, the Trade ſhould lye open for you, Sir, it ſhould i' faith, Sir. I would teach your Wit to come to your Head, Sir, as well as your Land to come into your Hand, I aſſure you, Sir,

Win. Alack, good *Numps.*

Waſ. Nay, Gentlemen, never pitty me, I am not worth it: Lord ſend me at home once, to *Harrow* o' the *Hill* again, if I travel any more, call me *Coriat*; withal my heart.

Quar. Stay, Sir, I muſt have a word with you in private. Do you hear.

Edg. With me, Sir, what's your Pleaſure? good Sir.

Quar. Do not deny it. You are a Cut-purſe, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I ſaw you, nor do we mean to detect you (though we can ſufficiently inform our ſelves, toward the danger of concealing you) but you muſt do us a piece of Service.

Edg. Good Gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young Man, and but a beginner, indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning ſhall bring on your ending for us. We are no Catchpoles nor Conſtables. That you are to undertake is this; you ſaw the old Fellow, with the black Box here?

Edg. The little old Governour, Sir?

Quar. That ſame: I ſee, you have flown him to a Mark already. I would ha' you get away that Box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Would you ha' the Box and all, Sir? or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the Box to play with ſtill: (which will be the harder o' the two) becauſe I would gain your Worſhips good Opinion of me.

Win-w. He ſays well, 'tis the greater Maſtry, and 'twill make the more ſport when 'tis miſt.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a miſſing, to draw on the ſport.

Quar. But look you do it now, Sirrah, and keep your word: or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a Gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where ſhall I find you?

Quar. Some where i' the *Fair*, hereabouts. Diſpatch it quickly. I would fain ſee the careful Fool deluded! of all Beaſts, I love the ſerious Aſs. He that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greateſt diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not choſe, Sir, but love my Guardian, Juſtice *Overdoo*, who is anſwerable to that deſcription in every Hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you Miſtris *Welborn*, to be his Ward? or have relation to him, at firſt?

Gra. Faith, through a common Calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his Wives Brother, this wiſe Gentleman that you ſee, or elſe I muſt pay value o' my Land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of diſparagement? or ſo; talk with ſome crafty Fellow, ſome Picklock o' the Law! Would I had ſtudied a year longer i' the Inns of Court, and't had been but i' your Caſe.

Win-w. I Maſter *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

Gra. You'ld bring but little Aid, Sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you 'i faith, Gameſter.) An unfortunate fooliſh *Tribe* you are faln into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their Fetters off muſt wear 'em.

Win-w. You ſee what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the ſame they have of themſelves, Sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the Plea I had againſt 'em.

Win. 'Tis true! but will you pleaſe to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have loſt you. I hope our Manners ha' been ſuch hitherto, and our Language, as will give you no Cauſe, to doubt your ſelf in our Company.

Gra. Sir, I will give my ſelf no cauſe; I am ſo ſecure of mine own Manners, as I ſuſpect not yours.

Quar. Look where *John Little-wit* comes.

VVin-w. Away, I'll not be ſeen by him.

Quar. No, you were not beſt, he'ld tell his Mother, the Widdow.

Win-w. Heart, what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the Wind there? muſt not the Widdow be nam'd?

Act III. Scene VI.

John, Win, Trash, Leatherhead, Knockhum, Busy, Purecraft.

DO you hear, *Win, Win?*

Win. What say you, *John?*

Joh. While they are paying the Reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing, *Win*; we shall never see any Sights i' the *Fair*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*; good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby horses, and some Drums, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine Devices, *Win*. The Bull with the five Legs, *Win*; and the great Hog. Now you ha' begun with Pig, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

Win. But we sha' not eat o' the Bull and the Hog, *John*; how shall I long then?

Joh. O yes, *Win*: you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: How did the Pothecary's Wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyer's Mouth, after an eloquent Pleading? I assure you, they long'd, *Win*; good *Win*, go in, and long.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new Customer, Brother *Leather-head*, we shall hear no more of him.

[*They plot to be gone.*

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a Company; it may be we may take some more Money.

Kno. Sir, I will take your Counsel, and cut my Hair, and leave Vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Ursla* her self, is all Vanity.

Bus. Only Pig was not comprehended in my Admonition, the rest were: For long Hair, it is an Ensign of Pride, a Banner; and the World is full of those Banners, very full of Banners. And Bottle-ale is a Drink of Satan's, a Diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter Age of Vanity; as the Smoke of Tabacco, to keep us in Mist and Error: But the fleshly Woman (which you call *Ursla*) is above all to be avoided, having the Marks upon her of the three Enemies of Man; the World, as being in the *Fair*; the Devil, as being in the Fire; and the Flesh, as being her self.

Pur. Brother *Zeal-of-the-land!* what shall we do? My Daughter *Win-the-fight* is fall'n into her Fit of Longing again.

Bus. For more Pig? There is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some Sights i' the *Fair*.

Bus. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the Pitch thereof. Thou art the Seat of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

Kno. An excellent right Hypocrite! Now his Belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Jade. A very good Vapour! I'll in, and joy *Ursla*, with telling how her Pig works; two and a half he eat to his Share; and he has drunk a Pail-full. He eats with his Eyes, as well as his Teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drums, Babies——

Bus. Peace, with thy Apocryphal Wares, thou profane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobies Dogs*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol: and thou, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nebuchadnezzar* of the *Fair*, that set'st it up, for Children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you mercy, Sir; will you buy a Fiddle to fill up your noise?

Joh. Look, *Win*, do, look a Gods name, and save your Longing. Here be fine Sights.

Pur. I, Child, so you hate 'em, as our Brother *Zeal* does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a Drum, Sir?

Bus. It is the broken Belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his Lungs, and these Pipes are his Throat, those Feathers are of his Tail, and thy Rattles the gnashing of his Teeth.

Tra. And what's my Gingerbread, I pray you?

Bus. The Provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy Nest of Images, and whole Legend of Ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the Heels, for disturbing the *Fair*.

Bus. The Sin of the *Fair* provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good brother *Zeal*!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Joh. I'ld give a Shilling you could, i' faith, Friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your Shilling, I'll give you my Shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you i' the mean time.

Joh. A match, i' faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, Woman. I was mov'd in spirit, to be here this day, in this *Fair*, this wicked and foul *Fair*; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul than a *Fair*; to protest against the Abuses of it, the foul Abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the Merchandise of *Babylon* again, and the peeping of *Popery* upon the Stalls here, here, in the High Places. See you not *Goldylocks*, the purple Strumpet there, in her yellow Gown and green Sleeves? the prophane Pipes, the tinkling Timbrels? A Shop of Relicks!

[*He speaks to the Widow.*

Joh. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Bus. And this idolatrous Grove of Images, this Flasket of Idols, which I will pull down——

[*Overthrows the Gingerbread.*

(*Tra.* O my Ware, my Ware, God bless it.)

Bus. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

[Leatherhead *enters with Officers.*

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his Zeal; we cannot sell a Whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Bus. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane Enemy. And for this Cause——

Lea. Sir, here's no Man afraid of you, or your Cause. You shall swear it i' the Stocks, Sir.

Bus. I will thrust my self into the Stocks, upon the Pikes of the Land.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked Men?

Bus. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Joh. Was not this Shilling well ventur'd, *Win*, for our Liberty? Now we may go play, and see over the *Fair*, where we list our selves; my Mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

VVin. Yes, *John*; but I know not what to do.

Joh. For what, *VVin*?

VVin. For a thing I am asham'd to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Joh. I pray thee be not asham'd, *VVin*. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be asham'd: Is it any thing about the Hobby-horse Man? an't be, speak freely.

VVin. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, *John*.

Joh. O! Is that all, *VVin*? We'll go back to Captain *Jordan*, to the Pig-womans, *VVin*, he'll help us, or she, with a Dripping-pan, or an old Kettle, or something. The poor greasie Soul loves you, *VVin*; and after we'll visit the *Fair* all over, *VVin*, and see my Puppet-play, *VVin*; you know it's a fine matter, *VVin*.

Lea. Let's away; I counsel'd you to pack up afore, *Jone*.

Tra. A pox of his *Bedlam* Purity. He has spoil'd half my

my Ware: But the beſt is, we loſe nothing, if we miſs our firſt Merchant.

Lea. It ſhall be hard for him to find, or know us, when we are tranſlated, *Jone.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Trouble-all, Briſtle, Haggiſe, Cokes, Juſtice, Pocher, Buſy, Purecraft.

MY Maſters, I do make no doubt but you are Officers.

Bri. What then, Sir?

Tro. And the King's loving, and obedient Subjects.

Bri. Obedient, Friend? Take heed what you ſpeak, I adviſe you; *Oliver Briſtle* adviſes you. His loving Subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know our ſelves a little better than ſo; we are to command, Sir, and ſuch as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his Obedient Subjects, going to the Stocks; and we'll make you ſuch another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wiſe enough i' your Places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in queſtion?

Tro. I queſtion nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have Warrant for what you do, and ſo quit you, and ſo multiply you. [*He goes away again.*

Hag. What's he? Bring him up to the Stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have Juſtice *Overdo*'s Warrant, 'tis well; you are ſafe; that is the Warrant of Warrants. I'll not give this Button for any Man's Warrant elſe. [*Comes again.*

Bri. Like enough, Sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your Buttons thus, you will want 'em e'er night, for any ſtore I ſee about you; you might keep 'em, and ſave Pins, I wuſs. [*Goes away.*

Juſ. What ſhould he be, that doth ſo eſteem and advance my Warrant? He ſeems a ſober and diſcreet Perſon! It is a comfort to a good Conſcience, to be follow'd with a good Fame in his Sufferings. The World will have a pretty taſte by this, how I can bear Adverſity; and it will beget a kind of Reverence toward me, hereafter, even from mine Enemies, when they ſhall ſee, I carry my Calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, Sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your Leg? [*They put him in the Stocks.*

Juſ. That I will, chearfully.

Bri. O' my conſcience, a Seminary! he kiſſes the Stocks.

Cok. Well, my Maſters, I'll leave him with you; now I ſee him beſtow'd, I'll go look for my Goods, and *Numps.*

Hag. You may, Sir, I warrant you: Where's the t'other Bawler? Fetch him too, you ſhall find 'em both faſt enough.

Juſ. In the midſt of this Tumult, I will yet be the Author of mine own Reſt, and not minding their Fury, ſit in the Stocks, in that calm as ſhall be able to trouble a *Triumph.*

Tro. Do you aſſure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the Queſtion, that you have this Warrant? [*Comes again.*

Hag. What's this Fellow, for God's ſake?

Tro. Do but ſhew me *Adam Overdoo*, and I am ſatisfied. [*Goes out.*

Bri. He is a Fellow that is diſtracted, they ſay; one *Trouble all:* He was an Officer in the Court of *Pie-powders* here, laſt year, and put out of his Place by Juſtice *Overdoo.*

Juſ. Ha!

Bri. Upon which, he took an idle Conceit, and's run mad upon't: So that ever ſince, he will do nothing, but by Juſtice *Overdo*'s Warrant; he will not eat a Cruſt, nor drink a little, nor make him in his Apparel ready. His Wife, Sirreverence, cannot get him make his Water, or ſhift his Shirt, without his Warrant.

Juſ. If this be true, this is my greateſt Diſaſter! How am I bound to ſatisfie this poor Man, that is of ſo good a nature to me, out of his Wits! where there is no room left for diſſembling.

Tro. If you cannot ſhew me *Adam Overdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot anſwer it. [*Comes in.* [*Goes again.*

Hag. Before me, Neighbour *Briſtle*, (and now I think on't better) Juſtice *Overdoo* is a very parantory Perſon.

Bri. O, are you adviſ'd of that? and a ſevere Juſticer, by your leave.

Juſ. Do I hear ill o' that ſide too?

Bri. He will ſit as upright o' the Bench, an' you mark him, as a Candle i' the Socket, and give Light to the whole Court in every Buſineſs.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and ſwell like a Bile (God bleſs us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when his liſt, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the Law on's ſide ever. I mark that too.

Juſ. I will be more tender hereafter. I ſee Compaſſion may become a Juſtice, though it be a Weakneſs, I confeſs, and nearer a Vice than a Vertue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the Stocks again; we'll go a ſure way to work, we'll ha' the Ace of Hearts of our ſide, if we can. [*They take the Juſtice out.*

Poc. Come, bring him away to his Fellow there. Maſter *Buſy*, we ſhall rule your Legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your Tongue.

Buſ. No, Miniſter of Darkneſs, no; thou canſt not rule my Tongue; my Tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock, and mock down your *Bartholmew*-abominations, till you be made a Hiſſing to the neighbour Pariſhes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have deviſ'd better upon't.

Pur. And ſhall he not into the Stocks then?

Bri. No, Miſtris, we'll have 'em both to Juſtice *Overdo*, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my Goſſip *Haggis*, and my Beadle *Pocher* are diſcharg'd.

Pur. O, I thank you, bleſſed, honeſt Men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this Mad-man that comes here; he put it in our Heads.

Pur. Is he mad? Now Heaven increaſe his Madneſs, and bleſs it, and thank it: Sir, your poor Hand-maid thanks you. [*Comes again.*

Tro. Have you a Warrant? An' you have a Warrant, ſhew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a Warrant out of the Word, to give thanks for removing any Scorn intended to the Brethren.

Tro. It is Juſtice *Overdo*'s Warrant that I look for, if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Act IV. Scene II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Coſtardmonger.

COme away, *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

Tro. VVhither go you? where's your VVarrant?

Edg. VVarrant! for what, Sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an' you have no VVarrant, bleſs you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Goes out.*

Edg. VVhat means he?

Nig. A Mad man that haunts the *Fair*; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more Followers after his ragged Heels.

Edg. Beſhrew him, he ſtartled me: I thought he had known

known of our Plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! Ha' you prepar'd the Coſtard-monger?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his Basket of Pears; he is at the Corner here, ready. And your Priſe, he comes down ſailing that way all alone, without his Protector; he is rid of him, it ſeems.

Edg. I, I know; I ſhould ha' follow'd his Protectorſhip, for a Feat I am to do upon him: But this offer'd it ſelf ſo i' the way, I could not let it ſcape: Here he comes, whiſtle; be this Sport call'd, *Dorring the Dottrel.*

Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, *&c.* [*Nightingale whiſtles.*

Cok. By this Light, I cannot find my Gingerbread Wife, nor my Hobbyhorſe Man, in all the *Fair* now, to ha' my Money again: And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, Friend, you that whiſtle? what Tune is that you whiſtle?

Nig. A new Tune, I am practiſing, Sir.

Cok. Doſt thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? Nay, on with thy Tune; I ha' no ſuch haſte for an Anſwer: I'll practiſe with thee.

Coſ. Buy any Pears, very fine Pears, Pears fine.

[Nightingale *ſets his Foot afore him, and he falls with his Basket.*

Cok. Gods ſo! a muſs, a muſs, a muſs, a muſs.

Coſ. Good Gentleman, my Ware, my Ware; I am a poor Man. Good Sir, my Ware.

Nig. Let me hold your Sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my Cloke, an' thou wilt, and my Hat too. [Cokes *falls a ſcrambling, whilſt they run away with his things.*

Edg. A delicate great Boy! Me thinks he out-ſcrambles 'em all. I cannot perſwade my ſelf, but he goes to Grammar-ſchool yet, and plays the Treuant to day.

Nig. Would he had another Purſe to cut, *Zekiel.*

Edg. Purſe! A Man might cut out his Kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is ſo earneſt at the Sport.

Nig. His Soul is half way out on's Body, at the Game.

Edg. Away, *Nightingale*; that way.

Cok. I think I am furniſh'd for Cattern-pears, for one Under-meal: Gi' me my Cloak.

Coſ. Good Gentleman, give me my Ware.

Cok. Where's the Fellow I ga' my Cloak to? My Cloak and my Hat? Ha! Gods 'lid, is he gone? Thieves, Thieves; help me to cry, Gentlemen. [*He runs out.*

Edg. Away, Coſtard-monger, come to us to *Urſla's*. Talk of him to have a Soul! 'Heart, if he have any more than a thing given him in ſtead of Salt, only to keep him from ſtinking, I'll be hang'd afore my time, preſently: Where ſhould it be trow? in his Blood? He has not ſo much to'ard it in his whole Body, as will maintain a good Flea: And if he take this courſe, he will not ha' ſo much Land left, as to rear a Calf, within this Twelve-month. Was there ever green Plover ſo pull'd! That his little Overſeer had been here now, and been but tall enough to ſee him ſteal Pears, in exchange for his Bever-hat and his Cloke thus! I muſt go find him out next, for his Black Box, and his Patent (it ſeems) he has of his Place; which I think the Gentleman would have a Reverſion of, that ſpoke to me for it ſo earneſtly.

He comes again. *Cok.* Would I might loſe my Doublet, and Hoſe too, as I am an honeſt Man, and never ſtir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozning i' this whole *Fair. Bartholomew Fair*, quoth he; an' ever any *Bartholmew* had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be Martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield* too. I ha' paid for my Pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer; you were Choak-pears to me: I had been better ha' gone to Mum-chance for you, I wuſs. Me thinks the *Fair* ſhould not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my Names-ſake; I would not ha' us'd a Dog o' the Name ſo. O, *Numps* will triumph now! Friend, do you know who I am? or where I lie? I do not my ſelf, I'll be ſworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll pleaſe thee; I ha' Money enough there. I ha' loſt my ſelf, and my Cloke, and my Hat, and my fine Sword, and my Siſter, and *Numps*, and Miſtris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I ſhould ha' married) and a Cut-work Handkercher ſhe ga' me, and two Purſes, to day; and my Bargain o' Hobby-horſes and Gingerbread, which grieves me worſt of all.

Throws away his Pears.

[Trouble-all *comes again.*

Tro. By whoſe Warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? Thou art a wiſe Fellow indeed; as if a Man need a VVarrant to loſe any thing with!

Tro. Yes, Juſtice *Overdoo's* VVarrant, a Man may get and loſe with, I'll ſtand to't.

Cok. Juſtice *Overdoo*? Doſt thou know him? I lie there; he is my Brother-in-Law, he married my Siſter: Pray thee ſhew me the way; doſt thou know the Houſe?

Tro. Sir, ſhew me your VVarrant; I know nothing without a VVarrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee; come along: thou ſhalt ſee I have wrought Pillows there, and Cambrick Sheets, and Sweet-bags too. Pray thee guide me to the Houſe.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither your ſelf firſt alone, tell your worſhipful Brother your Mind, and but bring me three Lines of his Hand, or his Clerks, with *Adam Overdoo* underneath; here I'll ſtay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you preſently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an Aſs, I ha' found him; Pox upon me, what do I talking to ſuch a dull Fool? Farewel, you are a very Coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if Juſtice *Overdoo* ſign to it, I am, and ſo we are all: he'll quit us all, multiply us all.

Act IV. Scene III.

Grace, Quarlous, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

They enter with their Swords drawn.

GEntlemen, this is no way that you take: you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no ſhe that affects to be quarrel'd for, or have my Name or Fortune made the Queſtion of Mens Swords.

Qua. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own Reaſon will tell you, but one can enjoy me: and to that Point there leads a directer Line, than by my Infamy, which muſt follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profeſt it to you ingenuouſly, that rather than to be yoak'd with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any Husband almoſt upon any truſt. Though Subtilty would ſay to me, (I know) he is a Fool, and has an Eſtate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a Friend beſide. But theſe are not my Aims; I muſt have a Husband I muſt love, or I cannot live with him. I ſhall ill make one of theſe Politick Wives.

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, ſay, which is he, and the other ſhall ſwear inſtantly to deſiſt.

Qua. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a Woman of an extream levity, Gentlemen, or a ſtrange fanſie, that (meeting you by chance in ſuch a place as this, both at one inſtant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deſerving afore the other of me) I ſhould ſo forſake my Modeſty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to ſay, This is he, and name him.

Qua. Why, wherefore ſhould you not? What ſhould hinder you?

Gra. If you would not give it to my Modeſty, allow it ye to my Wit; give me ſo much of Woman, and Cunning, as not to betray my ſelf impertinently. How can I judge of you, ſo far as to a Choice, without knowing

ing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me, yet; and ſo indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the Man, if the other were away. For you are reaſonable Creatures, you have Underſtanding and Diſcourſe; and if Fate ſend me an underſtanding Huſband, I have no fear at all, but mine own Manners ſhall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you conſent to a Motion of mine, Gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll preſume reaſonableneſs, coming from you.

Quar. And fitneſs too.

Gra. I ſaw one of you buy a pair of Tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You ſhall write either of you here a Word, or a Name, what you like beſt; but of two or three Syllables at moſt: and the next Perſon that comes this way (becauſe *Deſtiny* has a high hand in Buſineſs of this nature) I'll demand, which of the two Words he or ſhe doth approve; and according to that Sentence, fix my Reſolution and Affection, without change.

Quar. Agreed; my Word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine ſhall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you ſhall promiſe, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may ſafely tender my ſelf.

Win-w. Why that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Becauſe I will bind both your Endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the others Fortune, and have my ſelf fitted with ſome Means, to make him that is forſaken, a part of amends.

Quar. Theſe Conditions are very courteous. Well, my Word is out of the *Arcadia* then, *Argalus.*

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, *Palemon.*

[Trouble-all *comes again.*

Tro. Have you any Warrant for this, Gentlemen?

Quar. Win w. Ha!

Tro. There muſt be a Warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what?

Tro. For whatſoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight, here's a fine ragged Prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, ſtay a little: Good Lady, put him to the Queſtion.

Gra. You are content then?

Win w. Quar. Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two Names written——

Tro. Is *Juſtice Overdoo* one?

Gra. How, Sir? I pray you read 'em to your ſelf; it is for a Wager between theſe Gentlemen: and with a ſtroke, or any difference, mark which you approve beſt.

Tro. They may be both worſhipful Names, for ought I know, Miſtris; but *Adam Overdoo* had been worth three of 'em, I aſſure you, in this place, that's in plain Engliſh.

Gra. This Man amazes me! I pray you, like one of 'em, Sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the beſt Warrant, Miſtris, to ſave your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am ſtill for *Juſtice Overdoo*, that's my Conſcience; and quit you.

VVin-w. Is't done, Lady?

Gra. I, and ſtrangely, as ever I ſaw! What Fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what; a Fortune-teller, we ha' made him. Which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promiſe not to enquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arrives i' the fineſt time too! 'Tis but ſcraping out *Cokes* his Name, and 'tis done.

VVin-w. How now, Lime-twig? haſt thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, Sir; except you would go with me, and ſee't, it's not worth ſpeaking on. The Act is nothing, without a Witneſs. Yonder he is, your Man with the Box, fallen into the fineſt Company, and ſo tranſported with Vapours; they ha' got in a Northern Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Weſtern Man, that's come to wraſtle before my Lord Mayor anon, and Captain *VVhit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captain *Jordan* to roar, a circling Boy; with whom your *Numps* is ſo taken, that you may ſtrip him of his Clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a Surgeon ready to ſear him. And Miſtris *Juſtice* there, is the goodeſt Woman! ſhe does ſo love 'em all over, in terms of Juſtice, and the Style of Authority, with her Hood upright—— that I beſeech you come away Gentlemen, and ſee't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not loſe it for the *Fair*; what'll you do, *Ned*?

VVin-w. Why, ſtay here about for you: Miſtris *VVelborn* muſt not be ſeen.

Quar. Do ſo, and find out a Prieſt i' the mean time; I'll bring the Licence. Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, Sir, you are o' the back-ſide o' the Booth already; you may hear the Noiſe.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Knockhum, Nordern, Puppy, Cutting, VVhit, Edgworth, Quarlous, Overdoo, VVaſp, Briſtle.

WHit, bid *Val Cutting* continue the Vapours for a lift, *VVhit*, for a lift.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the Eale's too meeghty.

Kno. How now! my *Galloway* Nag the Staggers! ha! *VVhit*, gi' him a Slit i' the Forehead. Chear up, Man; a Needle and Thred, to ſtitch his Ears. I'ld cure him now, an I had it, with a little Butter and Garlick, Long Pepper and Grains. Where's my Horn? I'll gi' him a Maſh preſently, ſhall take away this Dizzineſs.

Pup. Why, where are you, Zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us i' the Zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers Bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my Northern Cloth zhrink i' the wetting? ha?

Kno. Why, well ſaid, old Flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire, I ſee. [*They fall to their Vapours again.*

Cut. No, Sir; but he may tire, if it pleaſe him.

VVbi. VVho told dee ſho? that he vuld never teer, Man?

Cut. No matter who told him ſo, ſo long as he knows.

Kno. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it ſtill, Sir; this they call Vapours.

VVbi. He ſhall not pardon dee, Captain; dou ſhalt not be pardon'd. Pre'dee ſhweet heart do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I liſt, whoſoever ſays nay to't.

Quar. VVhere's *Numps*? I miſs him.

[*Here they continue their Game of* Vapours, *which is Nonſenſe. Every Man to oppoſe the laſt Man that ſpoke, whether it concern'd him, or no.*

VVaſ. VVhy, I ſay nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Kno. To what do you ſay nay, Sir?

VVaſ. To any thing, whatſoever it is, ſo long as I do not like it.

VVbi. Pardon me, little Man, dou muſht like it a little.

Cut. No, he muſt not like it at all, Sir; there you are i' the wrong.

VVbi. I tink I be; he muſht not like it, indeed.

Cut. Nay,

Cut. Nay, then he both muſt, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

Kno. If he have reaſon, he may like it, Sir.

Whi. By no meanſh Captain, upon reaſon, he may like nothing upon reaſon.

Waſ. I have no reaſon, nor I will hear of no reaſon, nor I will look for no reaſon, and he is an Aſs, that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in ſome ſenſe you may have reaſon, Sir.

Waſ. I, in ſome ſenſe, I care not if I grant you.

Whi. Pardon me, thou ougſht to grant him nothing, in no ſhenſh, if dou do love dy ſhelf, angry Man.

Waſ. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no ſenſe.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou haſt no ſenſe indeed.

Waſ. 'Slid, but I have ſenſe, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you ſee?

Kno. He is i' the right, and do's utter a ſufficient Vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no ſufficient Vapour, neither, I deny that.

Kno. Then it is a ſweet Vapour.

Cut. It may be a ſweet Vapour.

Waſ. Nay, it is no ſweet Vapour neither, Sir, it ſtinks, and I'll ſtand to't.

Whi. Yes, I tink it doſh ſhtink, Captain. All Vapour doſh ſhtink.

Waſ. Nay, then it do's not ſtink, Sir, and it ſhall not ſtink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, Sir.

Waſ. I, by my leave it may ſtink, I know that.

Whi. Pardon me, thou knoweſht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry Man.

Waſ. How can it not?

Kno. Nay, never queſtion him, for he is i' the right.

Whi. Yeſh, I am i' de right, I confeſh it, ſo iſh de little Man too.

Waſ. I'll have nothing confeſt, that concerns me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no Man minds you, Sir, nor any thing elſe. [*They drink again.*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do;

Qua. Call you this Vapours? this is ſuch belching of quarrel, as I never heard. Will you mind your buſineſs, Sir?

Edg. You ſhall ſee, Sir.

Nor. I'll ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Maſter *Waſpe*, that no body ſhould mind you?

Waſ. Why? what ha' you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you ſhould not be unminded, though.

Waſ. Nor, I wu' not be, now I think on't, do you hear, new acquaintance? do's no Man mind me, ſay you?

Cut. Yes, Sir, every Man here minds you, but how?

Waſ. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my queſtion.

Whi. No, noting was ty queſtion, tou art a learned Man, and I am a valiant Man, i'faith la, tou ſhalt ſpeak for me, and I vill fight for tee.

Kno. Fight for him, *Whit?* A groſs Vapour, he can fight for himſelf.

Waſ. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why, then you may chuſe.

Waſp. Why, and I'll chuſe whether I'll chuſe or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a reſolute Vapour.

Waſ. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no reſolute Vapour,

Cut. Yes, in ſome ſort he may allow you.

Kno. In no ſort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You miſtake the Vapour.

Waſ. He miſtakes nothing, Sir, in no ſort.

Whi. Yes, I pre dee now, let him miſtake.

Waſ. A turd i' your Teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing miſtaken.

Kno. Turd, ha turd? a noiſome Vapour, ſtrike *Whit.*

[*They fall by the Ears.*

Ove. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my Authority, conſerve the Peace. In the King's name, and my Husbands, put up your Weapons, I ſhall be driven to commit you my ſelf, elſe.

Qua. Ha, ha, ha.

Waſ. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Qua. Sir, you'll allow me my Chriſtian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In ſome ſort you may, and in ſome ſort you may not, Sir.

Kno. Nay in ſome ſort, Sir, he may neither laugh, nor hope in this company.

Waſ. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any ſort, an't pleaſe him.

Qua. Faith, and I will then, for it doth pleaſe me exceedingly.

Waſ. No exceeding neither, Sir.

Kno. No, that Vapour is too lofty.

Qua. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your Game of Vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. Do you hear, Sir? I would ſpeak with you in Circle?

[*He draws a Circle on the Ground.*

Qua. In Circle, Sir? what would you with me in Circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*? in Circle?

Qua. 'Slid, your Circle will prove more coſtly than your Vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your Beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

Qua. How Raskal? are you playing with my Beard? I'll break Circle with you. [*They draw all, and fight.*

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

Kno. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good Vapours.

Ove. What mean you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? ſhall I ſend out a *Serjeant* at *Arms*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, againſt you? I'll commit you upon my Womanhood, for a Riot, upon my Juſtice-hood, if you perſiſt.

Waſ. Upon your Juſtice-hood? Marry ſhite o'your Hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Juſtice of Peace's Wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your Teeth for a fee, now.

Over. Why, *Numps*, in Maſter *Overdoo*'s name, I charge you.

Waſ. Good Miſtris *Underdoo* hold your Tongue.

Over. Alas! poor *Numps*.

Waſ. Alas! and why alas from you, I beſeech you? or why poor *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitied by your tuft Taffata now? why Miſtris, I knew *Adam* the Clerk, your Husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for two Pence a Sheet, as high as he bears his Head now, or you your Hood, Dame. What are you, Sir? [*The Watch comes in.*

Bri. We be Men, and no Infidels, what is the matter, here, and the noiſes? can you tell?

Waſ. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a Man quarrel in quietneſs? but he muſt be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his Majeſties Watch, Sir.

Waſ. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a ſweet Watch, indeed. A body would think, and you watch'd well a nights, you ſhould be contented to ſleep at this time a

day. Get you to your Fleas and your Flock-beds, you Rogues, your Kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him in his Majesties name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the Pidgeon-holes.

Ove. I thank you honest Friends, in the behalf o' the Crown, and the Peace, and in Master *Overdoo*'s name, for suppressing enormities.

Whi. Stay, *Bristle*, here ish a noder brash o' Drunkards, but very quiet, special Drunkards, will pay de five Shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change Cloth for Ale in the *Fair*, here; te roder ish a strong Man, a mighty Man, my Lord Mayor's Man, and a wrastler. He has wrashled so long with the Bottle, here, that the Man with the Beard, hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.

Bri. 'Slid, the Clerk o' the Market, has been to cry him all the *Fair* over here, for my Lord's service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now Woman o' Shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Ove. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a courtesie of you, Captain?

Whi. Intreat a hundred Velvet Voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Ove. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—

Whi. I vill do it, and more, and more, for de. What *Ursla*, an't be Bitch, an't be Baud an't be!

Urs. How now Raskal? what roar you for? old Pimp.

Whi. Here, put up de Clokes *Ursh*; de purchase, pre de now, shweet *Ursh*, help dis good brave Voman to a *Jordan*, and't be.

Urs. 'Slid call your Captain *Jordan* to her, can you not?

Whi. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the Velvet Woman to de——

Urs. I bring her, hang her: heart must I find a common Pot for every Punk i' your Purlews?

Whi. O good voordsh, *Ursh*, it ish a gueſt o' Velvet, i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her Hood, and buy a spunge, with a Pox to her, my Vessel is employed Sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old Bottle. An honest Proctor and his Wife are at it within, if she'll stay her time, so.

VWhi. As soon ash tou canst shweet *Ursh*. Of a valiant Man I tink I am the patientsh Man i' the World, or in all *Smithfield*.

Kno. How now *Whit*? close Vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha?

VWhi. No fait, Captain, dough tou beesht a vishe Man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a Woman of fashion here.

Ove. Yes, Captain, though I am Justice of Peace's Wife, I do love Men of War, and the Sons of the Sword, when they come before my Husband.

Kno. Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee my self, else.

Urs. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talk her turn?

Whi. Gramercy good *Ursh*, I tank de.

Over. Master *Overdoo* shall thank her.

Act IV. Scene V.

John, Win, Ursla, Knockhum, Whit, Overdoo, Alice.

GOod Ga'mere *Urs*, *Win* and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good Company, *VWin*; for half an hour, or so *VWin*, while I go, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, *VWin*.

VWin. Will you leave me alone with two Men, *John*?

Joh. I, they are honest Gentlemen *VWin*, Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *VWhit*, they'll use you very civilly, *VWin*. God b' w' you *VWin*.

Urs. What's her Husband gone?

Kno. On his false gallop, *Urs*, away.

Urs. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now shew your selves so: we are undone for want of Fowl i' the *Fair*, here. Here will be *Zekiel Edgworth*, and three or four Gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quail for 'em: perswade this between you two, to become a Bird o' the Game, while I work the Velvet Woman within, (as you call her.)

Kno. I conceive thee, *Urs!* go thy ways, dost thou hear, *Whit?* is't not pitty, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean Head, large Fore-head, round Eyes, even Mouth, sharp Ears, long Neck, thin Crest, close Withers, plain Back, deep Sides, short Fillets, and full Flanks: with a round Belly, a plump Buttock, large Thighs, knit Knees, strait Legs, short Pasterns, smooth Hoofs, and short Heels, should lead a dull honest Womans life, that might live the life of a Lady?

Whi. Yes, by my fait and trot, it is, Captain: de honesht Womans life is a scurvy dull life, indeed, la.

Win. How, Sir? is an honest Womans life a scurvy life?

Whi. Yes fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee a Free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captain saish.

Kno. I, and be honest too sometimes: have her Wiers, and her Tires, her green Gowns, and Velvet Petticoats.

Whi. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, shee de Players, be in love vit 'em; sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Kno. Brave Vapours!

Whi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

Whi. Tish common, shweet heart, tou mai'st do it by my Hand: it shall be justified to ty Husbands Faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the Skin between his Hornsh, la!

Kno. Yes, and wear a Dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a Husband on 'em all, for a Foretop: it is the Vapour of Spirit in the Wife to Cuckold now adays; as it is the Vapour of fashion in the Husband, not to suspect. Your prying Cat-eyed Citizen is an abominable Vapour.

Win. Lord, what a Fool have I been!

Whi. Mend then, and do every ting like a Lady, hereafter, never know ty Husband from another Man.

Kno. Nor any one Man from another, but i' the dark.

Whi. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any Man.

Urs. Help, help here.

Kno. How now? what Vapour's there?

Urs. O, you are a sweet *Ranger!* and look well to your Walks. Yonder is your Punk of *Turnbull*, ramping *Alice*, has fain upon the poor Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her Hood over her Ears, and her Hair through it.

[Alice *enters, beating the Justice's Wife.*

Ove. Help, help, i' the King's Name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are, that undo us, and take our Trade from us, with your Tuft-taffata Hanches.

Kno. How now *Alice!*

Ali. The poor common Whores can ha' no Traffick, for the privy rich ones; your Caps and Hoods of Velvet, call away our Customers, and lick the Fat from us.

Urs. Peace you foul ramping Jade, you——

Ali. Od's foot, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

Kno. Why,

Kno. Why, *Alice*, I ſay.

Ali. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

Urſ. Thou Tripe of *Turnbull.*

Kno. Cat-a-mountain Vapours! ha!

Urſ. You know where you were taw'd lately, both laſh'd, and flaſh'd you were in *Bridewell.*

Ali. I, by the ſame token you rid that week, and broak out the bottom o' the Cart, Night-tub.

Kno. Why, Lyon face! ha! do you know who I am? ſhall I tear Ruff, ſlit Waſtcoat, make Rags of Petticoat? ha! go to, vaniſh for fear of Vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting Vapour. Come brave Woman, take a good Heart, thou ſhalt be a Lady too.

Whi. Yes fait, dey ſhall all both be Ladies, and write Madam. I vill do't my ſelf for dem. *Do*, is the vord, and D is the middle Letter of *Maddam*, *D D*, put 'em together, and make Deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Kno. 'Tis true, *Urſla*, take 'em in, open thy Wardrope, and fit 'em to their calling. Green Gowns, Crimſon-Petticoats, Green-Women! my Lord Mayors Green Women! Gueſts o' the Game, true bred. I'll provide you a Coach, to take the Air, in.

Win. But do you think you can get one?

Kno. O, they are as common as Wheelbarrows, where there are great Dunghils. Every Pettifoggers Wife, has 'em, for firſt he buys a Coach, that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made Cuckold in't: For if their Wives ride not to their Cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, ſays the Vapour of experience.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Trouble-all, Knockhum, Whit, Quarlous, Edgworth, Briſtle, Waſpe, Haggiſe, Juſtice, Buſy, Pure-craft.

BY what Warrant do's it ſay ſo?

Kno. Ha! mad Child o' the *Pye-poulders*, art thou there? fill us a freſh Kan, *Urs*, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a Warrant, Captain.

Kno. 'Slood, thou'll not ſtale without a Warrant, ſhortly. *Whit*, Give me Pen, Ink and Paper. I'll draw him a Warrant preſently.

Tro. It muſt be *Juſtice Overdoo*'s?

Kno. I know, Man, Fetch the Drink, *Whit.*

Whi. I pre dee now, be very brief, Captain; for de new Ladies ſtay for dee.

Kno. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Overdoo.*

Tro. Why, now, I'll pledge you, Captain.

Kno. Drink it off. I'll come to thee, anon, again.

Qua. Well, Sir. You are now diſcharg'd: beware of being ſpi'd hereafter. [Quarlous *to the Cut-purſe.*

Edg. Sir, will it pleaſe you, enter in here, at *Urſla*'s; and take part of a Silken Gown, a Velvet Petticoat, or a wrought Smock; I am promis'd ſuch: and I can ſpare any Gentleman a moiety.

Qua. Keep it for your Companions in beaſtlineſs, I am none of 'em, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater treſpaſs, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would inſtruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the Hangman is only fit to diſcourſe with you; the hand of Beadle is too merciful a puniſhment for your Trade of life. I am ſorry I employ'd this Fellow; for he thinks me ſuch: *Faſcinus quos inquinat, æquat.* But, it was for ſport. And would I make it ſerious, the getting of this Licenſe is nothing to me, without other circumſtances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine, that the ragged Fellow mark'd: And what advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd Raskal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I ſhould do ſo by him, I am ſure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it muſt needs be next to deſpair, that is grounded on any part of a Womans diſcretion. I would give by my troth, now, all I could ſpare (to my Cloathes, and my Sword) to meet my tatter'd *Sooth-ſayer* again, who was my judge i' the queſtion, to know certainly whoſe word he has damn'd or ſav'd. For, till then, I live but under a *Reprieve.* I muſt ſeek him. Who be theſe? *Enter* Waſp *with the Officers.*

Waſ. Sir, you are a welſh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Conſtable.

Bri. You ſay very well. Come put in his Leg in the middle Roundel, and let him hole there.

Waſ. You ſtink of Leeks, *Metheglyn*, and Cheeſe. You Rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you ſit ſweetly in the Stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to ſtink too, your Breeches ſit cloſe enough to your bum. Sit you merry, Sir.

Qua. How now, *Numps?*

Waſ. It is no matter, how; pray you look off.

Qua. Nay, I'll not offend you, *Numps.* I thought you had ſat there to be ſeen.

Waſ. And to be ſold, did you not? pray you mind your buſineſs, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, *Numps.* Do's your Leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, Neighbour *Haggiſe*, what ſays *Juſtice Overdoo*'s Worſhip to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he ſays juſt nothing, what ſhould he ſay? Or where ſhould he ſay? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been ſeen i' the *Fair*, here, all this live-long day, never ſince ſeven a Clock i' the Morning. His Clerks know not what to think on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What ſhall be done with 'em, then? in your diſcretion?

Hag. I think we were beſt put 'em in the Stocks in diſcretion (there they will be ſafe in diſcretion) for the valour of an hour, or ſuch a thing, till his Worſhip come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter, if we do, Neighbour *Haggiſe*, come, Sir, here is company for you, heave up the Stocks. [*As they open the Stocks*, Waſp *puts his Shooe on his Hand, and ſlips it in for his Leg.*

Waſ. I ſhall put a trick upon your welſh diligence, perhaps.

Bri. Put in your Leg, Sir.

Qua. What, *Rabby Buſy!* is he come?

[*They bring* Buſy, *and put him in.*

Buſ. I do obey thee, the Lyon may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus ſeparated from the *Heathen* of the Land, and put a part in the Stocks for the Holy Cauſe.

Waſ. What are you, Sir?

Buſ. One that rejoyceth in his Affliction, and ſitteth here to propheſie the Deſtruction of *Fairs* and *May-games*, *Wakes* and *Whitſon-ales*, and doth ſigh and groan for the reformation of theſe abuſes.

Waſ. And do you ſigh and groan too, or rejoyce in your affliction?

Juſ. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: *Adam*, thou art above theſe battries, theſe contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy Friend *Horace* ſays; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.* And therefore as another Friend of thine ſays, (I think it be thy Friend *Perſius*) *Non te quæſiveris extra.*

Qua. What's here! a Stoick i' the Stocks? the Fool is turn'd *Philoſopher.*

Buſ. Friend, I will leave to communicate my Spirit with you, if I hear any more of thoſe ſuperſtitious Relicks, thoſe Liſts of *Latin*, the very Rags of *Rome*, and Patches of *Popery.*

Waſ. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but ſhifting in a Hand for a Foot. God b' w' you. [*He gets out.*

Buſ. Wilt thou then leave thy Brethren in tribulation?

Waſ. For this once, Sir.

Buſ. Thou art a halting *Neutral*; ſtay him there, ſtop him, that will not endure the heat of Perſecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Buſ. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not ſit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an eſcape, which way? follow, Neighbour *Haggiſe*.

Pur. O me! in the Stocks! have the wicked prevail'd?

Buſ. Peace religious Siſter, it is my Calling, comfort your ſelf, an extraordinary Calling, and done for my better ſtanding, my ſurer ſtanding, hereafter.

Tro. By whoſe Warrant, by whoſe Warrant, this? [*The Mad-man enters.*

Qua. O, here's my Man, dropt in, I look'd for.

Juſ. Ha!

Pur. O good Sir, they have ſet the faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes for the holy of the Land.

Tro. Had they Warrant for it? ſhew'd they *Juſtice Overdoo's* Hand? if they had no Warrant, they ſhall anſwer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the Stocks ſufficiently, Neighbour *Toby!*

Hag. No! ſee if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very ſufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet ſome thing is in the matter.

Tro. True, your Warrant is the matter that is in queſtion, by what Warrant?

Bri. Mad Man, hold your Peace, I will put you in his room elſe, in the very ſame hole, do you ſee?

Qua. How! is he a Mad-man!

Tro. Shew me *Juſtice Overdoo's* Warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad Fool, hold your Tongue.

Tro. In *Juſtice Overdoo's* name, I drink to you, and here's my Warrant. [*Shews his Can.*

Juſ. Alas poor Wretch! how it earns my Heart for him!

Qua. If he be mad, it is in vain to queſtion him. I'll try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman, ſhew'd you two names, ſome hour ſince, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to mark in a Book, which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no name, but *Adam Overdoo*, that is the name of names, he only is the ſufficient Magiſtrate; and that name I reverence, ſhew it me.

Qua. This Fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now, than afore.

Juſ. I ſhall not breath in peace, till I have made him ſome amends.

Qua. Well, I will make another uſe of him, is come in my head: I have a Neſt of Beards in my Trunk; one ſomething like his.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the Stocks or no, I think I lock'd 'em. [*The Watch-men come back again. The mad-man fights with 'em, and they leave open the Stocks.*

Tro. Take *Adam Overdoo* in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madneſs it ſelf, hold thy peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikeſt thou without a Warrant? take thou that.

Buſ. We are delivered by miracle; Fellow in Fetters, let us not refuſe the means, this madneſs was of the Spirit: The malice of the Enemy hath mock'd it ſelf.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the World is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the ſudden, (the cunning Man ſaid all true) and ſhall love him more and more. How well it becomes a Man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many ſhould we draw to madneſs in truth, with us!

Bri. How now! all ſcap'd? where's the *Woman?* it is Witchcraft! Her Velvet Hat is a Witch, o' my Conſcience, or my Key! t' one. The Mad-man was a Devil, and I am an Aſs; ſo bleſs me, my Place, and mine Office. [*The Watch miſſing them are affrighted.*

Act V. Scene I.

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwel.

WEll, Luck and Saint *Bartholmew*; out with the ſign of our Invention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum the while; all the Fowl i' the *Fair*, I mean all the Dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Maſter *Little-wit's Carwhitchets* now) will be thrown at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not pleaſe the People. O the Motions, that I *Lanthorn Leatherhead* have given light to, i' my time, ſince my Maſter *Pod* died! *Jeruſalem* was a ſtately thing; and ſo was *Nineve*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; with the riſing o' the Prentiſes, and pulling down the Bawdy Houſes there upon *Shrove-Tueſday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I have preſented that to an eighteen or twenty Pence Audience, nine times in an Afternoon. Your home-born Projects prove ever the beſt, they are ſo eaſie and familiar; they put too much Learning i' their things now o' days: and that I fear will be the ſpoil o' this. *Little-wit*? I ſay, *Mickle-wit!* if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, Goodman *Filcher*.

Pod was a Maſter of Motions before him.

Fil. I warrant you, Sir.

Lan. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two Pence apiece, *Sharkwell*.

Sha. I warrant you, Sir, three Pence, an' we can.

Act V. Scene II.

Juſtice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Pure-craft.

The Juſtice comes in like a Porter.

THis later diſguiſe, I have borrow'd of a Porter, ſhall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how ever interrupted, were never deſtroyed in me: neither is the hour of my ſeverity yet come, to reveal my ſelf, wherein, Cloud-like, I will break out in Rain, and Hail, Lightning, and Thunder, upon the head of Enormity. Two main works I have to proſecute: firſt, one is to invent ſome ſatisfaction for the poor kind Wretch, who is out of his wits for my ſake, and yonder I ſee him coming, I will walk aſide, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that he returns not, it may be he is ſtruck in here to ſeek us.

Gra. See, here's our Mad-man again.

Qua. I have made my ſelf as like him, as his Gown and Cap will give me leave.

[Quarlous *in the habit of the mad-man is miſtaken by Mrs.* Pure-craft.

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Win-w. How! my Widow in love with a Mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in Spirit as you.

Qua. By whoſe Warrant? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? (ſave ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your Book? 'twas a ſufficient name I mark'd, let me ſee't, be not afraid to ſhew't me.

[*He deſires to ſee the Book of Miſtris* Grace.

Gra. What

Gra. What would you with it, Sir?

Qua. Mark it again and again at your Service.

Gra. Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Qua. Palemon? fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, *Palemon!*

Gra. Yes faith, he has diſcover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to diſguiſe it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your Fortune.

Win-w. And you have him Miſtris, believe it, that ſhall never give you cauſe to repent her benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this choice ſhe had both her Eyes.

Gra. I deſire to put it to no danger of proteſtation.

Qua. Palemon the word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. Good Sir, vouchſafe a Yokefellow in your madneſs, ſhun not one of the ſanctified Siſters, that would draw with you in truth.

Qua. Away, you are a Herd of hypocritical proud Ignorants, rather wild than mad; Fitter for Woods, and the Society of Beaſts, than Houſes, and the Congregation of Men. You are the Second part of the Society of *Canters*, Out-Laws to *Order* and *Diſcipline*, and the only privileg'd *Church-Robbers* of *Chriſtendom*. Let me alone, *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. I muſt uncover my ſelf unto him, or I ſhall never enjoy him, for all the *Cunning Mens* Promiſes. Good Sir, hear me, I am worth Six Thouſand Pound, my Love to you is become my Rack, I'll tell you all and the truth, ſince you hate the Hypocriſie of the party-coloured Brother-hood. Theſe ſeven years I have been a wilful holy Widow, only to draw Feaſts and Gifts from my intangled Suitors: I am alſo by Office an aſſiſting *Siſter* of the *Deacons*, and a Devourer, inſtead of a Diſtributer of the Alms. I am a ſpecial Maker of Marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our Rich *Widows*, for a third part of their Wealth, when they are married, for the Relief of the poor *Elect*: as alſo our poor handſome young Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widowers; to make them ſteal from their Husbands, when I have confirmed them in the Faith, and got all put into their Cuſtodies. And if I ha' not my Bargain, they may ſooner turn a ſcolding Drab into a ſilent *Miniſter*, than make me leave pronouncing *Reprobation* and *Damnation* unto them. Our Elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the Capital Knave of the Land, making himſelf rich, by being made *Feoffee* in truſt to deceaſed *Brethren*, and coz'ning their *Heirs*, by ſwearing the abſolute Gift of their Inheritance. And thus having eas'd my Conſcience, and utter'd my Heart with the Tongue of my Love: Enjoy all my Deceits together, I beſeech you. I ſhould not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me ſo too, Sir?

He conſiders with himſelf of it.

Quar. Stand aſide, I'll anſwer you preſently. Why ſhould not I marry this Six Thouſand Pound, now I think on't? and a good Trade too that ſhe has beſide, ha? The t'other Wench *Win-wife* is ſure of; there's no Expectation for me there! here I may make my ſelf ſome ſaver, yet, if ſhe continue mad, there's the Queſtion. It is Money that I want, why ſhould I not marry the Money when 'tis offer'd me? I have a *Licence* and all, it is but razing out one Name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a Man's Fortune! I am reſolv'd! I were truly mad an' I would not! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll ſhew you a Warrant! [*He takes her along with him.*

Pur. Moſt zealouſly, it is that I zealouſly deſire.

Juſ. Sir, let me ſpeak with you. [*The* Juſtice *calls him.*

Quar. By whoſe Warrant?

Juſ. The Warrant that you tender, and reſpect ſo; Juſtice *Overdoo's!* I am the Man, Friend *Trouble-all*, tho thus diſguis'd (as the careful *Magiſtrate* ought) for the good of the Republick in the *Fair*, and the weeding out of Enormity. Do you want a Houſe, or Meat, or Drink, or Clothes? Speak whatſoever it is, it ſhall be ſupplied you, what want you?

Qua. Nothing but your *Warrant.*

Juſ. My *Warrant?* for what?

Qua. To be gone, Sir.

Juſ. Nay, I pray thee ſtay, I am ſerious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. think what may do thee good.

Qua. Your Hand and Seal will do me a great deal of good; Nothing elſe in the whole *Fair*, that I know.

Juſ. If it were to any end, thou ſhould'ſt have it willingly.

Qua. Why, it will ſatisfie me, that's end enough, to look on; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Juſ. Alas! thou ſhalt ha' it preſently. I'll but ſtep into the Scriveners here by, and bring it. Do not go away. [*The* Juſtice *goes out,*

Quar. Why, this Mad Man's ſhape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a Ragged Robe produce theſe Effects? if this be the wiſe Juſtice, and he bring me his hand, I ſhall go near to make ſome uſe on't. He is come already! [*And returns.*

Juſ. Look thee! here is my Hand and Seal, *Adam Over-doo*, if there be any thing to be written above in the Paper that thou want'ſt now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it ſo; can your Friend write?

Qua. Her hand for a *Witneſs*, and all is well.

Juſ. With all my heart. [*He urgeth Miſtris* Purecraft.

Qua. Why ſhould not I ha' the Conſcience to make this a Bond of a Thouſand Pound now, or what I would elſe?

Juſ. Look you, there it is; and I deliver it as my Deed again.

Qua. Let us now proceed in madneſs.

[*He takes her in with him.*

Juſ. Well, my Conſcience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd Satisfaction! The Sting is removed from hence! Poor man, he is much alter'd with his Affliction, it has brought him low! Now for my other work, reducing the Young Man (I have follow'd ſo long in Love) from the brink of his Bane, to the Center of Safety. Here, or in ſome ſuch like vain place, I ſhall be ſure to find him. I will wait the good time.

Act V. Scene III.

Cokes, Sharkwel, Juſtice, Filcher, John, Lanterne.

HOw now? what's here to do? Friend, art thou the *Maſter* of the *Monuments?*

Sha. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Juſ. My phantaſtical Brother in Law, Maſter *Bartholmew Cokes!*

Cok. A *Motion*, what's that? The Ancient Modern Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, otherwiſe called *The Touchſtone of true Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias*, two faithful Friends o' the *Bank-ſide?* Pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude?* or what is't? *He reads the Bill.*

Fil. Yes, Sir, pleaſe you come near, we'll take your Money within.

Cok. Back with theſe Children; they do ſo follow me up and down. [*The Boys o' the* Fair *follow him.*

Job. By your leave, friend.

Fil. You muſt pay, Sir, an' you go in.

Job.

Job. Who, I? I perceive thou know'ſt not me: call the Maſter o' the *Motion.*

Sha. What, do you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? You muſt take no money of him; he muſt come in *Gratis*: Maſter *Little-wit* is a Voluntary; he is the *Author.*

Job. Peace, ſpeak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till we ſee how it paſſes.

Cok. Maſter *Little-wit*, how doſt thou?

Job. Maſter *Cokes!* you are exceeding well met: What, in your Doublet and Hoſe, without a Cloak or a Hat?

Cok. I would I might never ſtir, as I am an honeſt man, and by that fire; I have loſt all i'the *Fair*, and all my Acquaintance too; didſt thou meet any body that I know, Maſter *Little-wit*? my Man *Numps*, or my Siſter *Over-doo*, or Miſtris *Grace*? Pray thee Maſter *Little-wit* lend me ſome Money to ſee the *Interlude* here. I'll pay thee again, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Job. O, Sir, you ſhall command it, what, will a Crown ſerve you?

Cok. I think it will, what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Fil. Two Pence, Sir.

Cok. Two Pence? There's Twelve Pence, friend; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as ſimple as I look now; if you ſee me with my Man about me, and my *Artillery* again.

Job. Your Man was i' the Stocks e'en now, Sir.

Cok. Who, *Numps*?

Job. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith, I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. *Little wit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors*?

Job. Pretty Youths, Sir, all Children both Old and Young, here's the Maſter of 'em——

(*Lan.* Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lantern.*

[Leather-head *whiſpers to* Littlewit.

Job. Maſter *Lantern*, that gives light to the buſineſs.

Cok. In good time, Sir, I would fain ſee 'em, I would be glad drink with the Young Company; which is the Tiring houſe?

Lan. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-houſe is ſomewhat little, we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No? not now my Hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me, Feather and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty Impudent Boys now, to bring Stools, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they have at other Houſes? let me ſee ſome o' your *Actors.*

Job. Shew him 'em, ſhew him 'em. Maſter *Lantern*, this is a Gentleman that is a Favourer of the Quality.

Juſ. I, the favouring of this Licentious Quality is the Conſumption of many a Young Gentleman; a pernicious Enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in Baskets?

[*He brings them out in a Basket.*

Lea. They do lie in a Basket, Sir, they are o' the ſmall *Players.*

Cok. Theſe be *Players minors* indeed. Do you call theſe *Players*?

Lan. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none diſprais'd, for dumb Shows: Indeed I am the mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one *Taylor* would go near to beat all this Company, with a Hand bound behind him.

Job. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in Cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, Maſter *Little-wit*, a good Jeſt! which is your *Burbage* now?

Lan. What mean you by that, Sir?

Cok. Your beſt *Actor*. Your *Field*?

Job. Good i' faith! you are even with me, Sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreamly belov'd of the Womenkind, they do ſo affect his Action, the green Gamſters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the Ghoſt of King *Dionyſius* in the Habit of a *Scrivener*: as you ſhall ſee anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a Civil Company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor geer, nor break Jeſts, as the great *Players* do: And then, there goes not ſo much charge to the Feaſting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reaſon of their Littleneſs. Do they uſe to play perfect? Are they never fluſter'd?

Lan. No, Sir, I thank my Induſtry and Policy for it; they are as well govern'd a Company, though I ſay it—— And here is Young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor*, of his Inches; and ſhakes his Head like an Hoſtler.

Cok. But do you play it according to the Printed Book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, Sir.

Cok. No? How then?

Lan. A better way, Sir, that is too Learned and Poetical for our Audience, what, do they know what *Helleſpont* is? Guilty of true Loves Blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Seſtos* height?

Cok. Th' art i' the right, I do not know my ſelf.

Lan. No, I have entreated Maſter *Little-wit* to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar ſtrain for our people.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good Maſter *Little-wit.*

Job. It pleaſes him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no ſuch matter, I aſſure you: I have only made it a little eaſie, and *Modern* for the Times, Sir, that's all: As for the *Helleſpont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander* I make a Dyer's Son about *Puddle-Wharf*; and *Hero* a Wench o' the *Bank-ſide*, who going over one Morning to *Old-Fiſhſtreet*, *Leander* ſpies her land at *Trigs-Stairs*, and falls in Love with her: Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having *Metamorphos'd* himſelf into a Drawer, and he ſtrikes *Hero* in love with a Pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty paſſages there are o' the friendſhip, that will delight you, Sir, and pleaſe you of Judgment.

Cok. I'll be ſworn they ſhall: I am in Love with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allied to them preſently. (They reſpect Gentlemen, theſe Fellows:) *Hero* ſhall be my Fairing: But which of my Fairings? (Le' me ſee) i' faith, my *Fiddle!* and *Leander* my *Fiddle-Stick*: Then *Damon* my *Drum*; and *Pythias* my *Pipe*, and the Ghoſt of *Dionyſius* my *Hobby-Horſe.* All fitted.

Act V. Scene IV.

To them *Win-wife*, *Grace*, *Knockhum*, *Whitt*, *Edgworth*, *Win*, *Miſtris Over-doo.* And to them *Waſpe.*

LOok yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his Play-fellows; I thought we could not miſs him at ſuch a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is ſo buſie he will never ſpy us.

Lea. Nay, good Sir.

Cok.

Cok. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, Fellow; what doſt think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous: I am toward a Wife. [Cokes *is handling the* Puppets.

Joh. Well, good Maſter *Lantern*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my Wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me elſe, i' my Reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, Sir, do not you breed too great an Expectation of it among your Friends: that's the only hurter of theſe things.

Joh. No, no, no.

Cok. I'll ſtay here and ſee; pray thee let me ſee.

Win-w. How diligent and troubleſome he is!

Gra. The place becomes him, me thinks.

Juſ. My ward, Miſtris *Grace*, in the Company of a ſtranger? I doubt I ſhall be compell'd to diſcover my ſelf before my time.

Fil. Two Pence a piece, Gentlemen, an Excellent Motion. [*The Door-keepers ſpeak.*

Knо. Shall we have fine Fire-Works, and good Vapours.

Sha. Yes, Captain, and Water-works too.

Whi. I pree dee take a Care o' dy ſhmall Lady there, *Edgworth*: I will look to diſh tall Lady my ſelf.

Lan. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

Whi. Predee Maſhter o' de *Monſhterſh*, help a very ſick Lady here to a Chair to ſhit in.

Lan. Preſently, Sir.

Whi. Good fait now, *Urſla*'s Ale, and *Aquæ-vitæ* iſh to blame for't; Shit down, ſhweet heart, ſhit down and ſhleep a little. [*They bring Miſtris* Overdoo *a Chair.*

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Kuo. Yes, and you ſhall ſee very good Vapours.

Juſ. Here is my Care come! I like to ſee him in ſo good Company; and yet I wonder that perſons of ſuch Faſhion ſhould reſort hither! [*By* Edgworth.

Edg. This is a very private houſe, *Madam.*

[*The Cut-purſe courts Miſtris* Little-wit.

Lan. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip ſit, *Madam*?

Win. Yes, Goodman. They do ſo all to be *Madam* me, I think they think me a very Lady!

Edg. What elſe *Madam*?

Win. Muſt I put off my Mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How ſhould my Husband know me then?

Kno. Husband? an idle Vapour; he muſt not know you, nor you him; there's the true Vapour.

Juſ. Yea, I will obſerve more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

Whi. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, ſhweet heart; if dou haſht a mind to 'em, give me Twelve pence from tee, and dou ſhalt have eder-oder on 'em.

Juſ. I? This will prove my chiefeſt Enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer Life, *Lady*, than to be clogg'd with a Husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow? in the Name o' the *Motion*?

Edg. By and by, *Madam*; they ſtay but for Company.

Kno. Do you hear, *Puppet*-Maſter, theſe are tedious Vapours; when begin you?

Lan. We ſtay but for Maſter *Lettle-wit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his Wife; and we begin preſently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no ſuch poor thing.

Kno. Hang the *Author*'s Wife, a running Vapour! here be *Ladies* will ſtay for ne're a *Delia* o' 'em all.

Whi. But hear me now, here iſh one o' de *Ladiſh* a ſhleep, ſtay till ſhee but vake, man.

Waſ. How now, Friends? what's here to do?

Fil. Two pence a piece, Sir, the beſt *Motion* in the *Fair.* [*The Door-keepers again.*

Waſ. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Win. Numps is come!

Waſ. Did you ſee a Maſter of mine come in here, a tall Young Squire of *Harrow o' the Hill*, Maſter *Bartholmew Cokes*?

Fil. I think there be ſuch a one within.

Waſ. Look he be, you were beſt: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the reſt. I ha' been at the *Eagle*, and the *Black Wolf*, and the *Bull* with the Five Legs, and Two Pizzles: (He was a Calf at *Uxbridge Fair* Two Years agone:) And at the *Dogs* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the Hair o' the *Taber*; and miſt him at all theſe! Sure this muſt needs be ſome fine Sight, that holds him ſo, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Preſently, Sir.

Waſ. Hoyday, he's at work in his Doublet and Hoſe; Do you hear, Sir? are you imploy'd, that you are bare headed, and ſo buſie?

Cok. Hold your peace, *Numps*; you ha' been i' the Stocks, I hear.

Waſ. Do's he know that? Nay, then the Date of my *Authority* is out; I muſt think no longer to reign, my Government is at an end. He that will correct another muſt want fault in himſelf.

Win-w. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard ſo much from him before.

Lan. Sure Maſter *Little-wit* will not come; pleaſe you take your place, Sir, we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine Ears long to be at it; and my Eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps*? where's your Sword, *Numps*?

Waſ. I pray you intend your Game, Sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, ſit down, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: Did you ſee Miſtris *Grace*? It's no matter neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of Love and Care he expreſſes.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to expreſs more than he has? that were Tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. *Gentiles, that no longer your Expectations may wander,*
Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander.
With a great deal of Cloth, lapp'd about him like a Scarf,
For he yet ſerves his Father, a Dyer *at* Puddle-Wharf,
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,
As the Bank-ſide *is our* Seſtos; *and let it not be deny'd us.*
Now as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but Fair Hero, *in a Sculler*;
And ſeeing Leander's *naked Leg, and goodly Calf,*
Caſt at him from the Boat a Sheeps Eye and an half.
Now ſhe is landed, and the Sculler come back,
By and by you ſhall ſee what Leander *doth lack.*

Pup. L. *Cole, Cole, Old Cole.*

Lan. *That is the Sculler's Name, without controle.*

Pup. L. *Cole, Cole, I ſay, Cole.*

Lan. *We do hear you.*

Pup. L. *Old Cole.*

Lan. *Old Cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you ſell?*

Pup. L. *A Pox o' your manners, kiſs my hole here, and ſmell.*

Lan. *Kiſs your hole and ſmell? there's manners indeed.*

Pup. L. *Why, Cole, I ſay, Cole.*

Lan. *It's the Sculler you need.*

Pup. L. *I, and be hang'd.*

Lan. *Be hang'd; look you yonder.*

Old Cole, *you muſt go hang with Maſter* Leander.

Pup. C. *Where is he?*

Pup. L. *Here.* Cole: *What Faireſt of Fairs,*
Was that Fare that thou landeſt but now at Trigs-Stairs?

Cok.

Cok. What was that fellow? Pray thee tell me, I ſcarce underſtand 'em.

Lan. Leander *do's ask, Sir, what faireſt of Fairs,*
Was the Fare he landed but now at Trigs Stairs?

Pup. C. *It is lovely* Hero.

Pup. L. Nero?

Pup. C. *No,* Hero.

Lan. *It is* Hero.
Of the Bank-ſide, *he ſaith, to tell you truth, without erring,*
Is come over into Fiſh-Street, *to eat ſome Freſh Herring.*
Leander *ſays no more, but as faſt as he can,*
Gets on all his beſt Clothes, and will after to the Swan.

Cok. Moſt admirable good, is't not?

Lan. *Stay, Sculler.*

Pup. C. *What ſay you?*

Lan. *You muſt ſtay for* Leander,
And carry him to the Wench.

Pup. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*

Cok. He ſays he is no *Pandar.* 'Tis a fine Language; I underſtand it now.

Lan. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman* Cole? *Here's no Man ſays you are:*
You'll grow a hot Cole, it ſeems, pray you ſtay for your Fare.

Pup. C. *Will he come away?*

Lan. *What do you ſay?*

Pup. C. *I' de ha' him come away.*

Lea. *Would you ha'* Leander *come away? why 'pray' Sir, ſtay.*
You are angry, Goodman Cole; *I believe the Fair Maid*
Came over w' you a' truſt: tell us Sculler, are you paid.

Pup. C. *Yes, Goodman* Hogrubber, *o'* Pickt-hatch.

Lan. *How?* Hogrubber *o'* Pickt-hatch?

Pup. C. *I* Hogrubber *o'* Pickt-hatch. *Take you that.*
[*The* Puppet *ſtrikes him over the Pate.*

Lan. *O, my Head!*

Pup. C. *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he ſays: Very good i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, Sirrah.

Lan. Yes, but that his Fare call'd him away.

Pup. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

Lan. *You are knaviſhly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you go.*

Pup. C. *Knave i' your Face, Goodman Rogue.*

Pup. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

Cok. He ſaid, Knave i' your Face, Friend.

Lan. I, Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to theſe Water-men, they will ha' the laſt word.

Cok. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler yet; he ſhall be *Dauphin* my Boy. But my Fiddle-ſtick do's fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee ſpeak to him on't: Tell him, I would have him tarry in my ſight more.

Lan. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.
Now, Gentiles, I take it, here is none of you ſo ſtupid,
But that you have heard of a Little God of Love call'd Cupid.
Who out of Kindneſs to Leander, *hearing he but ſaw her,*
This preſent day and hour doth turn himſelf to a Drawer.
And becauſe he would have their firſt Meeting to be merry,
He ſtrikes Hero *in love to him with a Pint of Sherry.*
Which he tells her from amorous Leander *is ſent her,*
Who after him, into the Room of Hero *doth venture.*
[Pup. Leander *goes into Miſtris* Hero's *Room.*

Pup. Jo. *A Pint of Sack, ſcore a Pint of Sack i' the* Conney.

Cok. Sack? you ſaid but e'en now it ſhould be *Sherry.*

Pup. Jo. *Why ſo it is; Sherry, Sherry, Sherry.*

Cok. Sherry, Sherry, Sherry. By my Troth he makes me merry. I muſt have a Name for *Cupid* too. Let me ſee, thou might'ſt help me now, an' thou would-eſt, *Numps*, at a dead lift; but thou art dreaming o' the Stocks ſtill. Do not think on't, I have for-got it; 'tis but a Nine Days Wonder, Man; let it not trouble thee.

Waſ. I would the Stocks were about your Neck, Sir; condition I hung by the Heels in them till the Wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cok. Well ſaid, reſolute *Numps:* But hark you friend, where is the friendſhip all this while between my Drum *Damon*, and my Pipe *Pythias?*

Lan. You ſhall ſee by and by, Sir.

Cok. You think my Hobby-horſe is forgotten too; no, I'll ſee 'em all enact before I go; I ſhall not know which to love beſt elſe.

Kno. This Gallant has interrupting Vapours, trouble-ſome Vapours; *Whit*, puff with him.

VVhit. No, I pre dee, Captain, let him alone. He is a Child i' faith, la'.

Lan. *Now Gentiles, to the Friends, who in Number are Two,*
and lodg'd in that Ale-houſe, in which Fair Hero *do's do.*
Damon *(for ſome kindneſs done him the laſt VVeek)*
Is come, Fair Hero, *in* Fiſh-ſtreet, *this morning to ſeek:*
Pythias *do's ſmell the Knavery of the Meeting,*
And now you ſhall ſee their true friendly greeting.

Pup. Pi. *You VVhore-maſterly Slave, you.*

Cok. Whore-maſterly Slave, you? very friendly and familiar, that.

Pup. Da. *VVhore-maſter i' thy Face,*
Thou haſt lien with her thy ſelf, I'll prove't i' this place.

Cok. Damon ſays *Pythias* has lien with her himſelf, he'll prove't in this place.

Lan. *They are VVhore maſters both, Sir, that's a plain Caſe.*

Pup. Pi. *You lie, like a Rogue.*

Lan. *Do I lie, like a Rogue?*

Pup. Pi. *A Pimp, and a Scab.*

Lan. *A Pimp, and a Scab?*
I ſay, between you, you have both but one Drab.

Pup. Da. *You lie again.*

Lan. *Do I lie again?*

Pup. Da. *Like a Rogue again.*

Lan. *Like a Rogue again?*

Pup. Pi. *And you are a Pimp again.*

Cok. And you are *Pimp* again, he ſays.

Pup. Da. *And a Scab again.*

Cok. And a Scab again, he ſays.

Lan. *And I ſay again, you are both VVhore maſters again.*
And you have both but one Drab again. [*They fight.*

Pup. Da. Pi. *Doſt thou, doſt thou, doſt thou?*

Lan, *VVhat, both at once?*

Pup. P. *Down with him,* Damon.

Pup. D. *Pink his Guts,* Pythias.

Lan. *VVhat, ſo malicious?*
VVill ye murder me, Maſters both, i' my own Houſe?

Cok. Ho! well acted, my *Drum*; well acted, my *Pipe*, well acted ſtill.

VVaſ. Well acted, with all my heart.

Lan. *Hold, hold your Hands.*

Cok. I, both your Hands, for my ſake! for you ha' both done well.

Pup. D. *Gramercy, pure* Pythias.

Pup. P. *Gramercy, dear* Damon.

Cok. Gramercy to you both, my *Pipe* and my *Drum.*

Pup. P. D. *Come, now we'll together to breakfaſt to* Hero.

Lan. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfaſt to* Hero,
You have given me my breakfaſt, with a hone *and* honero.

Cok. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?

Lan. O, no!
Between you and I, Sir, we do but make ſhow.
Thus, Gentiles, you perceive, without any denial,
'Twixt Damon *and* Pythias *here, Friendſhips true tryal.*
Tho hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,
They fight you no more than do's Brother with Brother.
But friendly together, at the next Man they meet,
They let fly their Anger, as here you might ſee't.

Cok.

Cok. Well, we have ſeen't, and thou haſt felt it, whatſoever thou ſayeſt. What's next? what's next?

Lea. *This while young* Leander, *with fair* Hero *is drinking,*
and Hero *grown drunk, to any mans thinking!*
Yet was it not three Pints of Sherry could ſtaw her,
till Cupid *diſtinguiſh'd like* Jonas *the* Drawer,
From under his Apron, where his lechery lurks,
put love in her Sack. Now mark how it works.

Pup. *H.* O Leander Leander, *my dear my dear* Leander,
I'll for ever be thy Gooſe, ſo thou'lt be my Gander.

Cok. Excellently well ſaid, *Fiddle*, ſhe'll ever be his Gooſe, ſo he'll be her Gander: was't not ſo?

Lan. Yes, Sir, but mark his anſwer, now.

Pup. *L. And ſweeteſt of Geeſe, before I go to Bed,*
I'll ſwim o're the Thames, *my Gooſe, thee to tread.*

Cok. Brave! he will ſwim o're the *Thames*, and tread his Gooſe to night, he ſays.

Lan. I, peace, Sir, they'll be angry, if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are ſetting their match.

Pup. *L. But leſt the Thames ſhould be dark, my Gooſe, my dear Friend,*
let thy Window be provided of a Candles end.
Pup. *H. Fear not, my Gander, I proteſt, I ſhould handle my matters very ill, if I had not a whole Candle.*
Pup. *L. Well then, look to't, and kiſs me to Boot.*
Lan. *Now, here come the Friends again,* Pythias, *and* Damon, [Damon *and* Pythias *enter.*
and under their Clokes, they have of Bacon, a Gammon.
Pup. *P. Drawer, fill ſome Wine here.*
Lan. How, ſome Wine there?
there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!
Pup. *D.* 'Tis Hero.
Lan. *Yes, but ſhe will not be taken,*
after Sack, and freſh Herring, with youo Dunmow-*bacon.*
Pup. *P. You lye, it's* Weſtfabian.
Lan. *Weſtphalian* you ſhould ſay.
Pup. *D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcomb, I would ſay.* [Leander *and* Hero *are kiſſing.*
Pup. *What's here? what's here? kiſs, kiſs, upon kiſs.*
Lan. *I, Wherefore ſhould they not? what harm is in this?*
'tis Miſtris Hero.
Pup. *D. Miſtris* Hero's *a whore.*
Lan. *Is ſhe a whore? keep you quiet, or Sir Knave out of door.*
Pup. *D. Knave out of door?*
Pup. *H. Yes, Knave out of door.*
Pup. *D. Whore out of door.* [Here the Puppets
Pup. *H. I ſay, Knave, out of door.* quarrel and fall
Pup. *D. I ſay, Whore out of door.* together by the
Pup. *P. Yea, ſo ſay I too.* Ears.
Pup. *H. Kiſs the whore o' the Arſe.*
Lan. *Now you ha' ſomething to do:*
you muſt kiſs her o' the Arſe, ſhe ſays.
Pup. *D. P. So we will, ſo we will.*
Pup. *H. O, my Hanches, O my Hanches, hold, hold.*
Lan. *Stand'ſt thou ſtill?*
Leander, *where art thou? ſtand'ſt thou ſtill like a Sot,*
and not offer'ſt to break both their Heads with a Pot?
See who's at thine Elbow, there! Puppet Jonas *and* Cupid.
Pup. *I. Upon 'em* Leander, *be not ſo ſtupid.* [*They fight.*
Pup. *L. You Goat-bearded Slave!*
Pup. *D. You whore-maſter Knave.*
Pup. *L. Thou art a whore-maſter.*
Pup. *I. Whore-maſters all.*
Lan. *See,* Cupid *with a word has tane up the brawl.*
Kno. Theſe be fine Vapours!

Cok. By this good day, they fight bravely! do they not, *Numps?*

Waſ. Yes, they lack'd but you to their ſecond all this while.

Lan. *This tragical encounter, falling out thus to buſie us,*
It raiſes up the Ghoſt of their Friend Dionyſius:
Not like a Monarch, but the Maſter of a School,
In a Scriveners furr'd Gown, which ſhews he is no Fool.
For therein he hath wit enough to keep himſelf warm.
O Damon *he cries, and* Pythias; *what harm,*
Hath poor Dionyſius *done you in his Grave,*
That after his death you ſhould fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous Leander *whore-maſter Knave?*
Pup. *D. I cannot, I will not, I promiſe you endure it.*

Act V. Scene V.

To them Buſy.

Buſ. Down with *Dagon*, down with *Dagon:* 'tis I, will no longer endure your Profanations.

Lan. What mean you, Sir?

Buſ. I will remove *Dagon* there, I ſay, that *Idol*, that heatheniſh *Idol*, that remains (as I may ſay) a Beam, a very Beam, not a Beam of the *Sun*, nor a Beam of the *Moon*, nor a Beam of a Ballance, neither a Houſe-Beam, nor a Weavers Beam, but a Beam in the Eye, in the Eye of the Brethren; a very great Beam, an exceeding great Beam; ſuch as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morriſe-dancers*, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cauſe*; and been born out by Inſtruments of no mean Countenance.

Lan. Sir, I preſent nothing but what is licens'd by Authority.

Buſ. Thou art all *Licenſe*, even *Licentiouſneſs* it ſelf, *Shimei!*

Lan. I have the Maſter of the *Revell's* hand for't, Sir.

Buſ. The Maſter of *Rebells* hand, thou haſt *Satan's!* hold thy peace, thy ſcurrility, ſhut up thy Mouth, thy Profeſſion is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou doſt plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my Mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the Oyſter for the Tide, after thy deſtruction: but cannot compaſs it by ſute or diſpute; ſo that I look for a Bickering, ere long, and then a Battel.

Kno. Good *Banbury Vapours.*

Cok. Friend, you'ld have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no Man o' the Fiſt, he has Friends that will go to Cuffs for him. *Numps*, will not you take our ſide?

Edg. Sir, it ſhall not need, in my Mind he offers him a fairer Courſe, to end it by diſputation! haſt thou nothing to ſay for thy ſelf, in defence of thy quality?

Lan. Faith, Sir, I am not well ſtudied in theſe Controverſies, between the Hypocrites and us. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionyſius*, ſhall undertake him, and I'll venture the cauſe on't.

Cok. Who? my Hobby-horſe? will he diſpute with him?

Lan. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Aſs of him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the beſt Scholar of 'em all. Come, Sir, you muſt be as good as your word now.

Buſ. I will not fear to make my Spirit and Gifts known! aſſiſt me Zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a deſperate, profane wretch is this! is there any Ignorance or Impudence like his? to call his zeal to fill him againſt a *Puppet*?

Qua. I know no fitter match then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

Buſ. Firſt, I ſay unto thee Idol, thou haſt no *Calling*.

Pup. D. *You lie, I am call'd* Dionyſius.

Lan. The *Motion* ſays, you lye, he is call'd *Dioniſius* i' the matter, and to that *calling* he anſwers.

Buſ. I mean no *vocation, Idoll*, no preſent lawful *Calling*.

Pup. D. *Is yours a lawful Calling?*

Lan. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawful *Calling?*

Buſ. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

Pup. D. *Then* Idol *is a lawful* Calling.

Lan. He ſays, then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*! for you call'd him *Idol*, and your *Calling* is of the Spirit.

Cok. Well diſputed Hobby-horſe!

Buſ. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophiſtry. I call him *Idol* again. Yet, I ſay, his *Calling*, his Profeſſion is profane, it is profane, *Idol*.

Pup. D. *It is not profane!*

Lan. It is not profane, he ſays.

Buſ. It is profane.

Pup. *It is not profane.*

Buſ. It is profane.

Pup. *It is not profane.*

Lan. Well ſaid, confute him with *not*, ſtill. You cannot bear him down with your baſe noiſe, Sir.

Buſ. Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creek like the Chariot Wheels of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cauſe*——

Lan. As a Dog for a Bone.

Buſ. And I ſay, it is profane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting Woman of *Vanity*.

Pup. D. *Yea? what ſay you to your Tire-women, then?*

Lan. Good.

Pup. *Or Feather-makers i' the* Fryers, *that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they, with their Perrukes, and their Puffs, their Fans, and their Huffs, as much Pages of* Pride, *and waiters upon* vanity? *what ſay you? what ſay you? what ſay you?*

Buſ. I will not anſwer for them.

Pup. *Becauſe you cannot, becauſe you cannot. Is a* Bugle-maker *a lawful* Calling? *or the* Confect-makers? *ſuch you have there? or your French* Faſhioner? *you'd have all the Sin within your ſelves, would you not? would you not?*

Buſ. No, *Dagon.*

Pup. *VVhat then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worſe than theſe?*

Buſ. Yes, and my main Argument againſt you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the Apparel of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

Pup. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

Cok. Good, by my Troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

Pup. *It is your old ſtale Agument againſt the Players, but it will not hold againſt the Puppets; for we have neither* Male *nor* Female *amongſt us. And that thou may'ſt ſee, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!*

[*The Puppet takes up his Garment.*

Edg. By my faith, there he has anſwer'd you, Friend, by plain demonſtration.

Pup. *Nay, I'll prove againſt e're a* Rabbin *of 'em all, that my ſtanding is as lawful as his; that I ſpeak by inſpiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do ſcorn her helps as much as he.*

Buſ. I am confuted, the *Cauſe* hath failed me.

Pup. *Then be converted, be converted.*

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play go on!

Buſ. Let it go on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

Cok. That's brave i' faith, thou haſt carried it away, Hobby-horſe, on with the Play!

Juſ. Stay, now do I forbid, I am *Adam Overdoo*! ſit ſtill, I charge you. [*The Juſtice diſcovers himſelf.*

Cok. What, my Brother i' Law!

Gra. My wiſe Guardian!

Edg. *Juſtice Overdoo!*

Juſ. It is time to take Enormity by the Fore-head, and brand it; for I have diſcover'd enough.

Act V. Scene VI.

To them, Quarlous, (like the Madman) Purecraft, (a while after) John: To them Trouble-all, Urſla, Nightingale.

Quar. Nay, come Miſtris Bride; you muſt do as I do, now. You muſt be mad with me, in truth. I have here *Juſtice Overdoo* for it.

Juſ. Peace, good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you ſhall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your Friend too; you alſo, young Man ſhall be my care, ſtand there. [*To the Cut purſe, and Miſtris* Little-wit.

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Kno. Would we were away, *VVhit*, theſe are dangerous Vapours, beſt fall off with our Birds for fear o' the Cage. [*The reſt are ſtealing away.*

Juſ. Stay, is not my name your terror?

VVhi. Yeſh faith Man, and it iſh for tat we would be gone Man.

Joh. O Gentlemen! did you not ſee a Wife of mine? I ha' loſt my little Wife, as I ſhall be truſted: my little pretty *VVin*. I left her at the great Woman's Houſe in truſt yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *VVhit*, very good Men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor Fool, I fear ſhe's ſtepp'd aſide. Mother, did you not ſee *VVin?*

Juſ. If this Grave Matron be your Mother, Sir, ſtand by her, *Et digito, compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps Spring a Wife for you, anon. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am ſadly ſorry, to ſee you ſo lightly given, and ſuch a *Diſciple* of enormity, with your grave Governour *Humphrey*: but ſtand you both there, in the middle Place; I will reprehend you in your Courſe. Miſtris *Grace*, let me reſcue you out of the hands of the ſtranger.

VVin-w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a Kinſman of hers.

Juſ. Are you ſo? of what name, Sir?

Win-w. Winwife, Sir.

Juſ. Maſter *VVinwife*? I hope you have won no Wife of her, Sir. If you have, I will examine the poſſibility of it, at fit leiſure. Now, to my Enormities: look upon me, O *London*! and ſee me, O *Smithfield*! The *example of Juſtice*, and *Mirror of Magiſtrates*: the true top of Formality, and ſcourge of Enormity. Hearken unto my *labours*, and but obſerve my *diſcoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'ſt, of old; or *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or our Country-man *Drake* of later times: ſtand forth you VVeeds of Enormity, and ſpread. Firſt, *Rabby Buſy*, thou *ſuperlunatical* Hypocrite, next, thou other Extremity, thou profane Profeſſor of *Puppetry*, little better than *Poetry*: then thou ſtrong Debaucher and Seducer of Youth; witneſs this eaſie and honeſt young Man: now thou *Eſquire* of *Dames*, *Madams*, and Twelve-penny *Ladies*: now my green *Madam* her ſelf, of the price. Let me unmask your *Ladiſhip*.

To Buſy, *To* Lantern, *To the Houſe-Courſer, and Cut-purſe. Then Captain* Whit, *and Miſtris* Littlewit.

Joh. O my VVife, my VVife, my VVife!

Juſ. Is ſhe your VVife? *Redde te Harpocartem!*

Tro. By your leave, ſtand by my Maſters, be uncover'd. [*Enter* Trouble-all.

Urſ. O ſtay him, ſtay him, help to cry, *Nightingale*; my Pan, my Pan.

Juſ. What's the matter?

Nig. He has ſtoln Gammar *Urſla's* Pan.

Tro. Yes, and I fear no Man but *Juſtice Overdoo.*

Juſ. Urſla? where is ſhe? O the Sow of Enormity, this! welcome, ſtand you there; you, Songſter, there. [*To* Urſla *and* Nightingale.

Urſ. An' pleaſe your Worſhip, I am in no fault: A Gentleman ſtripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his Gown, and his Hat; and he ran away with my Goods here for it.

Juſ. Then

Juſ. Then this is the true Mad-man, and you are the Enormity! [*To* Quarlous.

Qua. You are i' the right, I am mad, but from the Gown outward.

Juſ. Stand you there.

Qua. Where you pleaſe, Sir.

Over. O lend me a Baſon, I am ſick, I am ſick; where's Mr. *Over-doo? Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

[*Miſtris* Over-doo *is ſick, and her Husband is ſilenc'd.*

Juſ. How?

Whi. Dy very own Wife, i' fait, worſhipful *Adam*.

Over. Will not my *Adam* come at me? ſhall I ſee him no more then?

Qua. Sir, why do you not go on with the Enormity? are you oppreſt with it? I'll help you: Hark you, Sir, i' your Ear, your *Innocent Young Man*, you have tane ſuch care of all this day, is a *Cut-purſe*; that hath got all your Brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the Stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and ſhew him your *Magiſtrates* Wit, you may: but I ſhould think it were better recovering the Goods, and to ſave your Eſtimation in him. I thank you, Sir, for the Gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: Look you, here is your Hand and Seal, by the way. Mr. *Win-wife* give you Joy, you are *Palemon*, you are poſſeſt o' the Gentlewoman, but ſhe muſt pay me value, here's Warrant for it. And, honeſt mad man, there's thy Gown and Cap again; I thank thee for my Wife. Nay, I can be mad, Sweet Heart, when I pleaſe ſtill; never fear me: And careful *Numps*, where's he? I thank him for my Licence.

To the Widow.

Waſ. How! [Waſpe *miſſeth the Licence.*

Qua. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

Waſ. I'll be hang'd then.

Qua. Look i' your Box, *Numps*; nay, Sir, ſtand not you fixt here, like a Stake in *Finsbury*, to be ſhot at, or the Whipping-poſt i'the *Fair*, but get your Wife out o'the Air, it will make her worſe elſe; and remember you are but *Adam*, Fleſh and Blood! you have your frailty, forget your other Name of *Over-doo*, and invite us all to ſupper. There you and I will compare our *Diſcoveries*; and drown the memory of all Enormity in your bigg'ſt Bowl at home.

Cok. How now, *Numps*, ha' you loſt it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the Stocks: Why doſt not ſpeak?

Waſ. I will never ſpeak while I live again, for ought I know.

Juſ. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you muſt be ſo too; this pleaſant conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my Judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your ſick Friend, Miſtris *Alice*, and my good Friends all——

Qua. And no Enormities.

Juſ. I invite you home with me to my Houſe to ſupper: I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad deſtructionem*; *ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum:* So lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, we'll ha' the reſt o' the *Play* at home.

The EPILOGUE.

YOur Majeſty *hath ſeen the* Play, *and you*
Can beſt allow it from your Ear and View.
You know the Scope of Writers, and what ſtore
Of Leave *is given them, if they take not more,*
And turn it into Licence: *you can tell,*
If we have us'd that Leave *you gave us, well:*
Or whether we to Rage, *or* Licence *break,*
Or be prophane, or make prophane *Men ſpeak?*
This is your Power to judge (Great Sir) and not
The Envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value leſs what their diſlike can bring,
If it ſo happy be t' have pleas'd the King.

THE END.

THE STAPLE OF NEWS. A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1625. By His Majesty's Servants.

The Author Ben. Johnson.

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ:
Aut ſimul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. Hor. in Art. Poet.

The Persons of the Play.

Peni-boy,	*the Son, the Heir and Suitor.*
Peni-boy,	*the Father, the Canter.*
Peni-boy,	*the Uncle, the Uſurer.*
Cymeal,	*Maſter of the Staple, and Prime Jeerer.*
Fitton,	*Emiſſary Court, and Jeerer.*
Almanach,	*Doctor in Phyſick, and Jeerer.*
Shun-field,	*Sea-Captain, a Jerrer.*
Madrigal,	*Poetaſter, and Jeerer.*
Picklock,	*Man o' Law, and* Emiſſary Weſtminſter.
Pyed-mantle,	*Purſuivant at Arms, and Heraldet.*
Register,	*of the Staple, or Office.*
Nathaneel,	*firſt Clerk of the Office.*
Tho. Barber,	*ſecond Clerk of the Office.*
Pecunia,	*Infanta of the Mines.*
Mortgage,	*her Nurſe.*
Statute,	*firſt Woman.*
Band,	*ſecond Woman.*
Wax.	*Chambermaid.*
Broker,	*Secretary, and Gentleman-Uſher to her Grace.*
Lick-finger,	*a Maſter-Cook, and parcel-Poet.*
Fashioner,	*the Taylor of the Times.*
Linener,	
Haberdasher,	
Shoe-maker,	
Spurrifr,	
Customers,	*Male and Female.*
Porter,	Dogs II.

The Scene, *LONDON.*

THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGUE enters.

After him, Goſſip *Mirth*, Goſſip *Tattle*, Goſſip *Expectation*, and Goſſip *Cenſure*, Four Gentlewomen, Lady-like attired.

Prologue. For your own ſake, not ours——

Mirth. *Come Goſſip, be not aſham'd. The Play is the* Staple of News, *and you are the* Miſtris *and* Lady *of* Tattle; *let's ha' your Opinion of it. Do you hear, Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman Uſher to the Play? Pray you help us to ſome Stools here.*

Prologue. *VVhere? o' the* Stage, Ladies?

Mirth. *Yes, o' the* Stage; *we are Perſons of* Quality, *I aſſure you, and VVomen of* Faſhion; *and come to ſee, and to be ſeen. My Goſſip* Tattle *here, and Goſſip* Expectation, *and my Goſſip* Cenſure, *and I am* Mirth, *the Daughter of* Chriſtmas, *and Spirit of* Shrovetide. *They ſay,* It's merry when Goſſips meet; *I hope your Play will be a merry one.*

Prologue. *Or you will make it ſuch,* Ladies. *Bring a Form here. But what will the* Noblemen *think, or the grave* VVits *here, to ſee you ſeated on the Bench thus?*

Mirth. *VVhy, what ſhould they think? but that they had Mothers, as we had; and thoſe Mothers had Goſſips (if their Children were chriſtned) as we are; and ſuch as had a longing to ſee Plays, and ſit upon them, as we do, and arraign both them and their* Poets.

Prologue. *O! Is that your purpoſe? VVhy,* Mrs. Mirth, *and* Madam Tattle, *enjoy your Delights freely.*

Tattle. *Look your* News *be new and freſh,* Mr. Prologue, *and untainted; I ſhall find them elſe, if they be ſtale, or fly blown, quickly.*

Prologue. *VVe ask no Favour from you; only we would entreat of* Madam Expectation——

Expectation. *VVhat,* Mr. Prologue?

Prologue. *That your* Ladiſhip *would expect no more than you underſtand.*

Expectation. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

Prologue. *I fear, to much,* Lady, *and teach others to do the like.*

Expectation. *I can do that too, if I have cauſe.*

Prologue. *Cry you mercy,* you never did wrong, but with juſt cauſe. *VVhat's this,* Lady?

Mirth. Curioſity, *my* Lady Cenſure.

Prologue. O, Curioſity! *You come to ſee who wears the new Sute to day; whoſe Clothes are beſt penn'd, whatever the part be; which* Actor *has the beſt Leg and Foot; what* King *plays without Cuffs, and his* Queen *without Gloves; who rides Poſt in Stockings, and dances in Boots.*

Cenſure. *Yes, and which amorous* Prince *makes love in drink, or does over-act prodigiouſly in beaten Sattin, and, having got the trick on't, will be* monſtrous *ſtill, in deſpite of* Counſel.

Book-holder. *Mend your Lights, Gentlemen.* Maſter Prologue, *begin.*

[The Tire-men enter to mend the Lights.

Tattle. *Ay me!*

Expectation. *VVho's that?*

Prologue. *Nay, ſtart not,* Ladies; *theſe carry no Fire-works to fright you, but a Torch i' their Hands, to give Light to the Buſineſs. The truth is, there are a Set of Gameſters within, in travel of a thing call'd a* Play, *and would fain be deliver'd of it: and they have entreated me to be their* Man-Midwife, *the* Prologue; *for they are like to have a hard Labour on't.*

Tattle. *Then the* Poet *has abus'd himſelf, like an Aſs as he is.*

Mirth. *No, his* Actors *will abuſe him enough, or I am deceiv'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-houſe a while to ſee the Actors dreſt) rolling himſelf up and down like a Tun, i' the midſt of 'em, and ſpurges, never did Veſſel of Wort or Wine work ſo! His Sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving Diſh (and I believe would be taken up for a Service of State ſomewhere, an't were known) a ſtew'd* Poet! *He doth ſit like an unbrac'd Drum, with one of his Heads beaten out; for that you muſt note,* a Poet *hath two Heads, as a Drum has; one for making, the other repeating; and his repeating Head is all to pieces; they may gather it up i' the Tiring-houſe; for he hath torn the Book in a Poetical Fury, and put himſelf to ſilence in dead* Sack, *which, were there no other Vexation, were ſufficient to make him the moſt miſerable* Emblem *of Patience.*

Cenſure. *The* Prologue, *peace.*

The PROLOGUE for the STAGE.

FOr your own ſakes, not his, he bad me ſay,
Would you were come to hear, not ſee a Play.
Though we, his *Actors*, muſt provide for thoſe
Who are our Gueſts here, in the way of Shows,
The Maker hath not ſo; he'ld have you wiſe,
Much rather by your Ears, than by your Eyes;
And prays, you'll not prejudge his Play for ill,
Becauſe you mark it not, and ſit not ſtill;
But have a Longing to ſalute, or talk
With ſuch a Female, and from her to walk
With your Diſcourſe, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the Town, but here.
Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
How many Coaches in *Hide-park* did ſhow
Laſt Spring, what Fare to day at *Medley*'s was,
If *Dunſtan* or the *Phœnix* beſt Wine has?
They are things--- But yet the Stage might ſtand as well,
If it did neither hear theſe things, nor tell.
Great noble Wits, be good unto your ſelves,
And make a difference 'twixt Poetick Elves,
And Poets: All that dabble in the Ink,
And defile Quills, are not thoſe few, can think,
Conceive, expreſs, and ſteer the Souls of Men,
As with a Rudder, round thus, with their Pen.
He muſt be one that can inſtruct your Youth,
And keep your *Acme* in the ſtate of Truth,
Muſt enterpriſe this Work; mark but his Ways,
What Flight he makes, how new: And then he ſays,
If that not like you, that he ſends to night,
'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

The PROLOGUE for the COURT.

A *Work not ſmelling of the Lamp, to night,*
But fitted for Your Majeſty's *Diſport,*
And writ to the Meridian *of Your* Court,
We bring; and hope it may produce Delight:
The rather, being offered as a Rite,
To Scholars, *that can judge, and fair report*
The Senſe they hear, above the vulgar ſort
Of Nut-crackers, that only come for ſight.
Wherein, although our Title, *Sir, be* News;
We yet adventure here to tell You none;
But ſhew You Common Follies, and ſo known,
That though they are not Truths, th' innocent Muſe
Hath made ſo like, as Phant'ſie could them ſtate,
Or Poetry, *without* Scandal, *imitate.*

THE

THE STAPLE OF NEWS.

Act I. Scene I.

Peny-Boy Ju. Letherleg.

His Shoemaker has pull'd on a new Pair of Boots; and he walks in his Gown, Waſtcoat, and Trouſers, expecting his Taylor.

GRamercy *Letherleg:* Get me the Spurrier,
And thou haſt fitted me. *Let.* I'll do't preſently.
P. Ju. Look to me, Wit, and look to my VVit, Land,
That is, look on me, and with all thine Eyes,
Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditick* Eyes,
And thoſe bring all your helps and Perſpicills,
To ſee me at beſt advantage, and augment
My Form as I come forth, for I do feel
I will be one, worth looking after, ſhortly.
Now, by and by, that's ſhortly. 't ſtrikes! One, Two,
[*He draws forth his Watch and ſets it on the Table.*
Three, Four, Five, Six. Enough, enough, dear VVatch,
Thy Pulſe hath beat enough. Now ſleep and reſt;
VVould thou couldſt make the Time to do ſo too:
I'll wind the up no more. The hour is come
So long expected! There, there, drop my VVardſhip,
[*He throws off his Gown.*
My Pupillage and Vaſſalage together.
And Liberty, come throw thy ſelf about me,
In a rich Sute, Cloak, Hat, and Band, for now
I'll ſue out no Mans Livery, but mine own,
I ſtand on my own Feet, ſo much a year,
Right, round, and ſound, the Lord of mine own Ground,
And (to Rime to it) Threeſcore thouſand Pound!
Not come? Not yet? Taylor, thou art a Vermine,
[*He goes to the Door and looks.*
VVorſe than the ſame thou proſecut'ſt, and prick'ſt
In ſubtil Seam——(Go too, I ſay no more)
Thus to retard my Longings: on the day
I do write Man, to beat thee. One and twenty
Since the Clock ſtruck, compleat! and thou wilt feel it,
Thou fooliſh *Animall*! I could pitty him,
(An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
For this one piece of Folly he bears about him,
To dare to tempt the Fury of an Heir
T' above Two thouſand a year; yet hope his Cuſtom!
VVell, Maſter *Faſhioner*, there's ſome muſt break——
A Head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir?

Act I. Scene II.

Faſhioner, Penyboy, Thomas Barber, Haberdaſher.

GOd give your Worſhip Joy.
P. Ju. What? of your ſtaying?
And leaving me to ſtalk here in my Trowſes,
Like a tame *Her'n-ſew* for you? *Faſ.* I but waited
Below, till the Clock ſtrooke. *P. Ju.* Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it ſo have hurt you,
In Reputation, to have waited her?
Faſ. No, but your Worſhip might have pleaded Nonage,
If you had got 'em on, ere I could make
Juſt *Affidavit* of the Time. *P. Ju.* That Jeſt
Has gain'd thy Pardon, thou had'ſt liv'd condemn'd
To thine own Hell elſe, never to have wrought
Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,
I could have hindred thee: but now thou art mine,
For One and twenty Years, or for three Lives,
Chuſe which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
And thy firſt *Bill* unqueſtion'd. Help me on.
[*He ſays his Sute.*
Faſ. Preſently, Sir: I am bound unto your Worſhip.
P. Ju. Thou ſhalt be, when I have ſeal'd thee a *Leaſe* of my *Cuſtom.*
Faſ. Your Worſhips *Barber* is without. *P. Ju.* Who? *Thom?*
Come in *Thom:* ſet thy things upon the Board,
And ſpread thy Clothes, lay all forth *in procinctu*,
And tell's what news? *Tho.* O Sir, a Staple of News!
Or the *New Staple*, which you pleaſe. *P. Ju.* What's that?
Faſ. An *Office*, Sir, a brave young *Office* ſet up.
I had forgot to tell your Worſhip. *P. Ju.* For what?
Tho. To enter all the *News*, Sir, o' the time.
Faſ. And vent it as occaſion ſerves! A Place
Of huge commerce it will be! *P. Ju.* Pray thee peace,
I cannot abide a talking Taylor: Let *Thom*
(He's a Barber) by his Place relate it.
What is't, an *Office*, *Thom?* *Tho.* Newly erected
Here in the Houſe, almoſt on the ſame Floor,
Where all the News of all ſorts ſhall be brought,
And there be Examin'd, and then Regiſtred,
And ſo to be iſſu'd under the Seal of the *Office*,
As *Staple News*; no other News be currant.
P. Ju. 'Fore me, thou ſpeak'ſt of, a brave buſineſs, *Thom.*
Faſ. Nay, if you knew the Brain that hatch'd it, Sir——
P. Ju. I know thee well enough: give him a Loaf, *Thom*——
Quiet his Mouth, that Oven will be venting elſe.
Proceed—*Tho.* He tells you true, Sir, Maſter *Cymbal*
Is Maſter of the *Office*, he projected it,
He lies here i' the Houſe: and the great Rooms

He

He has taken for the *Office*, and ſet up
His Desks and Claſſes, Tables and his Shelves,
Faſ. He's my Cuſtomer, and a *Wit*, Sir, too.
But, h' has brave Wits under him——
Tho. Yes, four *Emiſſaries*,
P. jun. Emiſſaries? ſtay, there's a fine new word, *Thom!*
'Pray God it ſignifie any thing, what are *Emiſſaries?*
Tho. Men imploy'd outward, that are ſent abroad
To fetch in the Commodity. *Faſ.* From all Regions
Where the beſt News are made. *Tho.* Or vented forth.
Faſ. By way of exchange, or trade.
P. jun. Nay, thou wilt ſpeak——
[*He gives the* Taylor *leave to talk.*
Faſ. My ſhare, Sir, there's enough for both.
P. jun. Go on then,
Speak all thou canſt: methinks the Ordinaries,
Should help them much. *Faſ.* Sir, they have Ordinaries,
And Extraordinaries, as many Changes
And Variations, as there are Points i' the Compaſs.
Tho. But the 4 Cardinal Quarters—*P. Ju.* I thoſe *Thom*—
Tho. The *Court*, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Weſtminſter-hall.*
P. jun. Who is the Chief? which hath Precedency?
Tho. The Governour o' the *Staple*, Maſter *Cymball.*
He is the Chief; and after him the *Emiſſaries*:
Firſt *Emiſſary Court*, one Maſter *Fitton*,
He's a Jeerer too. *P. Ju.* What's that? *Faſ.* A *Wit.*
Tho. Or half a *Wit*, ſome of them are *Half-wits*,
Two to a *Wit*, there are a ſet of 'em.
Then Maſter *Ambler*, *Emiſſary Pauls*,
A fine pac'd Gentleman, as you ſhall ſee, walk
The middle Iſle: And then my *Froy Hans Buz*,
A *Dutch-man*; he's *Emiſſary Exchange.*
Faſ. I had thought Mr. *Burſt* the Merchant had had it.
He has a Rupture, he has ſprung a Leak, (*Tho.* No,
Emiſſary Weſtminſter's undiſpos'd of yet;
Then the *Examiner*, *Regiſter*, and two *Clerks*,
They mannage all at home, and ſort, and file,
And ſeal the News, and iſſue them.
P. jun. Thom. dear *Thom.*
What may my means do for thee, ask and have it,
I'd fain be doing ſome good. It is my *Birth-day.*
And I'd do it betimes, I feel a grudging
Of Bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
I pray thee think and ſpeak, or wiſh for ſomethi ng.
Tho. I would I had but one o' the *Clerks* Places
I' this *News-Office*. *P. jun.* Thou ſhalt have it *Thom*,
If Silver or Gold will fetch it; what's the Rate?
At what is't ſet i' the Mercat? *Tho.* Fifty Pound, Sir.
P. jun. An't were a hundred, *Thom*, thou ſhalt not want it.
[*The* Taylor *leaps and embraceth him.*
Faſ. O Noble Maſter! *P. Ju.* How now *Æſops* Aſs!
Becauſe I play with *Thom*, muſt I needs run
Into your rude Embraces? ſtand you ſtill, Sir;
Clowns fawnings are a Horſes ſalutations.
How do'ſt thou like my ſuit, *Thom*? *Tho.* Mr. *Faſhioner*
Has hit your Meaſures, Sir, h' has moulded you,
And made you, as they ſay. *Faſ.* No, no, not I,
I am an Aſs, old *Æſops* Aſs. *P. Ju.* Nay, *Faſhioner*,
I can do thee a good turn too, be not muſty,
Though thou haſt moulded me, as little *Thom* ſays,
(I think thou haſt put me in mouldy Pockets.)
Faſ. As good, [*He draws out his Pockets,*
Right *Spaniſh* Perfume, the *Lady Eſtifania's*,
They coſt Twelve pound a Pair.
P. jun. Thy Bill will ſay ſo.
I pray thee tell me, *Faſhioner*, what Authors
Thou read'ſt to help thy Invention? *Italian* Prints?
Or *Arras* Hangings? They are Taylors *Libraries.*
Faſ. I ſcorn ſuch helps.
P. jun. O, though thou art a Silk-worm!
And deal'ſt in Sattins and Velvets, and rich Pluſhes,
Thou canſt not ſpin all Forms out of thy ſelf;
They are quite other things: I think this ſuit
Has made me wittier then I was. *Faſ.* Believe it, Sir,
That Clothes do much upon the Wit, as Weather
Do's on the Brain; and thence comes your Proverb;
The *Taylor makes the Man*: I ſpeak by experience
Of my own Cuſtomers. I have had Gallants,
Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you up
In a new Suit, with the beſt Wits in being,
And kept their ſpeed as long as their Clothes laſted
Handſom and neat; but then as they grew out
At the Elbows again, or had a ſtain or ſpot,
They have ſunk moſt wretchedly.
P. Ju. What thou report'ſt,
Is but the common Calamity, and ſeen daily;
And therefore you 'ave another anſwering Proverb:
A broken Sleeve keeps the Arm back. *Faſ.* 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence we ſay, that ſuch a one plays at *Peep-arm.*
P. jun. Do you ſo? it is wittily ſaid. I wonder, Gentlemen,
And Men of Means will not maintain themſelves
Freſher in wit, I mean in Clothes, to the higheſt.
For he that's out o' Clothes, is out o' Faſhion,
And out of Faſhion, is out of Countenance,
And out o' Countenance is out o' Wit.
Is not Rogue *Haberdaſher* come? *Hab.* Yes, here, Sir.
[*They are all buſie about him.*
I ha' been without this half hour. *P. jun.* Give me my Hat.
Put on my Girdle Raſcal, ſits my Ruff well?
Lin. In print. *P. jun.* Slave. *Lin.* See your ſelf. *P. jun.* Is this
O' the Block Paſſant? Do not not anſwer me, (ſame Hat
I cannot ſtay for an anſwer. I do feel
The Powers of *One* and *twenty*, like a Tide
Flow in upon me, and perceive an Heir,
Can Conjure up all Spirits in all Circles,
Rogue, Raſcal, Slave, give Tradeſmen their true names,
And they appear to 'em preſently. *Lin.* For Profit.
P. jun. Come, caſt my Cloak about me, I'll go ſee,
This *Office Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in poſſeſſion, my prime work!
Gods ſo: my Spurrier! put 'em on Boy, quickly,
[*His* Spurrier *comes in.*
I' had like to ha' loſt my Spurs with too much ſpeed.

Act I. Scene III.

Peni-boy, Canter, to them ſinging.

GOod morning to my Joy, *My jolly* Peni-boy!
The Lord, and the Prince of Plenty!
I come to ſee what Riches, Thou beareſt in thy Breeches,
The firſt of thy One and Twenty:
What, do thy Pockets gingle? Or ſhall we need to mingle
Our ſtrength both of Foot and Horſes!
Theſe Fellows look ſo eager, As if they would beleaguer
An Heir in the midſt of his Forces!
I hope they be no Serjeants! *That hang upon thy Margents.*
This Rogue has the Joul of a Jaylor!
[*The young* Peni-boy *anſwers in tune.*
P. Ju. O Founder, *no ſuch matter, My* Spurrier, *and my* Hatter,
My Linnen-man, *and my* Taylor.
Thou ſhould'ſt have been brought in too, *Shoomaker*,
If the time had been longer, and *Thom Barber.*
How do'ſt thou like my Company, old *Canter*?
Do I not muſter a brave Troop? all *Bill-men*?
Preſent your Arms before my *Founder* here,
This is my *Founder*, this ſame learned *Canter!*
He brought me the firſt news of my Fathers death,
I thank him, and ever ſince, I call him *Founder*,
[*He takes the Bills, and puts them up in his Pockets.*
Worſhip him, Boys, I'll read only the Sums,
And paſs 'em ſtreight. *Sho.* Now Ale.
Reſt. And ſtrong Ale bleſs him.
P. jun. Gods ſo, ſome Ale, and Sugar for my *Founder*!
Good Bills, ſufficient Bills, theſe Bills may paſs.
P. Ca. I do not like thoſe Paper-ſquibs, good Maſter.
They may undo your ſtore, I mean, of Credit,
And fire your *Arſenall*, if caſe you do not

In time make good thoſe *Outer-works*, your *Pockets*,
And take a *Garriſon* in of ſome *two hundred*,
To beat theſe *Pioneers* off, that carry a *Mine*
Would blow you up, at laſt. Secure your *Caſamates*,
Here Maſter *Picklock*, Sir, your Man o' Law,
And learn'd Atturny, has ſent you a Bag of *Munition*.
P. jun. What is't? *P. Ca.* Three hundred Pieces.
P. jun. I'll diſpatch 'em
P. Ca. Do, I would have your ſtrengths lin'd, and perfum'd
With Gold as well as Amber. *P. jun.* God a mercy,
Come, *Ad ſolvendum*, Boys! there, there, and there, &c.
[*He pays all.*
I look on nothing but *Totalis*. *P. Ca.* See!
The difference 'twixt the Covetous and the Prodigal!
" The Covetous Man never has Money! and
" The Prodigal will have none ſhortly! *P. jun.* Ha,
What ſays my *Founder*? I thank you, I thank you Sirs.
All. God bleſs your Worſhip, and your Worſhips *Chanter*.
P. Ca. I ſay 'tis nobly done, to cheriſh Shopkeepers,
And pay their Bills, without examining thus.
P. jun. Alas! they have had a pittiful hard time on't,
A long vacation, from their cozening.
Poor Raſcalls, I do do it out of Charity.
I would advance their Trade again, and have them
Haſte to be Rich, ſwear and forſwear wealthily,
What do you ſtay for, Sirrah? *Spu.* To my Box Sir.
P. jun. Your Box, why, there's an *Angel*, if my Spurs
[*He gives the* Spurrier, *to his Box.*
Be not right *Rippon*. *Spu.* Give me never a Penny
If I ſtrike not thorow your Bounty with the Rowels.
P. jun. Do'ſt thou want any Money *Founder*?
P. Ca. Who, Sir, I,
Did I not tell you I was bred i' the *Mines*,
Under Sir *Bevis Bullion*. *P. jun.* That is true,
I quite forgot, you *Mine-men* want no Money,
Your Streets are pav'd with't: there, the Molten Silver
Runs out like Cream on Cakes of Gold. *P. Ca.* And Rubies
Do grow like Strawberries.
P. jun. 'Twere brave being there!
Come *Thom*, we'll go to the *Office* now. *P. Ca.* What *Office*?
P. jun. News Office, the *New Staple*; thou ſhalt go too,
'Tis here i' the Houſe, on the ſame Floor, *Thom.* ſays.
Come *Founder*, let us trade in Ale and Nutmegs.

Act I. Scene IV.

Regiſter, Clerk, Woman.

WHat, are thoſe Desks fit now? ſet forth the Table
The Carpet and the Chair: where are the *News*
That were examin'd laſt? ha' you fil'd them up?
Cle. Not yet, I had no time.
Reg. Are thoſe news Regiſtred,
That *Emiſſary Buz* ſent in laſt night?
Of *Spinola and his Eggs*? *Cle.* Yes Sir, and fil'd.
Reg. What are you now upon?
Cle. That our new *Emiſſary*
Weſtminſter, gave us, of the *Golden Hair*.
Reg. Diſpatch, that's News indeed, and of importance.
What would you have good Woman? *Wo.* I would have Sir,
[*A Country Woman waits there.*
A *Groatſworth* of any *News*, I care not what,
To carry down this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*.
Reg. O! You are a Butterwoman, ask *Nathaniel*
The *Clerk* there. *Cle.* Sir, I tell her, ſhe muſt ſtay
Till *Emiſſary Exchange*, or *Pauls* ſend in,
And then I'll fit her. *Reg.* Do good Woman, have patience,
It is not now, as when the *Captain* liv'd.
Cle. You'll blaſt the Reputation of the *Office*,
Now i' the Bud, if you diſpatch theſe *Groats*,
So ſoon: let them attend in name of Policy.

Act I. Scene V.

Penr-boy, Cymbal, Fitton, Tho. Barber, Canter.

IN troth they are dainty Rooms; what place is this?
Cym. This is the outer Room, where my *Clerks* ſit,
And keep their ſides, the *Regiſter* i' the midſt,
The *Examiner*, he ſits private there, within,
And here I have my ſeveral *Rowls* and *Fyles*
Of *News* by the *Alphabet*, and all put up
Under their Heads. *P. jun.* But thoſe too ſubdivided?
Cym. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocrypball*.
Fit. Or *News* of doubtful credit, as *Barbers News*.
Cym. And *Taylors News*, *Porters*, and *Watermens news*,
Fit. Whereto, beſide the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.
Cym. I have the *News* of the ſeaſon.
Fit. As *Vacation-news*,
Term-news, and *Chriſtmas-news*.
Cym. And *News* o' *the Faction*.
Fit. As the *Reformed news*. *Proteſtant-news*,
Cym. And *Pontificial-news*, of all which ſeveral,
The *Day-books*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.
Together with the Names of ſpecial Friends——
Fit. And Men of *Correſpondence* i' the *Countrey*—
Cym. Yes, of all Ranks, and all Religions.——
Fit. Factors and *Agents*—— *Cym*, *Liegers*, that lye out
Through all the Shires o' the Kingdom. *P. jun.* This is fine!
And bears a brave relation! but what ſays
Mercurius Britannicus to this?
Cym. O Sir, he gains by't half in half. *Fit.* Nay more
I'll ſtand to't. For, where he was wont to get
In, hungry *Captains*, obſcure *Stateſman*. *Cym.* Fellows
To drink with him in a dark Room in a Tavern,
And eat a Sawſage. *Fit.* We ha' ſeen't, *Cym.* As fain,
To keep ſo many *Politick Pens*.
Going to feed the Preſs. *Fit.* And diſh out News,
Were't true, or falſe. *Cym.* Now all that charge is ſav'd
The publick *Chronicler*. *Fit.* How do you call him there?
Cym. And *gentle Reader*. *Fit.* He that has the Maidenhead
Of all the *Books*. *Cym.* Yes, *dedicated to him*,
Fit. Or rather *proſtituted*. *P. jun.* You are right, Sir.
Cym. No more ſhall be abus'd, nor Countrey-*Parſons*
O' the *Inquiſition*, nor buſie *Juſtices*,
Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themſelves,
And their poor ign'rant Neighbours with inquiries
After the many and moſt innocent *Monſters*,
That never came i' th' Counties the were charg'd with.
P. jun. Why, methinks, Sir, if the honeſt common People
Will be abus'd, why ſhould not they ha' their pleaſure,
In the believing Lyes, are made for them;
As you i' th' *Office*, making them your ſelves?
Fit. O Sir! it is the printing we oppoſe.
Cym. We not forbid that any *News* be made,
But that't be printed; for when *News* is printed,
It leaves, Sir, to be *News*, while 'tis but written——
Fit. Though it be ne're ſo falſe, it runs *News* ſtill.
P. jun. See divers Mens Opinions! unto ſome,
The very printing of them makes them *News*;
That ha' not the Heart to believe any thing,
But what they ſee in print. *Fit.* I, that's an Error
Has abus'd many; but we ſhall reform it,
As many things beſide (we have a hope)
Are crept among the *popular abuſes*.
Cym. Nor ſhall the *Stationer* cheat upon the Time,
By buttering over again——
Fit. Once in Seven Years,
As the Age doats—
Cym. And grows forgetful o' them.
His *antiquated Pamphlets*, with new Dates.
But all ſhall come from the *Mint*.
Fit. Freſh and new ſtamp'd,
Cymb. With the *Office-Seal*, *Staple-Commodity*.
Fit. And if a Man will aſſure his *News*, he may:

Two-pence

Two pence a Sheet he ſhall be warranted,
And have a *Policy* for't. *P. jun.* Sir, I admire
The Method o' your Place; all things within't
Are ſo digeſted, fitted, and compos'd,
As it ſhews *Wit* had married *Order*. *Fit.* Sir.
Cym. The beſt we could to invite the Times. *Fit.* It has
Coſt Sweat and Freezing. *Cym.* And ſome broken Sleeps,
Before it came to this. *P. jun.* I eaſily think it.
Fit. But now it has the ſhape— *Cym.* And is come forth.
P. jun. A moſt polite neat thing, with all the Limbs,
As Senſe can taſte! *Cym.* It is, Sir, though I ſay it,
As well-begotten a Buſineſs, and as fairly
Helpt to the World. *P. jun.* You muſt be a Midwife, Sir,
Or elſe the Son of a Midwife, (pray you pardon me)
Have helpt it forth ſo happily! What *News* ha' you?
News o' this morning? I would fain hear ſome
Freſh from the Forge, (as new as Day, as they ſay.)
Cym. And ſuch we have, Sir.
Reg. Shew him the laſt *Roll*,
Of *Emiſſary Weſtminſter*'s, the *Heir*.
P. jun. Come nearer, *Thom*.
Cla. There is a brave young *Heir*
Is come of age this morning, Mr. *Peni-boy*.
P. jun. That's I! [Peny *rejoiceth that he is in.*
Cla. His Father died on this day ſeven-night.
P. jun. True!
Cla. At ſix o' the Clock i' the morning, juſt a Week
Ere he was *One and twenty*.
P. jun. I am here, *Thom!* [*Tells* Thom. *of it.*
Proceed, I pray thee. *Cla.* An old *Canting Beggar*
Brought him firſt *News*, whom he has entertain'd
To follow him ſince.
P. jun. Why, you ſhall ſee him! *Founder*, [*Calls in the*
Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*: *Canter.*
I pray thee put him in, Friend; there's an *Angel*——
[*He gives the Clerk.*
Thou doſt not know, he's a wiſe old Fellow,
Though he ſeem patch'd thus, and made up o' Pieces.
Founder, we are in here, in, i' the *News-Office!*
In this days *Roll*, already! I do muſe
How you came by us, Sirs! *Cym.* One Maſter *Pick-lock*,
A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a Place
This morning, of an *Emiſſary* under me.
Fit. Emiſſary Weſtminſter. *Cym.* Gave it into th' *Office*
Fit. For his *Eſſay*, his Piece. *P. jun.* My Man o' Law
He's my Attorney, and Sollicitor too!
A fine *Pragmatick!* what's his Place worth?
Cym. A *Nemo-ſcit*, Sir. *Fit.* 'Tis as *News* come in.
Cym. And as they are iſſued. I have the juſt *moiety*
For my part? then the other *moiety*
Is parted into ſeven: The four *Emiſſaries*,
Whereof my Couſin *Fitton* here's for *Court*,
Ambler for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*,
Picklock for *Weſtminſter*, with the *Examiner*,
And *Regiſter*, they have full Parts: and then one Part
Is under-parted to a couple of *Clerks*;
And there's the juſt Diviſion of the Profits.
P. jun. Ha' you thoſe *Clerks*, Sir?
Cym. There is one Desk empty,
But it has many Suitors. *P. jun.* Sir, may I
Preſent one more, and carry it, if his Parts
Or Gifts, (which you will call 'em.)
Cym. Be ſufficient, Sir.
P. jun. What are your preſent *Clerk*'s Habilities?
How is he qualified? *Cym.* A decay'd *Stationer*
He was, but knows *News* well, can ſort and rank 'em.
Fit. And for a need can make 'em.
Cym. True *Pauls* bred,
I' the *Church yard*. *P. jun.* And this at the Weſt-door,
O' th' other ſide; he's my Barber, *Thom*,
A pretty *Scholar*, and a *Maſter of Arts*,
Was made, or went out *Maſter of Arts* in a throng,
At the *Univerſity*; as before, one *Chriſtmas*,
He got into a *Maſk* at *Court*, by his Wit,
And the good means of his *Cythern*, holding up thus
For one o' the *Muſick*: He's a nimble Fellow,
And alike skill'd in every *Liberal Science*,
As having certain Snaps of all; a neat
Quick Vein in forging *News* too: I do love him,
And promis'd him a good turn, and I would do it.
What's your Price? the Value? *Cym. Fifty pounds*, Sir.
P. jun. Get in, *Thom*, take poſſeſſion, I inſtall thee.
Here, tell your Money: Give thee joy, good *Thom*;
[*He buys* Thom *a Clerks Place.*
And let me hear from thee every minute of *News*,
While the *New Staple* ſtands, or the *Office* laſts,
Which I do wiſh may ne'er be leſs, for thy ſake.
Cla. The *Emiſſaries*, Sir, would ſpeak with you,
And Maſter *Fitton*; they have brought in *News*,
Three *Bale* together. *Cym.* Sir, you are welcome here.
[*They take leave of* Peni-boy *and* Canter.
Fit. So is your Creature. *Cym.* Buſineſs calls us off, Sir,
That may concern the *Office*. *P. jun.* Keep me fair, Sir,
Still i' your *Staple*; I am here your Friend,
On the ſame Floor. *Fit.* We ſhall be your Servants.
P. jun. How doſt thou like it, *Founder*? *P. Ca.* All is well,
But that your Man o' Law, me thinks, appears not
In his due time. O! Here comes Maſters Worſhip.

Act I. Scene VI.

Picklock, Peni-boy jun. P. Canter.

HOw do's the *Heir*, bright Maſter *Peni-boy*?
Is he awake yet in his *One and twenty*?
Why, this is better far, than to wear Cypreſs,
Dull ſmutting Gloves, or melancholy Blacks,
And have a pair of Twelvepenny-broad Ribbands
Laid out like Labels. *P. jun.* I ſhould ha' made ſhift
To have laught as heartily in my Mourners Hood,
As in this Suit, if it had pleas'd my Father
To have been buried with the Trumpeters.
Pic. The Heralds of Arms, you mean. *P. jun.* I mean,
All noiſe that is ſuperfluous! *Pic.* All that idle Pomp,
And Vanity of a Tomb-ſtone, your wiſe Father
Did by his Will prevent. Your Worſhip had——
P. jun. A loving and obedient Father of him,
I know it; a right kind-natur'd Man,
To die ſo opportunely. *Pic.* And to ſettle
All things ſo well, compounded for your Wardſhip
The Week afore, and left your State entire,
Without any charge upon't. *P. jun.* I muſt needs ſay,
I loſt an *Officer* of him, a good *Bailiff*,
And I ſhall want him: but all peace be with him,
I will not wiſh him alive again, not I,
For all my Fortune. Give your Worſhip joy
O' your new Place, your *Emiſſaryſhip*
I' the *News Office*. *Pic.* Know you why I bought it, Sir?
P. jun. Not I. *Pic.* To work for you, and carry a Mine
Againſt the Maſter of it, Maſter *Cymbal*,
Who hath a Plot upon a Gentlewoman
Was once deſign'd for you, Sir.
P. jun. Me? *Pic.* Your Father,
Old Maſter *Peni-boy*, of happy Memory,
And Wiſdom too, as any i' the *County*,
Careful to find out a fit Match for you,
In his own Life-time, (but he was prevented)
Left it in Writing in a *Schedule* here,
To be annexed to his *Will*, That you,
His only Son, upon his Charge and Bleſſing,
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman
Sojourning with your Uncle, *Richer Peni-boy*.
P. jun. A *Corniſh* Gentlewoman, I do know her,
Miſtris *Pecunia Do-all*. *Pic.* A great *Lady*,
Indeed ſhe is, and not of Mortal Race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather
Was *Duke*, and Couſin to the *King* of *Ophyr*,
The *Subterranean*. Let that paſs. Her Name is,

Or rather, her three Names are (for ſuch ſhe is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great Princeſs,
Of mighty Power, though ſhe live in private,
With a contracted Family! Her *Secretary*——
P. Ca. Who is her *Gentleman Uſher* too. *Pic.* One *Broker*,
And then two Gentlewomen, Miſtris *Statute*,
And Miſtris *Band*, with *Wax* the Chambermaid,
And Mother *Mortgage* the old Nurſe, two Grooms,
Pawn and his Fellow: You have not many to bribe, Sir.
The work is feizible, and th' Approaches eaſie,
By your own Kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymbal* thinks,
The Maſter here, and Governor o' the *Staple*,
By his fine Arts, and Pomp of his great Place,
To draw her! He concludes, ſhe is a Woman!
And that ſo ſoon as ſh' hears of the *New Office*,
She'll come to viſit it, as they all have Longings
After new Sights and Motions! But your Bounty,
Perſon, and Bravery, muſt atchieve her. *P. Ca.* She is
The Talk o' the Time! th' adventure o' the Age!
Pic. You cannot put your ſelf upon an Action
Of more importance.
P. Ca. All the World are Suitors to her.
Pic. All ſorts of Men, and all Profeſſions!
P. C. You ſhall have Stall-fed *Doctors*, cramm'd *Divines*,
Make Love to her, and with thoſe ſtudied
And perfum'd Flatteries, as no Room can ſtink
More elegant, than where they are. *Pic.* Well chanted,
Old *Canter*, thou ſing'ſt true. *P. Ca.* And (by your leave)
Good *Maſters Worſhip*, ſome of your Velvet Coat
Make corpulent Curt'ſies to her, till they crack for't.
Pic. There's *Doctor Almanac* woos her, one of the Jeerers,
A fine Phyſician. *P. Ca.* Your Sea-Captain, *Shunfield*,
Gives out, he'll go upon the *Cannon* for her.
Pic. Though his loud Mouthing get him little Credit.
P. Ca. Young Maſter *Pied-mantle*, the fine *Herald*,
Profeſſes to derive her through all Ages,
From all the *Kings* and *Queens* that ever were.
Pic. And Maſter *Madrigal*, the crowned *Poet*
Of theſe our Times, doth offer at her Praiſes
As fair as any, when it ſhall pleaſe *Apollo*
That Wit and Rime may meet both in one Subject.
P. Ca. And you to bear her from all theſe, it will be—
Pic. A work of Fame.
P. Ca. Of Honour. *Pic.* Celebration.
P. Ca. Worthy your Name.
Pic. The *Peni-boys* to live in't.
P. Ca. It is an Action you were built for, Sir.
Pic. And none but you can do it.
P. Ju. I'll undertake it.
P. Ca. And carry it. *P. Ju.* Fear me not; for ſince I came
Of mature age, I have had a certain itch
In my right eye, this corner here, do you ſee?
To do ſome work, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The Firſt *Intermean* after the Firſt *Act*.

MIrth. *How now, Goſſip! how does the Play pleaſe you?*
Cenſure. *Very ſcurvily, me thinks, and ſufficiently naught.*
Expectation. *As a Body would wiſh: Here's nothing but a young Prodigal, come of age, who makes much of the* Barber, *buys him a Place in a* New Office, *i' the Air, I know not where, and his Man o' Law to follow him, with the* Beggar *to Boot, and they two help him to a Wife.*
Mirth. *I, ſhe is a proper Piece! that ſuch Creatures can broke for.*
Tattle. *I cannot abide that naſty Fellow, the* Beggar; *if he had been a* Court-Beggar, *in good Clothes, a* Beggar *in Velvet, as they ſay, I could have endur'd him.*
Mirth. *Or a* Begging Scholar *in Black, or one of theſe beggarly* Poets, *Goſſip, that would hang upon a young Heir like a Horſeleech.*
Expectation. *Or a thred-bare* Doctor *of* Phyſick, *a poor* Quackſalver.
Cenſure. *Or a* Sea-Captain *half ſtarv'd.*
Mirth. *I, theſe were tolerable* Beggars, Beggars *of faſhion! You ſhall ſee ſome ſuch anon.*
Tattle. *I would fain ſee the* Fool, *Goſſip*; *the* Fool *is the fineſt Man i' the Company, they ſay, and has all the Wit: He is the very* Juſtice o' Peace *o' the Play, and can commit whom he will, and what he will, Errour, Abſurdity, as the toy takes him, and no Man ſay, Black is his Eye, but laugh at him.*
Mirth. *But they ha' no* Fool *i' this Play, I am afraid, Goſſip.*
Tattle. *It's a wiſe Play then.*
Expectation. *They are all Fools, the rather, in that.*
Cenſure. *Like enough.*
Tattle. *My Husband* (Timothy Tattle, *God reſt his poor Soul*) *was wont to ſay, There was no Play without a* Fool *and a* Devil *in't; he was for the* Devil *ſtill, God bleſs him. The* Devil *for his Money, would he ſay, I would fain ſee the* Devil. *And why would you ſo fain ſee the* Devil? *would I ſay. Becauſe he has Horns, Wife, and may be a Cuckold, as well as a* Devil, *he would anſwer. You are e'en ſuch another, Husband, quoth I. Was the* Devil *ever married? Where do you read, the* Devil *was ever ſo honourable to commit* Matrimony? *The Play will tell us that, ſays he, we'll go ſee't to morrow,* The Devil is an Aſs. *He is an errant learn'd Man that made it, and can write, they ſay; and I am foully deceiv'd, but he can read too.*
Mirth. *I remember it, Goſſip; I went with you, by the ſame token,* Mrs. Trouble Truth *diſſuaded us, and told us, he was a profane* Poet, *and all his Plays had* Devils *in them: That he kept School upo' the* Stage, *could conjure there, above the* School *of* Weſtminſter, *and* Doctor Lamb *too: Not a Play he made, but had a* Devil *in it: And that he would learn us all to make our Husbands Cuckolds at Plays: By another token, that a young married Wife i' the Company ſaid, ſhe could find in her heart to ſteal thither and ſee a little o' the Vanity through her Maſk, and come practiſe at home.*
Tattle. *O, it was* Miſtris——
Mirth. *Nay, Goſſip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my ſelf.*
Expectation. *But was the* Devil *a proper Man, Goſſip?*
Mirth. *As fine a Gentleman, of his Inches, as ever I ſaw truſted to the* Stage, *or any where elſe; and lov'd the Commonwealth as well as e're a* Patriot *of 'em all: He would carry away the* Vice *on his back, quick to* Hell, *in every Play where he came, and reform Abuſes.*
Expectation. *There was the* Devil of Edmonton, *no ſuch Man, I warrant you.*
Cenſure. *The* Conjurer *coſen'd him with a Candles end; he was an Aſs.*
Mirth. *But there was one* Smug, *a Smith, would have made a Horſe laugh, and broke his Halter, as they ſay.*
Tattle. *O, but the poor Man had got a ſhrewd miſchance one day.*
Expectation. *How, Goſſip?*
Tattle. *He had dreſt a Roguy Jade i' the morning, that had the* Staggers, *and had got ſuch a ſpice of 'em himſelf by noon, as they would not away all the Play-time, do what he could for his heart.*
Mirth. *'Twas his Part, Goſſip; he was to be drunk by his Part.*
Tattle. *Say you ſo? I underſtood not ſo much.*
Expectation. *Would we had ſuch another Part, and ſuch a Man in this Play. I fear 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*
Cenſure. *Expect, intend it.*

Act II. Scene I.

Peni-Boy, Sen. *Pecunia*, *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, *Broker*.

YOur *Grace* is ſad, methinks, and melancholy!
You do not look upon me with that Face,
As you were wont, my Goddeſs, bright *Pecunia*:
Altho your *Grace* be ſaln, of *Two i' the Hundred*,
In Vulgar Eſtimation; yet am I
Your *Graces* Servant ſtill: and teach this body
To bend, and theſe my aged Knees to buckle,
In Adoration, and juſt Worſhip of you.
Indeed, I do confeſs, I have no ſhape
To make a Minion of, but I'm your *Martyr*,
Your *Graces Martyr*. I can hear the Rogues,
As I do walk the Streets, whiſper and point,
There goes Old *Peni-boy*, the Slave of Money,
Rich *Peni-boy*, *Lady Pecunia*'s Drudge,
A ſordid Raſcal, one that never made
Good Meal in his Sleep, but ſells the Acates are ſent him,
Fiſh, Fowl and Veniſon, and preſerves himſelf,
Like an Old hoary Rat, with mouldy Pye-Cruſt.
This I do hear, rejoicing, I can ſuffer
This, and much more for your good *Graces* ſake.

Pec. Why do you ſo my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too?
Without your ſelf-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With Cares and Scantings of your Diet and reſt?

P. Se. O, no, your Services, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeal of *Rites* be done,
They are ſo ſacred. *Pec.* But my Reputation
May ſuffer, and the worſhip of my Family,
When by ſo ſervile means they both are ſought.

P. Se. You are a Noble, Young, Free, Gracious *Lady*,
And would be every bodies, in your Bounty,
But you muſt not be ſo. They are a few
That know your Merit, *Lady*, and can value't.
Your ſelf ſcarce underſtands your proper Powers,
They are *All-mighty*, and that we your Servants,
That have the Honour here to ſtand ſo near you,
Know, and can uſe too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and do ſway it,
The Honour of it, and the Honeſty,
The Reputation, I, and the Religion,
(I was about to ſay, and had not err'd)
Is Queen *Pecunia*'s. For that Stile is yours,
If Mortals knew your *Grace*, or their own good.

Mor. Pleaſe your *Grace* to retire.

Ban. I fear your *Grace*
Hath tane too much of the ſharp Air. *Pec.* O, no!
I could endure to take a great deal more
(And with my Conſtitution, were it left)
Unto my choice, what think you of it, *Statute*?

Sta. A little now and then does well, and keeps
Your *Grace* in your Complexion.

Ban. And true Temper.

Mor. But too much, *Madam*, may encreaſe cold Rheumes,
Nouriſh Catarrhs, Green Sickneſſes and Agues,
And put you in Conſumption. *P. ſe.* Beſt to take
Advice of your grave Women, Noble *Madam*,
They know the State o' your Body, and ha' ſtudied
Your *Graces* Health.

Ban. And honour. Here'll be Viſitants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.

Sta. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheap
To give them Audience preſently.

Mor. Leave your Secretary,
To anſwer them. *Pec.* Wait you here, *Broker*.

Bro. I ſhall, *Madam*,
And do your *Graces* Truſts with diligence.

Act II. Scene II.

Pyed-Mantle, *Broker*, *Peny-Boy ſen.*

WHat luck's this? I am come an Inch too late.
Do you hear, Sir? Is your Worſhip o' the Family
Unto the *Lady Pecunia*? *Bro.* I ſerve her *Grace*, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

Pie. Has ſhe all thoſe *Titles*, and her *Grace* beſides?
I muſt correct that Ignorance and Over-ſight,
Before I do preſent. Sir, I have drawn
A *Pedigree* for her *Grace*, tho yet a Novice
In that ſo Noble Study. *Bro.* A *Herald* at *Arms*?

Pie. No, Sir, a *Purſivant*, my Name is *Pyed-mantle*.

Bro. Good Maſter *Pyed-mantle*.

Pie. I have deduc'd her——

Bro. From all the *Spaniſh Mines* in the *Weſt Indies*,
I hope: for ſhe comes that way by her Mother,
But by her Grand-mother, ſhe's *Dutches* of *Mines*.

Pie. From Man's Creation I have brought her.

Bro. No farther?
Before, Sir, long before, you have done nothing elſe,
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, ſearch your *Office*,
Roll *Five* and *Twenty*, you will find it ſo,
I ſee you are but a Novice, Maſter *Pyed-mantle*,
If you had not told me ſo. *Pye.* Sir, an *Apprentice*
In *Armoiry*. I have read the *Elements*,
And *Accidence*, and all the leading Books,
And I have now upon me a great ambition,
How to be brought to her *Grace*, to kiſs her Hands.

Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance with Miſtris *Statute*,
Or Miſtris *Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,
They can induce you. One is a *Judges* Daughter,
But ſomewhat ſtately; th' other, Miſtris *Band*,
Her Father's but a *Scrivener*, but ſhe can
Almoſt as much with my *Lady* as the other,
Eſpecially if *Roſe Wax* the Chambermaid
Be willing, Do you not know her, Sir, neither?

Pye. No, in troth, Sir.

Bro. She's a good pliant Wench,
And eaſie to be wrought, Sir; but the *Nurſe*,
Old Mother *Mortgage*, if you have a *Tenement*,
Or ſuch a Morſel, tho ſhe have no Teeth,
She loves a Sweet Meat, any thing that melts
In her warm Gums, ſhe could command it for you
On ſuch a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may ſee
How for your Love, and this ſo pure Complexion,
(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The ſtraining of a Ward, opening a Door
Into the Secrets of our Family.

Pye. I pray you let me know, Sir, unto whom
I am ſo much beholden; but your name.

Bro. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*
And *Uſher* to her *Grace*. *Pye.* Good Maſter *Broker*!

Bro. Good Maſter *Pyed-mantle*.

Pye. Why, you could do me,
If you would, now, this Favour of your ſelf.

Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I would,
I hardly ſhould, without, or Miſtris *Band*,
Or Miſtris *Statute*, pleaſe to appear in it.
Or the good *Nurſe* I told you of, Miſtris *Mortgage*.
We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's Sphere, but all move orderly,
In our own Orbs; yet we are all *Concentricks*.

Pye. Well, Sir, I'll wait a better Seaſon. *Bro.* Do,
And ſtudy the right means; get Miſtris *Band*
To urge on your behalf, or little *Wax*.

[Broker *makes a mouth at him.*

Pye. I have a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as ſhe's taking the Air.

Bro.

Bro. That Air of Hope has blaſted many an Airy
Of Caſtrils like your ſelf, good Maſter *Pied-mantle.*
[*He jeers him again.*
P. ſen. Well ſaid, Mr. *Secretary*, I ſtood behind [*Old* Peni-
And heard thee all. I honour thy Diſpatches. boy *leaps.*
If they be rude, untrained in our Method,
And have not ſtudied the Rule, diſmiſs 'em quickly.
Where's *Lick-finger* my Cook, that unctuous Raſcal?
He'll never keep his Hour, that Veſſel of Kitchen-ſtuff!

Act II. Scene III.

Broker, Peni-boy ſen. Lick-finger.

HEre he is come, Sir. *P. ſen.* Pox upon him, Kidney,
Always too late! *Lic.* To wiſh 'em you, I confeſs,
That ha' them already.
P. ſen. What? *Lic.* The Pox! *P. ſen.* The Piles,
The Plague, and all Diſeaſes light on him,
Knows not to keep his word. I'ld keep my word, ſure!
I hate that Man that will not keep his word.
When did I break my word? *Lic.* Or I, till now.
And 'tis but half an Hour. *P. ſen.* Half a Year,
To me, that ſtands upon a Minute of Time.
I am a juſt Man, I love ſtill to be juſt.
Lic. Why? you think I can run like light-foot *Ralph*,
Or keep a Wheel-barrow with a Sail in Town here,
To whirl me to you. I have loſt two Stone
Of Suet i' the Service, poſting hither:
You might have followed me like a Watering-pot,
And ſeen the Knots I made along the Street;
My Face dropt like the Skimmer in a Fritter-pan,
And my whole Body is yet (to ſay the truth)
A roaſted Pound of Butter, with grated Bread in't!
[*He ſweeps his Face.*
P. ſen. Believe you, he that liſt. You ſtaid of purpoſe
To have my Veniſon ſtink, and my Fowl mortified,
That you might ha' 'em——
Lic. A Shilling or two cheaper,
That's your Jealouſie. *P. ſen.* Perhaps it is.
Will you go in, and view, and value all?
Yonder is Veniſon ſent me, Fowl, and Fiſh,
In ſuch abundance, I am ſick to ſee it!
I wonder what they mean! I ha' told 'em of it!
To burden a weak Stomach, and provoke
A dying Appetite! thruſt a Sin upon me
I ne'er was guilty of! nothing but Gluttony!
Groſs Gluttony! that will undo this Land!
Lic. And bating Two i' the Hundred.
P. ſen. I, that ſame's
A crying Sin, a fearful damn'd Device,
Eats up the Poor, devours 'em— *Lic.* Sir, take heed
What you give out.
P. ſen. Againſt your grave great *Solons*?
Numæ Pompilii, they that made that *Law*?
To take away the Poor's Inheritance:
It was their Portion; I will ſtand to't:
And they have robb'd 'em of it, plainly robb'd 'em.
I ſtill am a juſt Man, I tell the truth.
When Moneys went at Ten i' the Hundred, I,
And ſuch as I, the Servants of *Becunia*,
Could ſpare the Poor *Two* out of *Ten*, and did it:
How ſay you, *Broker*?
(*Lic.* Ask your *Ecchо.*) *Bro.* You did it.
P. ſen. I am for Juſtice; when did I leave Juſtice?
We knew 'twas theirs, they had Right and Title to't.
Now—— *Lic.* You can ſpare 'em nothing.
P. ſen. Very little.
Lic. As good as nothing.
P. ſen. They have bound our Hands
With their wiſe ſolemn Act, ſhortned our Arms.
Lic. Beware thoſe worſhipful Ears, Sir, be not ſhortned,
And you play Crop i' the *Fleet*, if you uſe this Licence.
P. ſen. What Licence, Knave, Informer?
Lic. I am *Lick-finger*,
Your Cook. *P. ſen.* A ſawcy *Jack* you are, that's once.
What ſaid I, *Broker*? *Bro.* Nothing that I heard, Sir.
Lic. I know his Gift, he can be deaf when he liſt.
P. ſen. Ha' you provided me my Buſhel of Eggs
I did beſpeak? I do not care how ſtale
Or ſtinking that they be; let 'em be rotten:
For Ammunition here, to pelt the Boys,
That break my Windows.
Lic. Yes, Sir, I ha' ſpar'd 'em
Out of the Cuſtard-politick for you, the Mayor's.
P. ſen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all that Exceſs,
Make what you can of it, your beſt: and when
I have Friends that I invite at home, provide me
Such, ſuch, and ſuch a Diſh, as I beſpeak;
One at a time, no Superfluity.
Or if you have it not, return me Money:
You know my ways. *Lic.* They are a little crooked.
P. ſen. How, Knave?
Lic. Becauſe you do indent. *P. ſen.* 'Tis true, Sir,
I do indent you ſhall return me Money.
Lic. Rather than Meat, I know it: you are juſt ſtill.
P. ſen. I love it ſtill. And therefore if you ſpend
The Red-Deer Pies i' your Houſe, or ſell 'em forth, Sir,
Caſt ſo, that I may have their Coffins all
Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought
To keep ſome kind of Houſe. *Lic.* By the mouldy Signs?
P. ſen. And then remember Meat for my two Dogs:
Fat Flaps of Mutton, Kidneys, Rumps of Veal,
Good plenteous Scraps; my Maid ſhall eat the Relicks.
Lic. When you and your Dogs have din'd. A ſweet
Reverſion.
P. ſen. Who's here? my *Courtier*, and my little *Doctor*?
My *Muſter-maſter*? And what Plover's that
They have brought to pull?
Bro. I know not, ſome green Plover.
I'll find him out. *P. ſen.* Do, for I know the reſt:
They are the *Jeerers*, mocking, flouting *Jacks*.

Act II. Scene IV.

Fitton, Penni-boy ſen. Almanach, Shunfield, Madrigal, Lick-finger, Broker.

HOw now, old *Money-Bawd*? W' are come——
P. jun. To *jeer* me,
As you were wont, I know you. *Alm.* No, to give thee
Some good Security, and ſee *Pecunia.*
P. ſen. What is't? *Fit.* Our ſelves.
Alm. We'll be one bound for another.
Fit. This noble *Doctor* here. *Alm.* This worthy *Courtier.*
Fit. This *Man o' War*, he was our *Muſter maſter.*
Alm. But a *Sea Captain* now, brave *Captain Shunfield.*
[*He holds up his Noſe.*
Shun. You ſnuff the Air now, as the ſcent diſpleas'd you.
Fit. Thou needſt not fear him Man, his Credit is ſound.
Alm. And ſeaſon'd too, ſince he took Salt at Sea.
P. ſen. I do not love pickl'd Security;
VVould I had one good *Freſh-man* in for all:
For truth is, you three ſtink. *Shun.* You are a Rogue.
P. ſen. I think I am; but I will lend no Money
On that Security, *Captain.* *Alm.* Here's a Gentleman,
A *Freſh-man* i' the VVorld, one Maſter *Madrigal.*
Fit. Of an untainted Credit; what ſay you to him?
[Madrigal *ſteps aſide with* Broker.
Shun. He's gone, me thinks; where is he? *Madrigal?*
P. ſen. H' has an odd ſinging Name: is he an Heir?
Fit. An Heir to a fair Fortune. *Alm.* And full Hopes:
A dainty *Scholar*, and a pretty *Poet!*
P. ſen. Y'ave ſaid enough. I ha' no Money, Gentlemen,
An' he go to't in Ryme once, not a Penny. [*He ſnuffs again.*
Shun. VVhy, he's of Years, though he have little Beard.
P. ſen. His Beard has time to grow. I have no Money.
Let him ſtill dabble in *Poetry.* No *Pecunia*

Is

Is to be ſeen. *Alm.* Come, thou lov'ſt to be coſtive
Still i' thy Curt'ſie ; but I have a Pill,
A golden Pill, to purge away this Melancholy.
Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the Houſe here,
With his two drowſie Dogs. *Fit.* A Drench of Sack
At a good Tavern, and a fine freſh Pullet,
Would cure him.
Lic. Nothing but a young Heir in White-broth ;
I know his Diet better than the *Doctor*.
Shun. What, *Lick-finger ?* mine old Hoſt of *Ram-ally ?*
You ha' ſome Market here. *Alm.* Some Doſſer of Fiſh
Or Fowl to fetch off. *Fit.* An odd Bargain of Veniſon
To drive. *P. ſen.* Will you go in, Knave ?
Lic. I muſt needs,
You ſee who drives me, Gentlemen. *Alm.* Not the *Devil*.
Fit. He may be in time, he is his *Agent* now.
[Peni-boy *thruſts him in.*
P. ſen. You are all cogging *Jacks*, a Covey o' Wits,
The Jeerers, that ſtill call together at Meals:
Or rather an Airy ; for you are Birds of Prey,
And fly at all ; nothing's too big or high for you.
And are ſo truly fear'd, but not belov'd
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the reſt, leſt they ſhould fall
Upon him abſent. *Alm.* O ! the only *Oracle*
That ever peept or ſpake out of a Doublet.
Shun. How the Rogue ſtinks, worſe than a Fiſhmongers Sleeves!
Fit. Or Curriers Hands!
Shun. And ſuch a par-boil'd Viſage !
Fit. His Face looks like a Diers Apron, juſt!
Alm. A ſodden Head, and his whole Brain a Poſſet-curd!
P. ſen. I, now you jeer, jeer on ; I have no Money.
Alm. I wonder what Religion he's of!
Fit. No certain *ſpecies* ſure! A kind of Mule!
That's half an *Ethnick*, half a *Chriſtian !*
P. ſen. I have no Money, Gentlemen. *Shun.* This Stock.
He has no ſenſe of any *Vertue*, *Honour*,
Gentry, or *Merit*. *P. ſen.* You ſay very right,
My *meritorious Captain*, (as I take it!)
Merit will keep no Houſe, nor pay no Houſe-rent.
Will Miſtris *Merit* go to Market, think you,
Set on the Pot, or feed the Family ?
Will *Gentry* clear with the Butcher, or the Baker ?
Fetch in a Pheaſant, or a Brace of Partridges,
From Goodwife *Poulter*, for my *Ladies* Supper.
Fit. See ! this pure Rogue !
P. ſen. This Rogue has Money though ;
My worſhipful brave *Courtier* has no Money ;
No, nor my valiant *Captain*. *Shun.* Hang you, Raſcal.
P. ſen. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lov'd you
While you did hold your Practice, and kill Tripe-wives,
And kept you to your Urinal ; but ſince your Thumbs
Have greas'd the *Ephemerides*, caſting *Figures*,
And turning over for your Candle-rents,
And your Twelve Houſes in the *Zodiack*,
With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*
Troth you ſhall cant alone for *Peni-boy*.
Shun. I told you what we ſhould find him, a meer Bawd.
Fit. A Rogue, a Cheater.
P. ſen. What you pleaſe, Gentlemen :
I am of that humble nature and condition,
Never to mind your Worſhips, or take notice
Of what you throw away thus. I keep Houſe here
Like a lame Cobler, never out of doors,
With my two Dogs, my Friends ; and (as you ſay)
Drive a quick pretty Trade, ſtill. I get Money :
And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Raſcal*,
Or what your Worſhips fanſie, let 'em paſs
As tranſitory things ; they're mine to day,
And yours to morrow.
Alm. Hang thee, Dog. *Shun.* Thou Cur,
P. ſen. You ſee how I do bluſh, and am aſham'd
Of theſe large Attributes? Yet you have no Money.
Alm. Well Wolf, *Hyena*, you old pocky Raſcal,
You will ha' the *Hernia* fall down again
Into your *Scrotum*, and I ſhall be ſent for.
I will remember then, that, and your *Fiſtula*
In ano I cur'd you of.
P. ſen. Thank your Dog-leech Craft ;
They were 'holeſom Piles, afore you meddl'd with 'em.
Alm. What an ungrateful Wretch is this?
Shun. He minds
A Courteſie no more, than *London-bridge*,
What Arch was mended laſt. *Fit.* He never thinks,
More than a Log, of any Grace at Court
A Man may do him ; or that ſuch a *Lord*
Reach't him his Hand. *P. ſen.* O yes! If Grace would ſtrike
The Brewer's Tally, or my good *Lords* Hand
Would quit the Scores. But, Sir, they will not do it.
Here's a Piece, my good *Lord* Piece, doth all ; [*He ſhews*
Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a Mutton ; *a Piece.*
Then to the Bakers, brings in Bread, makes Fires,
Gets Wine, and does more real Courteſies
Than all my *Lords*, I know : My ſweet *Lord* Piece !
You are my *Lord*, the reſt are cogging *Jacks*,
Under the *Roſe*. *Shun.* Rogue, I could beat you now.
P. ſen. True, *Captain*, if you durſt beat any other,
I ſhould believe you ; but indeed you are hungry ;
You are not angry, *Captain*, if I know you
Aright, good *Captain*. No *Pecunia*
Is to be ſeen, though Miſtris *Band* would ſpeak,
Or little Bluſhet-*Wax* be ne'er ſo eaſie ;
I'll ſtop mine Ears with her, againſt the *Syrens*,
Court, and *Philoſophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen;
Provide you better Names, *Pecunia* is for you.
Fit. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is! Where's *Madrigal?*
Is he ſneak'd hence ?
Shun. Here he comes with *Broker*, [Madrigal *returns.*
Pecunia's Secretary. *Alm.* He may do ſome good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you been, *Madrigal ?*
Mad. Above, with my *Ladies* Women, reading Verſes.
Fit. That was a Favour. Good morrow, Mr. *Secretary*.
Shun. Good morrow, Mr. *Uſher*. *Alm.* Sir, by both
Your worſhipful *Titles*, and your Name, Mas *Broker*,
Good morrow. *Mad.* I did ask him if he were
Amphibion Broker. *Shun.* Why ?
Alm. A Creature of two Natures,
Becauſe he has two *Offices*. *Bro.* You may jeer,
You ha' the Wits, young Gentlemen : But your hope
Of *Helicon* will never carry it here,
With our fat Family ; we ha' the dulleſt,
Moſt unbor'd Ears for Verſe amongſt our Females.
I griev'd you read ſo long, Sir ; old Nurſe *Mortgage*
She ſnoar'd i' the Chair, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)
Fell faſt aſleep, and Miſtris *Band* ſhe nodded,
But not with any conſent to what you read.
They muſt have ſomewhat elſe to chink, than Rymes.
If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,
(Imagine it on departure) ſuch a *Poem*
Would wake 'em, and bring *Wax* to her true temper.
Mad. I' faith, Sir, and I will try. *Bro.* 'Tis but Earth,
Fit to make Bricks and Tyles of. *Shun.* Pox upon't,
'Tis but for Pots, or Pipkins at the beſt.
If it would keep us in good Tabacco-pipes,
Bro. 'Twere worth keeping. *Fit.* Or in *Pore'lane* Diſhes,
There were ſome hope. *Alm.* But this is a hungry Soil,
And muſt be helpt. *Fit.* Who would hold any Land,
To have the trouble to Marl it ? *Shun.* Not a Gentleman.
Bro. Let Clowns and Hinds affect it, that love Plows,
And Carts, and Harrows, and are buſie ſtill
In vexing the dull Element. *Alm.* Our ſweet *Songſter*
Shall rarifi't into Air. *Fit.* And you, Mas *Broker*,
Shall have a feeling. *Bro.* So it ſupple, Sir,
The Nerves. *Mad.* O ! it ſhall be palpable,
Make thee run through a Hoop, or a Thumb-Ring,
The Noſe of a Tabacco-pipe, and draw
Thy ductile Bones out, like a Knitting-needle,

To

To ſerve my ſubtil turns. *Bro.* I ſhall obey, Sir,
And run a Thred, like an Hour-glaſs.
P. ſen. Where is *Broker?*
Are not theſe Flies gone yet? Pray' quit my Houſe,
I'll ſmoak you out elſe. *Fit.* O! the Prodigal!
Will you be at ſo much Charge with us, and Loſs?
Mad. I have heard you ha' offer'd, Sir, to lock up ſmoak,
And cauk your Windows, ſpar up all your Doors,
Thinking to keep it a cloſe Priſoner wi' you,
And wept when it went out, Sir, at your Chimney.
Fit. And yet his Eyes were drier than a Pumice.
Shun. A wretched Raſcal, that will bind about
The Noſe of his Bellows, leſt the Wind get out
When he's abroad.
Alm. Sweeps down no Cobwebs here,
But ſells 'em for cut Fingers; and the Spiders,
As Creatures rear'd of Duſt, and coſt him nothing,
To fat old *Ladies* Monkeys. *Fit.* He has offer'd
To gather up ſpilt Water, and preſerve
Each Hair falls from him, to ſtop Balls withal.
Shun. A Slave, and an Idolater to *Pecunia!*
P. ſen. You all have happy Memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poor Cradle. I remember too,
When you had Lands and Credit, Worſhip, Friends,
I, and could give Security: Now you have none,
Or will have none right ſhortly. This can Time,
And the viciſſitude of Things. I have
All theſe, and Money too, and do poſſeſs 'em,
And am right heartily glad of all our Memories,
And both the Changes. *Fit.* Let us leave the Viper.
P. ſen. He's glad he is rid of his Torture, and ſo ſoon.
Broker, come hither, up, and tell your *Lady*,
She muſt be ready preſently, and *Statute*,
Band, *Mortgage*, *Wax*: My prodigal young Kinſman
Will ſtreight be here to ſee her; 'top of our Houſe,
The flouriſhing and flanting *Peni-boy*.
We were but three of us in all the world,
My Brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Frank Peni-boy*,
Father to this; he's dead. This *Peni-boy*
Is now the Heir! I, Richer *Peni boy*,
Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Peni boy*,
And (to make Ryme) cloſe, wary *Peni-boy*,
I ſhall have all at laſt, my hopes do tell me.
Go, ſee all ready; and where my Dogs have faulted,
Remove it with a Broom, and ſweeten all
With a Slice of Juniper, not too much, but ſparing,
We may be faulty our ſelves elſe, and turn prodigal,
In entertaining of the *Prodigal*.
Here he is; and with him—— what! a *Clapper-Dudgeon!*
That's a good Sign, to have the Beggar follow him
So near, at his firſt entry into Fortune.

Act II. Scene V.

Peni-boy jun. Peni-boy ſen. Pick lock, Canter.

Broker, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, Mortgage,
Hid in the Study.

How now, old Uncle? I am come to ſee thee,
And the brave *Lady* here, the Daughter of *Ophir*,
They ſay thou keepſt. *P. ſen.* Sweet Nephew, if ſhe were
The Daughter of the *Sun*, ſhe's at your ſervice,
And ſo am I, and the whole Family,
Worſhipful Nephew. *P. jun.* Saiſt thou ſo, dear Uncle?
Welcome my Friends then: Here is *Domine Picklock*,
My *Man o' Law*, ſollicits all my Cauſes,
Follows my Buſineſs, makes and compounds my Quarrels
Between my Tenants and me; ſows all my Strifes,
And reaps them too; troubles the Country for me,
And vexes any Neighbour that I pleaſe.
P. ſen. But with Commiſſion?
P. jun. Under my Hand and Seal.
P. ſen. A worſhipful Place!
Pic. I thank his Worſhip for it.
P. ſen. But what is this old Gentleman. *P. Ca.* A Rogue,
A very *Canter*, I, Sir, one that *maunds*
Upon the *Pad*: We ſhould be Brothers though;
For you are near as wretched as my ſelf,
You dare not uſe your Money, and I have none.
P. ſen. Not uſe my Money, cogging *Jack!* who uſes it
At better Rates? lets it for more i' the Hundred,
Than I do, Sirrah? *P. jun.* Be not angry, Uncle.
P. ſen. What? to diſgrace me, with my *Queen*, as if
I did not know her Value. *P. Ca.* Sir, I meant
You durſt not to enjoy it. *P. ſen.* Hold your peace,
You are a *Jack*.
P. jun. Uncle, he ſhall be a *John*, [*Young* Peni-boy *is*
And you go to that, as good a Man as you are: *angry.*
An' I can make him ſo, a better Man;
Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go. *P. ſen.* Nay, Kinſman,
My worſhipful Kinſman, and the top of our Houſe,
Do not your penitent Uncle that Affront,
For a raſh word, to leave his joyful Threſhold,
Before you ſee the *Lady* that you long for,
The *Venus* of the Time and State, *Pecunia!*
I do perceive, your Bounty loves the Man,
For ſome concealed Vertue, that he hides
Under thoſe Rags. *P. Ca.* I owe my Happineſs to him,
The waiting on his Worſhip, ſince I brought him
The happy *News*, welcome to all young Heirs.
P. jun. Thou didſt indeed, for which I thank thee yet.
Your *Fortunate Princeſs*, Uncle, is long a coming.
P. Ca. She is not rigg'd, Sir; ſetting forth ſome *Lady*,
Will coſt as much as furniſhing a Fleet.
Here ſhe's come at laſt, and like a Gally
Gilt i' the Prow. [*The Study is open'd, where ſhe ſits in State.*
P. jun. Is this *Pecunia?*
P. ſen. Vouchſafe my toward Kinſman, gracious *Madam*,
The Favour of your Hand.
Pec. Nay of my Lips Sir, [*She kiſſeth him.*
To him. *P. jun.* She kiſſes like a mortal Creature.
Almighty Madam, I have long'd to ſee you.
Pec. And I have my deſire, Sir, to behold
That Youth and Shape, which in my Dreams and Wakes
I have ſo oft contemplated, and felt
Warm in my Veins, and native as my Blood.
When I was told of your arrival here,
I felt my Heart beat, as it would leap out
In Speech; and all my Face it was a Flame:
But how it came to paſs, I do not know.
P. jun. O! Beauty loves to be more proud than Nature,
That made you bluſh. I cannot ſatisfie
My curious Eyes, by which alone I'm happy,
In my beholding you. *P. Ca.* They paſs the Complement
Prettily well. [*He kiſſeth her.*
Pic. I, he does kiſs her, I like him.
P. jun. My Paſſion was clear contrary, and doubtful,
I ſhook for fear, and yet I danc'd for joy,
I had ſuch Motions as the Sun-beams make
Againſt a Wall, or playing on a Water,
Or trembling Vapour of a boyling Pot——
P. ſen. That's not ſo good; it ſhould ha' been a *Crucible*
With molten Metal, ſhe had underſtood it.
P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you, *Madam*:
Are theſe your Gentlewomen? I love them too.
And which is Miſtris *Statute?* Miſtris *Band?*
They all kiſs cloſe, the laſt ſtuck to my Lips.
Bro. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, ſoft *Wax*.
P. jun. Soft Lips ſhe has, I am ſure on't. Mother *Mortgage*
I'll owe a Kiſs, till ſhe be younger. *Statute*,
Sweet Miſtris *Band*, and honey, little *Wax*,
We muſt be better acquainted.
[*He doubles the Complement to them all.*
Sta. We are but Servants, Sir.
Band. But whom her *Grace* is ſo content to grace,
We ſhall obſerve. *Wax.* And with all fit reſpect.
Mor. In our poor Places.

Wax. Being

Wax. Being her *Graces* Shadows.
P. jun. A fine well-ſpoken Family. What's thy name?
Bro. Broker. P. jun. Methinks my Uncle ſhould not
Who is a crafty Knave enough, believe it. (need thee,
Art thou her *Graces* Steward? *Bro.* No, her Uſher, Sir.
P. jun. What, o' the Hall? thou haſt a ſweeping Face,
Thy Beard is like a Broom. *Bro.* No barren Chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Uſher.
P. jun. Thou ſhalt go with us. Uncle I muſt have
My *Princeſs* forth to day. *P. ſen.* Whither you pleaſe, Sir,
You ſhall command her. *Pec.* I will do all grace
To my new Servant. *P. ſen.* Thanks unto your bounty;
He is my Nephew, and my Chief, the Point,
[*Old* Peni-boy *thanks her, but makes his Condition.*
Tip, Top, and Tuſt of all our Family!
But, Sir, condition'd always you return
Statute, and *Band* home, with my ſweet, ſoft *Wax*,
And my good Nurſe, here, *Mortgage. P. jun.* O! what elſe?
P. ſen. By *Broker*. *P. Ju.* Do not fear.
P. ſen. She ſhall go wi' you,
Whither you pleaſe, Sir, any where. *P. Ca.* I ſee
A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Fleſh-Bawd* too.
Pic. Are you advis'd? Now o' my faith, this *Canter*
Would make a good grave *Burgeſs* in ſome Barn.
P. ju. Come, thou ſhalt go with us Uncle.
P. Ca. By no means, Sir.
P. ju. We'll have both Sack, and Fidlers.
P. ſen. I'll not draw that charge upon your Worſhip.
P. Ca. He ſpeaks modeſtly,
And like an Uncle. *P. ſen.* But *Mas Broker*, here,
He ſhall attend you, Nephew; her *Graces* Uſher,
And what you fancy to beſtow on him,
Be not too laviſh, uſe a temperate Bounty,
I'll take it to my ſelf. *P. jun.* I will be Princely,
While I poſſeſs my Princeſs, my *Pecunia.*
P. ſen. Where is't you eat?
P. jun. Hard by, at *Picklocks* Lodging,
Old *Lickfinger's* the Cook, here in *Ram-Alley.*
P. ſen. He has good Chear; perhaps I'll come and ſee you.
P. Can. O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-ſhop, groſs,
[*The* Canter *takes him aſide and perſwades him.*
'Twill ſavour, Sir, moſt rankly of 'em both.
Let your Meat rather follow you to a Tavern.
Pic. A Tavern's as unfit too for a Princeſs.
P. Ca. No, I have known a Princeſs, and a great one,
Come forth of a Tavern. *Pic.* Not go in, Sir, though.
P. Ca. She muſt go in, if ſhe came forth: the bleſſed
Pokahontas (as the Hiſtorian calls her
And great Kings Daughter of *Virginia*)
Hath been in Womb of a Tavern; and beſides,
Your naſty Uncle will ſpoil all your mirth,
And be as noyſom. *Pic.* That's true. *P. Ca.* No 'faith,
Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,
At brave *Duke Wadloos*, have your Friends about you,
And make a day on't. *P. jun.* Content 'i faith:
Our Meat ſhall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,
Will bid us welcom. *Pic.* Patron, I have a ſuit.
P. jun. What's that? *Pic.* That you will carry the *Infanta*
To ſee the *Staple*, her *Grace* will be a grace,
To all the Members of it. *P. jun.* I will do it:
And have her *Arms* ſet up there, with her *Titles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta.*
And in *Apollo.* Come (ſweet Princeſs) go.
P. ſen. Broker, be careful of your charge.
Bro. I warrant you.

The ſecond Intermean after the ſecond Act.

CEnſure. *Why this is duller and duller! intolerable! ſcurvy! neither* Devil *nor* Fool *in this Play! pray God ſome on us be not a* Witch, *Goſſip, to foreſpeak the matter thus.*
Mirth. *I fear we are all ſuch, and we were old enough: But we are not all old enough to make one* Witch. *How like you the* Vice *i' the Play.*
Expectation. *Which is he?*
Mirth. *Three or four: old* Covetouſneſs, *the ſordid* Peni-boy, *the* Money-bawd, *who is a Fleſh-bawd too, they ſay.*
Tattle. *But here is never a* Fiend *to carry him away. Beſides, he has never a Wooden Dagger! I'ld not give a Ruſh for a* Vice, *that has not a Wooden Dagger to ſnap at every body he meets.*
Mirth. *That was the old way, Goſſip, when* Iniquity *came in like* Hokos Pokos, *in a Juglers Jerkin, with falſe Skirts, like the* Knave *of* Clubs! *but now they are attir'd like Men and Women o' the time, the* Vices *Male and Female!* Prodigality *like a young Heir, and his* Miſtris Money (*whoſe Favours he ſcatters like Counters*) *prank't up like a prime* Lady, *the* Infanta *of the* Mines.
Cen. *I, therein they abuſe an honourable* Princeſs, *it is thought.*
Mirth. *By whom is it ſo thought? or where lyes the abuſe?*
Cen. *Plain in the ſtiling her* Infanta, *and giving her three Names.*
Mirth. *Take heed it lye not in the Vice of your interpretation: what have* Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia *to do with any Perſon? do they any more, but expreſs the property of* Money, *which is the Daughter of Earth, and drawn out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd* Infanta, *but what is ſubject to exception? Why not the* Infanta *of the Beggers? or* Infanta *o' the Gipſies? as well as* King *of Beggers, and* King *of Gipſies?*
Cen. *Well, and there were no wiſer than I, I would ſow him in a Sack, and ſend him by Sea to his* Princeſs.
Mirth. *Faith, and be heard you,* Cenſure, *he would go near to ſtick the Aſſes Ears to your high dreſſing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening to you.*
Tattle. *By r* Lady *but he ſhould not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and cenſure, if I ſaw cauſe, for th' other* Princeſs *ſake* Pokahontas, *ſurnam'd the* Bleſſed, *whom he has abus'd indeed* (*and I do cenſure him, and will cenſure him*) *to ſay ſhe came forth of a Tavern, was ſaid like a paltry* Poet.
Mirth. *That's but one Goſſips Opinion, and my Goſſip* Tattle's *too! but what ſays* Expectation, *here, ſhe ſits ſullen and ſilent.*
Expectation. *Troth I expect their* Office, *their great* Office! *the Staple, what it will be! they have talk't on't, but we ſee't not open yet; would* Butter *would come in, and ſpread it ſelf a little to us.*
Mirth, *Or the Butter-box,* Buz, *the* Emiſſary.
Tattle. *When it is churn'd, and diſh't, we ſhall hear of it.*
Expectation. *If it be freſh and ſweet Butter; but ſay it be ſowr and wheyiſh.*
Mirth. *Then it is worth nothing, meer Pot Butter, fit to be ſpent in* Suppoſitories, *or greaſing Coach-wheels, ſtale ſtinking Butter, and ſuch I fear it is, by the being barrell'd up ſo long.*
Expectation, *Or rank* Iriſh *Butter.*
Cen. *Have patience Goſſip, ſay that, contrary to our expectation, it prove right, ſeaſonable, ſalt Butter.*
Mirth. *Or to the time of year, in* Lent, *delicate* Almond *Butter! I have a ſweet Tooth yet, and I will hope the beſt; and ſit down as quiet and calm as Butter; look as ſmooth and ſoft as Butter; be merry and melt like Butter; laugh and be fat like Butter: ſo Butter anſwer my Expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It ſhall both* July *and* December *ſee!*
I ſay no more, but—— Dixi.

To the Readers.

IN *this following* Act, *the* Office *is open'd, and ſhew'n to the* Prodigal, *and his* Princeſs Pecunia, *wherein the* Allegory, *and purpoſe of the* Author *hath hitherto been wholly miſtaken, and ſo ſiniſter an Interpretation been made, as if the Souls of moſt of the* Spectators *had liv'd in the Eyes and Ears of theſe ridiculous Goſſips that tattle between*

the Acts. *But he prays you thus to mend it. To conſider the* News *here vented to be none of his* News, *or any reaſonable Mans; but* News *made like the Times* News, *(a weekly Cheat to draw Money) and could not be fitter reprehended, than in raiſing this ridiculous* Office *of the* Staple, *wherein the Age may ſee her own Folly, or hunger and thirſt after publiſh'd Pamphlets of* News, *ſet out every* Saturday, *but made all at home, and no Syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater Diſeaſe in Nature, or a fouler ſcorn put upon the Times, And ſo apprehending it, you ſhall do the Author and your own Judgment a Courteſie, and perceive the Trick of alluring Money to the* Office, *and there coz'ning the people. If you have the Truth, reſt quiet, and conſider that*

Ficta, voluptatis cauſa, ſint proxima veris.

Act III. Scene I.

Fitton, Cymbal: To them, Picklock, Regiſter, Clerk, Tho. Barber.

YOu hunt upon a wrong ſcent ſtill, and think
The Air of things will carry 'em, but it muſt
Be reaſon and proportion, not fine ſounds,
My couſin *Cymball*, muſt get you this *Lady*.
You have entertain'd a Pettytogger here,
Picklock, with truſt of an *Emiſſaries* Place,
And he is all for the young *Prodigal*,
You ſee he has left us. *Cym.* Come, you do not know him,
That ſpeak thus of him. He will have a Trick,
To open us a gap by a Trap-door,
When they leaſt dream on't. Here he comes. What news?

Pic. Where is my Brother *Buz*? my Brother *Ambler*?
The *Regiſter*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerks*?
Appear, and let us muſter all in Pomp,
For here will be the rich *Infanta*, preſently,
To make her viſit. *Peni-boy* the Heir,
My Patron, has got leave for her to play
With all her Train, of the old Churl her Guardian.
Now is your time to make all court unto her,
That ſhe may firſt but know, then love the Place,
And ſhew it by her frequent viſits here:
And afterwards get her to ſojourn with you.
She will be weary of the *Prodigal* quickly.

Cym. Excellent news!

Fit. And counſel of an *Oracle!*

Cym. How ſay you Couſin *Fitton*?

Fit. Brother *Picklock*,
I ſhall adore thee for this parcel of Tidings,
It will cry up the Credit of our *Office*
Eternally, and make our *Staple* Immortal!

Pic. Look your Addreſſes then be fair and fit,
And entertain her and her Creatures too,
With all the *Migniardiſe*, and quaint *Careſſes*
You can put on 'em. *Fit.* Thou ſeem'ſt by thy Language,
No leſs a *Courtier* than a *Man* o' *Law*.
I muſt embrace thee. *Pic.* Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,
On every change, or chance, upon occaſion,
A true *Chamælion*, I can colour for't.
I move upon my Axel like a Turn-pike,
Fit my Face to the Parties, and become
Streight one of them. *Cym.* Sirs, up into your Desks,
And ſpred the Rolls upon the Table, ſo.
Is the *Examiner* ſet? *Reg.* Yes, Sir.

Cym. *Ambler* and *Buz* are both abroad now.

Pic. We'll ſuſtain their Parts.
No matter, let them ply the Affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.

[Fitton *puts on the Office Cloke, and* Cymbal *the Gown.*

On with the Cloke, and you with the *Staple* Gown,
And keep your State, ſtoop only to the *Infanta*;
We'll have a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,
And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* unto the retrive:
Each know his ſeveral Province, and diſcharge it.

Fit. I do admire this nimble Ingine, *Piclock.*

[Fitton *is brought about.*

Cym. Cuz, What did I ſay?

Fit. You have rectified my Error!

Act III. Scene II.

Peni-boy, jun. P. Canter, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, Broker, Cuſtomers.

BY your leave Gentlemen, what news? good, good ſtill?
I' your new *Office*? *Princeſs*, here's the *Staple*!
This is the Governor, kiſs him, noble *Princeſs*,
For my ſake. *Thom*, how is it honeſt *Thom*?
How does thy Place, and thou? My Creature, *Princeſs*,

[*He tells* Pecunia *of* Thom.

This is my Creature, give him your Hand to kiſs,
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!
I bought this Place for him, and gave it him.

P. Ca. He ſhould have ſpoke of that, Sir, and not you:
Two do not do one Office well. *P. jun.* 'Tis true,
But I am loth to loſe my Curteſies.

F. Ca. So are all they that do them to vain ends,
And yet you do loſe, when you pay your ſelves

P. jun. No more o' your Sentences, *Canter*, they are ſtale,
We come for *News*, remember where you are.
I pray thee let my *Princeſs* hear ſome *News*,
Good Maſter *Cymbal*. *Cym.* What news would ſhe hear?
Or of what kind, Sir? *P. jun.* Any, any kind,
So it be *News*, the neweſt that thou haſt,
Some *News* of *State* for a *Princeſs*.

Cym. Read from *Rome* there. [*News from* Rome.

Tho. They write, the *King* of *Spain* is choſen *Pope*.

P. jun. How?

Tho. And *Emperor* too, the Thirtieth of *February*.

P. jun. Is the *Emperor* dead?

Cym. No, but he has reſign'd,

[*News of the* Emperor *and* Tilly.

And trails a Pike now, under *Tilly*. *Fit.* For Penance.

P. jun. Theſe will beget ſtrange turns in *Chriſtendom*!

Tho. And *Spinola* is made *General* of the *Jeſuits*.

[*News of* Spinola.

P. jun. Stranger! *Fit.* Sir, all are alike true and certain.

Cym. All the pretence to the Fifth *Monarchy*

[*The Fifth* Monarchy *uniting the* Eccleſiaſtick *and* Secular *Power.*

Was held but vain, until the *Eccleſiaſtick*
And *Secular* Powers were united thus,
Both in one Perſon. *Fit.* 'T has been long the aim
Of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. *Cym.* See but *Maximilian*

[*A Plot of the Houſe of* Auſtria.

His Letters to the Baron of *Boutterſheim*,
Or *Scheiter-huyſſen*. *Fit.* No, of *Liechtenſtein*,
Lord Paul, I think. *P. jun.* I have heard of ſome ſuch thing.
Don Spinola made *General* of the *Jeſuits!* [*More of* Spinola.
A Prieſt! *Cym.* O, no, he is diſpens'd withal,
And the whole *Society*, who do now appear
The only Engineers of *Chriſtendom*.

P. jun. They have been thought ſo long, and rightly too.

Fit. Witneſs the Engine that they have preſented him,
To wind himſelf with, up into the *Moon*,
And thence make all his Diſcoveries! *Cym.* Read on.

Tho. And *Vittelleſco*, he that was laſt *General*,
Being now turn'd Cook to the Society,
Has dreſt his Excellence ſuch a Diſh of Eggs——

[*His* Eggs.

P. jun. What potch'd? *Tho.* No, powder'd.

Cym. All the Yolk is Wild-fire,
As he ſhall need beleaguer no more Towns,
But throw his *Egg* in. *Fit.* It ſhall clear conſume
Palace and Place, demoliſh and bear down
All ſtrengths before it. *Cym.* Never be extinguiſh'd,
Till all become one ruine! *Fit.* And from *Florence*.

Tho. They write was found in *Galilæo*'s Study,

[*Galilæo's Study.*

A burn-

A burning *Glaſs* (which they have ſent him too)
To Fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*——
Cym. By *Moonſhine*, is't not ſo?
Tho. Yes, Sir, i' the Water.
[*The burning Glaſs by Moon-ſhine.*
P. jun. His ſtrengths will be unreſiſtable, if this hold!
Ha' you no *News* againſt him on the contrary?
Cla. Yes, Sir, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,
[*The* Hollanders *Eel.*
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inviſible *Eel*,
To ſwim the Haven at *Dunkirk*, and ſink all
The Shipping there. *P. jun.* Why ha' not you this, *Thom?*
Cym. Becauſe he keeps the *Pontificial* ſide.
[Peni-boy *will have him change ſides.*
P. jun. How, change ſides, *Thom.* 'Twas never in my thought
To put thee up againſt our ſelves. Come down,
Quickly. *Cym.* Why, Sir?
P. jun. I venter'd not my Money
Upon thoſe Terms: If he may change, why ſo.
I'll ha' him keep his own ſide, ſure. *Fit.* Why, let him,
'Tis but writing ſo much over again.
P. jun. For that I'll bear the charge: There's two Pieces,
Fit. Come, do not ſtick with the Gentleman.
Cym. I'll take none, Sir.
And yet he ſhall ha' the Place.
P. jun. They ſhall be Ten then, [*Though he pay for it.*
Up *Thom:* and th' *Office* ſhall take 'em. Keep your ſide, *Thom.*
Know your own ſide, do not forſake your ſide, *Thom.*
Cym. Read. *Tho.* They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inviſible *Eel*,
To ſwim the Haven at *Dunkirk*, and ſink all
The ſhipping there. *P. jun.* But how is't done?
Cym. I'll ſhew you, Sir.
It is an *Automa*, runs under Water,
With a ſnug Noſe, and has a nimble Tail
Made like an *Auger*, with which Tail ſhe wrigles
Betwixt the Coaſts of a Ship, and ſinks it ſtreight.
P. jun. Whence ha' you this *News*.
Fit. From a right Hand I aſſure you,
The *Eel* Boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hythe*,
Came out of *Holland*. *P. jun.* A moſt brave Device,
To murder their flat bottoms. *Fit.* I do grant you:
But what if *Spinola* have a new *Project*:
[Spinola's *new Project*; *an Army in Cork-ſhooes.*
To bring an Army over in Cork-ſhooes,
And land them here at *Harwich*? all his Horſe
Are ſhod with Cork, and fourſcore Pieces of Ordinance,
Mounted upon Cork-carriages, with Bladders
In ſtead of Wheels to run the Paſſage over
At a Spring-tide. *P. jun.* Is't true?
Fit. As true as the reſt.
P. jun. He'll never leave his Engines: I would hear now
Some curious *News*. *Cym.* As what?
P. jun. Magick or *Alchimy*,
Or flying i' the Air, I care not what.
Cla. They write from *Libtzig* (Reverence to your Ears)
The Art of drawing Farts out of dead Bodies,
[*Extraction of Farts.*
Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Roſie Croſs*,
Produc'd unto Perfection, in ſo ſweet
And rich a *Tincture*— *Fit.* As there is no *Princeſs*,
But may perfume her Chamber with th' *Extraction.*
P. jun. There's for you, *Princeſs*.
P. Ca. What, a Fart for her?
P. jun. I mean the *Spirit*.
P. Ca. Beware how ſhe reſents it.
P. jun. And what haſt thou, *Thom?*
Tho. The perpetual Motion,
[*The perpetual Motion.*
Is here found out by an Ale-wife in Saint *Katherines*,
At the Sign o' the dancing Bears.
P. jun. What, from her Tap?
I'll go ſee that, or elſe I'll ſend old *Canter*.
He can make that diſcovery. *P. Ca.* Yes, in Ale.
P. jun. Let me have all this *News*, made up, and ſeal'd.
Reg. The People preſs upon us. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Withdraw with your fair *Princeſs*. There's a Room
[*The* Regiſter *offers him a Room.*
Within, Sir, to retire too. *P. jun.* No, good *Regiſter*,
We'll ſtand it out here, and obſerve your *Office*;
[*The* Office *call'd the Houſe of Fame.*
What *News* it iſſues. *Reg.* 'Tis the Houſe of *Fame*, Sir,
Where both the Curious and the Negligent;
The Scrupulous and Careleſs; Wild and Stay'd;
The Idle and Laborious; all do meet,
To taſte the *Cornu copiæ* of her Rumors,
Which ſhe, the Mother of Sport, pleaſeth to ſcatter
Among the vulgar: Baits, Sir, for the People!
And they will bite like Fiſhes. *P. jun.* Let's ſee't.
Dop. Ha' you in your profane Shop, any *News*.
[1. *Cuſt. A ſhe* Baptiſt.
O' the *Saints* at *Amſterdam*?
Reg. Yes, how much would you?
Dop. Six Penny worth.
Reg. Lay your Money down, read *Thomas*.
Tho. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, ſhortly,
[*Prophet* Baal *expected in* Holland.
The Prophet *Baal*, to be ſent over to them,
To calculate a *Time*, and half a *Time*,
And the whole *Time*, according to *Naometry*.
P. jun. What's that?
Tho. The meaſuring o' the *Temple*: a *Cabal*
Found out but lately, and ſet out by *Archie*,
[Archie *mourn'd then.*
Or ſome ſuch Head, of whoſe long Coat they have heard,
And being black, deſire it. *Dop.* Peace be with them!
Reg. So there had need, for they are ſtill by the Ear's
One with another. *Dop.* It is their Zeal.
Reg. Moſt likely.
Dop. Have you no other of that *ſpecies*? *Reg.* Yes,
But dearer, it will coſt you a Shilling. *Dop.* Verily,
There is a Nine-pence, I will ſhed no more.
Reg. Not to the good o' the *Saints*? *Dop.* I am not ſure,
That Man is good. *Reg.* Read, from *Conſtantinople*,
Nine penny'orth. *Tho.* They give out here, the *Grand Signior* [*The great* Turk *turn'd* Chriſtian.
Is certainly turn'd *Chriſtian*, and to clear
The Controverſie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,
Which is the *Anticbriſt*; he means to viſit
The *Church* at *Amſterdam*, this very Summer,
And quit all Marks o' the Beaſt. *Dop.* Now joyful *Tydings*.
Who brought in this? Which *Emiſſary*? *Reg. Buz.*
Your Country man. *Dop.* Now, bleſſed be the Man,
And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.
Reg. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Juſtice there!
This is a *Doper*, a ſhe *Anabaptiſt*!
Seal and deliver her her *News*, diſpatch.
C. 2. Ha' you any *News* from the *Indies*? any Miracle
[2. *Cuſt.*
Done in *Japan* by the *Jeſuites*? or in *China*?
Cla. No, but we hear of a *Colony* of Cooks
[*A* Colony *of Cooks ſent over to convert the* Cannibals.
To be ſet a ſhore o' the Coaſt of *America*,
For the converſion of the *Caniballs*,
And making them good eating *Chriſtians*.
Here comes the *Colonel* that undertakes it.
C. 3. Who? Captain *Lickfinger*?
[3. *Cuſt. by* Colonel Lickfinger.
Lic. News, *news* my Boys!
I am to furniſh a great Feaſt to day,
And I would have what *News* the *Office* affords.
Cla. We were venting ſome of you, of your *new project*.
Reg. Afore 'twas paid for, you were ſomewhat too haſty.
P. jun. What *Lickfinger!* wilt thou convert the *Caniballs*,
With Spit and Pan Divinity? *Lic.* Sir, for that
I will not urge, but for the Fire and Zeal

To the true Cauſe; thus I have undertaken:
With two Lay-brethren, to my ſelf, no more,
One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,
In one ſix Months, and by plain Cookery,
No Magick to't, but old *Japhets* Phyſick,
The Father of the *Europæan* Arts,
To make ſuch Sauces for the Savages,
And Cooks their Meats, with thoſe inticing Steems,
As it would make our *Canibal-Chriſtians*
Forbear the mutual eating one another,
Which they do do, more cunningly, then the wild
Antropophagi, that ſnatch only ſtrangers,
Like my old Patrons Dogs there. *P. jun.* O, my Uncles!
Is Dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? *Lic.* When you pleaſe, Sir.
I was beſpeaking but a Parcel of *News*,
To ſtrew out the long Meal withal, but't ſeems
You are furniſh'd here already. *P. jun.* O, not half!
Lic. What *Court-news* is there? any *Proclamations*,
Or *Edicts* to come forth? *Tho.* Yes, there is one?
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our Trade:
Whereof there is a manifeſt decay.
A *Precept* for the wearing of long Hair,
[*To let long Hair run to Seed, to ſow bald pates.*
To run to Seed, to ſow bald Pates withal,
And the preſerving fruitful Heads, and Chins,
To help a Myſtery almoſt antiquated.
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be ſeparated and ſet by
For *Uſhers* to old *Counteſſes*. *Lic.* And *Coachmen*,
To mount their Boxes reverently, and drive,
Like *Lapwings*, with a Shell upo' their Heads,
Thorow the Streets. Ha' you no *News* o' the *Stage*?
They'll ask me about *new Plays* at Dinner time.
And I ſhould be as dumb as a Fiſh. *Tho.* O! yes,
There is a *Legacy* left to the *King's Players*,
[Spalato's *Legacy to the* Players.
Both for their various ſhifting of their *Scene*,
And dext'rous change of their Perſons to all ſhapes,
And all diſguiſes: by the Right Reverend
Archbiſhop of *Spalato*. *Lic.* He is dead that play'd him!
Tho. Then h' has loſt his ſhare o' the *Legacy*.
Lic. What news of *Gundomar*? *Tho.* A ſecond *Fiſtula*,
[Gundomar's *uſe of the Game at* Cheſs, *or* Play *ſo called.*
Or an *Excoriation* (at leaſt)
For putting the poor *Engliſh play*, was writ of him,
To ſuch a ſordid uſe, as (is ſaid) he did,
Of cleanſing his *Poſterior's*. *Lic.* Juſtice! Juſtice!
Tho. Since when, he lives Condemn'd to his ſhare at *Bruxels*,
And there fits filing certain politick Hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h' has heav'd off the Hooks.
Lic. What muſt you have for theſe?
P. jun. Thou ſhalt pay nothing,
But reckon 'em 'i the Bill. There's twenty Pieces,
[*He gives Twenty pieces to the* Office.
Her *Grace* beſtows upon the *Office*, *Thom*:
VVrite thou that down for *News*. *Reg.* We may well do't,
We have not many ſuch. *P. jun.* There's Twenty more,
If you ſay ſo; my *Princeſs* is a *Princeſs*! [*Doubles it.*
And put that too, under the *Office* Seal.
[Cym. *takes* Pecunia *aſide, courts and woos her to the* Office.
Cym. If it will pleaſe your *Grace* to ſojourn here,
And take my Roof for covert, you ſhall know
The Rites belonging to your Blood and Birth,
Which few can apprehend: theſe ſordid Servants,
Which rather are your Keepers, then Attendants,
Should not come near your Preſence. I would have
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your Train
Born up by Perſons of Quality and Honour;
Your Meat ſhould be ſerv'd in with curious Dances,
And ſet upon the Board with Virgin hands,
Tun'd to their Voices; not a Diſh remov'd,
But to the *Muſick*, nor a drop of Wine,
Mixt with his Water, without *Harmony*.
Pec. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or ſomewhat more?
That have this tempting Language!
Cym. I'm your Servant,
Excellent *Princeſs*, and would ha' you appear
That which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,
Of theſe our Times, dazle the vulgar Eyes,
And ſtrike the People blind with admiration.
P. Can. Why, that's the end of Wealth! thruſt Riches outward,
And remain Beggers within: contemplate nothing
But the vile ſordid things of Time, Place, Money,
And let the Noble and the Precious go;
Vertue and Honeſty, hang 'em; poor thin Membranes
Of Honour; who reſpects them? O, the *Fates!*
How hath all juſt true Reputation fall'n,
Since Money, this baſe Money 'gan to have any!
[Fitton *hath been courting the Waiting-women, this while, and is jeered by them.*
Ban. Pitty the Gentleman is not Immortal.
Wax. As he gives out, the Place is by deſcription.
Fit. A very *Paradiſe*, if you ſaw all, *Lady*.
Wax. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you miſtake,
My *Lady* may ſee all.
Fit. Sweet Miſtris *Statute*, gentle Miſtris *Band*,
And Mother *Mortgage*, do but get her *Grace*
To ſojourn here.—— *Pic.* I thank you gentle *Wax*.
Mor. If it were a *Chattel*, I would try my Credit.
Pic. So it is, for *Term of Life*, we count it ſo.
Sta. She means *Inheritance* to *him* and his *Heirs*:
Or that he could aſſure a *State* of *years*:
I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,
Or what he pleaſe. *Pic.* He can expect no more.
Ban. His Couſin, Alderman *Security*,
That he did talk of ſo, e'en now—— *Sta.* Who is
The very Broch o' the Bench, Gem o' the City.
Ban. He and his Deputy, but aſſure his Life
For one *Seven years*. *Sta.* And ſee what we'll do for him,
Upon his *Scarlet* Motion. *Ban.* And old *Chain*,
That draws the City-ears. *Wax.* When he ſays nothing,
But twirls it thus. *Sta.* A moving *Oratory!*
Ban. Dumb *Rhetorick* and ſilent *Eloquence!*
As the fine *Poet* ſays! *Fit.* Come, they all ſcorn us,
Do you not ſee't? the *Family* of ſcorn!
Bro. Do not believe him! gentle Maſter *Picklock*,
They underſtood you not: the Gentlewomen,
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* ſojourn with you,
And you deſire but now and then a Viſit?
Pic. Yes, if ſhe pleas'd, Sir, it would much advance
Unto the *Office* her continual Reſidence!
(I ſpeak but as a Member.) *Bro.* 'Tis enough.
I apprehend you. And it ſhall go hard,
But I'll ſo work, as ſome body ſhall work her!
Pic. 'Pray you change with our Maſter, but a word about it.
P. jun. Well, *Lickfinger*, ſee that our Meat be ready,
Thou haſt *News* enough. *Lic.* Something of *Bethlem Gabor*,
And then I'm gone. *Tho.* We hear he has deviſ'd
A *Drum*, to fill all *Chriſtendom* with the ſound:
[Bethlem Gabor's *Drum.*
But that he cannot draw his Forces near it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noiſe.
And therefore he is fain by a deſign,
To carry 'em in the Air, and at ſome diſtance,
Till he be married, then they ſhall appear.
Lic. Or never; well, God b' wi' you (ſtay, who's here?)
A little of the *Duke* of *Bavier*, and then——
[*The* Duke *of* Bavier.
Cla. H' has taken a gray Habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Miller*, grinds the Catholick Griſt
With every Wind: and *Tilly* takes the Toll.
Cuſ. 4. Ha' you any *news* o' the *Pageants* to ſend down
[4. *Cuſt. The Pageants.*

Into

Into the ſeveral *Counties?* All the Country
Expected from the City moſt brave Speeches,
Now, at the Coronation. *Lic.* It expected
More than it underſtood: for they ſtand mute,
Poor innocent dumb things; they are but Wood,
As is the Bench and Blocks, they were wrought on; yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sun* ſhine, perhaps,
They'll ſing like *Memnon*'s Statue, and be vocal.
Cuſ. 5. Ha' you any *Forreſt-news?*
[5. Cuſt. *The new* Park *in the* Forreſt *of* Fools.
Tho. None very wild, Sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forreſt* of Fools,
A new *Park* is a making there, to ſever
Cuckolds of *Antler*, from the Raskals. Such
Whoſe Wives are dead, and have ſince caſt their Heads,
Shall remain *Cuckolds-pollard*. *Lic.* I'll ha' that *news*.
Cuſ. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5. And I.
[Peni-boy *would invite the Maſter of the* Office.
Cym. Sir, I deſire to be excus'd; and, *Madam*,
I cannot leave my *Office* the firſt day.
My Couſin *Fitton* here, ſhall wait upon you,
And *Emiſſary Picklock*. *P. jun.* And *Thom. Clericus?*
Cym. I cannot ſpare him yet, but he ſhall follow you,
When they have ordered the *Rolls*. Shut up th' *Office*,
When you ha' done, 'till two a Clock.

Act III. Scene III.

Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Clerks.

BY your leave, *Clerks*,
Where ſhall we dine to day? do you know? the
Alm. Where's my fellow *Fitton?* (Jeerers.
Tho. New gone forth.
Shun. Cannot your *Office* tell us, what brave fellows
Do eat together to Day, in Town, and where?
Tho. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the brave Heir, young *Peni-boy*,
Dines in *Apollo*. *Mad.* Come, let's thither then,
I ha' ſupt in *Apollo!* *Alm.* With the *Muſes*. *Mad.* No,
But with two Gentlewomen, call'd the *Graces*.
Alm. They' were ever three in *Poetry*.
Mad. This was truth, Sir.
Tho. Sir, Maſter *Fitton*'s there too! *Shun.* All the better!
Alm. We may have a jeer, perhaps.
Shun. Yes, you'll drink, *Doctor*,
(If there be any good Meat) as much good Wine now,
As would lay up a *Dutch Ambaſſador*.
Tho. If he dine there, he's ſure to have good Meat,
For *Lickfinger* provides the Dinner. *Alm.* Who?
The glory o' the Kitchin? that holds *Cookery*
A Trade from *Adam?* quotes his *Broths* and *Sallads?*
And ſwears he's not dead yet, but tranſlated
In ſome *immortal Cruſt*, the *Paſte* of *Almonds?*
Mad. The ſame. He holds no Man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cook*, to know the Palats,
And ſeveral *taſtes* o' the time. He draws all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
Which he concludes the ſame with *Cookery*.
Shun. Tut, he maintains more *Hereſis* than that.
He'll draw the *Magiſterium* from a Minc'd-pye,
And prefer Jellies, to your *Julips*, *Doctor*.
Alm. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a brave piece of *Cookery!* at a Funeral!
But opening the Pot-lid, he made us laugh,
Who' had wept all Day! and ſent us ſuch a tickling
Into our Noſtrils, as the Funeral Feaſt
Had bin a Wedding-dinner. *Shun.* Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*
Sing i' the Kettle, ſend in an *Arion*,
In a brave Broth, and of a watry Green,
Juſt the Sea-colour, mounted on the back
Of a grown *Conger*, but in ſuch a poſture,
As all the World would take him for a *Dolphin*.
Mad. He's a rare Fellow, without queſtion! but
He holds ſome *Paradoxes*. *Alm.* I, and *Pſeudodoxes*.
Marry, for moſt, he's *Orthodox* i' the *Kitchin*.
Mad. And knows the *Clergies* taſte!
Alm. I, and the *Laieties!*
Shun. You think not o' your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not preſently. *Mad.* Away then. *Shun.* Sirs,
You muſt get o' this *News*, to ſtore your *Office*,
Who dines and ſups i' the Town? where, and *with whom?*
'Twill be beneficial: when you are ſtor'd,
And as we like our fare, we ſhall reward you.
Cla. A hungry Trade, 'twill be.
Tho. Much like *D. Humphries*,
But, now and then, as th' holeſome Proverb ſays,
'Twill *obſonare famem ambulando*.
Cla. Shut up the *Office*, gentle Brother *Thomas*.
Tho. Brother *Nathaniel*, I ha' the Wine for you.
I hope to ſee us, one day, *Emiſſaries*.
Cla. Why not? 'Slid, I deſpair not to be *Maſter!*

Act III. Scene IV.

Peni-boy ſen. Broker, Cymbal.

He is ſtarted with Broker's *coming back.*

HOw now? I think I was born under *Hercules Star*:
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppreſs me?
Why come you back? where is your charge?
Bro. I ha' brought
A gentleman to ſpeak with you.
P. ſen. To ſpeak with me?
You know 'tis death for me to ſpeak with any Man.
What is he? ſet me a Chair. *Bro.* He's the *Maſter*
Of the great *Office*. *P. ſen.* What?
Bro. The *Staple of News*,
A mighty thing, they talk *Six thouſand* a year.
P. ſen. Well, bring your *fix* in. Where ha' you left *Pecunia?*
Bro. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are ſcarce ſet.
P. ſen. Bring *fix*.
Bro. Here is the Gentleman.
P. ſen. He muſt pardon me,
I cannot riſe, a diſeas'd Man. *Cym.* By no means, Sir,
Reſpect your Health and Eaſe.
P. ſen. It is no pride in me!
But pain, pain; what's your Errand, Sir, to me?
Broker, return to your Charge, be *Argus*-eyed,
[*He ſends* Broker *back.*
Awake, to the affair you have in hand,
Serve in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.
Go on, Sir. *Cym.* I am come to ſpeak with you.
P. ſen. 'Tis pain for me to ſpeak, a very death,
But I will hear you! *Cym.* Sir, you have a *Lady*,
That ſojourns with you.
P. ſen. Ha? I am ſomewhat ſhort
[*He pretends infirmity.*
In my ſenſe too— *Cym. Pecunia.* *P. ſen.* O'that ſide,
Very imperfect, on— *Cym.* Whom I would draw
Oftner to a poor *Office*, I am *Maſter* of—
P. ſen. My Hearing is very dead, you muſt ſpeak quicker.
Cym. Or, if it pleaſe you, Sir, to let her ſojourn
In part with me; I have a *moiety*,
We will divide, half of the profits. *P. ſen.* Ha?
I hear you better now, how come they in?
Is it a certain *buſineſs*, or a caſual?
For I am loth to ſeek out doubtful courſes,
Run any hazardous Paths, I love ſtrait Ways,
A juſt and upright Man! now all Trade totters.
The Trade of Mony is fal'n two i' the *Hundred*.
That was a certain Trade, while th' Age was thrifty,
And Men good Husbands, look'd unto their Stocks,
Had their Minds bounded; now the publick Riot
Proſtitutes all, ſcatters away in Coaches,

In

In foot-mens Coats, and waiting Womens Gowns,
They muſt have Velvet Hanches (with a Pox)
Now taken up, and yet not pay the Uſe;
Bate of the Uſe? I am mad with this times manners.
[*He talks vehemently and aloud.*
Cym. You ſaid e'en now, it was death for you to ſpeak.
P. ſen. I, but an anger, a juſt anger, (as this is)
Puts life in Man. Who can endure to ſee
The fury of Mens Gullets, and their Groins?
What Fires, what Cooks, what Kitchens might be ſpar'd?
[*Is mov'd more and more.*
What Stews, Ponds, Parks, Coups, Garners, Magazines?
What Velvets, Tiſſues, Scarfs, Embroyderies,
And Laces they might lack? They covet things ——
Superfluous ſtill; when it were much more honour
They could want neceſſary! What need hath Nature
Of Silver Diſhes? or Gold Chamber-pots?
Of perfum'd Napkins? or a numerous Family,
To ſee her eat? Poor, and wiſe ſhe, requires
Meat only; Hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the *Emperor* of Pleaſures,
The great *Dictator* of Faſhions, for all *Europe*,
And had the Pomp of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdoms*,
Laid forth unto the ſhew? to make your ſelf
Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You muſt go to Bed,
And take your natural reſt: then, all this vaniſheth.
Your Bravery was but ſhown; 'twas not poſſeſt:
While it did boaſt it ſelf, it was then periſhing.
Cym. This Man has healthful Lungs.
P. ſen. All that exceſs
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.
It ſcarce fills up the expectation
Of a few Hours, that entertains Mens lives.
Cym. He has the *monopoly* of ſole-ſpeaking.
Why, good Sir? you talk all. [*He is angry.*
P. ſen. Why ſhould I not?
Is it not under mine own Roof? my Ceiling?
Cym. But I came here to talk with you.
P. ſen. Why, an' I will not
Talk with you, Sir? you are anſwer'd; who ſent for you?
[*Bids him get out of his Houſe.*
Cym. No body ſent for me——
P. ſen. But you came; why then
Go as you came, here's no Man holds you; There,
There lies your way, you ſee the Door.
Cym. This's ſtrange!
P. ſen. 'Tis my civility, when I do not reliſh
The Party, or his buſineſs. Pray you be gone, Sir.
I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*
Your *Bark* of *Six*, if 'twere *ſixteen*, good, Sir.
Cym. You are a Rogue. [Cymbal *rails at him.*
P. ſen. I think I am Sir, truly.
Cym. A Raſcal, and a *Mony-bawd*.
P. ſen. My Sirnames:
Cym. A wretched Raſcal!
P. ſen. You will overflow—— [*He jeers him.*
And ſpill all. *Cym.* Caterpiller, Moath,
Horſe-leach, and Dung-worm——
P. ſen. Still you loſe your labour.
I am a broken Veſſel, all runs out:
A ſhrunk old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Six*.

The third *Intermean* after the third *Act*.

CEnſure. *A notable tough Raſcal; this old* Peni-boy! *right City-bred!*

Mirth. *In* Silver-*ſtreet, the* Region *of* Money, *a good ſeat for an Uſurer.*

Tattle. *He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receit to make an* Alderman, *an' he were well wrought upon, according to* Art.

Exp. *I would fain ſee an* Alderman *in* chimia! *that is a Treatiſe of* Aldermanity *truly written.*

Cen. *To ſhew how much it differs from* Urbanity.

Mirth. *I, or* Humanity. *Either would appear in this* Peni-boy, *an' he were rightly diſtill'd. But how like you the News? you are gone from that.*

Cen. O, *they are monſtrous! ſcurvy! and ſtale! and too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill diſh'd!*

Exp. *They were as good, yet, as Butter could make them!*

Tat. *In a word, they were beaſtly buttered! ſhe ſhall never come o' my Bread more, nor in my Mouth, if I can help it. I have better News from the Bake-houſe, by ten thouſand parts, in a morning: or the Conduits in* Weſtminſter! *all the News of* Tuttle-*ſtreet, and both the* Alm'ries! *the two* Sanctuaries! *long and round* Wool-ſtaple! *with* King's-*ſtreet, and* Chanon-*row to boot!*

Mirth. *I, my Goſſip* Tattle *knew what fine ſlips grew in* Gardiners-lane; *who kiſt the Butchers Wife with the Cows-breath; what Matches were made in the* Bowling-Alley, *and what Bets won and loſt; how much Griſt went to the* Mill, *and what beſides: who conjur'd in* Tuttle-fields, *and how many? when they never came there. And which Boy rode upon* Doctor Lamb, *in the likeneſs of a roaring* Lyon, *that run away with him in his Teeth, and ha's not devour'd him yet.*

Tat. *Why, I had it from my maid* Joan Hear-ſay: *and ſhe had it from a* Limb o' the School, *ſhe ſays, a little* Limb *of nine year old; who told her, the* Maſter *left out his Conjuring-Book one day, and he found it, and ſo the* Fable *came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Goſſips are bound to believe it, an't be once out, and a foot: how ſhould we entertain the time elſe, or find our ſelves in faſhionable diſcourſe, for all Companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?*

Cen. *For my part, I believe it: and there were no wiſer than I, I would have ne'er a cunning* School-Maſter *in* England. *I mean a* Cunning-Man, *a* School-Maſter; *that is a* Conjurer, *or a* Poet, *or that had any acquaintance with a* Poet. *They make all their Scholars* Play-boys! *Is't not a fine ſight, to ſee all our Children made* Enterluders? *Do we pay our Money for this? we ſend them to learn their* Grammar, *and their* Terence, *and they learn their* Play-books? *well, they talk, we ſhall have no more Parliaments (God bleſs us) but an' we have, I hope,* Zeal-of-the-land Buzy, *and my Goſſip,* Rabby Trouble-truth *will ſtart up, and ſee we ſhall have painful good Miniſters to keep School, and* Catechiſe *our youth, and not teach 'em to ſpeak* Plays, *and act* Fables *of falſe News, in this manner, to the ſuper-vexation of Town and Country, with a Wanion.*

Act IV. Scene II.

Peni-boy jun. Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Canter, Picklock.

COme, Gentlemen, let's breath from *Healths* a while.
This *Lickfinger* has made us a good Dinner,
For our *Pecunia:* what ſhall's do with our ſelves,
While the Women water? and the *Fidlers* eat?
Fit. Let's jeer a little. *P. jun.* Jeer? what's that?
Shun. Expect, Sir.
Alm. We firſt begin with our ſelves, and then at you,
Shun. A Game we uſe.
Mad. We jeer all kind of Perſons
We meet withal, of any Rank or Quality,
And if we cannot jeer them, we jeer our ſelves.
P. Ca. a pretty ſweet Society! and a grateful!
Pic. 'Pray let's ſee ſome.
Shun. Have at you then, *Lawyer.*
They ſay, there was one of your Coat in *Bet'lem*, lately,
Alm. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.
Mad. They were the madder ſort.
Pic. Except, Sir, one
Like you, and he made Verſes. *Fit. Madrigal,*
A jeer. *Mad.* I know.

Shun. But

Shun. But what did you do, *Lawyer*,
When you made Love to Miſtris *Band*, at Dinner?
Mad. Why? of an Advocate, he grew the *Clyent*.
P. jun. Well play'd, my *Poet*.
Mad. And ſhew'd the *Law* of *Nature*
Was there above the *Common-Law*. *Shun.* Quit, quit.
P. jun. Call you this jeering? I can play at this,
'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*. *Fit.* Very like,
But we were not well in. *Alm.* 'Tis indeed, Sir.
When we do ſpeak at volley, all the ill
We can one of another. *Shun.* As this morning,
(I would you had heard us) of the Rogue your *Uncle*.
Alm. That *Mony-bawd*.
Mad. We call'd him a *Coat-card*
O' the laſt order. *P. jun.* What's that? a *Knave*?
Mad. Some readings have it ſo, *my manuſcript*
Doth ſpeak it, *Varlet*. *P. Ca.* And your ſelf a *Fool*
O' the firſt Rank, and one ſhall have the leading
O' the Right-hand File, under this brave Commander.
P. jun. What ſaiſt thou, *Canter*?
P. Ca. Sir, I ſay this is
A very wholſom exerciſe, and comely.
Like Lepers, ſhewing one another their Scabs,
Or Flies feeding on Ulcers.
P. jun. What *News* Gentlemen?
Ha' you any News for after Dinner? methinks
We ſhould not ſpend our time unprofitably. (Supper
P. Ca. They never lye, Sir, between Meals, 'gainſt
You may have a *Bale* or two brought in. *Fit.* This *Canter*.
Is an old envious Knave! *Alm.* A very Raſcal!
Fit. I ha' mark'd him all this Meal, he has done nothing
But mock, with ſcurvy Faces, all we ſaid.
Alm. A ſupercilious Rogue! he looks as if
He were the *Patrico*— *Mad.* Or *Arch-prieſt* o' *Canters*.
Shun. He's ſome *primate metropolitan* Raſcal,
Our Shot-clog makes ſo much of him. *Alm.* The *Law*,
And he does govern him.
P. jun. What ſay you, Gentlemen?
Fit. We ſay, we wonder not, your Man o' *Law*
Should be ſo gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This Rogue, this *Canter*!
P. jun. O, good words. *Fit.* A Fellow
That ſpeaks no Language——
Alm. But what gingling *Gipſies*
And *Pedlers* trade in— *Fit.* And no honeſt *Chriſtian*
Can underſtand— *P. Ca.* Why? by that argument,
You all are *Canters*, you, and you, and you,
[*He ſpeaks to all the* Jeerers.
All the whole World are *Canters*, I will prove it
In your *profeſſions*. *P. jun.* I would fain hear this:
But ſtay, my *Princeſs* comes, provide the while,
I'll call for't anon. How fares your *Grace*?

Act IV. Scene II.

To them.] *Lickfinger, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax.*

I Hope the fare was good. *Pec.* Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we ſhall thank you for't, and reward you.
Mad. Nay, I'll not loſe my argument, *Lickfinger*;
[Lickfinger *is challeng'd by* Madrigal *of an Argument.*
Before theſe Gentlemen, I affirm,
The perfect, and true ſtrain of Poetry,
Is rather to be given the quick *Celler*,
Than the fat *Kitchen*. *Lic. Heretick*, I ſee
Thou art for the vain *Oracle* of the *Bottle*.
The Hogſhead, *Triſmegiſtus* is thy *Pegaſus*.
Thence flows thy *Muſes* Spring, from that hard Hoof:
Seduced *Poet*, I do ſay to thee,
A Boyler, Range, and Dreſſer were the *Fountains*
Of all the Knowledge in the *Univerſe*.
And they 'are the *Kitchens*, where the *Maſter-Cook*——
(Thou doſt not know the Man, nor canſt thou know him,
Till thou haſt ſerv'd ſome years in that deep School,
That's both the *Nurſe* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
And hear'ſt him read, interpret, and demonſtrate!)
A *Maſter Cook!* Why, he's the *Man* o' Men,
For a *Profeſſor!* he Deſigns, he Draws,
He Paints, he Carves, he Builds, he Fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious Fowl and Fiſh,
Some he *dri-diſhes*, ſome *motes* round with *Broths*.
Mounts *Marrow-bones*, cuts *fifty angled Cuſtards*,
Rears *Bulwark* Pies, and for his *outer works*
He raiſeth *Ramparts* of immortal *Cruſt*;
And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one Dinner:
What *Ranks*, what *Files*, to put his Diſhes in;
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knows
The influence of the *Stars* upon his Meats,
And all their Seaſons, Tempers, Qualities,
And ſo to fit his Reliſhes, and Sauces,
He has *Nature* in a Pot, 'bove all the *Chymiſts*,
Or airy Brethren of the *Roſie-croſs*.
He is an *Architect*, an *Ingineer*,
A *Soldier*, a *Phyſician*, a *Philoſopher*,
A general *Mathematician*. *Mad.* It is granted.
Lic. And that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*—
Alm. This *fury* ſhews, if there were nothing elſe!
And 'tis Divine! I ſhall for ever hereafter,
Admire the wiſdom of a *Cook!* *Ban.* And we, Sir!
[Peni-boy *is courting his* Princeſs *all the while.*
P. jun. O, how my *Princeſs* draws me with her looks,
And hales me in, as Eddies draw in Boats,
Or ſtrong *Charybdis* Ships, that ſail too near
The Shelves of *Love!* The Tides of your two Eyes!
Wind of your Breath, are ſuch as ſuck in all
That do approach you!
Pec. Who hath chang'd my ſervant? (Beams;
P. jun. Your ſelf, who drink my Blood up with your
As doth the *Sun*, the *Sea!* *Pecunia* ſhines
More in the World than he: and makes it *Spring*
Where e'er ſhe favours! 'pleaſe her but to ſhow
Her melting Wriſts, or bare her Ivory Hands,
She catches ſtill! her Smiles they are *Love's* Fetters!
Her Breaſts his Apples! her Teats Strawberries!
Where *Cupid* (were he preſent now) would cry,
Fare well my Mothers Milk, here's ſweeter *Nectar!*
Help me to praiſe *Pecunia*, Gentlemen:
She's your *Princeſs*, lend your wits. *Fit.* A *Lady*,
The *Graces* taught to move! *Alm.* The *Hours* did nurſe.
[*They all begin the Encomium of* Pecunia.
Fit. Whoſe Lips are the inſtructions of all *Lovers!*
Alm. Her Eyes their lights, and rivals to the *Stars!*
Fit. A Voice, as if that *Harmony* ſtill ſpake!
Alm. And poliſh'd Skin, whiter than *Venus* Foot!
Fit. Young *Hebes* Neck, or *Juno's* Arms!
Alm. A Hair,
Large as the *Mornings*, and her Breath as ſweet
As Meddows after Rain, and but new mown!
Fit. Læda might yield unto her, for a Face!
Alm. Hermione for Breaſts! *Fit. Flora*, for Cheeks!
Alm. And *Helen* for a Mouth!
P. jun. Kiſs, kiſs 'em, *Princeſs*. [*She kiſſeth them.*
Fit. The Pearl doth ſtrive in whiteneſs with her Neck,
Alm. But loſeth by it: here the *Snow* thaws Snow;
One froſt reſolves another! *Fit.* O, ſhe has
A Front too ſlippery to be look't upon!
Alm. And glances that beguile the ſeer's Eyes!
P. jun. Kiſs, kiſs again; what ſays my *Man o' War?*
[*Again.*
Shun. I ſay, ſhe's more than *Fame* can promiſe of her.
A *Theme* that's overcome with her own matter!
Praiſe is ſtruck blind, and deaf, and dumb with her!
She doth aſtoniſh *Commendation!*
P. jun. Well pumpt i' faith old *Sailor*: kiſs him too,
[*She kiſſeth* Captain Shunfield.
Though he be a ſlug. What ſays my *Poet-ſucker?*
He's chewing his *Muſes* cud, I do ſee by him.

Mad. I

Mad. I have almoſt done, I want but e'en to finiſh.
Fit. That's the 'ill luck of all his works ſtill.
P. jun. What?
Fit. To begin many works, but finiſh none;
P. jun. How does he do his Miſtris work?
Fit. Imperfect.
Alm. I cannot think he finiſheth that.
P. jun. Let's hear.
Mad. It is a *Madrigal*, I affect that kind
Of *Poem*, much. *P. jun.* And thence you ha'the name.
Fit. It is his *Roſe.* He can make nothing elſe.
Mad. I made it to the *Tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,
That we all lik'd ſo well. *P. jun.* Good, read it, read it.
Mad. The *Sun* is Father of all Mettals, you know,
Silver, and Gold. *P. jun.* I, leave your *Prologues*, ſay!

SONG.

Mad. *AS bright as is the* Sun *her Sire,*
Or Earth *her Mother, in her beſt Attire,*
Or Mint, *the Mid-wife, with her fire,*
Comes forth her Grace! { *P. jun.* That *Mint* the Midwife does well.
The ſplendour of the wealthieſt Mines!
The ſtamp, and ſtrength of all imperial lines,
Both Majeſty and Beauty ſhines, { *Fit.* That's fairly ſaid of *Money.*
In her ſweet Face!
Look how a Torch, of Taper light,
Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright; [*P. jun.* Good!
Mad. Now there, I want a Line to finiſh, Sir.
P. jun. *Or of that Beacons fire, Moon-light:*
Mad. *So takes ſhe place!* [*Fit.* 'Tis good.
And then I 'have a *Saraband*——
She makes good Chear, ſhe keeps full Boards,
She holds a Fair of Knights *and* Lords,
A Market of all Offices,
And Shops of Honour, more or leſs.
According to Pecunia's Grace,
The Bride hath Beauty, Blood, and Place;
The Bridegroom Vertue, Valour, Wit,
And Wiſdom, as he ſtands for it.
Pic. Call in the *Fidlers.* *Nick*, the Boy ſhall ſing it,
Sweet *Princeſs*, kiſs him, kiſs 'em all, dear *Madam*,
And at the cloſe, vouchſafe to call them *Couſins.*
[*He urgeth her to kiſs them all.*
Pec. Sweet *Couſin Madrigal*, and *Couſin Fitton*,
My *Couſin Shunfield*, and my learned *Couſin.*
P. Ca. Al-manach, though they call him *Almanack.*
P. jun. Why, here's the *Prodigal* proſtitutes his *Miſtris!*
P. jun. And *Picklock*, he muſt be a Kinſman too.
My *Man o' Law* will teach us all to win,
And keep our own. Old *Founder.*
P. Ca. Nothing, I Sir?
I am a Wretch, a Begger. She the *fortunate*,
Can want no Kindred; we the poor know none.
Fit. Nor none ſhall know, by my conſent.
Alm. Nor mine.
P. jun. Sing, Boy, ſtand here. [*The Boy ſings the Song.*
P. Ca. Look, look, how all their Eyes
Dance i' their Heads (obſerve) ſcatter'd with Luſt!
At ſight o' their brave *Idol!* how they are tickl'd,
With a light Air! the bawdy *Saraband!*
They are a kind of dancing Engines all!
And ſet by Nature, thus to run alone
To every ſound! All things within, without them,
Move, but their Brain, and that ſtands ſtill! mere Monſters
Here, in a Chamber, of moſt ſubtil Feet!
And make their Legs in tune, paſſing the Streets!
Theſe are the gallant Spirits o' the Age!
The Miracles o' the time! that can cry up
And down Mens Wits! and ſet what rate on things
Their half-brain'd Fancies pleaſe! Now Pox upon 'em.
See how ſolicitouſly he learns the Jigg,
As if it were a Myſtery of his Faith!
Shun. A dainty ditty! *Fit.* O, he's a dainty *Poet!*
When he ſets to't! *P. jun.* And a dainty *Scholar!*
[*They are all ſtruck with admiration.*
Alm. No, no great *Scholar*, he writes like a *Gentleman.*
Shun. Pox o' your *Scholar.*
P. Ca. Pox o' your diſtinction!
As if a *Scholar* were no *Gentleman.*
With theſe, to write like a *Gentleman*, will in time
Become, all one, as to write like an *Aſs.*
Theſe *Gentlemen?* theſe Raſcals! I am ſick
Of indignation at 'em. *P. jun.* How do you lik't, Sir?
Fit. 'Tis excellent! *Alm.* 'Twas excellently ſung!
Fit. A dainty *Air!* *P. jun.* What ſays my *Lickfinger?*
Lic. I am telling Miſtris *Band*, and Miſtris *Statute*,
What a brave *Gentleman* you are, and *Wax*, here!
How much 'twere better, that my *Ladies Grace*,
Would here take up Sir, and keep Houſe with you.
P. jun. What ſay they?
Sta. We could conſent, Sir, willingly.
Band. I, if we knew her *Grace* had the leaſt liking.
Wax. We muſt obey her *Graces* will and pleaſure.
P. jun. I thank you, *Gentlewoman*, ply 'em, *Lickfinger.*
Give *Mother Mortgage*, there——
Lic. Her doſe of Sack.
I have it for her, and her diſtance of *Hum.*
Pec. Indeed therein, I muſt confeſs, dear *Couſin*,
I am a moſt unfortunate *Princeſs.* *Alm.* And
You ſtill will be ſo, when your *Grace* may help it.
[*The Gallants are all about* Pecunia.
Mad. Who'ld lie in a Room, with a Cloſe-ſtool, and Garlick,
And kennel with his Dogs, that had a *Prince*
Like this young *Peni-boy*, to ſojourn with?
Shun. He'll let you ha' your liberty— *Alm.* Go forth,
Whither you pleaſe, and to what Company—
Mad. Scatter your ſelf amongſt us——
P. jun. Hope of *Pernaſſus!*
Thy *Ivy* ſhall not wither, nor thy *Bays*,
Thou ſhalt be had into her *Graces* Cellar,
And there know Sack, and Claret, all *December*,
Thy Vein is rich, and we muſt cheriſh it.
Poets and Bees ſwarm now adays, but yet
There are not thoſe good Taverns, for the one ſort,
As there are Flowry Fields to feed the other.
Though Bees be pleas'd with Dew, ask little *Wax*,
That brings the Honey to her *Ladies* Hive:
The *Poet* muſt have Wine. And he ſhall have it.

Act IV. Scene III.

Peni-boy ſen. Peni-boy jun. Lickfinger, &c.

BRoker? What *Broker?*
P. jun. Who's that? my Uncle!
P. ſen. I am abus'd; where is my Knave? my *Broker?*
Lic. Your *Broker* is laid out upon a Bench, yonder,
Sack hath ſeiz'd on him, in the ſhape of Sleep.
Pic. He hath been dead to us almoſt this Hour.
P. ſen. This Hour?
P. Ca. Why ſigh you, Sir? 'cauſe he's at reſt?
P. ſen. It breeds my unreſt. *Lic.* Will you take a Cup
And try if you can ſleep? *P. ſen.* No, cogging *Jack*,
Thou and thy Cups too, periſh.
[*He ſtrikes the Sack out of his Hand.*
Shun. O, the Sack!
Mad. The Sack, the Sack! *P. Ca.* A *Madrigal* on Sack!
Pic. Or rather an *Elegie*, for the Sack is gone.
Pec. Why do you this, Sir? ſpill the Wine, and rave?
For *Booker's* ſleeping?
P. ſen. What through ſleep and Sack,
My truſt is wrong'd: but I am ſtill awake,
To wait upon your *Grace*, pleaſe you to quit
This ſtrange lew'd Company, they are not for you.
[*He would have* Pecunia *home, but ſhe refuſeth, and her Train.*

Pec. No

Pec. No, *Guardian*, I do like them very well.
P. ſen. Your *Graces* Pleaſure be obſerv'd; but you
Statute, and *Band*, and *Wax*, will go with me?
Stat. Truly we will not.
Ban. We will ſtay, and wait here
Upon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinſman.*
P. ſen. Noble! how Noble! who hath made him Noble?
P. jun. Why, my moſt noble Money hath, or ſhall;
My *Princeſs* here: She, that had you but kept,
And treated kindly, would have made you *noble*,
And wiſe too; nay, perhaps have done that for you,
An *Act* of *Parliament* could not, made you *honeſt.*
The truth is, Uncle, that her *Grace* diſlikes
Her Entertainment, ſpecially her Lodging.
Pec. Nay, ſay her Jayl. Never *unfortunate Princeſs*
Was us'd ſo by a Jaylor. Ask my Women,
Band, you can tell, and *Statute*, how he has us'd me,
Kept me cloſe Priſoner, under twenty Bolts——
Stat. And forty Padlocks— *Ban.* All malicious Engines
A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his Iron;
As Locks and Keys, Shackles and Manacles,
To torture a great *Lady.* *Stat.* H' has abus'd
Your *Graces* Body. *Pec.* No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the uſe
Of our Bodies, *Band*, and *Wax*, and ſometimes *Statutes*:
But once he would ha' ſmother'd me in a Cheſt,
And ſtrangl'd me in Leather, but that you
Came to my reſcue then, and gave me Air.
Stat. For which he cramm'd us up in a cloſe Box,
All three together, where we ſaw no *Sun*
In one *ſix Months.* *Wax.* A cruel Man he is!
Ban. H' has left my Fellow *Wax* out i' the cold,
Stat. Till ſhe was ſtiff as any Froſt, and crumbl'd
Away to Duſt, and almoſt loſt her Form.
Wax. Much ado to recover me.
P. ſen. Women Jeerers!
Have you learn'd too the ſubtil Faculty?
Come, I'll ſhew you the way home, if Drink,
Or too full Diet have diſguis'd you. *Ban.* Troth,
We have not any mind, Sir, of return——
Stat. To be bound Back to Back——
Ban. And have our Legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about— *Wax.* Or elſe diſplay'd—
Stat. Be lodg'd with Duſt and Fleas, as we were wont—
Ban. And dieted with Dogs-dung.
P. ſen. Why, you Whores,
My Bawds, my Inſtruments, what ſhould I call you,
Man may think baſe enough for you?
P. jun. Hear you, Uncle:
I muſt not hear this of my *Princeſs* Servants,
And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia*'s Room.
Go, get you down the Stairs; home, to your Kennel,
As ſwiftly as you can. Conſult your Dogs,
The *Lares* of your Family; or, believe it,
The Fury of a Foot-man and a Drawer
Hangs over you. *Shun.* Cudgel and Pot do threaten
A kind of Vengeance. *Mad.* Barbers are at hand.
Alm. Waſhing and Shaving will enſue.
Fit. The Pump [*They all threaten,*
Is not far off; if 'twere, the Sink is near,
Or a good Jordan. *Mad.* You have now no *Money.*
Shun. But are a Raſcal. *P. ſen.* I am cheated, robb'd,
Jeer'd by confederacy. *Fit.* No, you are kick'd,
[*and ſpurn him.*
And uſed kindly, as you ſhould be. *Shun.* Spurn'd
From all Commerce of Men, who are a Cur.
[*Kicks him out.*
Alm. A ſtinking Dog in a Doublet, with foul Linnen.
Mad. A ſnarling Raſcal, hence. *Shun.* Out.
P. ſen. Well, remember, [*He exclaims.*
I am cozen'd by my Couſin, and his Whore!
Bane o' theſe Meetings in *Apollo!* *Lic.* Go, Sir,
You will be toſt like *Block*, in a Blanket, elſe.
[*One of his Dogs.*
P. jun. Down with him, *Lickfinger.*
P. ſen. Saucy *Jack*, away;
Pecunia is a Whore. *P. jun.* Play him down, *Fidlers*,
And drown his Noiſe. Who's this!
Fit. O, Maſter *Pied-mantle!*

Act IV. Scene IV.

Pyed-mantle. [*To them.*

BY your leave, Gentlemen. [Pyed-mantle *brings the*
Fit. Her *Graces Herald.* *Lady* Pecunia *her*
Alm. No *Herald* yet, a *Heraldet.* Pedigree.
P. jun. What's that?
P. Ca. A *Canter.*
P. jun. O, thou ſaidſt thou'dſt prove us all ſo!
P. Ca. Sir, here is one will prove himſelf ſo, ſtreight;
So ſhall the reſt, in time. *Pec.* My *Pedigree?*
I tell you, Friend, he muſt be a good *Scholar*
Can my *Deſcent:* I am of *Princely* Race,
And as good Blood as any is i' the Mines
Runs through my Veins. I am, every *Limb*, a *Princeſs!*
Dutcheſs o' *Mines* was my great Grandmother;
And by the Fathers ſide, I come from *Sol*
My Grandfather was *Duke* of *Or*, and match'd
In the Blood-Royal of *Ophyr.* *Pye.* Here's his *Coat.*
Pec. I know it, if I hear the *Blazon.* *Pye.* He bears
In a Field *Azure*, a *Sun proper, beamy*,
Twelve of the ſecond, *P. Ca.* How far's this from *canting?*
P. jun. Her *Grace* doth underſtand it.
P. Ca. She can *cant*, Sir.
Pec. What be theſe? *Bezants?*
Pye. Yes, an't pleaſe your *Grace.*
Pec. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or.*
What *Line*'s this? *Pye.* The rich *Mines* of *Potoſi*,
The *Spaniſh Mines* i' the *Weſt-Indies.* *Pec.* This?
Pye. The *Mines* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary.*
Pec. But this, this little Branch?
Pec. The *Welſh Mine*, that.
Pec. I ha' *Welſh Blood* in me too; *blaze*, Sir, that *Coat.*
Pye. She bears (an't pleaſe you) *Argent*, three *Leeks vert*,
In *Canton Or*, and *taſſel'd* of the *firſt.*
P. Ca. Is not this *Canting?* do you underſtand him?
P. jun. Not I; but it ſounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted: I will have ſuch a Scroll,
What'ere it coſt me. *Pec.* Well, at better leaſure
We'll take a view of it, and ſo reward you.
P. jun. Kiſs him, ſweet *Princeſs*, and ſtile him a *Couſin.*
[*She kiſſeth.*
Pec. I will, if you will have it. *Couſin Pyed-mantle.*
P. jun. I love all Men of Vertue, from my *Princeſs*,
Unto my *Begger* here, old *Canter*; on,
On to thy Proof; whom prove you the next *Canter?*
P. Ca. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *Learned.*
When he diſcourſeth of *Diſſection*,
Or any Point of *Anatomy*; that he tells you
Of *Vena cava*, and of *Vena porta*,
The *Meſeraicks*, and the *Meſenterium:*
What does he elſe but *cant?* Or if he run
To his *Judicial Aſtrology*,
And trowl the *Trine*, the *Quartile*, and the *Sextile*,
Platick Aſpect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*
Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuſpes*, and *Horoſcope*;
Does not he *cant?* Who here does underſtand him?
Alm. This is no *Canter*, though!
P. Ca. Or when my *Muſter-maſter*
Talks of his *Tacticks*, and his *Ranks* and *Files*,
His *Bringers-up*, his *Leaders-on*, and cries,
Faces about to the Right-hand, the *Left*,
Now, *as you were*; then tells you of *Redoubts*,
Of *Cats*, and *Cortines.* Doth not he *cant?* *P. jnn.* Yes, faith.
P. Ca. My Egg-chin'd *Laureat* here, when he comes
With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*, (forth
Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,

His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalectticks*,
His *Pyrrhicks*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*.
What is all this, but *Canting*? *Mad.* A rare Fellow!
Shun. Some begging *Scholar*!
Fit. A decay'd *Doctor* at leaſt!
P. jun. Nay, I do cheriſh Vertue, though in Rags.
P. Ca. And you, *Mas Courtier*.
P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.
P. Ca. With all your *fly-blown Projects*,
And Looks out of the *Politicks*, your *ſhut Faces*,
And reſerv'd *Queſtions* and *Anſwers*, that you game with; as
Is't a *clear Buſineſs*? Will it *manage well*?
My Name muſt not be us'd elſe. Here 'twill daſh.
Your *Buſineſs has receiv'd a taint*, give *off*,
I may *not proſtitute my ſelf*. Tut, tut,
That little Duſt I can blow off at pleaſure.
Here's no ſuch Mountain, yet, i' *the whole Work*!
But a light Purſe may level. I will *tide*
This Affair for you; give it *freight*, and *paſſage*:
And ſuch *Mint-phraſe*, as 'tis the worſt of *Canting*,
By how much it affects the *Senſe* it has not.
Fit. This is ſome other than he ſeems!
P. jun. How like you him?
Fit. This cannot be a *Canter*! *P. jun.* But he is, Sir,
And ſhall be ſtill, and ſo ſhall you be too:
We'll all be *Canters*. Now I think of it,
A noble *Whimſie*'s come into my Brain!
I'll build a *Colledge*, I and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canters Colledge*: ſounds it well?
[Canters Colledge *begun to be erected.*
Alm. Excellent! *P. jun.* And here ſtands my *Father Rector*,
And you *Profeſſors*, you ſhall all *profeſs*
Something, and live there, with her *Grace* and me,
Your *Founders*: I'll endow't with Lands and Means,
And *Lickfinger* ſhall be my *Maſter-Cook*.
What, is he gone? *P. Ca.* And a *Profeſſor*. *P. jun.* Yes.
P. Ca. And read *Apicius de re Culinaria*
To your brave *Doxy* and you! *P. jun.* You, *Couſin Fitton*,
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *Politicks*;
Doctor Almanack he ſhall read *Aſtrology*;
Shunfield ſhall read the *Military Arts*.
P. Ca. As carving, and aſſaulting the cold Cuſtard.
P. jun. And *Horace* here the *Art of Poetry*. [*That's* Ma-
His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigals*, fine Songs, drigal.
Which we will have at Dinner, ſteept in Clarret,
And againſt Supper, ſous'd in Sack. *Mad.* In troth,
A divine *Whimſie*! *Shun.* And a worthy Work,
Fit for a *Chronicle*! *P. jun.* Is't not? *Shun.* To all Ages.
P. jun. And *Pied-mantle* ſhall give us all our *Arms*:
But *Picklock*, what wouldſt thou be? Thou canſt *cant* too.
Pic. In all the Languages in *Weſtminſter-hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-farm*, *Fee-Tail*,
Tenant in Dower, *at Will*, *for Term of Life*,
By Copy of Court-Roll, *Knights Service*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Eſcuage*, *Soccage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeanty, or *Burgage*. *P. jun.* Thou appear'ſt,
Κατ' ἐξοχὴν a *Canter*. Thou ſhalt read
All *Littleton's Tenures* to me, and indeed
All my Conveyances. *Pic.* And make 'em too, Sir?
Keep all your Courts, be Steward o' your Lands,
Let all your Leaſes, keep your Evidences:
But firſt, I muſt procure and paſs your *Mort-main*,
You muſt have Licence from above, Sir. *P. jun.* Fear not,
Pecunia's Friends ſhall do it. *P. Ca.* But I ſhall ſtop it.
[*Here his Father diſcovers himſelf.*
Your Worſhips loving and *obedient Father*,
Your painful *Steward*, and loſt *Officer*!
Who have done this, to try how you would uſe
Pecunia, when you had her: which ſince I ſee,
I will take home the *Lady* to my Charge,
And theſe her *Servants*, and leave you my *Cloke*,
To travel in to Beggers Buſh! A Seat
Is built already, furniſht too, worth twenty
Of your imagin'd Structures, *Canters Colledge*.
Fit. 'Tis his Father! *Mad.* He's alive, methinks.
Alm. I knew he was no Rogue!
P. Ca. Thou, *Prodigal*,
Was I ſo careful for thee, to procure
And plot wi' my *learn'd Counſel*, Maſter *Picklock*,
This Noble Match for thee? and doſt thou proſtitute,
Scatter thy *Miſtris* Favours, throw away
Her Bounties, as they were red-burning Coals,
Too hot for thee to handle, on ſuch Raſcals,
Who are the Scum and Excrements of Men?
If thou hadſt ſought out good and vertuous Perſons
Of theſe Profeſſions, I had lov'd thee, and them:
For theſe ſhall never have that Plea 'gainſt me,
Or colour of advantage, that I hate
Their Callings, but their Manners and their Vices.
A worthy *Courtier* is the Ornament
Of a *Kings Palace*, his great *Maſters* Honour.
This is a Moth, a Raſcal, a Court-Rat,
That gnaws the Common-wealth with broking Suits,
And eating Grievances! So, a *true Soldier*,
He is his *Countries Strength*, his *Sovereigns Safety*,
And to ſecure his Peace, he makes himſelf
The *Heir* of Danger, nay the *Subject* of it,
And runs thoſe vertuous Hazards that this Scare-crow
Cannot endure to hear of. *Shun.* You are pleaſant, Sir.
P. Ca. With you I dare be! Here is *Pied-mantle*,
'Cauſe he's an *Aſs*, do not I love a *Herald*?
Who is the pure *Preſerver of Deſcents*,
The keeper fair of all *Nobility*,
Without which all would run into Confuſion?
Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him
He can give *Arms* and *Marks*, he cannot *Honour*,
No more than *Money* can make *Noble*: It may
Give Place, and Rank, but it can give no *Vertue*:
And he would thank me for this Truth. This Dog-leach,
You ſtile him *Doctor*, 'cauſe he can compile
An *Almanack*, perhaps erect a *Scheme*
For my great *Madams* Monkey, when't has ta'ne
A Gliſter, and bewray'd the *Ephemerides*.
Do I deſpiſe a learn'd *Phyſician*,
In calling him a *Quackſalver*, or blaſt
The *ever-living Ghirlond*, always green
Of a good *Poet*? When I ſay his *Wreath*
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty wither'd Flowers?
Away, I am impatient of theſe Ulcers,
(That I not call you worſe.) There is no Sore
Or Plague but you to infect the Times. I abhor
Your very Scent. Come, *Lady*, ſince my *Prodigal*
Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
I'll ſee if I have learn'd how to receive you
With more reſpect to you, and your fair Train here.
Farewel, my *Begger in Velvet*, for to day;
To morrow you may put on that *grave Robe*,
[*He points him to his patch'd Cloke thrown off.*
And enter your great Work of *Canters Colledge*,
Your *Work*, and *worthy of a Chronicle*.

The fourth Intermean after the fourth Act.

Tattle. *WHY, this was the worſt of all, the* Cata-ſtrophe!

Cen. *The Matter began to be good but now; and he has ſpoil'd it all with his Begger there!*

Mirth. *A beggerly* Jack *it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the* Poet.

Tat. *Like enough, for he had the chiefeſt Part in his Play, if you mark it.*

Exp. *Abſurdity on him, for a huge over-grown* Play-maker! *Why ſhould he make him live agen, when they and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his Rags, there had been an end of him.*

Tat. *I, but ſet a Beggar on Horſe-back, he'll never lin till he be a gallop.*

Cen. *The young Heir grew a fine* Gentleman *in this laſt Act.*

Exp. *So he did,* Goſſip, *and kept the beſt Company.*

Cen. *And feaſted 'em, and his* Miſtris.

Tat. *And ſhew'd her to 'em all! was not jealous!*

Mirth. *But very communicative, and liberal, and began to be* magnificent, *if the Churl his Father would have let him alone.*

Cen. *It was ſpitefully done o' the* Poet, *to make the Chuff take him off in his height, when he was going to do all his brave Deeds!*

Exp. *To found an* Academy!

Tat. *Erect a* Colledge!

Exp. *Plant his* Profeſſors, *and water his* Lectures!

Mirth. *With Wine,* Goſſips, *as he meant to do; and then to defraud his Purpoſes?*

Exp. *Kill the Hopes of ſo many towardly young Spirits?*

Tat. *As the* Doctors?

Cen. *And the* Courtiers! *I proteſt, I was in love with Maſter* Fitton: *He did wear all he had, from the Hat-band to the Shoe-tie, ſo politically, and would ſtoop, and leer!*

Mirth. *And lie ſo in wait for a piece of Wit, like a* Mouſe-trap!

Exp. *Indeed* Goſſip, *ſo would the little* Doctor; *all his Behaviour was meer* Gliſter! *O' my Conſcience, he would make any Parties* Phyſick *i' the World work, with his Diſcourſe.*

Mirth. *I wonder they would ſuffer it, a fooliſh, old, fornicating* Father, *to raviſh away his Son's* Miſtris.

Cen. *And all her Women at once, as he did!*

Tat. *I would ha' flown in his* Gipſies *Face, i' faith.*

Mirth. *It was a plain piece of* political *Inceſt, and worthy to be brought afore the* High-Commiſſion *of Wit. Suppoſe we were to cenſure him, you are the youngeſt Voice,* Goſſip Tattle, *begin.*

Tattle. *Marry, I would ha' the old* Coney-catcher *cozen'd of all he has, i' the young Heirs Defence, by his Learned Counſel, Mr.* Picklock!

Cen. *I would rather the* Courtier *had found out ſome Trick to beg him for his Eſtate!*

Exp. *Or the* Captain *had Courage enough to beat him!*

Cen. *Or the fine* Madrigal-*man, in Ryme, to have run him out o' the Country, like an* Iriſh *Rat.*

Tat. *No, I would have Maſter* Pyed-mantle, *her* Graces Herald, *to pluck down his* Hatchments, *reverſe his* Coat-Armour, *and nullifie him for no* Gentleman.

Exp. *Nay, then let Maſter* Doctor *diſſect him, have him open'd, and his Tripes tranſlated to* Lickfinger, *to make a* Probation-diſh *of.*

Cen. Tat. *Agreed! agreed!*

Mirth. *Faith, I would have him flat diſinherited, by a Decree of* Court, *bound to make Reſtitution of the* Lady Pecunia, *and the Uſe of her Body to his* Son.

Exp. *And her Train to the* Gentlemen.

Cen. *And both the* Poet, *and himſelf, to ask them all forgiveneſs!*

Tat. *And us too.*

Cen. *In two large* Sheets *of Paper*——

Exp. *Or to ſtand in a* Skin *of* Parchment, *(which the* Court *pleaſe.)*

Cen. *And thoſe fill'd with News!*

Mirth. *And dedicated to the ſuſtaining of the* Staple!

Exp. *Which their* Poet *hath let fall, moſt abruptly.*

Mirth. Bankruptly, *indeed.*

Cen. *You ſay wittily,* Goſſip; *and therefore let a* Proteſt *go out againſt him.*

Mirth. *A* Mournival *of* Proteſts, *or a* Gleek *at leaſt.*

Exp. *In all our Names.*

Cen. *For a decay'd Wit*——

Exp. *Broken*——

Tat. *Non-ſolvent*——

Cen. *And for ever forfeit*——

Mirth. *To ſcorn of* Mirth!

Cen. Cenſure!

Exp. Expectation!

Tat. *Subſign'd,* Tattle. *Stay, they come again.*

Act V. Scene I.

Peni-boy jun. To him, *Tho. Barber.* After, *Picklock,*

He comes out in the patch'd Cloke his Father left him.

NAy, they ere fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing worth looking at!
The ſame I ſaid I would be in the Morning!
No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *Canters,*
Did ever there become his Parents Robes
Better than I do theſe. Great Fool! and Beggar!
Why do not all that are of thoſe *Societies*
Come forth, and gratulate me one of theirs?
Me thinks I ſhould be on every ſide ſaluted,
Dauphine of *Beggars, Prince* of *Prodigals!*
That have ſo fall'n under the Ears, and Eyes,
And Tongues of all, the Fable of the Time,
Matter of Scorn, and Mark of Reprehenſion!
I now begin to ſee my Vanity
Shine in this *Glaſs,* reflected by the *Foil!*
Where is my Faſhioner? my Feather-man?
My Linnener, Perfumer, Barber? all
That Tail of Riot follow'd me this Morning?
Not one! but a dark Solitude about me,
Worthy my Cloak and Patches; as I had
The *epidemical* Diſeaſe upon me:
And I'll ſit down with it. *Tho.* My *Maſter! Maker!*
How do you? Why do you ſit thus o' the ground, Sir?
Hear you the *News? P. jun.* No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here ſit ſtill, and ſlip away
The other *One and twenty,* to have this
Forgotten, and the Day raz'd out, expung'd,
In every *Ephemerides,* or *Almanack.*
Or if it muſt be in, that *Time* and *Nature*
Have decreed; ſtill let it be a Day
Of tickling *Prodigals* about the Gills,
Deluding gaping Heirs, loſing their Loves,
And their Diſcretions, falling from the Favours
Of their beſt Friends and Parent, their own Hopes,
And entring the Society of *Canters.*

Tho. A doleful Day it is, and diſmal Times
Are come upon us: I am clear undone.

P. jun. How, *Thom?*

Tho. Why, broke, broke! wretchely broke! *P. jun.* Ha?

Tho. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite diſſolv'd!

P. jun. Ha!

Tho. Shiver'd, as in an Earthquake! Heard you not
The Crack and Ruins? We are all blown up!
Soon as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,
Whom they had ſo devoured i' their Hopes,
To be their *Patroneſs,* and ſojourn with 'em,
Our *Emiſſaries, Regiſter, Examiner,*
Flew into Vapour: our grave *Governour*
Into a ſubt'ler Air, and is return'd
(As we do hear) grand *Captain* of the *Jeerers.*
I and my Fellow melted into Butter,
And ſpoil' our Ink, and ſo the *Office* vaniſh'd.
The laſt *Hum* that it made, was, That your Father
And *Picklock* are fall'n out, the *Man o' Law.*

P. jun. How? this awakes me from my *Lethargy.*
[*He ſtarts up at this.*

Tho. And a great Suit is like to be between 'em:
Picklock denies the *Feoffment,* and the *Truſt,*
(Your Father ſays) he made of the whole Eſtate
Unto him, as reſpecting his Mortality,
When he firſt laid this late Device, to try you.

P. jun. Has *Picklock* then a *Truſt? Tho.* I cannot tell,

Here comes the *worſhipful*—— [Picklock *enters.*
Pic. VVhat, my Velvet *Heir*
Turn'd Begger in Mind, as Robes?
P. jun. You ſee what caſe
Your, and my Fathers Plots have brought me to.
Pic. Your Father's, you may ſay, indeed, not mine.
He's a hard-hearted Gentleman! I am ſorry
To ſee his rigid Reſolution!
That any Man ſhould ſo put off Affection,
And humane Nature, to deſtroy his own,
And triumph in a Victory ſo cruel!
He's fall'n out with me, for being yours,
And calls me Knave, and Traytor to his *Truſt*,
Says he will have me thrown over the *Bar*——
P.jun. Ha' you deſerv'd it? *Pic.* O, good Heaven knows
My Conſcience, and the ſilly Latitude of it;
A narrow-minded Man! My Thoughts do dwell
All in a *Lane*, or Line indeed: No Turning,
Nor ſcarce Obliquity in them. I ſtill look
Right forward, to th' Intent and Scope of that
VVhich he would go from now.
P. jun. Had you a *Truſt* then?
Pic. Sir, I had ſomewhat will keep you ſtill *Lord*
Of all the Eſtate, (if I be honeſt) as
I hope I ſhall. My tender ſcrupulous Breaſt
VVill not permit me ſee the *Heir* defrauded,
And like an *Alien* thruſt out of the Blood.
The *Laws* forbid that I ſhould give conſent
To ſuch a civil Slaughter of a Son.
P.jun. Where is the Deed? Haſt thou it with thee?
Pic. No,
It is a thing of greater conſequence,
Than to be born about in a Black Box,
Like a *Low-Country Vorloffe* or *Welſh Brief*.
It is at *Lickfingers*, under Lock and Key.
P. jun. O, fetch it hither. *Pic.* I have bid him bring it,
That you might ſee it. *P.jun.* Knows he what he brings?
Pic. No more than a Gardiners *Aſs*, what Roots he car-
P.jun. I was a ſending my Father, like an *Aſs*, (ries.
A penitent Epiſtle; but I am glad
I did not, now. *Pic.* Hang him, an auſtere Grape,
That has no Juice, but what is Verjuice in him.
P. jun. I'll ſhew you my Letter! [Peni-boy *runs out*
Pic. Shew me a *Defiance!* *to fetch his Letter.*
If I can now commit Father and Son,
And make my Profits out of both; commence
A Suit with the *Old Man* for his whole State,
And go to *Law* with the Son's Credit, undo
Both, both with their own Money, it were a piece
Worthy my Night cap, and the Gown I wear,
A *Picklock's* Name in *Law*. Where are you, Sir?
What do you do ſo long? *P.jun.* I cannot find
Where I have laid it; but I have laid it ſafe.
Pic. No matter, Sir; truſt you unto my *Truſt*,
'Tis that that ſhall ſecure you, an abſolute Deed!
And I confeſs, it was in *Truſt*, for you,
Leſt any thing might have hapned mortal to him:
But there muſt be a Gratitude thought on,
And Aid, Sir, for the Charges of the Suit,
Which will be great, 'gainſt ſuch a mighty Man
As is our Father, and a Man poſſeſt
Of ſo much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her *Friends*.
I am not able to wage *Law* with him,
Yet muſt maintain the thing, as my own Right,
Still for your good, and therefore muſt be bold
To uſe your Credit for Moneys. *P.jun.* What thou wilt,
So we be ſafe, and the *Truſt* bear it. *Pic.* Fear not,
'Tis he muſt pay Arrearages in the end.
We'll milk him, and *Pecunia*, draw their Cream down,
Before he get the Deed into his Hands.
My Name is *Picklock*, but he'll find me a *Padlock*.

Act V. Scene II.

Peni-boy Can. Peni-boy jun. Picklock, Tho. Barber.

HOw now? conferring wi' your *Learned Counſel*
Upo' the Cheat? Are you o' the *Plot* to cozen me?
P. jun. What *Plot*?
P. ſen. Your *Counſel* knows there, Mr. *Picklock*.
Will you reſtore the *Truſt* yet? *Pic.* Sir, take Patience,
And Memory unto you, and bethink you,
What *Truſt*? where dos't appear? I have your *Deed*:
Doth your *Deed* ſpecifie any *Truſt*? Is't not
A perfect *Act*, and abſolute in *Law*?
Seal'd and deliver'd before Witneſſes?
The *Day* and *Date* emergent.
P. Ca. But what Conference,
What Oaths and Vows preceded?
Pic. I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am urg'd of thoſe, as I remember,
You told me you had got a grown Eſtate,
By griping Means, ſiniſterly.
(*P. Ca.* How!) *Pic.* And were
Ev'n weary of it; if the *Parties* lived,
From whom you had wreſted it——
(*P. Ca.* Ha!) *Pic.* You could be glad
To part with all, for ſatisfaction:
But ſince they had yielded to Humanity,
And that juſt Heaven had ſent you for a Puniſhment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *Heir*,
That would bring all to Beggery in the end,
And daily ſow'd Conſumption where he went——
P.Ca. You'ld cozen both then? your Confederate too?
Pic. After a long, mature deliberation,
You could not think where better how to place it——
P. Ca. Than on you, Raſcal?
Pic. What you pleaſe i' your Paſſion;
But with your Reaſon, you will come about,
And think a faithful and a frugal Friend
To be preferr'd.
P. Ca. Before a Son? *Pic.* A *Prodigal*,
A Tub without a Bottom, as you term'd him:
For which, I might return you a Vow or two,
And ſeal it with an Oath of Thankfulneſs,
I not repent it, neither have I cauſe, yet——
P. Ca. Forehead of Steel, and Mouth of Braſs! hath Impudence
Poliſh'd ſo groſs a Lie, and dar'ſt thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt Metals! Hence,
I will not change a Syllab with thee more,
Till I may meet thee at a *Bar* in *Court*,
Before thy *Judges*. *Pic.* Thither it muſt come.
Before I part with it to you, or you, Sir.
P. Ca. I will not hear thee.
P. jun. Sir, your Ear to me tho. [*His Son entreats him.*
Not that I ſee through his perplexed Plots,
And hidden Ends; nor that my Parts depend
Upon the unwinding this ſo knotted Skean,
Do I beſeech your Patience. Unto me
He hath confeſt the *Truſt*. *Pic.* How? I confeſs it?
P. jun. I, thou, falſe Man.
P. ſen. Stand up to him, and confront him.
Pic. Where? when? to whom?
P. jun. To me, even now, and here:
Canſt thou deny it? *Pic.* Can I eat or drink?
Sleep, wake, or dream? ariſe, ſit, go, or ſtand?
Do any thing that's natural? *P. jun.* Yes, lie,
It ſeems thou canſt, and perjure; that is natural.
Pic. O me! what Times are theſe, of frontleſs carriage!
An Egg of the ſame Neſt! the Father's Bird!
It runs in a Blood, I ſee! *P. jun.* I'll ſtop your Mouth.
Pic. With what? *P. jun.* With *Truth*.
Pic. With Noiſe; I muſt have Witneſs.
Where is your Witneſs? you can produce Witneſs.

P. jun. As

P. jun. As if my Teſtimony were not *twenty*,
Balanc'd with thine? *Pic.* So ſay all *Prodigals*,
Sick of Self-love; but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*:
I live by *Law*. *P. jun.* Why, if thou haſt a Conſcience,
That is a thouſand Witneſſes. *Pic.* No *Court*
Grants out a *Writ* of *Summons* for the *Conſcience*,
That I know, nor *Subpœna*, nor *Attachment*.
I muſt have Witneſs, and of your producing,
Ere this can come to hearing, and it muſt
Be heard on Oath and Witneſs.
P. jun. Come forth, *Thom*, [*He produceth* Thom.
Speak what thou heard'ſt, the truth, and the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth. What ſaid this Varlet?
Pic. A Rat behind the Hangings! *Tho.* Sir, he ſaid,
It was a *Truſt!* an *Act*, the which your Father
Had Will to alter; but his tender Breaſt
Would not permit to ſee the *Heir* defrauded,
And, like an *Alien*, thruſt out of the Blood.
The *Laws* forbid that he ſhould give conſent
To ſuch a Civil Slaughter of a Son——
P. jun. And talk'd of a Gratuity to be given,
And Aid unto the Charges of the Suit;
Which he was to maintain in his own Name,
But for my Uſe, he ſaid. *P. Ca.* It is enough.
Tho. And he would milk *Pecunia*, and draw down
Her Cream, before you got the *Truſt* again.
P. Ca. Your Ears are in my Pocket, Knave, go ſhake 'em
The little while you have them. *Pic.* You do truſt
To your great Purſe. *P. Can.* I ha' you in a Purſe-net,
Good Maſter *Picklock*, wi' your worming Brain,
And wrigling Ingine-head of Maintenance,
Which I ſhall ſee you hole with, very ſhortly.
A fine round Head, when thoſe two Lugs are off,
To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are ſure
You heard him ſpeak this?
P. jun. I, and more. *Tho.* Much more!
Pic. I'll prove yours *Maintenance*, and *Combination*,
And ſue you all. *P. Ca.* Do, do, my gowned *Vulture*,
Crop in *Reverſion*: I ſhall ſee you coited
Over the *Bar*, as Barge-men do their Billets.
Pic. This 'tis, when Men repent of their good Deeds,
And would ha 'em in again—— They are almoſt mad!
But I forgive their *Lucida Intervalla*.
O, *Lickfinger!* come hither. Where's my Writing?
[Picklock *ſpies* Lickfinger, *and asks him aſide for the Writing.*

Act V. Scene III.

To them.] *Lickfinger.*

I Sent it you, together with your Keys,
Pic. How?
Lic. By the *Porter* that came for it, from you,
And by the token, you had giv'n me the Keys,
And bad me bring it. *Pic.* And why did you not?
Lic. Why did you ſend a Countermand? *Pic.* Who, I?
Lic. You, or ſome other you, you put in truſt.
Pic. In *truſt*?
Lic. Your *Truſt*'s another ſelf, you know;
And without *Truſt*, and your *Truſt*, how ſhould he
Take notice of your Keys, or of my Charge?
Pic. Know you the Man? *Lic.* I know he was a *Porter*,
And a Seal'd *Porter*; for he bore the Badge
On Breaſt, I am ſure. *Pic.* I am loſt! a Plot! I ſcent it!
Lic. Why! and I ſent it by the Man you ſent,
Whom elſe I had not truſted. *Pic.* Plague o' your Truſt,
I am *truſs'd* up among you. *P. jun.* Or you may be.
Pic. In mine own Halter, I have made the *Nooſe*.
[Picklock *goes out.*
P. jun. What was it, *Lickfinger*?
[*Young* Peni boy *diſcovers it to his Father to be his Plot of ſending for it by the* Porter, *and that he is in poſſeſſion of the Deed.*

Lic. A *Writing*, Sir,
He ſent for't by a Token: I was bringing it,
But that he ſent a *Porter*, and he ſeem'd
A Man of decent Carriage. *P. Ca.* 'Twas good *fortune!*
To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *Cheat*, but Juſtice.
Put off your Rags, and be your ſelf again:
This *Act* of Piety and good Affection
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. *P. jun.* Sir.
P. Ca. No Vows, no Promiſes: too much Proteſtation
Makes that ſuſpected oft, we would perſuade.
Lic. Hear you the *News*?
P. jun. The *Office* is down, how ſhould we?
Lic. But of your *Uncle*?
P. jun. No. *Lic.* He's run mad, Sir.
P. Ca. How, *Lickfinger*?
Lic. Stark ſtaring mad, your Brother,
H' has almoſt kill'd his Maid. *P. Ca.* Now Heaven forbid.
[*Elder* Peni-boy *ſtartles at the News.*
Lic. But that ſhe's Cat-liv'd, and Squirrel limb'd,
With throwing Bed-ſtaves at her: H' has ſet wide
His outer Doors, and now keeps open Houſe
For all the Paſſers by to ſee his Juſtice.
Firſt, he has apprehended his two Dogs,
As being o' the Plot to cozen him;
And there he ſits like an old *Worm of the Peace*,
Wrapp'd up in Furs, at a ſquare Table, ſcrewing,
Examining, and committing the poor Curs
To two old Caſes of Cloſe-ſtools, as Priſons;
The one of which he calls his *Lollards* Tower,
Th' other his *Block-houſe*, 'cauſe his two Dogs Names
Are *Block* and *Lollard*. *P. jun.* This would be brave Matter
Unto the Jeerers. *P. Ca.* I, if ſo the Subject
Were not ſo wretched. *Lic.* Sure I met them all,
I think, upon that queſt. *P. Ca.* 'Faith, like enough:
The Vicious ſtill are ſwift to ſhew their Natures.
I'll thither too, but with another aim,
If all ſucceed well, and my *Simples* take.

Act V. Scene IV.

Peni-boy ſen. Porter.

He is ſeen ſitting at his Table, with Papers before him.

WHere are the Priſoners?
Por. They are forth-coming, Sir,
Or coming forth at leaſt. *P. ſen.* The Rogue is drunk,
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,
Near me, yet nearer; breathe upon me. Wine! [*He ſmells*
Wine, o' my Worſhip! Sack! *Canary* Sack! *him.*
Could not your *Badge* ha' been drunk with fulſom Ale,
Or Beer, the *Porter*'s Element? but Sack!
Por. I am not drunk; we had, Sir, but one Pint,
An honeſt Carrier and my ſelf. *P. ſen.* Who paid for't?
Por. Sir, I did give it him.
P. ſen. What? and ſpend Six-pence!
A *Frock* ſpend Six-pence! Six-pence!
Por. Once in a Year, Sir.
P. ſen. In ſeven Years, Varlet! Know'ſt thou what
thou haſt done?
What a conſumption thou haſt made of a *State*?
It might pleaſe Heaven, (a luſty Knave, and young)
To let thee live ſome *ſeventy* Years longer,
Till thou art *fourſcore and ten*, perhaps a *hundred*.
Say *ſeventy* Years; how many times *ſeven* in *ſeventy*?
Why *ſeven* times *ten* is *ten* times *ſeven*, mark me,
I will demonſtrate to thee on my Fingers.
Six-pence in *ſeven* Year, (Uſe upon Uſe)
Grows in that firſt *ſeven* Year to be a *Twelve-pence*;
That, in the next, *Two ſhillings*; the third, *Four ſhillings*;
The fourth *ſeven* Year, *Eight ſhillings*; the fifth, *Sixteen*;
The ſixth, *Two and thirty*; the ſeventh, *Three pound four*;
The eighth, *Six pound and eight*; the ninth, *Twelve pound*
And the tenth *ſeven*, *Five and twenty pound* (*ſixteen*;
Twelve

Twelve ſhillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy Riot!
Should'ſt thou live *ſeventy* Years, by ſpending *Six-pence*
Once i' the *ſeven:* But in a Day to waſte it!
There is a *Sum* that *Number* cannot reach!
Out o' my Houſe, thou Peſt o' Prodigality!
Seed o' Conſumption! Hence: A wicked Keeper
Is oft worſe than the Priſoners. There's thy Penny,
Four Tokens for thee. Out, away. My Dogs
May yet be innocent, and honeſt. If not,
I have an entrapping *Queſtion* or two more,
To put unto 'em, a croſs *Interrogatory*,
And I ſhall catch 'em. *Lollard?* Peace:
[*He calls forth* Lollard, *and examines him.*
What Whiſpering was that you had with *Mortgage*,
When you laſt lick'd her Feet? The truth now. *Ha?*
Did you ſmell ſhe was going? Put down that. *And not,*
Not to return? You are ſilent? Good. And when
Leap'd you on *Statute? As ſhe went forth?* Conſent.
There was Conſent, as ſhe was going forth.
'Twould have been fitter at her coming home,
But you knew *that ſhe would not?* To your Tower:
[*He commits him again.*
You are cunning, are you? I will meet your Craft.
Block, ſhew your Face, leave your Gareſſes, tell me,
[*Calls forth* Block, *and examines him.*
And tell me truly, what Affronts do you know
Were done *Pecunia*, that ſhe left my Houſe?
None, ſay you ſo? *not that you know?* or *will know?*
I fear me, I ſhall find you an obſtinate *Cur*.
Why did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?
'Cauſe Broker *kickt him?* Why did *Broker* kick him?
Becauſe he piſt againſt my Ladies *Gown?*
Why, that was was no affront? no? no diſtaſte?
You knew o' none. Yo'are a diſſembling *Tyke*, [*Commits him.*
To your Hole again, your *Block-houſe*. *Lollard*, ariſe,
[Lollard *is call'd again.*
Where did you lift your Leg up laſt? 'gainſt what?
Are you ſtruck Dummerer now, and whine for Mercy?
Whoſe Kirtle was't you gnaw'd too? Miſtris *Band's?*
And Wax's Stockins? Who did? *Block beſcumber*
Statute's *white Suit, wi' the Parchment Lace there?*
And Broker's *Sattin Doublet?* All will out.
They had offence, offence enough to quit me.
Appear *Block: Fough!* 'tis manifeſt; he ſhews it,
[Block *is ſummon'd the ſecond time.*
Should he forſwear't, make all the *Affidavits*
Againſt it, that he could afore the *Bench*,
And *twenty Juries*, he would be convinc'd.
He bears an Air about him doth confeſs it.
To Priſon again, cloſe Priſon. [*He is remanded.*
Not you, *Lollard*; [Lollard *has the liberty of the Houſe.*
You may enjoy the liberty o' the Houſe:
And yet there is a Quirk come in my Head,
For which I muſt commit you too, and cloſe.
Do not repine, it will be better for you.

Act V. Scene II.

Enter the Jeerers.

Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Peni-boy ſen. Lickfinger.

THis is enough to make the Dogs mad too:
Let's in upon him.
P. ſen. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the Priſoners? make a Reſcue?
Fit. We come to bail your Dogs.
P. ſen. They are not bailable,
They ſtand committed without *Bail* or *Mainpriſe*,
Your Bail cannot be taken. *Shun.* Then the truth is,
We come to vex you.
Alm. Jeer you. *Mad.* Bate you rather.
Cym. A baited Uſurer will be good Fleſh.
Fit. And tender, we are told.
P. ſen. Who is the Butcher,
Amongſt you, that is come to cut my Throat? (Oxes,
Shun. You would die a Calves death fain; but 'tis an
Is meant you. *Fit.* To be fairly knock'd o' the Head.
Shun. With a good Jeer or two.
P. ſen. And from your Jaw-bone,
Don Aſſinigo? *Cym. Shunfield*, a Jeer, you have it.
Shun. I do confeſs, a waſhing Blow; but *Snarl*,
You that might play the third Dog, for your Teeth,
You ha' no *Money* now? *Fit.* No, nor no *Mortgage.*
Alm. Nor *Band.* *Mad.* Nor *Statute.*
Cym. No, nor *bluſhet Wax.*
P. ſen. Nor you no *Office*, as I take it. *Shun. Cymbal*,
A mighty Jeer. *Fit.* Pox o' theſe true Jeſts, I ſay.
Mad. He will turn the better Jeerer.
Alm. Let's upon him,
And if we cannot jeer him down in Wit——
Mad. Let's do't in Noiſe.
Shun. Content. *Mad.* Charge, *Man o' War*,
Alm. Lay him *aboard.*
Shun. We'll gi' him a *Broad-ſide* firſt.
Fit. Where's your *Veniſon* now?
Cym. Your *Red-deer* Pies?
Shun. Wi' your bak'd *Turkeys?*
Alm. And your *Partridges?*
Mad. Your *Pheaſants*, and fat *Swans?*
P. ſen. Like you, turn'd *Geeſe.*
Mad. But ſuch as will not keep your *Capitol.*
Shun. You were wont to ha' your *Breams* ——
Alm. And *Trouts* ſent in?
Cym. Fat *Carps* and *Salmons?* *Fit.* I, and now and then
An *Emblem* o' your ſelf, an o're grown *Pike?*
P. ſen. You are a *Jack*, Sir. *Fit.* You ha' made a ſhift
To ſwallow twenty ſuch poor *Jacks* ere now.
Alm. If he ſhould come to feed upon poor *John?*
Mad. Or turn pure *Jack-a-lent* after all this?
Fit. Tut, he'll live like a Graſhopper— *Mad.* On Dew.
Shun. Or like a Bear, with licking his own Claws.
Cym. I, if his Dogs were away.
Alm. He'll eat them firſt,
While they are fat. *Fit.* Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be ſeen beyond. *Cym.* Except
His Kindred, Spiders, Natives o' the Soil.
Alm. Duſt, he will ha' enough, to breed Fleas.
Mad. But by that time he'll ha' no Blood to rear 'em.
Shun. He will be as thin as a Lantern, we ſhall ſee thorow him.
Alm. And his Gut *Colon* tell his *Inteſtina*——
P. ſen. Rogues, Raſcals, (Baw, waw.) [*His Dogs bark.*
Fit. He calls his Dogs to his aid.
Alm. O! they but riſe at mention of his Tripes.
Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for him.
Mad. They bark *ſe defendendo.* *Shun.* Or for cuſtom,
As commonly Curs do one for another.
Lic. Arm, arm you, Gentlemen Jeerers, th' old *Canter*
Is coming in upon you, with his Forces,
The Gentleman that was the *Canter.* *Shun.* Hence.
Fit. Away. *Cym.* What is he?
Alm. Stay not to ask Queſtions.
Fit. He's a Flame.
Shun. A Furnace. *Alm.* A Conſumption,
Kills where he goes. [*They all run away.*
Lic. See! the whole *Covey* is ſcatter'd;
'Ware, 'ware the *Hawks.* I love to ſee him fly.

Act V. Scene VI.

Peni-boy Ca. Peni-boy ſen. Peni-boy jun. Pecunia, Train.

YOu ſee by this amazement and diſtraction,
What your Companions were, a poor, afrighted,
And guilty Race of Men, that dare to ſtand
No Breath of Truth; but conſcious to themſelves

Of

Of their no-wit, or Honeſty, ran routed
At every *Pannick* Terror themſelves bred.
Where elſe, as confident as ſounding Braſs,
Their tinkling *Captain*, *Cymbal*, and the reſt,
Dare put on any Viſor, to deride
The wretched, or with *Buffoon* Licence jeſt
At whatſoe're is ſerious, if not ſacred.
P. ſen. Who's this? my Brother! and reſtor'd to Life!
[Peni-boy ſen. *acknowledgeth his elder Brother.*
P. Ca. Yes, and ſent hither to reſtore your Wits,
If your ſhort Madneſs be not more than Anger,
Conceived for your Loſs! which I return you.
See here, your *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, and *Wax*,
Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you,
And vindicate the *Prodigal* from ſtealing
Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her ſelf
Is come to free him fairly, and diſcharge
All Ties, but thoſe of *Love*, unto her Perſon,
To uſe her like a Friend, not like a Slave,
Or like an *Idol*. Superſtition
Doth violate the Deity it worſhips,
No leſs than Scorn doth. And believe it, *Brother*,
The Uſe of things is all, and not the *Store*:
Surfeit and Fulneſs have kill'd more than *Famine*.
The Sparrow, with his little Plumage, flies,
While the proud Peacock, overcharg'd with Pens,
Is fain to ſweep the Ground with his grown Train,
And load of Feathers. *P. ſen.* Wiſe and honour'd *Brother!*
None but a *Brother*, and ſent from the Dead,
As you are to me, could have altered me:
I thank my *Deſtiny*, that is ſo gracious.
Are there no *Pains*, no *Penalties* decreed
From whence you come, to us that ſmother Money
In Cheſts, and ſtrangle her in Bags? *F. Ca.* O, mighty,
Intolerable Fines, and Mulcts impos'd!
(Of which I come to warn you) Forfeitures
Of whole Eſtates, if they be known, and taken!
P. ſen. I thank you, *Brother*, for the light you have given me;
I will prevent 'em all. Firſt free my Dogs,
Leſt what I ha' done to them (and againſt *Law*)
Be a *Præmunire*; for by *Magna Charta*
They could not be committed, as cloſe Priſoners,
My Learned *Counſel* tells me here, my *Cook*;
And yet he ſhew'd me the way firſt. *Lic.* Who did? I?
I trench the Liberty o' the Subjects? *P. Ca.* Peace,
Picklock, your Gueſt, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,
Whom I have ſafe enough in a wooden Collar.
P. ſen. Next, I reſtore theſe Servants to their *Lady*,
With Freedom, Heart of chear, and Countenance;
It is their Year and Day of *Jubilee*.
Tra. We thank you, Sir. [*Her Train thanks him.*
P. ſen. And laſtly, to my *Nephew*
I give my Houſe, Goods, Lands, all but my Vices,
And thoſe I go to cleanſe; kiſſing this *Lady*,
Whom I do give him too, and join their Hands.
P. Ca. If the Spectators will join theirs, we thank 'em.
P. jun. And wiſh they may, as I, enjoy *Pecunia*.
Pec. And ſo *Pecunia* her ſelf doth wiſh,
That ſhe may ſtill be Aid unto their Uſes,
Not Slave unto their Pleaſures, or a Tyrant
Over their fair Deſires; but teach them all
The Golden Mean; the *Prodigal*, how to live;
The *ſordid*, and the *covetous*, how to die:
That, with ſound Mind; this, ſafe Frugality.

The EPILOGUE.

THus have you ſeen the Makers double Scope,
To profit, *and* delight; *wherein our Hope*
Is, though the Clout we do not always hit,
It will not be imputed to his Wit:
A Tree *ſo try'd, and bent, as 'twill not ſtart.*
Nor doth he often crack a String of Art,
Though there may other Accidents *as ſtrange*
Happen, the Weather *of your Looks may change,*
Or ſome high Wind *of* Miſconceit *ariſe,*
To cauſe an Alteration in our Skies:
If ſo, w' are ſorry, that have ſo miſs-ſpent
Our Time *and* Tackle; *yet he's confident,*
And vows, the next fair Day he'll have us ſhoot
The ſame Match o're for him, if you'll come to't.

THE END.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS. A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1616. By His Majesty's Servants.

The Author Ben. Johnson.

Ficta voluptatis Causâ, sint proxima veris. Hor. de Art. Poet.

The Persons of the Play.

Satan,	*The great Devil.*
Pug.	*The less Devil.*
Iniquity,	*The Vice.*
Fitz-dottrell,	*A Squire of* Norfolk.
Mistris Frances,	*His Wife.*
Meer-craft,	*The Projector.*
Everill,	*His Champion.*
Wittipol.	*A young Gallant.*
Manly,	*His Friend.*
Ingine,	*A Broker.*
Traines,	*The Projector's man.*
Guilt-head,	*A Gold-Smith.*
Plutarchus.	*His Son.*
Sir Poule Either-side,	*A Lawyer, and Justice.*
Lady Either-side,	*His Wife.*
Lady Taile-bush,	*The Lady Projectress.*
Pit-fall.	*Her woman.*
Ambler.	*Her Gentleman-Usher.*
Sledge.	*A Smith, the Constable.*
Shackles.	*Keeper of* Newgate.

Serjeants.

The Scene, *LONDON.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

THE Devil is an Aſs: That is, to day,
The Name of what you are met for, a new Play,
Yet, Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no place.
Though you preſume, Satan, *a ſubtle thing,*
And may have heard he's worn in a thumb-ring;
Do not on theſe Preſumptions, force us act,
In compaſs of a Cheeſe-trencher. This tract
Will ne're admit our Vice, *becauſe of yours.*
Anon, who worſe than you, the fault endures.
That your ſelves make? when you will thruſt and ſpurn,
And knock us o' the Elbows; and bid, turn;
As if, when we had ſpoke, we muſt be gone,
Or, till we ſpeak, muſt all run in, to one,
Like the young Adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would we could ſtand due North; *or had no* South,
If that offend: or were Muſcovy *Glaſs,*
That you might look our Scenes *through as they paſs.*
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To ſee new Plays, *pray you afford us room,*
And ſhew this but the ſame face you have done
Your dear delight, the Devil *of* Edmunton.
Or, if, for want of room it muſt miſcarry,
'Twill be but Juſtice that your Cenſure tarry,
Till you give ſome. And when ſix times you ha' ſeen't,
If this Play *do not like, the* Devil *is in't.*

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

Act I. Scene I.

Devil, Pug, Iniquity.

HOh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, *&c.*
To Earth? and why to Earth, thou fooliſh Spirit?
What would'ſt thou do on Earth?
Pug. For that, great Chief!
As time ſhall work. I do but ask my month.
Which every petty *pui'ny* Devil has;
Within that term the Court of *Hell* will hear
Something may gain a longer grant, perhaps.
Sat. For what? the laming a poor Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her caſt her Farrow?
Or croſſing of a Market-womans Mare,
'Twixt this and *Totnam*? theſe were wont to be
Your main atchievements, *Pug*, You have ſome plot now,
Upon a tonning of Ale, to ſtale the Yeſt,
Or keep the Churn ſo, that the Butter come not,
'Spight o' the Houſewives Cord, or her hot Spit?
Or ſome good Ribibe, about *Kentiſh Town*,
Or *Hogſden*, you would hang now, for a Witch,
Becauſe ſhe will not let you play round *Robbin*;
And you'll go ſowre the Citizens Cream 'gainſt *Sunday*?
That ſhe may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,
By a *Middleſex* Jury, to the ſatisfaction
Of their offended Friends, the *Londoners* Wives,
Whoſe teeth were ſet on edge with it? Fooliſh Fiend,
Stay i' your place, know your own ſtrength, and put not
Beyond the Sphere of your Activity.
You are too dull a Devil to be truſted
Forth in thoſe parts, *Pug*, upon any affair
That may concern our Name on Earth. It is not
Every ones work. The State of *Hell* muſt care
Whom it imploys, in point of Reputation,
Here about *London*. You would make, I think,
An Agent to be ſent for *Lancaſhire*,
Proper enough; or ſome parts of *Northumberland*,
So yo' had good Inſtructions, *Pug*.
Pug. O *Chief!*
You do not know, dear *Chief*, what there is in me.
Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week,
And lend me but a *Vice*, to carry with me,
To practice there with any play-fellow,
And you will ſee, there will come more upon't,
Then you'll imagine, precious *Chief*.
Sat. What *Vice*?
What kind wouldſt th' have it of?
Pug. Why, any *Fraud*,
Or *Covetouſneſs*, or Lady *Vanity*,
Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.
Ini. What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a *Vice*?
Ere his words be half ſpoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the Mice:
True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'ſt thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
I will teach thee cheat, Child, to cog, lie and ſwagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy Dagger:
To ſwear by Gogs-nowns, like a luſty *Juventus*,
In a Cloak to thy Heel, and a Hat like a Penthouſe.
Thy Breeches of three Fingers, and thy Doublet all Belly,
With a Wench that ſhall feed thee, with Cock-Stones and Gelly.
Pug. Is it not excellent, *Chief*? how nimble he is!
Ini. Child of Hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leap
From the top of *Paul*'s Steeple to the Standard in *Cheap*:
And lead the a daunce through the Streets, without fail,
Like a Needle of *Spain*, with a Thread at my tail.
We will ſurvey the *Suburbs*, and make forth our Sallies,
Down *Petticoat-lane*, and up the *Smock-Allies*,
To *Shoreditch*, *White-Chappel*, and ſo to Saint *Katherns*.
To drink with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their Patterns:
From thence, we will put in at *Cuſtom-houſe* Key there,
And ſee how the Factors, and Prentices play there,
Falſe with their Maſters; and gueld many a full Pack,
To ſpend it in Pies, at the *Dagger* and the *Wool-Sack*.
Pug. Brave, brave, *Iniquity!* will not this do, *Chief*?
Ini. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the Bawds, and the Royſters,
At *Billings-gate*, feaſting with Claret-wine and Oyſters;
From thence ſhoot the *Bridge*, Child, to the Cranes i' the *Vintry*,
And ſee there the Gimblets, how they make their entry!
Or if thou hadſt rather to the *Strand* down to fall,
'Gainſt the Lawyers come dabled from *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And mark how they cling, with their Clients together,
Like Ivy to Oak, ſo Velvet to Leather:
Ha, boy, I would ſhew thee.
Pug. Rare, rare! *Dev.* Peace, Dotard,
And thou more ignorant thing, that ſo admir'ſt,
Art thou the Spirit thou ſeem'ſt? ſo poor? to chuſe

This for a *Vice*, t' advance the Cauſe of *Hell*,
Now, as Vice ſtands this preſent Year? Remember
What number it is, *Six Hundred* and *Sixteen*.
Had it but been *Five Hundred*, though ſome *Sixty*
Above; that's *Fifty* years agone, and *Six*,
(When every Great Man had his *Vice* ſtand by him,
In his long Coat, ſhaking his wooden Dagger)
I could conſent, that then this your grave choice
Might have done that, with his Lord *Chief*, the which
Moſt of his Chamber can do now. But *Pug*,
As the times are, who is it will receive you?
What Company will you go to? or whom mix with?
Where canſt thou carry him, except to Taverns?
To mount up on a Joynt-Stool, with a *Jews* trump,
To put down *Cokeley*, and that muſt be to Citizens?
He ne're will be admitted there, where *Vennor* comes.
He may perchance, in tail of a Sheriffs Dinner,
Skip with a Rime o' the Table, from *New-nothing*,
And take his *Almain*-leap into a Cuſtard,
Shall make my Lady *Mayoreſs*, and her Siſters,
Laugh all their Hoods over their Shoulders. But
This is not that will do, they are other things
That are receiv'd now upon Earth, for Vices;
Stranger and newer: and chang'd every hour.
They ride 'em like their Horſes off their Legs,
And here they come to *Hell*, whole Legions of 'em,
Every week tyr'd. We ſtill ſtrive to breed,
And rear 'em up new ones; but they do not ſtand,
When they come there: they turn 'em on our hands.
And it is fear'd they have a Stud o' their own
Will put down ours. Both our Breed and Trade
VVill ſuddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unleſs it be a *Vice* of Quality,
Or Faſhion now, they take none from us. *Car-men*
Are got into the yellow Starch, and *Chimney-ſweepers*
To their Tobacco and Strong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. VVe muſt therefore aim
At extraordinary ſubtle ones now,
VVhen we do ſend to keep us up in credit.
Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'en back, Sir,
To making of your Rope of Sand again.
You are not for the Manners, nor the Times:
They have their *Vices* there, moſt like to *Vertues*;
You cannot know 'em apart by any difference:
They wear the ſame Clothes, eat the ſame Meat,
Sleep i' the ſelf-ſame beds, ride i' thoſe Coaches,
Or very like, Four Horſes in a Coach,
As the beſt Men and VVomen. Tiſſue Gowns,
Garters and Roſes, Fourſcore pound a pair,
Embroidred Stockings, Cut-work Smocks and Shirts,
More certain Marks of Lechery now and Pride,
Than e're they were of true Nobility!
But, *Pug*, ſince you do burn with ſuch deſire
To do the Commonwealth of Hell ſome ſervice;
I am content, aſſuming of a body,
You go to earth, and viſit Men a day.
But you muſt take a body ready made, *Pug*,
I can create you none: nor ſhall you form
Your ſelf an airy one, but become ſubject
To all impreſſion of the Fleſh you take,
So far as humane frailty. So, this morning,
There is a handſome Cut-purſe hang'd at *Tyburn*,
VVhoſe Spirit departed, you may enter his body:
For Clothes, imploy your credit with the Hang-man,
Or let our tribe of Brokers furniſh you.
And look how far your Subtilty can work
Thorough thoſe Organs, with that body, ſpy
Amongſt Mankind. (you cannot there want Vices,
And therefore the leſs need to carry 'em wi' you)
But as you make your ſoon at nights relation,
And we ſhall find it merits from the State,
You ſhall have both truſt from us, and imployment.

Pug. Moſt gracious *Chief!*

Dev. Only thus more I bind you,
To ſerve the firſt man that you meet; and him
I'll ſhew you now: Obſerve him. Yon' is he,

[*He ſhews* Fitz-dottrel *to him, coming forth.*

You ſhall ſee firſt after your clothing. Follow him:
But once engag'd, there you muſt ſtay and fix;
Not ſhift, until the midnights Cock do crow.

Pug. Any Conditions to be gone.

Dev. Away, then.

Act I. Scene II.

Fitz-Dottrel.

I, they do now, name *Bretnor*, as before,
They talk'd of *Greſham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Franklin, and *Fiske*, and *Savory* (he was in too);
But there's not one of theſe that ever could
Yet ſhew a man the *Devil* in true ſort.
They have their Chryſtals, I do know, and Rings,
And Virgin-Parchment, and their dead mens Sculls,
Their Ravens VVings, their Lights, and *Pentacles*,
VVith *Characters*; I ha' ſeen all theſe. But——
VVould I might ſee the *Devil*. I would give
A hundred o' theſe Pictures to ſee him
Once out of Picture. May I prove a Cuckold,
(And that's the one main mortal thing I fear)
If I begin not now to think, the Painters
Have only made him. 'Slight, he would be ſeen,
One time or other elſe. He would not let
An ancient Gentleman, of a good Houſe
As moſt are now in *England*, the *Fetz-dottrel's*,
Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,
As I ha' done this twelve month. If he be not
At all, why are there Conjurers? If they be not,
VVhy are there Laws againſt 'em? The beſt *Artiſts*
Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middleſex* and *London*,
Eſſex and *Kent*, I have had in pay to raiſe him,
Theſe fifty weeks, and yet h' appears not. 'Sdeath,
I ſhall ſuſpect they can make Circles only
Shortly, and know but his hard names. They do ſay,
H' will meet a man (of himſelf) that has a mind to him:
If he would ſo, I have a mind and a half for him:
He ſhould not be long abſent. Pray thee come,
I long for thee. An' I were with Child by him,
And my wife too; I could not more. Come yet,

[*He expreſſeth a longing to ſee the Devil.*

Good *Beelzebub*. VVere he a kind Devil,
And had humanity in him, he would come, but
To ſave ones longing. I ſhould uſe him well,
I ſwear, and with reſpect (would he would try me)
Not as the Conjurers do, when they ha' rais'd him,
Get him in Bonds, and ſend him Poſt on Errands
A thouſand Miles: it is prepoſterous, that:
And I believe, is the true Cauſe he comes not.
And he has reaſon. VVho would be engag'd,
That might live freely, as he may do? I ſwear,
They are wrong all. The burnt Child dreads the fire.
They do not know to entertain the *Devil*.
I would ſo welcome him, obſerve his Diet,
Get him his Chamber hung with *Arras*, two of 'em,
I' my own houſe; lend him my VVives wrought Pillows:
And as I am an honeſt Man, I think,
If he had a mind to her too; I ſhould grant him,
To make our Friendſhip perfect. So I would not
To every man. If he but hear me now?
And ſhould come to me in a brave young ſhape,
And take me at my word? ha! VVho is this?

Act

Act I. Scene III.

Pug, Fitz-dottrel.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus preſume
Upon your Privacy. I am born a Gentleman,
A younger brother, but in ſome diſgrace,
Now with my Friends: and want ſome little means
To keep me upright, while things be reconcil'd.
Pleaſe you to let my Service be of uſe to you, Sir.
Fit. Service? 'fore Hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his Shooes well: for thoſe Roſes
VVere big enough to hide a cloven foot.
[*He looks and ſurveys his Feet over and over.*
No, Friend, my number's full. I have one Servant
VVho is my all indeed; and from the Broom
Unto the Bruſh: for juſt ſo far I truſt him.
He is my VVardrobe-man, my Cater, Cook,
Butler and Steward; looks unto my Horſe;
And helps to watch my VVife. H'has all the places,
That I can think on, from the Garret downward,
E'en to the Manger, and the Curry-comb.
Pug. Sir, I ſhall put your VVorſhip to no charge,
More than my Meat, and that but very little;
I'll ſerve you for your Love.
Fit. Ha! without VVages?
I'll hearken o' that Ear, were I at leiſure.
But now I'm buſie. 'Prythe, Friend, forbear me,
And' thou haſt been a *Devil*, I ſhould ſay
Somewhat more to thee. Thou doſt hinder now
My Meditations. *Pug.* Sir, I am a *Devil*.
Fit. How! *Pug.* A true *Devil*, Sir.
Fit. Nay, now you lie:
Under your favour, Friend, for I'll not quarrel.
I look'd o' your feet afore, you cannot cozen me,
Your Shooe's not cloven, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.
[*He views his Feet again.*
Pug. Sir, that's a popular Error, deceives many:
But I am that I tell you.
Fit. What's your Name?
Pug. My Name is *Devil*, Sir.
Fit. Say'ſt thou true. *Pug.* Indeed, Sir.
Fit. 'Slid! there's ſome *Omen* i' this! what Countryman?
Pug. Of *Derby-ſhire*, Sir, about the *Peak*.
Fit. That Hole
Belong'd to your Anceſtors?
Pug. Yes, *Devil's* Arſe, Sir.
Fit. I'll entertain him for the Name ſake. Ha?
And turn away my t'other Man? and ſave
Four Pound a year by that? there's luck and thrift too!
The very *Devil* may come hereafter as well.
Friend, I receive you: but (withal) I acquaint you
Aforehand, if yo' offend me, I muſt beat you.
It is a kind of Exerciſe I uſe;
And cannot be without. *Pug.* Yes, if I do not
Offend, you can ſure. *Fit.* Faith, *Devil*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your Surname, 'cauſe I love it.

Act I. Scene IV.

Ingine, Wittipol, Manly, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

YOnder he walks, Sir, I'll go lift him for you.
Wit. To him, good *Ingine*, raiſe him up by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can do it.
Shew your ſelf now a *Mathematical* Broker.
Ing. I'll warrant you for half a piece.
Wit. 'Tis done, Sir.
Man. Is't poſſible there ſhould be ſuch a Man!
Wit. You ſhall be your own Witneſs, I'll not labour
To tempt you paſt your faith. *Man.* And is his Wife
So very handſome, ſay you?
Wit. I ha' not ſeen her
Since I came home from travel: and they ſay,
She is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I ſaw her once; but ſo, as ſhe hath ſtuck
Still i' my view, no Object hath remov'd her.
Man. 'Tis a fair Gueſt, Friend, Beauty: and once lodg'd
Deep in the Eyes, ſhe hardly leaves the Inn.
How do's he keep her?
Wit. Very brave. However,
Himſelf be ſordid, he is ſenſual that way.
In every dreſſing, he do's ſtudy her.
Man. And furniſh forth himſelf ſo from the *Broker*?
Wit. Yes, that's a hir'd Suit he now has on,
To ſee the *Devil* is an *Aſs*, to day, in.
(This *Ingine* gets three or four pound a week by him),
He dares not miſs a new *Play*, or a *Feaſt*,
What Rate ſoever Clothes be at; and thinks
Himſelf ſtill new, in other Mens old.
Man. But ſtay,
Do's he love Meat ſo?
Wit. Faith, he do's not hate it.
But that's not it. His Belly and his Palate
Would be compounded with for Reaſon. Marry,
A Wit he has, of that ſtrange Credit with him,
'Gainſt all Mankind; as it doth make him do
Juſt what it liſt: it raviſhes him forth,
Whither it pleaſe, to any Aſſembly or Place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, ſhould he ſcape
One publick Meeting, out of the belief
He has of his own great, and Catholick ſtrengths,
In arguing and Diſcourſe. It takes, I ſee:
H' has got the Cloak upon him.
[Ingine *hath won* Fitz-dottrel, *to 'ſay on the Cloak.*
Fit. A fair Garment,
By my Faith, *Ingine!* *Ing.* It was never made, Sir,
For threeſcore pound, I aſſure you: 'Twill yield thirty.
The Pluſh, Sir, coſt three pound ten ſhillings a yard!
And then the Lace and Velvet. *Fit.* I ſhall, *Ingine*,
Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou ſure
The *Play* is play'd to day?
Ing. O here's the Bill, Sir.
[*He gives him the* Play-*Bill.*
I' had forgot to gi't you.
Fit. Ha? the *Devil!*
I will not loſe you, Sirrah! But, *Ingine*, think you,
The Gallant is ſo furious in his folly?
So mad upon the Matter, that he'll part
With's Cloak upo' theſe terms?
Ing. Truſt not your *Ingine*,
Break me to pieces elſe, as you would do
A rotten *Cain*, or an old ruſty *Jack*, (him.
That has not one true Wheel in him. Do but talk with
Fit. I ſhall do that, to ſatisfie you, *Ingine*,
And my ſelf too. With your leave, Gentlemen.
[*He turns to* Wittipol.
Which of you is it is ſo meer Idolater
To my Wives Beauty, and ſo very prodigal
Unto my patience, that, for the ſhort Parley?
Of one ſwift hours quarter, with my Wife,
He will depart with (let me ſee) this Cloak here,
The price of Folly? Sir, are you the Man?
Wit. I am that vent'rer, Sir.
Fit. Good time! your Name
Is *Wittipol*? *VVit.* The ſame, Sir.
Fit. And 'tis told me,
Yo' have travell'd lately?
VVit. That I have, Sir. *Fit.* Truly,
Your Travels may have alter'd your Complexion;
But ſure, your Wit ſtood ſtill.
VVit. It may well be, Sir.
All Heads ha' not like growth.
Fit. The good Man's Gravity,
That left you Land, your Father never taught you
Theſe pleaſant Matches?
VVit. No, nor can his Mirth,

With

With whom I make 'em put me off. *Fit.* You are
Reſolv'd then? *VVit.* Yes, Sir.
Fit. Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll ſacrifice your ſelf into the Shirt too? (dom?
VVit. So I may ſtill cloth, and keep warm your Wiſ-
Fit. You lade me, Sir!
VVit. I know what you will bear, Sir.
Fit. Well, to the Point. 'Tis only, Sir, you ſay,
To ſpeak unto my Wife?
VVit. Only to ſpeak to her.
Fit. And in my preſence?
VVit. In your very preſence.
Fit. And in my hearing? *VVit.* In your hearing: ſo
You interrupt us not. *Fit.* For the ſhort ſpace
You do demand, the fourth part of an hour,
I think I ſhall, with ſome convenient ſtudy,
And this good help to boot, bring my ſelf to't.
[*He ſhrugs himſelf up in the Cloak.*
VVit. I ask no more.
Fit. Pleaſe you, walk to'ard my houſe,
Speak what you liſt; that time is yours: My Right
I have departed with. But not beyond
A Minute, or a Second, look for. Length,
And drawing out, ma' advance much to theſe Matches.
And I except all kiſſing. Kiſſes are
Silent Petitions ſtill with willing *Lovers*.
VVit. Lovers? How falls that o' your phantſie?
Fit. Sir,
I do know ſomewhat, I forbid all Lip-work.
VVit. I am not eager at forbidden Dainties.
Who covets unfit things, denies himſelf.
Fit. You ſay well, Sir, 'Twas prettily ſaid, that ſame.
He do's indeed. I'll have no touches therefore,
Nor takings by the Armes, nor tender Circles
Caſt 'bout the Waſt, but all be done at diſtance.
Love is brought up with thoſe ſoft *migniard* handlings:
His pulſe lies in his palm; and I defend
All melting joynts and fingers, (that's my bargain)
I do defend 'em, any thing like Action.
But talk, Sir, what you will. Uſe all the *Tropes*
And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
And much good do your *Rhetoricks* heart.
You are welcome, Sir.
Ingine, God b' w' you. *Wit.* Sir, I muſt condition
To have this Gentleman by, a Witneſs. *Fit.* Well,
I am content, ſo he be ſilent. *Man.* Yes, Sir.
Fit. Come, *Devil*, I'll make you room ſtraight. But
I'll ſhew you
Firſt, to your Miſtris, who's no common one,
You muſt conceive, that brings this gain to ſee her.
I hope thou'ſt brought me good luck.
Pug. I ſhall do't, Sir.

Act I. Scene V.

Wittipol, Manly.

INgine, you hope o' your half piece? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?
[Wittipol *knocks his Friend o' the Breaſt.*
Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the iſſue of this Conference!
VVit. For that ne'er vex your ſelf till the Event.
How like yo' him?
Man. I would fain ſee more of him.
VVit. What think you of this?
Man. I am paſt degrees of thinking.
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,
With all their Fruit of Monſters cannot ſhew
So juſt a Prodigy.
VVit. Could you have believ'd,
Without your ſight, a mind ſo ſordid inward,
Should be ſo ſpecious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the ſhew that ever Shop or Ware was?
Man. I believe any thing now, though I confeſs
His *Vices* are the moſt Extremities
I ever knew in Nature. But why loves he
The *Devil* ſo? *VVit.* O Sir! for hidden Treaſure,
He hopes to find: and has propos'd himſelf
So infinite a Maſs, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the preſent,
To his Men of Art, who are the Race, may coyn him.
Promiſe Gold Mountains, and the covetous
Are ſtill moſt prodigal.
Man. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his Bargain?
VVit. O dear, Sir!
He will not off on't. Fear him not. I know him.
One baſeneſs ſtill accompanies another.
See! he is here already, and his Wife too.
Man. A wondrous handſome creature, as I live!

Act I. Scene VI.

Fitz-dottrel, Miſtris *Fitz-dottrel*, *VVittipol*, *Manly*.

COme, Wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, bluſh not.
Mrs. Fit. Why, what do you mean, Sir? ha' you
your Reaſon? *Fit.* Wife,
I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one; at leaſt, without a Pawn, Wife:
Or that I have eat or drunk the thing, of late,
That ſhould corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle Wife,
Obey, it is thy Vertue: hold no acts
Of Diſputation. *Mrs. Fit.* Are you not enough
The talk of Feaſts and Meetings, but you'll ſtill
Make argument for freſh?
Fit. Why, careful Wedlock,
If I have a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart?
Why ſhouldſt thou envy my delight? or croſs it?
By being ſolicitous, when it not concerns thee?
Mrs. Fit. Yes, I have ſhare in this. The ſcorn will fall
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.
Fit. Laught at, ſweet Bird? is that the ſcruple?
Come, come,
Thou art a *Niaiſe*. Which of your great Houſes,
[*A* Niaiſe *is a young Hawk, taue*
crying out of the Neſt.
(I will not mean at home here, but abroad)
Your Families in *France*, Wife, ſend not forth
Something within the ſeven year, may be laught at?
I do not ſay ſeven months, nor ſeven weeks,
Nor ſeven days, nor hours: but ſeven year, Wife.
I give 'em time. Once within ſeven year,
I think they may do ſomething may be laught at.
In *France*, I keep me there ſtill. Wherefore, Wife,
Let them that liſt, laugh ſtill, rather than weep
For me. Here is a Cloak coſt fifty pound, Wife,
Which I can ſell for thirty, when I ha' ſeen
All *London* in't, and *London* has ſeen me.
To day I go to the *Black-Friers Play-houſe*,
Sit i' the view, ſalute all my acquaintance,
Riſe up between the *Acts*, let fall my Cloak,
Publiſh a handſome Man, and a rich Suit
(As that's a ſpecial end, why we go thither,
All that pretend to ſtand for't o' the *Stage*)
The Ladies ask, who's that? (For they do come
To ſee us, *Love*, as we do to ſee them)
Now I ſhall loſe all this, for the falſe fear
Of being laught at? Yes, wuſſe. Let 'em laugh, Wife,
Let me have ſuch another Cloak to morrow
And let 'em laugh again, Wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter:
All my young Gallants, let 'em bring their Friends too:
Shall I forbid 'em? No, let Heaven forbid 'em:
Or Wit, if't have any charge on 'em. Come, thy Ear, Wife,
Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your Watch, Sir;

Thou

Thou only art to hear, not ſpeak a word, *Dove*,
To ought he ſays. That I do gi' you in precept,
No leſs than Council, on your Wive-hood, Wife,
Not though he flatter you, or make Court, or *Love*,
(As you muſt look for theſe) or ſay, he rail;
VVhat e're his Arts be, VVife, I will have thee
Delude 'em with a trick, thy obſtinate ſilence;
I know advantages; and I love to bit
Theſe pragmatick young men at their own weapons.
Is your VVatch ready? Here my Sail bears for you:
Tack toward him, ſweet *Pinnace*, where's your VVatch?
[*He diſpoſes his VVife to his place, and ſets his VVatch.*

VVit. I'll ſet it, Sir, with yours.
Mrs. Fit. I muſt obey.
Man. Her Modeſty ſeems to ſuffer with her Beauty,
And ſo as if his Folly were away,
It were worth pity.
Fit. Now th' art right, begin, Sir.
But firſt, let me repeat the Contract briefly.
[*He repeats his Contract again.*
I am, Sir, to enjoy this Cloak I ſtand in,
Freely, and as your Gift; upon condition
You may as freely ſpeak here to my Spouſe,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping
The meaſur'd diſtance of your yard, or more,
From my ſaid Spouſe: and in my ſight and hearing.
This is your Covenant? *VVit.* Yes, but you'll allow
For this time ſpent now? *Fit.* Set 'em ſo much back.
VVit. I think I ſhall not need it.
Fit. VVell, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that Ruſh.
VVit. If you interrupt me, Sir, I ſhall diſcloak you.
[VVittipol *begins.*
The time I have purchaſt, Lady, is but ſhort;
And therefore if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I ſtand the nearer to my pardon.
I am not here to tell you, you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dreſs you, Lady;
I'll ſave my ſelf that Eloquence of your Glaſs,
Which can ſpeak theſe things better to you than I.
And 'tis a Knowledge wherein Fools may be
As wiſe as a *Court-Parliament*. Nor come I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own worth, need
Leaſt Revelation. She's a ſimple Woman,
Knows not her good: (whoever knows her ill)
And at all characts. That you are the Wife
To ſo much blaſted Fleſh as ſcarce hath ſoul,
Inſtead of ſalt, to keep it ſweet: I think,
Will ask no Witneſſes to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lie in, with the watching Candle,
That ſees, how dull to any thaw of Beauty,
Pieces and quarters, half and whole nights ſometimes,
The Devil-given *Elfine* Squire, your Husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper Circle,
For a much worſe, i' the Walks of *Lincolns-Inn*,
Under the Elms, t' expect the Fiend in vain, there
VVill confeſs for you. *Fit.* I did look for this Geer.
VVit. And what a Daughter of Darkneſs he does make you,
Lock'd up from all Society, or Object;
Your Eye not let to look upon a Face,
Under a Conjurers (or ſome Mould for one,
Hollow and lean, like his) but by great means,
As I now make; your own too ſenſible ſufferings,
VVithout the extraordinary aids
Of Spells, or Spirits, may aſſure you, Lady.
For my part, I proteſt 'gainſt all ſuch practice,
I work by no falſe Arts, Medicines, or Charms,
To be ſaid forward and backward.
Fit. No, I except.
VVit. Sir, I ſhall eaſe you. *Fit.* Mum.
[*He offers to diſcloak him.*
VVit. Nor have I Ends, Lady,
Upon you, more than this: to tell you how *Love*,
Beauties good Angel, he that waits upon her
At all occaſions, and no leſs than *Fortune*,
Helps th' adventrous, in me makes that profer,
VVhich never fair one was ſo fond to loſe,
VVho could but reach a hand forth to her freedom.
On the firſt ſight I lov'd you: ſince which time,
Tho I have travell'd, I have been in travel
More for this ſecond bleſſing of your Eyes,
VVhich now I have purchas'd, than for all aims elſe.
Think of it, Lady, be your Mind as active
As is your Beauty: view your Object well.
Examine both my faſhion and my years;
Things that are like, are ſoon familiar:
And Nature joys ſtill in Equality.
Let not the ſign o' the Husband fright you, Lady.
But e're your Spring be gone, enjoy it. Flowers,
Tho fair, are oft but of one Morning. Think,
All Beauty doth not laſt until the *Autumn*.
You grow old while I tell you this. And ſuch
As cannot uſe the preſent, are not wiſe.
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
VVhy ſhould our will be wanting? This is all.
VVhat do you anſwer, Lady? [*She ſtands mute.*
Fit. Now the ſport comes.
Let him ſtill wait, wait, wait: while the watch goes,
And the time runs, wife!
VVit. How! not any word?
Nay, then I taſte a Trick in't. VVorthy Lady,
I cannot be ſo falſe to mine own thoughts
Of your preſumed Goodneſs to conceive
This, as your Rudeneſs, which I ſee's impos'd.
Yet, ſince your cautelous *Jaylor* here ſtands by you,
And yo' are deny'd the Liberty o' the Houſe,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your ſilence,
(VVhich ever is interpreted Conſent)
To make your anſwer for you: which ſhall be
To as good purpoſe as I can imagine,
And what I think you'ld ſpeak.
Fit. No, no, no, no.
VVit. I ſhall reſume, Sir.
Man. Sir, what do you mean?
[*He ſets Mr.* Manly, *his Friend, in her place.*
VVit. One interruption more, Sir, and you go
Into your Hoſe and Doublet, nothing ſaves you.
And therefore hearken. This is for your VVife.
Man. You muſt play fair, Sir. [*And ſpeaks for her.*
VVit. Stand for me, good Friend.
Troth, Sir, 'tis more than true that you have utt'red
Of my unequal and ſo ſordid Match here,
VVith all the Circumſtances of my Bondage.
I have a Husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But ſuch a Moonling, as no wit of Man
Or Roſes can redeem from being an Aſs.
H' is grown too much the ſtory of Mens Mouthes,
To ſcape his lading: Should I make't my ſtudy,
And lay all ways, yea, call Mankind to help
To take his burden off; why, this one act
Of his, to let his VVife out to be courted,
And at a price, proclaims his Aſinine Nature
So loud, as I am weary of my Title to him.
But, Sir, you ſeem a Gentleman of Vertue,
No leſs than Blood; and one that every way
Looks as he were of too good Quality,
To intrap a credulous VVoman, or betray her:
Since you have paid thus dear, Sir, for a Viſit,
And made ſuch venture on your VVit and Charge
Meerly to ſee me, or at moſt, to ſpeak to me,
I were too ſtupid, or (what's worſe) ingrate
Not to return your venture. Think but how
I may with ſafety do it, I ſhall truſt
My Love and Honour to you, and preſume,

You'll

You'll ever husband both, againſt this Husband;
Who, if we chance to change his liberal Ears,
To other Enſigns, and with labour make
A new Beaſt of him, as he ſhall deſerve,
Cannot complain, he is unkindly dealt with.
This day he is to go to a new Play, Sir,
From whence no Fear, no, nor Authority,
Scarcely the Kings Command, Sir, will reſtrain him,
Now you have fitted him with a Stage-garment,
For the meer names ſake, were there no things elſe;
And many more ſuch Journeys he will make.
Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you hear, Sir,
Who'll be as glad, and forward to embrace,
Meet, and enjoy it chearfully as you.
I humbly thank you, Lady.
Fit. Keep your ground, Sir.
Wit. Will you be lightned?
Fit. Mum. *VVit.* And but I am,
By the ſad Contract, thus to take my leave of you
At this ſo envious diſtance, I had taught
Our Lips e're this, to ſeal the happy mixture
Made of our Souls. But we muſt both now yield
To the neceſſity. Do not think yet, Lady,
But I can kiſs, and touch, and laugh, and whiſper,
And do thoſe Crowning Courtſhips too, for which
Day, and the Publick, have allow'd no Name;
But now my Bargain binds me. 'Twere rude Injury
T' importune more, or urge a Noble Nature,
To what of its own Bounty it is prone to:
Elſe I ſhould ſpeak——But, Lady, I love ſo well,
As I will hope you'll do ſo too. I have done, Sir.
Fit. Well, then, I ha' won?
VVit. Sir, and I may win too.
Fit. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take careful Order,
That ſhe ſhall hang forth Enſigns at the Window,
To tell you when I am abſent. Or I'll keep
Three or Four Foot-men, ready ſtill of purpoſe,
To run and fetch you at her Longings, Sir.
I'll go beſpeak me ſtraight a gilt Caroch,
For her and you to take the Air in: yes,
Into *Hide-Park*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
Viſit the Painters, where you may ſee Pictures,
And note the propereſt Limbs, and how to make 'em.
Or what do you ſay unto a midling Goſſip?
To bring you aye together, at her lodging?
Under pretext of teaching o' my Wife
Some rare Receipt of drawing *Almond* Milk? ha?
It ſhall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b' w' you.
I ha' kept the Contract, and the Cloak is mine own.
VVit. Why, much good do't you Sir; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it dear, though I ha' not ſold it.
Fit. A pretty Riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
Wife, your Face this way, look on me, and think
Ya' have had a wicked Dream, Wife, and forget it.
[*He turns his Wife about.*
Man. This is the ſtrangeſt Motion I e're ſaw.
Fit. Now, Wife, ſits this fair Cloak the worſe upon me
For my great ſufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you think?
Mrs. Fit. Why, Sir, and you might ſee't.
What thought they have of you, may be ſoon collected
By the Young Gentleman's Speech.
Fit. Young Gentleman?
Death! you are in love with him, are you? Could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the Young?
Up to your Cabbin again.
Mrs. Fit. My Cage, yo' were beſt
To call it? *Fit.* Yes, ſing there. You'ld fain be making
Blanck Manger with him at your Mothers! I know you.
Go, get you up. How now! what ſay you, *Devil?*

Act I. Scene VII.

Pug, Fitz-Dottrel, Ingine.

HEre is one *Ingine*, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you.
Fit. I thought he brought ſome news of a Broker! Well,
Let him come in, good *Devil*; fetch him elſe.
O, my fine *Ingine!* what's th' affair? More Cheats?
Ing. No, Sir, the Wit, the Brain, the great *Projector*,
I told you of, is newly come to Town.
Fit. Where, *Ingine?*
Ing. I ha' brought him (H' is without)
E're he pull'd off his Boots, Sir, but ſo follow'd,
For buſineſſes. *Fit.* But what is a *Projector?*
I would conceive. *Ing.* Why, one, Sir, that projects
Ways to enrich Men, or to make 'em great,
By Suits, by Marriages, by Undertakings:
According as he ſees they humour it.
Fit. Can he not conjure at all?
Ing. I think he can, Sir,
(To tell you true.) But you do know, of late,
The State hath tane ſuch note of 'em, and compell'd 'em
To enter ſuch great Bonds, they dare not practice.
Fit. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't the while!
Ing. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the reſt.
Fit. I hope I ſhall: but, *Ingine*, you do talk
Somewhat too much o' my Courſes. My Cloak-Cuſtomer
Could tell me ſtrange particulars.
Ing. By my means?
Fit. How ſhould he have 'em elſe?
Ing. You do not know, Sir,
What he has: and by what Arts! A money'd Man, Sir,
And is as great with your *Almanack-Men* as you are!
Fit. That Gallant?
Ing. You make the other wait too long here:
And he is extream punctual. *Fit.* Is he Gallant?
Ing. Sir, you ſhall ſee: He' is in his Riding Suit,
As he comes now from Court. But hear him ſpeak:
Miniſter Matter to him, and then tell me.

Act II. Scene I.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ingine, Trains, Pug.

SIR, Money's a Whore, a Bawd, a Drudge;
Fit to run out on Errands: Let her go.
Via Pecunia! when ſhe's run and gone,
And fled, and dead; then will I fetch her again
With *Aqua-Vitæ*, out of an Old Hogs-head!
While there are Lees of Wine, or Dregs of Beer,
I'll never want her! Coyn her out of Cobwebs,
Duſt, but I'll have her! Raiſe Wooll upon Egg-ſhells,
Sir, and make Graſs grow out o' Marrow-bones,
To make her come. (Commend me to your Miſtris.
[*To a Waiter.*
Say, let the Thouſand Pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but ſee the Creature
(Of Fleſh and Blood) the Man, the *Prince* indeed,
That could imploy ſo many Millions
As I would help him to. *Fit.* How talks he? Millions?
Mer. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.)
Yes, I will talk no leſs, and do it too; [*To another.*
If they were *Myriades*: and without the *Devil*,
By direct means, it ſhall be good in Law. *Ing.* Sir.
Mer. Tell Mr. *Woodcock*, I'll not fail to meet him
Upon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to have
The Writings there, and we'll diſpatch it: Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good Preſence,
A handſom Man, (I have conſidered you)
As a fit Stock to graft Honours upon:

I have

I have a Project to make you a Duke now.
That you muſt be one, within ſo many Months,
As I ſet down, out of true Reaſon of State,
You ſha' not avoid it. But you muſt harken then.
Ing. Harken? why Sir, do you doubt his Ears? Alas!
You do not know Maſter *Fitz-dottrel.*
Fit. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine,*
For rectifying him. *Mer.* Good! Why, *Ingine,* then
I'll tell it you. (I ſee you ha' Credit, here,
And, that you can keep counſel, I'll not queſtion.)
He ſhall but be an undertaker with me,
In a moſt feaſible Buſineſs. It ſhall coſt him
Nothing. *Ing.* Good, Sir.
Mer. Except he pleaſe, but's Countenance;
(That I will have) t'appear in't, to great Men,
For which I'll make him one. He ſhall not draw
A String of's Purſe. I'll drive his Pattent for him.
We'll take in Citizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow 'em off again,
Like ſo many dead Flyes, when 'tis carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd Land,
Whereof the Crown's to have a Moiety,
If it be Owner; Elſe the Crown and Owners
To ſhare that Moiety, and the Recoverers
T'enjoy the t'other Moiety for their charge.
Ing. Throughout *England?* *Mer.* Yes, which will ariſe
To Eighteen Millions, Seven the firſt year:
I have computed all, and made my Survey
Unto my Acre: I'll begin at the Pan,
Not at the Skirts; as ſome ha' done, and loſt
All that they wrought, their Timber-work, their Trench,
Their Banks, all born away, or elſe fill'd up
By the next Winter. Tut, they never went
The way: I'll have it all. *Ing.* A Gallant Tract
Of Land it is! *Mer.* 'Twill yield a Pound an Acre.
We muſt let cheap, ever at firſt. But Sir,
This looks too large for you, I ſee. Come hither,
We'll have a leſs. Here's a plain Fellow, you ſee him,
Has his black Bag of Papers there, in Buckram,
Wi' not be ſold for th' Earldom of *Pancridge:* Draw,
Gi' me out one by chance. Project? four Dogs Skins?
Twelve thouſand Pound! the very worſt at firſt.
Fit. Pray you let's ſee't, Sir. *Mer.* 'Tis a Toy, a Trifle!
Fit. Trifle! Twelve thouſand Pound for Dogs Skins?
Mer Yes, but, by my way of dreſſing, you muſt know, Sir,
And med'cining the Leather, to a height
Of improv'd Ware, like your *Borachio*
Of *Spain,* Sir, I can fetch Nine thouſand for't——
Ing. Of the Kings Glover?
Mer. Yes, how heard you that?
Ing. Sir, I do know you can.
Mer. Within this Hour:
And reſerve half my Secret. Pluck another;
See if thou haſt a happier Hand: I thought ſo.
[*He plucks out the* 2. *Bottle-ale.*
The very next worſe to it! Bottle-ale.
Yet, this is Two and twenty thouſand?
Mer. Yes, Sir, it's caſt to Penny-hal'penny-farthing.
O' the back-ſide, there you may ſee it, read,
I will not bate a *Harrington* o' the Sum.
I'll win it i' my Water, and my Malt,
My Furnaces, and hanging o' my Coppers,
The tonning, and the ſubtility o' my Yeſt;
And, then the Earth of my Bottles, which I dig,
Turn up, and ſteep, and work, and neal, my ſelf,
To a degree of *Porc'lane.* You will wonder,
At my Proportions, what I will put up
In Seven years! for ſo long time I ask
For my Invention. I will ſave in Cork,
In my more ſtop'ling, 'bove Three thouſand Pound
Within that Term: by googing of 'em out
Juſt to the ſize of my Bottles, and not ſlicing.
There's infinite loſs i' that. What haſt thou there?
O' making Wine of Raiſins: this is in hand now,
[*He draws out another.* Raiſins.
Ing. Is not that ſtrange, Sir, to make Wine of Raiſins?
Mer. Yes, and as true a Wine as th' Wines of *France,*
Or *Spain,* or *Italy*: Look of what Grape
My Raiſin is, that Wine I'll render perfect,
As of the *Muſcatell* Grape, I'll render *Muſcatell*;
Of the *Canary* his; the *Claret* his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the Prices
Of Wine throughout the Kingdom half in half.
Ing. But, how, Sir, if you raiſe the other Commodity,
Raiſins? *Mer.* Why, then I'll make it out of Black-berries:
And it ſhall do the ſame. 'Tis but more Art,
And the Charge leſs. Take out another. *Fit.* No, good Sir,
Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor hear
Of any, but your firſt, there; the *Drown'd-land:*
If't will do, as you ſay. *Mer.* Sir, there's not Place
To gi' you demonſtration of theſe things,
They are a little to ſubtile. But, I could ſhew you
Such a neceſſity in't, as you muſt be,
But what you pleaſe: againſt the receiv'd Hereſie,
That *England* bears no Dukes. Keep you the Land, Sir,
The greatneſs of th' Eſtate ſhall throw't upon you.
If you like better turning it to Money,
What may not you, Sir, purchaſe with that wealth?
Say you ſhould part with two o' your Millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I proteſt, I will, out of my Divident,
Lay, for ſome petty Principality,
In *Italy,* from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the Smoak of *England,* rather? But——
Ha' you no private Room, Sir, to draw to,
T' enlarge our ſelves more upon? *Fit.* O yes, *Divel!*
Mer. Theſe, Sir, are Buſineſſes, ask to be carried
With caution, and in Cloud. *Fit.* I apprehend,
They do ſo, Sir. *Divel,* which way is your Miſtris?
Pug. Above, Sir, in her Chamber. *Fit.* O that's well.
Then, this way, good Sir.
Mer. I ſhall follow you; *Trains,*
Gi' me the Bag, and go you preſently,
Commend my Service to my Lady *Tailbuſh.*
Tell her I am come from Court this Morning; ſay,
I have got our buſineſs mov'd, and well: Intreat her,
That ſhe give you the Four-ſcore Angels, and ſee 'em
Diſpos'd of to my Council, Sir *Poul Eitherſide.*
Sometime, to day, I'll wait upon her Ladiſhip,
With the Relation. *Ing.* Sir,- of what diſpatch,
He is! Do you mark? *Mer. Ingine,* when did you ſee
My Couſin *Ever-ill?* keeps he ſtill your Quarter
I' the *Bermudas?* *Ing.* Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard. *Mer.* Be not you known to him,
That I am come to Town: I have effected
A Buſineſs for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't. *Ing.* Is it paſt? *Mer.* Not yet.
'Tis well o' the way. *Ing.* O Sir! your Worſhip takes
Infinite pains. *Mer.* I love Friends, to be active:
A ſluggiſh Nature puts off Man, and kind.
Ing. And ſuch a Bleſſing follows it. *Mer.* I thank
My Fate. Pray you let's be private, Sir. *Fit.* In, here.
Mer. Where none may interrupt us.
Fit. You hear, *Divel,*
Lock the Street-doors faſt, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentlemans Followers)
To trouble me. Do you mark? Yo' have heard and ſeen
Something to day; and, by it, you may gather
Your Miſtris is a Fruit, that's worth the ſtealing,
And therefore worth the watching. Be you ſure, now,
Yo' have all your Eyes about you; and let in
No Lace-woman; nor Bawd, that brings *French*-Masks,
And Cut-works. See you? Nor old Croans, with Wafers,
To convey Letters. Nor no youths, diſguis'd
Like Country-wives, with Cream, and Marrow-puddings.

Much Knavery may be vented in a Pudding,
Much bawdy Intelligence : They' are ſhrewd Siphers.
Nor turn the Key to any Neighbours need ;
Be't but to kindle Fire, or beg a little,
Put it out, rather: all out, to an Aſh,
That they may ſee no Smoak. Or Water, ſpill it;
Knock o' the empty Tubs, that by the ſound
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a Spoon, or ſo.
I wi' not have good Fortune, or Gods Bleſſing
Let in, while I am buſie. *Pug.* I'll take care, Sir.
They ſha' not trouble you if they would.
Fit. Well, do ſo.

Act II. Scene II.

Pug, Miſtris *Fitz-dottrell.*

I Have no ſingular Service of this now ?
Nor no ſuperlative Maſter ? I ſhall wiſh
To be in Hell again at leiſure ? Bring
A *Vice* from thence ? That had been ſuch a ſubtilty,
As to bring Broad-clothes hither ; or tranſport
Freſh Oranges into *Spain*. I find it now ;
My *Chief* was i' the right. Can any Fiend
Boaſt of a better *Vice*, then here by Nature
And Art th' are owners of ? Hell ne'er own me,
But I am taken ! the fine Tract of it
Pulls me along ! To hear Men ſuch Profeſſors
Grown in our ſubtleſt *Sciences* ! My firſt *Act*, now,
Shall be, to make this Maſter of mine Cuckold :
The Primitive work of darkneſs, I will Practiſe !
I will deſerve ſo well of my fair Miſtris
By my Diſcoveries firſt ; my Counſels after ;
And keeping counſel, after that : as who,
So ever is one, I'll be another ſure,
I'll ha' my ſhare. Moſt delicate damn'd Fleſh !
She will be ! O ! that I could ſtay time, now,
Midnight will come too faſt upon me, I fear,
To cut my Pleaſure—*Mrs. Fit.* Look at the Back-door,
[*She ſends* Devil *out.*
One knocks, ſee who it is. *Pug.* Dainty *She-Devil !*
Mrs. Fit. I cannot get this venture of the Cloke,
Out of my fancy ; nor the Gentlemans way
He took, which though 'twere ſtrange, yet 'twas handſom,
And had a Grace withal, beyond the newneſs.
Sure he will think me that dull ſtupid Creature,
He ſaid, and may conclude it ; if I find not
Some thought to thank th' attempt. He did preſume,
By all the Carriage of it, on my Brain,
For anſwer ; and will ſwear 'tis very Barren,
If it can yield him no return. Who is it ?
[Devil *returns.*
Pug. Miſtris, it is, but firſt, let me aſſure
The Excellence of Miſtreſſes, I am,
Although my Maſters Man, my Miſtris Slave,
The Servant of her Secrets, and ſweet Turns,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.
Mrs. Fit. What's this ? I pray you come to your ſelf, and think
What your part is ; to make an anſwer. Tell,
Who is at the Door ? *Pug.* The Gentleman, Miſtris,
Who was at the Cloak-charge to ſpeak with you,
This Morning, who expects only to take
Some ſmall Command'ments from you, what you pleaſe,
Worthy your Form, he ſays, and gentleſt Manners.
Mrs. Fit. O ! you'll anon prove his hir'd man, I fear,
What has he giv'n you, for this Meſſage ? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of Straw, and leave
To ſpread his Nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Maſter *Fitz dotterel*, I am no ſuch ſoul
Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with ſtalking ;
And wiſh him to forbear his acting to me,
At the Gentlemans Chamber-window in *Lincolns-Inn* there,
That opens to my Gallery ; elſe I ſwear
T' acquaint my Husband with his Folly, and leave him
To the juſt rage of his offended Jealouſie.
Or if your Maſters Senſe be not ſo quick
To right me, tell him, I ſhall find a Friend
That will repair me. Say, I will be quiet.
In mine own Houſe ? Pray you, in thoſe words give it him.
Pug. This is ſome Fool turn'd !
Mrs. *Fit.* If he be the Maſter, [*He goes out.*
Now, of that State and Wit which I allow him ;
Sure, he will underſtand me : I durſt not
Be more direct ; For this officious Fellow,
My Husbands new Groom, is a Spy upon me,
I find already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himſelf both apprehended and requited.
I would not have him think he met a *Statue* ;
Or ſpoke to one, not there, though I were ſilent.
How now ? ha' you told him ? *Pug.* Yes.
Mrs. *Fit.* And what ſays he ?
Pug. Says he ? That which my ſelf would ſay to you, if I durſt.
That you are proud, ſweet Miſtriſs ? and withal,
A little Ignorant, to entertain
The Good that's proffer'd ; and (by your Beauties leave)
Not all ſo wiſe, as ſome true Politick Wife
Would be ; who having match'd with ſuch a *Nupſon*
(I ſpeak it with my Maſters Peace) whoſe Face
Hath left t'accuſe him, now, for't doth confeſs him,
What you can make him ; will yet (out of Scruple,
And a ſpic'd Conſcience) defraud the poor Gentleman,
At leaſt delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole Study, how to compaſs
Only a Title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
He had his ends. For, look you— Mrs. *Fit.* This can be
None but my Husbands Wit. *Pug.* My pretious Miſtris.
Mrs. *Fit.* It creaks his *Ingine* : The Groom never durſt
Be elſe ſo ſawcy—— *Pug.* If it were not clearly,
His worſhipful Ambition ; and the top of it ;
The very forked top too : why ſhould he
Keep you thus mur'd up in a back Room, Miſtris,
Allow you ne'er a Caſement to the Street,
Fear of engendering by the Eyes, with Gallants,
Forbid you Paper, Pen and Ink, like Rats-bane,
Search your half Pint of *Muſcatel*, leſt a Letter
Be ſunck i' the Pot : and hold your new-laid Egg
Againſt the Fire, leſt any charm be writ there ?
Will you make benefit of Truth, dear Miſtris,
If I do tell it you : I do't not often :
I am ſet over you, imploy'd indeed
To watch your Steps, your Looks, your very Breathings,
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right delicate ſweet Miſtris,
Why, we will make a *Cokes* of this *Wiſe Maſter*,
We will, my Miſtris, an abſolute fine *Cokes*,
And mock, to air, all the deep Diligences
Of ſuch a ſolemn and effectual Aſs,
An Aſs to ſo good purpoſe as we'll uſe him.
I will contrive it ſo, that you ſhall go
To *Plays*, to *Masks*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feaſts*.
For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Miſtris,
If you neat handſom Veſſels, of good ſail,
Put not forth ever and anon with your Nets
Abroad into the World. It is your fiſhing.
There, you ſhall chooſe your Friends, your Servants, Lady,
Your Squires of Honour ; I'll convey your Letters,
Fetch Anſwers, do you all the Offices
That can belong to your Blood and Beauty. And,
For the variety at my times, although
I am not in due *Symmetry*, the Man
Of that Proportion ; or in Rule
Of *Phyſick*, of the juſt Complexion ;
Or of that Truth of *Picardill*, in Clothes,
To boaſt a Soveraignty o're Ladies : yet

I know, to do my turns, ſweet Miſtris. Come, kiſs—
Mrs. *Fit.* How now!
Pug. Dear delicate Miſtris, I am your Slave,
Your little *Worm*, that loves you: your fine *Monkey*;
Your *Dog*, your *Jack*, your *Pug*, that longs to be
Stil'd o' your Pleaſures.
Mrs. *Fit.* Hear you all this? Sir, pray you,
Come from your ſtanding, do, a little, ſpare
[*She thinks her Husband watches.*
Your ſelf, Sir, from your watch, t' applaud your *Squire*,
That ſo well follows your Inſtructions!

Act II. Scene III.

Fitz dotterel, Miſtris *Fitz-dotterel*, *Pug.*

HOw now, ſweet Heart? what's the matter.
Mrs. *Fit.* Good!
You are a ſtranger to the Plot! you ſet not
Your ſawcy *Devil*, here to tempt your Wife,
With all the inſolent uncivil Language,
Or Action, he could vent? *Fit.* Did you ſo, *Devil?*
Mrs. *Fit.* Not you? you were not planted i' your Hole to hear him,
Upo' the Stairs? or here, behind the Hangings?
I do not know your Qualities? he durſt do it,
And you not give Directions? *Fit.* You ſhall ſee Wife,
Whether he durſt or no; and what it was I did direct.
[*Her Husband goes out, and enters preſently with a Cudgel upon him.*
Pug. Sweet Miſtris, are you mad?
Fit. You moſt meer Rogue! you open manifeſt Villain!
You Fiend apparent you! you declar'd Helhound!
Pug. Good Sir. *Fit.* Good Knave, good Raſcal, and good Traitor.
Now, I do find you parcel *Devil* indeed.
Upo' the Point of Truſt? I' your firſt Charge?
The very day o' your Probation?
To tempt your Miſtris? You dō ſee, good Wedlock,
How I directed him. *Mrs. Fit.* Why, where Sir, were you?
Fit. Nay, there is one blow more for Exerciſe:
[*After a pauſe, he ſtrikes him again.*
I told you, I ſhould do it. *Pug.* Would you had done, Sir.
Fit. O Wife, the rareſt man! yet there's another
To put you in mind o' the laſt, ſuch a brave man, Wife!
Within, he has his Projects, and does vent 'em,
[*and again.*
The gallanteſt! where you *tentiginous*? ha?
Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?
Did her Silks ruſtling move you? *Pug.* Gentle Sir.
Fit. Out of my ſight. If thy Name were not *Devil*,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſtay a Minute with me. In,
Go, yet ſtay: yet go too. I am reſolv'd
What I will do: and you ſhall know't afore-hand.
Soon as the Gentleman is gone, do you hear?
I'll help your liſping. Wife, ſuch a Man Wife!
[Devil *goes out.*
He has ſuch Plots! He will make me a *Duke*!
No leſs by Heaven! Six Mares to your Coach, VVife!
That's your Proportion! And your Coach-man bald,
Becauſe he ſhall be bare enough. Do not you laugh,
VVe are a looking for a Place, and all i' the Map
VVhat to be of. Have faith, be not an Infidel.
You know I am not eaſie to be gull'd.
I ſwear, when I have my *Millions*, elſe I'll make
Another *Dutcheſs*; if you ha' not Faith.
Mrs. *Fit.* You'll ha' too much, I fear, in theſe falſe Spirits,
Fit. Spirits? O, no ſuch thing! VVife! wit, meer wit!
This Man defies the *Devil* and all his VVorks!
He dos't by *Ingine*, and deviſes, he!
He has his winged Ploughs, that go with Sails,
VVill plough you Forty Acres, at once! and Mills
VVill ſpout you Water ten miles off! All *Crowland*
Is ours VVife; and the Fens, from us, in *Norfolk*,
To the utmoſt bounds of *Lincoln-ſhire*! we have view'd it,
And meaſur'd it within all; by the Scale!
The richeſt Tract of Land, Love, i' the Kingdom!
There will be made Seventeen or eighteen *Millions*;
Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore think,
Sweet heart, if th' haſt a fancy to one Place
More than another, to be *Dutcheſs* of;
Now, name it: I will ha't what ere it coſt,
(If't will be had for Money) either here,
Or in *France*, or *Italy*. *Mrs. Fit.* You ha' ſtrange Phantaſies!

Act II. Scene IV.

Merecraft, *Fitz-dottrell*, *Ingine.*

WHere are you, Sir? *Fit.* I ſee thou haſt no *Talent*
This way, VVife. Up to thy Gallery; do *Chuck*,
Leave us to talk of it, who underſtand it.
Mer. I think we ha' found a Place to fit you, now, Sir. *Gloceſter.* *Fit.* O, no, I'll none!
Mer. VVhy, Sir? *Fit.* 'Tis fatal.
Mer. That you ſay right in. *Spenſer*, I think the younger.
Had his laſt Honour thence. But, he was but *Earl.*
Fit. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*,
I'm ſure, was *Duke*, and he was made away
At *Calice*, as *Duke Humphery* was at *Bury*:
And *Richard* the Third, you know what end he came too.
Mer. By m' faith you are cunning i' the *Chronicle*, Sir.
Fit. No, I confeſs I ha't from the Play books,
And think they are more *Authentick.*
Ing. That's ſure, Sir.
Mer. VVhat ſay you (to this then)
Fit. No, a noble Houſe. [*He whiſpers him of a Place.*
Pretends to that. I will do no Man wrong.
Mer. Then take one Propoſition more, and hear it
As paſt exception. *Fit.* What's that? *Mer.* To be
Duke of thoſe Lands, you ſhall recover: take
Your Title thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd Lands*,
Or *Drown'd land.* *Fit.* Ha? that laſt has a good ſound!
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*? *Ing.* Yes;
It goes like *Groen-land*, Sir, if you mark it. *Mer.* I,
And drawing thus your honour from the work,
You make the Reputation of that, greater;
And ſtay't the longer i' your Name. *Fit.* 'Tis true.
Drown'd-lands will live in *Drown'd-land*!
Mer. Yes, when you
Ha' no foot left; as that muſt be, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your Heirs, ſome *Forty*,
Fifty Deſcents, the longer liver, at laſt, yet,
Muſt thruſt 'em out on't: if no Quirk in Law,
Or odd *Vice* o' their own not do it firſt.
We ſee thoſe changes, daily: the fair Lands,
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:
And thoſe rich Mannors, there, of Good-man *Taylors*,
Had once more Wood upon 'em, then the Yard,
By which th' were meaſur'd out for the laſt Purchaſe.
Nature hath theſe viciſſitudes. She makes
No man a ſtate of Perpetuety, Sir.
Fit. Yo' are i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
[*He ſpies* Devil.
I my ſight, again? I'll talk with you anon.

Act II. Scene V.

Pug.

SUre he will geld me if I ſtay: or worſe,
Pluck out my Tongue, one o' the two. This Fool,
There is no truſting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt againſt my *Chief*, paſt pardon.
It was a ſhrewd diſheartning this, at firſt!
Who would ha' thought a Woman ſo well harneſs'd,
Or rather well-capariſon'd, indeed,

That wears ſuch Petticoats, and Lace to her Smocks,
Broad Seaming Laces (as I ſee 'em hang there)
And Garters which are loſt, if ſhe can ſhew 'em,
Could ha' done this? *Hell*! why is ſhe ſo brave?
It cannot be to pleaſe *Duke Dotterel*, ſure,
Nor the dull Pictures in her Gallery,
Nor her own dear Reflection in her Glaſs;
Yet that may be: I have known many of 'em
Begin their Pleaſure, but none end it there:
(That I conſider, as I go along with it)
They may, for want of better Company,
Or that they think the better, ſpend an hour;
Two, three, or four, diſcourſing with their Shaddow:
But ſure they have a farther Speculation.
No Woman dreſt with ſo much care, and ſtudy,
Doth dreſs her ſelf in vain. I'll vex this *Problem*,
A little more, before I leave it ſure.

Act II. Scene VI.

Wittipol, *Manly*, Miſtris *Fitz-dottrel*, *Pug*.

THis was a Fortune, happy above Thought,
That this ſhould prove thy Chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greateſt trouble! this muſt be
The very Window, and that the Room. *Man.* It is.
I now remember, I have often ſeen there
A Woman, but I never mark'd her much.
Wit. Where was your ſoul, Friend?
Man. Faith, but now and then,
Awake unto thoſe Objects. *Wit.* You pretend ſo.
Let me not live, if I am not in love
More with her wit, for this direction now,
Then with her Form, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I ſaw her and you to day. Read thoſe.
[*He gives him a Paper, wherein is the Copy of a Song.*
They'll go unto the Air you love ſo well.
Try 'em unto the Note, may be the Muſick
Will call her ſooner; light, ſhe's here! Sing quickly.
Mrs. *Fit.* Either he underſtood him not: or elſe,
The Fellow was not faithful in delivery
Of what I bad. And, I am juſtly pay'd,
That night have made my Profit of his Service,
But by miſtaking, have drawn on his Envy,
And done the worſe defeat upon my ſelf.
[Manly *ſings*, Pug *enters perceives it.*
How! Muſick? then he may be there: and is ſure.
Pug. O! Is it ſo? Is there the Enter-view?
Have I drawn to you, at laſt, my cunning *Lady*?
The *Devil* is an *Aſs*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an Inſtrument! and could not ſent it!
Well, ſince yo' have ſhewn the malice of a VVoman,
No leſs then her true VVit and Learning, Miſtris,
I'll try, if little *Pug* have the malignity
To recompence it, and ſo ſave his danger.
'Tis not the Pain, but the Diſcredit of it,
The *Devil* ſhould not keep a Body intire.
Wit. Away, fall back, ſhe comes.
Man. I'll leave you, Sir,
The Maſter of my Chamber. I have buſineſs.
Wit. Miſtris! Mrs. *Fit.* You make me Paint, Sir.
Wit. The' are fair Colours *Lady*, and natural! I did re-
Some Commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*, (ceive
[*This* Scene *is acted at two Windows, as out of two contiguous Buildings.*
But ſo perplex'd, and wrap'd in the Delivery,
As I may fear to have miſ-interpreted:
But muſt make ſuit ſtill, to be neer your Grace.
Mrs. *Fit.* Who is there with you, Sir?
Wit. None but my ſelf.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a dear Friends Lodging.
Wherein there's ſome Conſpiracy of Fortune
With your poor Servants bleſt Affections.
Mrs. *Fit.* Who was it ſung?
Wit. He, *Lady*, but he's gone,
Upon my Entreaty of him, ſeeing you
Approach the Window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a Gentleman.
Mrs. *Fit.* Sir, if you judge me by this ſimple Action,
And by the outward Habit, and Complexion
Of eaſineſs, it hath, to your deſign;
You may with Juſtice, ſay, I am a Woman:
And a ſtrange Woman. But when you ſhall pleaſe,
To bring but that concurrence of my Fortune
To Memory, which to day your ſelf did urge:
It may beget ſome favour like excuſe,
Though none like Reaſon. *Wit.* No, my tune-full Miſtris?
Then, ſurely, *Love* hath none; nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced in both theſe:
With all whoſe gentle Tongues you ſpeak, at once.
I thought I had enough remov'd already
That Scruple from your Breaſt, and left yo' all Reaſon;
When, through my Mornings Perſpective I ſhew'd you
A Man ſo above Excuſe, as he is the Cauſe,
Why any thing is to be done upon him;
And nothing call'd an Injury miſ-plac'd.
I' rather, now had hope, to ſhew you how *Love*
By his Acceſſes grows more Natural:
And, what was done this Morning with ſuch force,
Was but deviſ'd to ſerve the preſent, then.
That ſince *Love* hath the Honour to approach
[*He grows more familiar in his Courtſhip.*
Theſe Siſter-ſwelling Breaſts; and touch this ſoft
And roſie Hand; he hath the skill to draw
Their *Nectar* forth, with kiſſing; and could make
More wanton 'ſalts, from this brave Promontory,
Down to this Valley, then the nimble *Roe*;
[*Plays with her Paps, kiſſeth her hands, &c.*
Could play the hopping *Sparrow* 'bout theſe Nets;
And ſporting *Squirel* in theſe criſped Groves;
Bury himſelf in every *Silk-worms* Kell,
Is here unravell'd; run into the Snare,
Which every Hair is, caſt into a Curl,
To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bathe himſelf
In Milk and Roſes here, and dry him there;
Warm his cold Hands, to play with this ſmooth, round,
And well torn'd Chin, as with the Billyard-ball;
Rowl on theſe Lips, the Banks of Love, and there
At once both plant and gather Kiſſes. *Lady*,
Shall I, with what I have made to day here, call
All Senſe to Wonder, and all Faith to ſign
The Myſteries revealed in your Form?
And will *Love* pardon me the Blaſphemy
I utter'd, when I ſaid, a Glaſs could ſpeak
This Beauty, or that Fools had Power to judge it?

Do but look on her Eyes! They do light——
All that Love's *World comprizeth!*
Do but look on her Hair! it is bright,
As Love's *Star, when it riſeth!*
Do but mark, her Fore-head's ſmoother,
Then words that ſooth her!
And from her arched Brows, ſuch a Grace
Sheds it ſelf through the Face;
As alone, there Triumphs to the Life,
All the Gain, all the Good, of the Elements ſtrife!

Have you ſeen but a bright Lilly grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
Before the Soyl hath ſmutch'd it?
Have you felt the Wooll o' the Bever?
Or Swans Down, ever?
Or, have ſmelt o' the Bud o' the Bryer?
Or the Nard i' the Fire?
Or, have taſted the Bag o' the Bee?
O, ſo white! O, ſo ſoft! O, ſo ſweet is ſhe!

Act

Act II. Scene VII.

Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Pug.

Her Husband appears at her Back.

IS ſhe ſo, Sir? and I will keep her ſo,
If I know how, or can: that wit of Man
Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this Windo'
She ſhall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leave on't.
If you be ſweet Meats, Wedlock, or ſweet Fleſh,
All's one: I do not love this *bum* about you.
A Fly-blown Wife is not ſo proper, in:
For you, Sir, look to hear from me.
[*He ſpeaks out of his Wives Window.*

Wit. So, I do, Sir.

Fit. No, but in other terms. There's no Man offers
This to my Wife, but pays for't.

Wit. That have I, Sir.

Fit. Nay, then, I tell you, you are.

Wit. What am I, Sir?

Fit. Why, that I'll think on, when I ha' cut your Throat.

Wit. Go, you are an *Aſs*.

Fit. I am reſolv'd on't, Sir.

Wit. I think you are.

Fit. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away you Brokers Block, you Property.

Fit. 'Slight, if you ſtrike me, I'll ſtrike your Miſtris,
[*He ſtrikes his Wife.*

Wit. O! I could ſhoot mine Eyes at him, for that, now;
Or leave my Teeth in him, were they Cuckolds bane
Enough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blind, and moſt wicked change of Fortune's this?
I ha' no Air of Patience: all my Veins
Swell, and my Sinews ſtart at iniquity of it.
I ſhall break, break. [*The* Devil *ſpeaks below.*

Pug. This for the Malice of it,
And my Revenge may paſs! But, now, my Conſcience
Tells me, I have profited the Cauſe of Hell
But little, in the breaking off their Loves.
Which, if ſome other act of mine repair not,
I ſhall hear ill of in my account.
[Fitz-dottrel *enters with his Wife as come down.*

Fit. O, Bird!
Could you do this? 'gainſt me? and at this time, now?
VVhen I was ſo imploy'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i' my care (more than the Land, I ſwear,
I 'have hope to win) to make you peer-leſs? ſtudying,
For Footmen for you, fine pac'd Huiſhers, Pages,
To ſerve you o' the Knee; with what Knights Wife,
To bear your Train, and ſit with your four Women
In Council, and receive Intelligences,
From Foreign parts, to dreſs you at all Pieces!
Y'have (a'moſt) turn'd my good Affection to you;
Sowr'd my ſweet Thoughts; all my pure Purpoſes:
I could now find (i' my very Heart) to make
Another *Lady Dutcheſs*, and depoſe you.
VVell, go your ways in. *Devil*, you have redeem'd all.
I do forgive you. And I'll do you good.

Act II. Scene VIII.

Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ingine, Trains.

WHy ha' you theſe Excurſions? where ha' you been, Sir?

Fit. VVhere I ha' been vex'd a little, with a Toy!

Mer. O Sir! no Toys muſt trouble your grave Head,
Now it is growing to be great. You muſt
Be above all thoſe things. *Fit.* Nay, nay, ſo I will.

Mer. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you muſt put off
The Man, Sir. *Ing.* He ſays true.

Mer. You muſt do nothing
As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or ſalute any Man. *Ing.* That was your Bedfellow,
The other Month.

Mer. The other Month? the Week.
Thou doſt not know the Priviledges, *Ingine*,
Follow that Title; nor how ſwift: To day,
When he has put on his Lord's Face once, then—

Fit. Sir, for theſe things I ſhall do well enough,
There is no fear of me. But then, my Wife is
Such an untoward thing! ſhe'll never learn
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceit, on her behalf.

Mer. Beſt have her taught, Sir.

Fit. Where? Are there any Schools for *Ladies*?
Is there
An *Academy* for Women? I do know,
For Men, there was: I learn'd in it my ſelf,
To make my Legs, and do my Poſtures. *Ing.* Sir,
Do you remember the conceit you had——
O' the *Spaniſh* Gown, at home?
[Ingine *whiſpers* Merecraft: Merecraft *turns to* Fitz-dottrel.

Merc. Ha! I do thank thee,
With all my Heart, dear *Ingine*. Sir, there is
A certain *Lady*, here about the Town,
An *Engliſh* Widow, who hath lately travel'd,
But ſhe's call'd the *Spaniard*, cauſe ſhe came
Lateſt from thence: and keeps the *Spaniſh* habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of ſpirit and faſhion, flock unto her,
As to their Preſident; their *Law*, their *Canon*;
More than they ever did to *Oracle-Foreman*.
Such rare Receits ſhe has, Sir, for the Face;
Such *Oils*, ſuch *Tinctures*, ſuch *Pomatum's*,
Such *Perfumes*, *Medicines*, *Quinteſſences*, &c.
And ſuch a Miſtris of behaviour,
She knows from the *Dukes* Daughter, to the Doxey,
VVhat is their due juſt: and no more! *Fit.* O Sir!
You pleaſe me i' this, more than mine own greatneſs.
VVhere is ſhe? Let us have her.

Mer. By your patience,
VVe muſt uſe means; caſt how to be acquainted—

Fit. Good, Sir, about it.

Mer. We muſt think how, firſt. *Fit.* O!
I do not love to tarry for a thing,
VVhen I have a mind to't. You do not know me,
If you do offer it. *Mer.* Your Wife muſt ſend
Some pretty token to her, with a complement,
And pray to be receiv'd in her good Graces,
All the great *Ladies* do't. *Fit.* She ſhall, ſhe ſhall,
VVhat were it beſt to be? *Mer.* Some little Toy,
I would not have it any great matter, Sir:
A *Diamond* Ring, of *forty* or *fifty* Pound,
VVould do it handſomly: and be a gift
Fit for your Wife to ſend, and her to take.

Fit. I'll go, and tell my VVife on't, ſtraight.
[Fitz-dottrel *goes out.*

Mer. VVhy this
Is well! The Clothes we' have now; But, where's this *Lady*?
If we could get a witty Boy now, *Ingine*;
That were an excellent crack. I could inſtruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this *Dottrel*.

Ing. Why, Sir, your beſt will be one o' the Players!

Mer. No, there's no truſting them. They'll talk on't,
And tell their *Poets*. *Ing.* What if they do? the Jeſt
Will brook the Stage. But, there be ſome of 'em
Are very honeſt Lads. There's *Dick Robinſon*
A very pretty Fellow, and comes often
To a Gentleman's Chamber, a Friends of mine. We had
The merrieſt Supper of it there, one night,
The Gentleman's Landlady invited him

To

To'a Goſſips Feaſt: Now, he Sir, brought *Dick Robinſon*,
Dreſt like a Lawyers Wife, amongſt 'em all;
(I lent him Cloathes) but, to ſee him behave it;
And lay the Law, and carve, and drink unto 'em;
And then talk Baudy: and ſend Frolicks! O!
It would have burſt your Buttons, or not left you
A Seam. *Mer.* They ſay he's an ingenious Youth!
Ing. O Sir! and dreſſes himſelf the beſt! beyond
Forty o' your very *Ladies!* did you nee'r ſee him?
Mer. No, I do ſeldom ſee thoſe Toys. But think you,
That we may have him?
Ing. Sir, the young Gentleman
I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it?
[*Enters again.*
Mer. Yes, do it. *Fit.* 'Slight, I cannot get my Wife
To part with a Ring, on any terms: and yet
The ſullen *Monkey* has two.
Mer. It were 'gainſt Reaſon,
That you ſhould urge it; Sir, ſend to a Goldſmith,
Let not her loſe by't. *Fit.* How do's ſhe loſe by't?
Is't not for her? *Mer.* Make it your own bounty,
It will ha' the better ſucceſs; what is a matter
Of *fifty* Pound to you, Sir. *Fit.* I' have but a hundred
Pieces, to ſhew here; that I would not break—
Mer. You ſhall ha' credit, Sir. I'll ſend a Ticket
Unto my Goldſmith. Here, my Man comes too,
To carry it fitly. How now, *Trains?* VVhat Birds?
[Trains *enters.*
Tra. Your Couſin *Ever-ill* met me, and has beat me,
Becauſe I would not tell him where you were:
I think he has dog'd me to the Houſe too. *Fit.* Well—
You ſhall go out at the back-door then, *Trains.*
You muſt get *Guilt-head* hither, by ſome means.
Tra. 'Tis impoſſible!
Fit. Tell him, we have *Veniſon*,
I'll g' him a piece, and ſend his Wife a *Pheaſant.*
Tra. A forreſt moves not, till that *forty* Pound,
Yo' had of him laſt be paid. He keeps more ſtir
For that ſame petty ſumm, than for your Bond
Of *Six*; and *Statute* of *Eight* hundred! *Fit.* Tell him
VVe'll hedge in that. Cry up *Fitz-dottrel* to him,
Double his price: Make him a Man of mettal.
Tra. That will not need, his Bond is currant enough.

Act III. Scene I.

Guilt-head, Plutarchus.

All this is to make you a Gentleman:
I'll have you learn, Son. Wherefore have I plac'd you
VVith Sir *Poul Eitherſide*, but have ſo much Law
To keep your own? Beſides, he is a *Juſtice*,
Here i' the Town; and dwelling, Son, with him,
You ſhall learn that in a Year, ſhall be worth twenty
Of having ſtaid you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
Or ſending you to the *Inns* of *Court*, or *France*.
I am call'd for now in haſte, by Maſter *Mere-craft*
To truſt Maſter *Fitz-dottrel*, a good Man:
I' have inquir'd him eighteen hundred a Year,
(His name is currant) for a Diamond Ring
Of forty, ſhall not be worth thirty (that's gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
Plu. O, but good Father, you truſt too much!
Gui. Boy, by,
VVe live by finding Fools out to be truſted.
Our Shop books are our Paſtures, our Corn-grounds,
VVe lay 'em op'n, for them to come into:
And when we have 'em there, we drive 'em up
In t' one of our Pounds, the *Compters*, ſtraight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
VVe Citizens never truſt, but we do cozen:
For, if our Debtors pay, we cozen them;
And if they do not, then we cozen our ſelves.
But that's a hazard every one muſt run,
That hopes to make his Son a Gentleman!
Plu. I do not wiſh to be one, truly Father.
In a deſcent, or two, we come to be
Juſt 'i their State, fit to be cozen'd, like 'em.
And I had rather ha' tarried i' your Trade:
For, ſince the *Gentry* ſcorn the City ſo much,
Methinks we ſhould in time, holding together,
And matching in our own Tribes, as they ſay,
Have got an *Act* of *Common Councel* for it,
That we might cozen them out of *rerum natura.*
Gui. I, if we had an *Act* firſt to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy Heirs unto 'em:
And Daughters, with ſuch laviſh Portions.
That confounds all.
Plu. And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
And when they have your Money, then they laugh at you:
Or kick you down the Stairs. I cannot abide 'em.
I would fain have 'em cozen'd, but not truſted.

Act III. Scene II.

Mere-craft, Guilt-head, Fitz-dottrel, Plutarchus.

O, Is he come! I knew he would not fail me.
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I muſt ha' you do
A noble Gentleman a courteſie, here,
In a meer toy (ſome pretty Ring, or Jewel)
Of fifty, or threeſcore Pound. (Make it a hundred,
And hedge in the laſt forty, that I owe you,
And your own price for the Ring.) He's a good Man, Sir,
And you may hap' ſee him a great one! He,
Is likely to beſtow hundreds, and thouſands,
Wi' you; if you can humour him. A great Prince
He will be ſhortly. VVhat do you ſay?
Gui. In truth, Sir,
I cannot. 'T has been a long vacation with us.
Fit. Of what, I pray thee? of Wit? or Honeſty?
Thoſe are your Citizens long vacations.
Plu. Good Father do not truſt 'em.
Mer. Nay, *Thom. Guilt-head*,
He will not buy a courteſie and beg it:
He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,
You muſt do cheerfully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet proſtitute! VVho's this? thy Son?
A pretty Youth, what's his name? *Plu. Plutarchus*, Sir.
Mer. Plutarchus! How came that about?
Gui. That Year, Sir,
That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch*'s Lives,
And fell i' in love with the Book, as I call'd my Son
By 'his name, in hope he ſhould be like him:
And write the Lives of our great Men! *Mer.* i' the City?
And you do breed him, there? *Gui.* His mind, Sir, lies
Much to that way.
Mer. VVhy, then he is i' the right way.
Gui. But, now, I had rather get him a good VVife,
And plant him i' the Country; there to uſe
The bleſſing I ſhall leave him. *Mer.* Out upon't!
And loſe the laudable means, thou haſt at home, here,
T' advance, and make him a young *Alderman?*
Buy him a Captains place, for ſhame; and let him
Into the World early, and with his Plume,
And Scarfs, march through *Cheapſide*, or along *Cornhill*;
And by the vertue' of thoſe, draw down a VVife
There from a Windo', worth ten thouſand Pound!
Get him the poſture Book, and's Leaden Men,
To ſet upon a Table, 'gainſt his Miſtris
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And ſhew her *Finsbury* Battels. *Gui.* I have plac'd him
With Juſtice *Eitherſide*, to get ſo much Law. —

Mer.

Mer. As thou haſt Conſcience. Come, come, thou doſt wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was born to train the Youth
Of *London* in the Military truth——
That way his *Genius* lies. My Couſin *Everill!*

Act III. Scene III.

Everill, Plutarchus, Guilt head, Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrel.

O, Are you here, Sir? 'pray you let us whiſper.
Plu. Father, dear Father, truſt him if you love me.
Gui. Why, I do mean it, Boy; but, what I do,
Muſt not come eaſily from me: We muſt deal
With *Courtiers*, Boy, as *Courtiers* deal with us.
If I have a *Buſineſs* there, with any of them,
Why, I muſt wait, I'am ſure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* diſpatch me, yet his worſhipful Man——
Will keep me for his ſport, a Month, or two,
To ſhew me with my fellow Citizens.
I muſt make his Train long, and full, one quarter;
And help the ſpectacle of his greatneſs. There,
Nothing is done at once, but injuries, Boy:
And they come head-long! all their good turns move not,
Or very ſlowly. *Plu.* Yet ſweet Father, truſt him.
Gui. Well, I will think.
Ever. Come, you muſt do't, Sir.
I'am undone elſe, and your *Lady Tail-buſh.*
Has ſent for me to dinner, and my Cloaths
Are all at pawn. I had ſent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to Town, ſome twenty
Of my Epiſtles, and no one return—
[Mere-craft *tells him of his faults.*
Mer. Why, I ha' told you o' this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, Gold-lace, and Cut-works! your fine Gartring!
With your blown Roſes, Couſin! and your eating
Pheaſant, and *Godwit*, here in *London!* haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides!* wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the Table! and affecting Lechery,
In Velvet! where could you ha' contented your ſelf
With Cheeſe, ſalt Butter, and a pickled Herring,
I' the Low-countries; there worn Cloth, and Fuſtian!
Been ſatisfied with a leap o' your Hoſt's Daughter,
In Gariſon, a Wench of a Stoter! or,
Your *Sutlers* Wife, i' the Leaguer, of two Blanks!
You never then had run upon this flat,
To write your Letters miſſive, and ſend out
Your privy Seals, that thus have frighted off
All your acquaintance; that they ſhun you at diſtance,
Worſe than you do the Bailies! *Ever.* Pox upon you,
I come not to you for Counſel, I lack Money.
[*He repines.*
Mer. You do not think, what you owe me already.
Ever. I?
They owe you, that mean to pay you. I'll beſworn
I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I ſhall undo your practice, for this Month elſe:
You know me. [*And threatens him.*
Mer. I, yo' are a right ſweet nature!
Ever. Well, that's all one!
Mer. You'll leave this Empire one day?
You will not ever have this Tribute paid,
Your Scepter o' the Sword? *Ever.* Tie up your wit,
Do, and provoke me not——
Mer. Will you, Sir, help
To what I ſhall provoke another for you?
Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I am not
So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted,
But I can do my ſelf good, on occaſions. [*They join.*
Mer. Strike in then, for your part, Mr. *Fitz-dottrel*,
If I tranſgreſs in point of Manners, afford me
Your beſt conſtruction; I muſt beg my freedom
From your affairs, this day. *Fit.* How, Sir. *Mer.* It is
In ſuccour of this Gentlemans occaſions,
My Kinſman—— [Mere-craft *pretends* buſineſs.
Fit. You'll not do me that affront, Sir.
Mer. I am ſorry you ſhould ſo interpret it,
But, Sir, it ſtands upon his being inveſted
In a new *Office*, he has ſtood for, long:
[Mere-craft *deſcribes the* Office *of* Dependancy.
Maſter of the *Dependances!* A place
Of my projection too, Sir, and hath met
Much oppoſition; but the State, now, ſee's
That great neceſſity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their ſpeaking, againſt *Duels*,
They have erected it. His Book is drawn——
For, ſince, there will be differences daily,
'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
Is grown offenſive; that thoſe few, we call
The civil Men o' the Sword, abhor the Vapours;
They ſhall refer now, hither, for their *Proceſs*;
And ſuch as treſpaſs 'gainſt the Rule of *Court*,
Are to be fin'd— *Fit.* In troth, a pretty place!
Mer. A kind of Arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.
Fit. I ſhall have matter for it, I believe,
Ere it be long: I had a diſtaſte. *Mer.* But now, Sir,
My learned Counſel, they muſt have a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no Books, without the Hand-gout
Be oil'd; and I muſt furniſh. If 't be Money,
To me ſtraight. I am *Mine*, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
To ſupply all. What is't? a hundred Pound?
Ever. No, th' *Harpey*, now, ſtands on a hundred Pieces.
Mer. Why, he muſt have 'em, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
Will equally ſerve your occaſion's,——
And therefore, let me obtain, that you will yield
To timing a poor Gentlemans diſtreſſes,
In terms of hazard.— *Fit.* By no means! *Mer.* I muſt
Get him this Money, and will.——
Fit. Sir, I proteſt,
I'd rather ſtand engag'd for it my ſelf:
Then you ſhould leave me.
Mer. O good Sir, do you think
So courſly of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be preſt to take it:
Though you be pleas'd to offer it. *Fit.* Why, by Heaven,
I mean it! *Mer.* I can never believe leſs.
But we, Sir, muſt preſerve our Dignity,
As you do publiſh yours. By your fair leave, Sir.
[*He offers to be gone.*
Fit. As I am a Gentleman, if you do offer
To leave me now, or if you do refuſe me,
I will not think you love me. *Mer.* Sir, I honour you.
And with juſt reaſon, for theſe noble Notes,
Of the Nobility, you pretend too! But, Sir—
I would know, why? a motive (he a ſtranger)
You ſhould do this?
(*Ever.* You'll mar all with your fineneſs)
Fit. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I have a *Buſineſs*, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his *Office*. *Mer.* O, Sir! I have done, then;
If he can be made profitable to you.
Fit. Yes, and it ſhall be one of my ambitions
To have it the firſt *Buſineſs*? May I not?
Ever. So you do mean to make't a perfect *Buſineſs*.
Fit. Nay, I'll do that, aſſure you: ſhew me once.
Mer. Sir, it concerns, the firſt be a perfect *Buſineſs*,
For his own Honour! *Ever.* I, and th' Reputation
Too, of my Place.
Fit. Why, why do I take this courſe, elſe?
I am not altogether an *Aſs*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore ſhould I conſult you? do you think,!
To make a Song on't? How's your manner? tell us.
Mer. Do, ſatisfie him: give him the whole courſe.

Ever.

Ever. Firſt, by requeſt, or otherwiſe, you offer
Your *Buſineſs* to the *Court* wherein you crave;
The judgment of the *Maſter* and the *Aſſiſtants.*
Fit. Well, that's done, now, what do you upon it?
Ever. We ſtraight, Sir, have recourſe to the Spring-head;
Viſit the Ground; and, ſo diſcloſe the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If we do find,
By our proportions, it is like to prove
A ſullen, and black *Bus'neſs*, that it be
Incorrigible, and out of treaty; then,
We file it, a *Dependance!* *Fit.* So 'tis fil'd.
What follows? I do love the order of theſe things.
Ever. We then adviſe the party, if he be
A Man of Means, and Havings, that forth-with
He ſettle his Eſtate: if not, at leaſt
That he pretend it. For, by that, the World
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance.*
And this we call, Sir, *Publication.*
Fit. Very ſufficient! After *Publication*, now?
Ever. Then we grant out our *Proceſs*, which is divers;
Either by *Chartel*, Sir, or *Ore-tenus*,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee,
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Provocador*,
And *Provocado*, have their ſeveral courſes—
Fit. I have enough on't! for an hundred Pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do.
Your Man will take my Bond? *Mer.* That he will, ſure;
But, theſe ſame Citizens, they are ſuch ſharks!
There's an old Debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is run away, to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hook in that, or he wi' not do.
[*He whiſpers* Fitz-dottrel *aſide.*
Fit. Why, let him. That and the Ring, and a hundred Pieces,
Will all but make two hundred?
Mer. No, no more, Sir.
What ready *Arithmetick* you have? do you hear?
[*And then* Guilt-head.
A pretty mornings work for you, this! Do it,
You ſhall ha' twenty Pound on't. *Gui.* Twenty Pieces?
(*Plu.* Good Father, do't.)
Mer. You will hook ſtill? well,
Shew us your Ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentleneſs, at firſt, we might ha' thank'd you;
But groan, and ha' your courteſies come from you
Like a hard ſtool, and ſtink. A Man may draw
Your Teeth out eaſier than your Money. Come,
Were little *Guilt-head* here, no better a nature,
I ſhould ne'r love him, that could pull his Lips off, now!
[*He pulls* Plutarchus *by the Lips.*
Was not thy Mother a Gentlewoman? *Plu.* Yes, Sir.
Mer. And went to the Court at *Chriſtmas*, and St. *Georges-tide?*
And lent the Lords-men Chains!
Plu. Of Gold and Pearl, Sir.
Mer. I knew thou muſt take after ſome body!
Thou could'ſt not be elſe. This was no Shop-look!
I'll ha' thee Captain *Guilt-head*, and march up,
And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the Buſh
At every Tavern! Thou ſhalt have a Wife,
If Smocks will mount, Boy. How now? you ha' there now
Some *Briſto-ſtone*, or *Corniſh* counterfeit
You'ld put upon us. [*He turns to old* Guilt-head.
Gui. No, Sir, I aſſure you.
Look on his luſter! he will ſpeak himſelf!
I'll gi' you leave to put him i' the Mill,
H' is no great, large Stone, but a true *Paragon*,
H' has all his Corners, view him well.
Mer. H' is yellow.
Gui. Upo' my faith, Sir, o' the right black-water,
And very deep! H' is ſet without a foil, too.
Here's one o' the Yellow-water, I'll ſell cheap.
Mer. And what do you value this at? thirty Pound?
Gui. No, Sir, he coſt me forty, ere he was ſet.
Mer. Turnings, you mean? I know your *Equivocks:*
You'are grown the better Fathers of 'em o' late.
Well, where't muſt go, 'twill be judg'd, and therefore,
Look you't be right. You ſhall have fifty Pound for't.
[*Now to* Fitz-dottrel.
Not a *Deneer* more! And becauſe you would
Have things diſpatch'd, Sir, I'l go preſently,
Inquire out this *Lady.* If you think good, Sir.
Having an hundred Pieces ready, you may
Part with thoſe now, to ſerve my Kinſmans turns,
That he may wait upon you anon, the freer;
And take 'em when you ha' ſeal'd again, of *Guilt-head.*
Fit. I care not if I do! *Mer.* And diſpatch all
Together. *Fit.* There, th'are juſt; a hundred Pieces!
I' ha' told 'em over twice a day theſe two Months.
[*He turns 'em out together: And* Everill *and he fall to ſhare.*
Mer. Well, go and ſeal then, Sir, make your return
As ſpeedy as you can. *Ever.* Come, gi' me.
Mer. Soft, Sir.
Ever. Marry, and fair too, then, I'll no delaying, Sir.
Mer. But you will hear?
Ever. Yes, when I have my Divident.
Mer. There's forty Pieces for you.
Ever. What is this for?
Mer. Your half. You know, that *Guilt-head* muſt ha' twenty.
Ever. And what's your Ring there? ſhall I ha' none o' that?
Mer. O, that's to be given to a *Lady!*
Ever. Is't ſo? *Mer.* By that good light, it is.
Ever. Come, gi' me
Ten Pieces more, then. *Mer.* Why?
Ever. For *Guilt-head?* Sir,
Do' you think, I'll allow him any ſuch ſhare?
Mer. You muſt.
Ever. Muſt I? Do your muſts, Sir, I'll do mine;
You wi' not part with the whole, Sir, will you? Go too.
Gi' me ten Pieces! *Mer.* By what Law do you this?
Ever. E'en Lyon-law, Sir, I muſt roar elſe.
Mer. Good!
Ever. Yo' have heard how th' *Aſs* made his diviſions wiſely?
Mer. And I am he: I thank you.
Ever. Much good do you, Sir.
Mer. I ſhall be rid o' this Tyranny one day.
Ever. Not
While you do eat, and lie about the Town here,
And cozen i' your Bullions; and I ſtand
Your name of Credit, and compound your buſineſs;
Adjourn your beatings every Term, and make
New Parties for your projects. I have now
A pretty task of it, to hold you in
Wi' your *Lady Tail buſh:* but the toy will be,
How we ſhall both come off?
Mer. Leave you your doubting,
And do your portion, what's aſſign'd you: I
Never fail'd yet. *Eve.* With reference to your aids?
You'll ſtill be unthankful. Where ſhall I meet you, anon?
You ha' ſome feat to do alone, now, I ſee;
You wiſh me gone, well, I will find you out,
And bring you after to the Audit. *Mer.* 'Slight!
There's *Ingine's* ſhare too, I had forgot! This Reign
Is too-too-unſupportable! I muſt
Quit my ſelf of this Vaſſalage! *Ingine!* welcome.

Act III. Scene IV.

Mere-craft, Ingine, Wittipol.

HOw goes the Cry? *Ing.* Excellent well!
Mer. Will't do?
Where's *Robinſon*? *Ing.* Here is the Gentleman, Sir,
Will undertake 't himſelf. I have acquainted him.
Mer. Why did you ſo?
Ing. Why, *Robinſon* would ha' told him,
You know. And he's a pleaſant Wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpoſe. Then, he's of Opinion,
That *Robinſon* might want audacity,
She being ſuch a Gallant. Now, he has been
In *Spain*, and knows the Faſhions there; and can
Diſcourſe; and being but mirth (he ſays) leave much
To his care. *Mer.* But he is too tall! [*He excepts at his Stature.*
Ing. For that,
He has the braveſt Device (you'll love him for't)
To ſay, he wears *Cioppinos*: and they do ſo
In *Spain*. And *Robinſon*'s as tall as he.
Mer. Is he ſo? *Ing.* Every jot. *Mer.* Nay, I had rather
To truſt a Gentleman with it o' the two.
Ing. Pray you go to him then, Sir, and ſalute him.
Mer. Sir, my Friend *Ingine* has acquainted you
With a ſtrange *buſineſs*, here. *Wit.* A merry one, Sir.
The *Duke* of *Drown'd-Land*, and his *Dutcheſs*? *Mer.* Yes,
Now, that the *Conjurers* ha' laid him by, (Sir.
I ha' made bold to borrow him a while.
Wit. With purpoſe, yet, to put him out I hope
To his beſt uſe. *Mer.* Yes, Sir. *Wit.* For that ſmall part,
That I am truſted with, put off your care:
I would not loſe to do it, for the mirth
Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.
Mer. Sir, that will make it well.
Wit. You will report it ſo.
Where muſt I have my dreſſing? *Ing.* At my Houſe, Sir.
Mer. You ſhall have caution, Sir, for what he yields,
To ſix Pence. *Wit.* You ſhall pardon me. I will ſhare, Sir,
I' your Sports, only: nothing i' your purchace.
But you muſt furniſh me with Complements,
To th' manner of *Spain*; my Coach, my *guarda duenna's*;
Mer. Ingine's your *Pro'vedor*. But, Sir, I muſt
(Now I' have entred truſt wi' you, thus far)
Secure ſtill i' your Quality, acquaint you
With ſomewhat beyond this. The Place deſign'd
To be the *Scene*, for this our merry Matter,
Becauſe it muſt have countenance of Women,
To draw diſcourſe, and offer it, is here by,
At the *Lady-Tailbuſhes*. *Wit.* I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman *huiſher*. *Mer.* Mr. *Ambler*?
Wit. Yes, Sir.
Mer. Sir, It ſhall be no ſhame to me, to confeſs
To you, that we poor Gentlemen, that want Acres,
Muſt for our needs, turn Fools up, and plough *Ladies*
Sometime, to try what gleb they are: and this
Is no unfruitful Piece. She and I now
Are on a Project, for the Fact, and venting
Of a new kind of *Fucus* (paint for *Laaies*)
To ſerve the Kingdom: wherein ſhe her ſelf
Hath travaill'd, ſpecially, by way of Service
Unto her Sex, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,
As the Reward of her Invention.
Wit. What is her end in this? *Ev.* Merely Ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the Secret:
Though ſhe pretend ſome other. For, ſhe's dealing,
Already, upon caution for the ſhares,
And Mr. *Ambler*, is he nam'd *Examiner*
For the Ingredients; and the *Regiſter*
Of what is vented; and ſhall keep the *Office*.
Now, if ſhe break with you, of this (as I
Muſt make the leading Thred to your acquaintance,
That, how Experience gotten i' your Being
Abroad, will help our Buſineſs) think of ſome
Pretty Additions, but to keep her floating:
It may be ſhe will offer you a Part,
Any ſtrange Names of——*Wit.* Sir, I have my Inſtructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?
Mer. Yes, Sir. *Ing.* The Fool's in ſight, *Dottrel*.
Mer. Away, then.

Act III. Scene V.

Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

REturn'd ſo ſoon? *Fit.* Yes, here's the Ring: I ha' ſeal'd.
But there's not ſo much Gold in all the Row, he ſays——
Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane up for the Gameſters.
Mer. There's a Shop-ſhift! plague on 'em.
Fit. He do's ſwear it.
Mer. He'll ſwear and forſwear too, it is his Trade,
You ſhould not have left him. *Fit.* 'Slid, I can go back,
And beat him yet. *Mer.* No, now let him alone.
Fit. I was ſo earneſt, after the main *Buſineſs*,
To have this Ring gone. *Mer.* True, and 'tis time.
I' have learn'd, Sir, Sin' you went, her *Ladyſhip* eats
With the *Lady Tail-buſh* here, hard by. *Fit.* I' the Lane here?
Mer. Yes, if you had a Servant, now of Preſence,
Well cloath'd, and of an airy voluble Tongue,
Neither too big or little for his Mouth,
That could deliver your Wives Complement;
To ſend along withal. *Fit.* I have one Sir,
A very handſom Gentleman-like-fellow,
That I do mean to make my *Dutcheſs Uſher*——
I entertain'd him but this Morning too:
I'll call him to you. The worſt of him is his Name!
Mer. She'll take no note of that, but of his Meſſage.
[*He ſhews him his* Pug.
Fit. Devil! How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little,
Let's ſee you move. *Mer.* He'll ſerve, Sir, give it him:
And let him go along with me, I'll help
To preſent him and it. *Fit.* Look you do Sirrah,
Diſcharge this well, as you expect your Place.
D'you hear, go on, come off with all your Honours.
[*Gives him Inſtructions.*
I would fain ſee him do it. *Mer.* Truſt him with it.
Fit. Remember kiſſing of your Hand, and anſwering
With the *French* time, in flexure of your Body.
I could now ſo inſtruct him—— and for his words——
Mer. I'll put them in his Mouth.
Fit. O, but I have 'em;
O' the very *Academies*. *Mer.* Sir, you'll have uſe for 'em
Anon your ſelf, I warrant you, after Dinner
When you are call'd. *Fit.* 'Slight, that'll be juſt Play-time.
[*He longs to ſee the* Play.
It cannot be, I muſt not loſe the *Play!*
Mer. Sir, but you muſt, if ſhe appoint to ſit.
And ſhe's Preſident. *Fit.* 'Slid, it is the *Devil!*
[*Becauſe it is the* Devil.
Mer. And, 'twere his Damm too, you muſt now apply
Your ſelf, Sir, to this wholly; or loſe all.
Fit. If I could but ſee a Piece——
Mer. Sir, Never think on't.
Fit. Come but to one Act, and I did not care——
But to be ſeen to riſe and go away,
To vex the Players, and to puniſh their *Poet*——
Keep him in awe! *Mer.* But ſay that he be one
Wi' not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?
Fit. That he ſhall pay for 's Dinner himſelf.
Mer. Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather than thank you.
Come get the *Devil* out of your Head, my *Lord*,
(I'll call you ſo in private ſtill) and take
Your *Lordſhip* i' your mind. You were, ſweet *Lord*,
[*He puts him in mind of his Quarrel.*
In talk to bring a *Buſineſs* to the *Office*. *Fit.* Yes.

Mer. Why ſhould not you, Sir, carry it o' your ſelf,
Before the *Office* be up? and ſhew the World,
You had no need of any mans direction;
In Point, Sir, of ſufficiency? I ſpeak
Againſt a Kinſman, but as one that tenders
Your Graces good. *Fit.* I thank you; to proceed——
Mer. To *Publications*: ha' your *Deed* drawn preſently.
And leave me a blank to put in your *Feoffees*,
One, two, or more, as you ſee cauſe—*Fit.* I thank you
Heartily, I do thank you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
That I could not think o' this as well as he?
O, I could beat my infinite Block-head——!
[*He is angry with himſelf.*
Mer. Come, we muſt this way.
Pug. How far is't? *Mer.* Hard by here,
Over the way. Now, to atchieve this Ring
From this ſame Fellow, that is to aſſure it,
[*He thinks how to cozen the Bearer of the Ring.*
Before he give it. Though my *Spaniſh Lady*,
Be a young Gentleman of means, and ſcorn
To ſhare, as he doth ſay, I do not know
How ſuch a Toy may tempt his *Ladiſhip*:
And therefore, I think beſt it be aſſur'd.
Pug. Sir, be the *Ladies* brave we go unto?
Mer. O, yes. *Pug.* And ſhall I ſee 'em, and ſpeak to 'em?
Mer. What elſe? ha' you your Falſe-beard about you, *Trains*? [*Queſtions his man.*
Tra. Yes. *Mer.* And is this one of your double Clokes?
Tra. The beſt of 'em.
Mer. Be ready then. Sweet *Pitfall*!

Act III. Scene VI.

Mere-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Trains.

COme, I muſt buſs——*Pit.* Away. [*Offers to kiſs.*
Mer. I'll ſet thee up again.
Never fear that: canſt thou get ne'er a Bird?
No *Throſhes* hungry? Stay till cold Weather come,
I'll help thee to an *Ouſel* or a *Field-fare*.
Who's within with *Madam*? *Pit.* I'll tell you ſtraight.
[*She runs in in haſte; he follows.*
Mer. Pleaſe you ſtay here a while, Sir, I'll go in.
Pug. I do ſo long to have a little Venery,
While I am in this Body! I would taſte
Of every Sin a little, if it might be,
After the manner of Man! *Sweet-heart!*
Pit. What would you, Sir?
[Pug *leaps* at Pitfall's *coming in.*
Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,
My pretty *Pit* (as the Gentleman ſaid) your *Throſtle*:
Lye tame and taken with you; here is Gold!
To buy you ſo much new Stuffs from the Shop,
As I may take the old up—— *Tra.* You muſt ſend, Sir,
The Gentleman the Ring. *Pug.* There 'tis. Nay look,
[Train's *in his falſe Cloak, brings a falſe Meſſage, and gets the Ring.*
Will you be fooliſh, *Pit*? *Pit.* This is ſtrange rudeneſs.
Pug. Dear *Pit. Pit.* I'll call, I ſwear.
Mer. Where are you, Sir?
Is your Ring ready? Go with me. *Pug.* I ſent it you.
[Mere-craft *follows preſently, and asks for it.*
Mer. Me? When? by whom?
Pug. A Fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it i' your Name. *Mer.* I ſent none, ſure.
My meaning ever was, you ſhonld deliver it
Your ſelf: So was your Maſters charge, you know.
[*Ent.* Trains *as himſelf again.*
What Fellow was it, do you know him? *Pug.* Here,
But now, he had it. *Mer.* Saw you any, *Trains*?
Tra. Not I. *Pug.* The Gentleman ſaw him.
Mer. Enquire.
Pug. I was ſo earneſt upon her, I mark'd not!
[*The* Devil *confeſſeth himſelf cozen'd.*
My deviliſh *Chief* has put me here in Fleſh,
To ſhame me! This dull Body I am in,
I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing
That will ſucceed! *Tra.* Sir, ſhe ſaw none, ſhe ſays.
Pug. Satan himſelf has tane a ſhape t' abuſe me.
It could not be elſe! *Mer.* This is above ſtrange!
[Mere-craft *accuſeth him of negligence.*
That you ſhould be ſo retchleſs. What'll you do, Sir?
How you will anſwer this, when you are queſtion'd?
Pug. Run from my Fleſh, if I could: put off Mankind!
This's ſuch a ſcorn! and will be a new Exerciſe
For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the ſeveral Cudgels,
Muſt ſuffer on this back! Can you no Succours, Sir?
[*He asketh aid.*
Mer. Alas! the uſe of it is ſo preſent. *Pug.* I ask,
Sir, Credit for another, but till to morrow.
Mer. There is not ſo much time, Sir. But however,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To ſave a Gentleman from check) be intreated
[Mere-craft *promiſeth faintly, yet comforts him.*
To ſay, ſhe has receiv'd it. *Pug*, Do you think ſo?
Will ſhe be won? *Mer.* No doubt, to ſuch an Office,
It will be a Ladies Bravery and her Pride.
Pug. And not be known on't after, unto him?
Mer. That were a Treachery! Upon my word,
Be confident. Return unto your Maſter,
My *Lady Preſident* ſits this Afternoon,
Has tane the Ring, commends her Services
Unto your *Lady-Dutcheſs*. You may ſay
She's a civil *Lady*, and does give her
All her reſpects already: Bad you tell her,
She lives but to receive her wiſh'd Commandments,
And have the honour here to kiſs her Hands:
For which ſhe'll ſtay this hour yet. Haſten you
Your *Prince*, away. *Pug.* And Sir, you will take care
Th' excuſe be perfect? *Mer.* You confeſs your fears.
[*The* Devil *is doubtful.*
Too much. *Pug.* The Shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

Act IV. Scene I.

Taile-buſh, Mere-craft, Manly.

A Pox upo' referring to *Commiſſioners*,
I'had rather hear that it were paſt the Seals:
You *Courtiers* move ſo Snail-like i' your *Buſineſs*.
Would I had not begun wi' you. *Mer.* We muſt move,
Madam, in order, by degrees: not jump.
Tay. Why, there was Sir *John Monie-man* could jump
A *Buſineſs* quickly. *Mer.* True, he had great Friends,
But, becauſe ſome, ſweet *Madam*, can leap Ditches,
We muſt not all ſhun to go over Bridges.
The harder Parts, I make account are done,
[*He flatters her.*
Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitly bound
Unto the *Ladies*, they ha' ſo cri'd it up!
Tay. Do they like it then?
Mer. They ha' ſent the *Spaniſh Lady*,
To gratulate with you—*Tay.* I muſt ſend 'em thanks,
And ſome Remembrances.
Mer. That you muſt, and viſit 'em. Where's *Ambler*?
Tay. Loſt, to day, we cannot hear of him.
Mer. No? *Madam*?
Tay. No in good faith. They ſay he lay not
At home to night. And here has fall'n a *Buſineſs*
Between your Couſin, and Maſter *Manly*, has
Unquieted us all. *Mer.* So I hear, *Madam*.
Pray you how was it? *Tay.* Troth, it but appears

Ill o' your Kinſmans part. You may have heard,
That *Manly* is a Sutor to me, I doubt not.
Mer. I gueſs'd it, *Madam.*
Tay. And it ſeems, he truſted
Your Couſin to let fall ſome fair reports
Of him unto me, *Mer.* Which he did! *Tay.* So far
From it, as he came in, and took him rayling
Againſt him. *Mer.* How! And what ſaid *Manly* to him?
Tay. Enough, I do aſſure you: and with that ſcorn
Of him, and the Injury, as I do wonder
How *Everil* bore it! But that guilt undoes
Many Mens Valours. *Mer.* Here comes *Manly.*
Man. *Madam,* I'll take my leave——
[Manly *offers to be gone.*
Tay. You ſha' not go, i' faith.
I'll ha' you ſtay, and ſee this *Spaniſh* Miracle,
Of our *Engliſh Lady.* *Man.* Let me pray your *Ladiſhip,*
Lay your Commands on me ſome other time.
Tay. Now, I proteſt: and I will have all piec'd
And Friends again. *Man.* It will be but ill ſolder'd!
Tay. You are too much affected with it. *Man.* I cannot
Madam, but think on't for th' Injuſtice. *Tay.* Sir,
His Kinſman here is ſorry. *Mer.* Not I, *Madam,*
I am no kin to him, we but call Couſins;
[Merecraft *denies him.*
And if we were, Sir, I have no relation
Unto his Crimes. *Man.* You are not urged with 'em.
I can accuſe, Sir, none but mine own Judgment,
For though it were his Crime, ſo to betray me,
I' am ſure, 'twas more mine own, at all to truſt him:
But he therein, did uſe but his old Manners,
And ſavour ſtrongly what he was before.
Tay. Come, he will change!
Man. Faith, I muſt never think it.
Nor were it reaſon in me to expect,
That for my ſake, he ſhould put off a Nature
He ſuck'd in with his Milk. It may be *Madam,*
Deceiving truſt, is all he has to truſt to:
If ſo, I ſhall be loth, that any hope
Of mine, ſhould bate him of his means.
Tay. Yo' are ſharp, Sir.
This Act may make him honeſt! *Man.* If he were
To be made honeſt by an Act of *Parliament,*
I ſhould not alter i' my faith of him. *Tay. Eitherſide!*
Welcom, dear *Eitherſide!* how haſt thou done, good
Wench? [*She ſpies the Lady* Eitherſide.
Thou haſt been a ſtranger! I ha' not ſeen thee this Week.

Act IV. Scene II.

To them.] *Eitherſide.*

EVer your Servant, *Madam.*
Tay. Where haſt thou been?
I did ſo long to ſee thee. *Eit.* Viſiting, and ſo tyr'd!
I proteſt, *Madam,* 'tis a monſtrous trouble!
Tay. And ſo it is. I ſwear I muſt to morrow,
Begin my Viſits (would they were over) at *Court.*
It tortures me, to think on 'em. *Eit.* I do hear
You ha' cauſe, *Madam,* your Suit goes on.
Tay. Who told thee?
Eit. One that can tell: Mr. *Eitherſide.*
Tay. O, thy Husband!
Yes faith, there's Life in't, now: It is referr'd.
If we once ſee it under the Seals Wench, then,
Have with 'em for the great *Carroch,* Six Horſes,
And the two *Coachmen,* with my *Ambler,* bare,
And my three Women; we will live i' faith,
The Examples o' the Town, and govern it.
I'll lead the Faſhion ſtill. *Eit.* You do that now,
Sweet *Madam.* *Tay.* O, but then, I'll every day
Bring up ſome new Device. Thou and I, *Eitherſide,*
Will firſt be in it, I will give it thee;
And they ſhall follow us. Thou ſhalt, I ſwear,
Wear every Month a new Gown out of it.
Eit. Thank you, good *Madam.*
Tay. Pray thee call me *Tail-buſh,*
As I thee *Eitherſide*; I not love this, *Madam.*
Eit. Then I proteſt to you, *Tail-buſh,* I am glad
Your *Buſineſs* ſo ſucceeds.
Tay. Thank thee, good *Eitherſide.*
Eit. But Maſter *Eitherſide* tells me, that he likes
Your other *Buſineſs* better. *Tay.* Which?
Eit. O' the Tooth-picks.
Tay. I never heard on't. *Eit.* Ask Mr. *Merecraft.*
Mer. Madam? H'is one, in a word, I'll truſt his Malice,
With any man's Credit, I would have abus'd!
[Merecraft *hath whiſper'd with him the while.*
Man. Sir, if you think you do pleaſe me, in this,
You are deceiv'd! *Mer.* No, but becauſe my *Lady*
Nam'd him my Kinſman; I would ſatisfie you
What I think of him: and pray you upon it
To judge me! *Man.* So I do: that ill mens Friendſhip,
Is as unfaithful as themſelves. *Tay.* Do you hear?
Ha' you a *Buſineſs* about Tooth-picks.
Mer. Yes, *Madam.*
Did I ne'r tell't you? I meant to have offer'd it
Your *Ladiſhip,* on the perfecting the Patent.
Tay. How is't! *Mer.* For ſerving the whole State
with Tooth-picks; [*The Project for Tooth-picks.*
(Somewhat an intricate *Buſineſs* to diſcourſe) but—
I ſhow how much the Subject is abus'd,
Firſt, in that one Commodity? then what Diſeaſes
And Putrefactions in the Gums are bred,
By thoſe are made of adultrate and falſe Wood?
My Plot, for Reformation of theſe follows.
To have all Toothpicks brought unto an *Office,*
There ſeal'd; and ſuch as counterfeit 'em mulcted.
And laſt, for venting 'em, to have a Book
Printed, to teach their uſe, which every Child
Shall have throughout the Kingdom that can read,
And learn to pick his Teeth by. Which beginning
Early to Practice, with ſome other Rules,
Of never ſleeping with the Mouth open, chawing
Some Grains of *Maſtick,* will preſerve the Breath
Pure and ſo free from taint——ha' what is't, ſai'ſt thou?
[Trains *his Man whiſpers him.*
Tay. Good faith, it ſounds a very pretty *Buſineſs!*
Eit. So Mr. *Eitherſide* ſays, *Madam.*
Mer. The *Lady* is come.
Tay. Is ſhe? Good, wait upon her in. My *Ambler*
Was never ſo ill abſent. *Eitherſide,*
How do I look to day? Am I not dreſt,
[*She looks in her Glaſs.*
Spruntly? *Fit.* Yes verily, *Madam.*
Tay. Pox o' *Madam,*
Will you not leave that?
Eit. Yes, good *Tailbuſh.* *Tay.* So?
Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this
Thou haſt got on? *Eit.* 'Tis *Pearl.*
Tay. Pearl? Oyſter-ſhells:
As I breath *Eitherſide* I know't. Here comes
(They ſay) a wonder, Sirrah, has been in *Spain!*
Will teach us all! ſhe's ſent to me from *Court,*
To gratulate with me! Prythee let's obſerve her,
What faults ſhe has, that we may laugh at 'em,
When ſhe is gone. *Eit.* That we will heartily, *Tail-buſh.*
[Wittipol *enters.*
Tay. O, me! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants!*

Act IV. Scene III.

Merecraft, *Wittipol*, [*To them.*

Wittipol, *dreſt like a* Spaniſh *Lady.*

Mer. Here is a noble *Lady*, *Madam*, come,
From your great Friends, at *Court*, to ſee your *Ladiſhip*:
And have the Honour of your Acquaintance. *Tay.* Sir.
She do's us Honour. *Wit.* Pray you, ſay to her *Ladiſhip*,
It is the manner of *Spain* to imbrace only,
Never to kiſs. She will excuſe the Cuſtom!
[*Excuſes himſelf for not kiſſing.*
Tay. Your uſe of it is Law. Pleaſe you ſweet *Madam*,
To take a Seat. *Wit.* Yes, *Madam*. I' have had
The favour, through a World of fair report
To know your Vertues, *Madam*; and in that
Name, have deſir'd the happineſs of preſenting
My Service to your *Ladiſhip*! *Tay.* Your Love, *Madam*,
I muſt not own it elſe. *Wit.* Both are due, *Madam*,
To your great Undertakings.
Tay. Great? In troth, *Madam*,
They are my Friends, that think 'em any thing:
If I can do my Sex (by 'em) any Service,
I' have my ends, *Madam*. *Wit.* And they are noble ones,
That make a Multitude beholden, *Madam*:
The Commonwealth of *Ladies*, muſt acknowledge from (you.
Eit. Except ſome envious, *Madam*.
Wit. Yo' are right in that, *Madam*,
Of which Race, I encountred ſome but lately.
Who ('t ſeems) have ſtudyed Reaſons to diſcredit
Your *Buſineſs*. *Tay.* How, ſweet *Madam*.
Wit. Nay, the Parties
Wi' not be worth your pauſe—— Moſt ruinous things, *Madam*,
That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handſomneſs.
Tay. But their Reaſons, *Madam*?
I would fain hear. *Wit.* Some *Madam*, I remember.
They ſay, that painting quite deſtroys the Face——
Eit. O, that's an old one, *Madam*,
Wit. There are new ones, too.
Corrupts the Breath; hath left ſo little ſweetneſs
In kiſſing, as 'tis now us'd but for Faſhion:
And ſhortly will be taken for a Puniſhment.
Decays the Fore-teeth that ſhould guard the Tongue;
And ſuffers that run Riot everlaſting!
And (which is worſe) ſome *Ladies* when they meet
Cannot be merry and laugh, but they do ſpit
In one anothers Faces! *Man.* I ſhould know
This Voyce and Face too:
[Manly *begins to know him.*
Wit. Then, they ſay, 'tis dangerous
To all the faln, yet well diſpos'd *Mad-dams*,
That are induſtrious, and deſire to earn
Their Living with their Sweat! For any Diſtemper
Of heat and motion, may diſplace the Colours;
And if the Paint once run about their Faces,
Twenty to one, they will appear ſo ill-favour'd,
Their Servants run away too, and leave the Pleaſure
Imperfect, and the Reckoning all' unpay'd.
Eit. Pox, theſe are Poets Reaſons. *Tay.* Some old *Lady*
That keeps a *Poet*, has devis'd theſe Scandals.
Eit. Faith we muſt have the *Poets* baniſh'd, *Madam*,
As Maſter *Either-ſide* ſays. *Mer.* Maſter *Fitz-Dottrel*?
And his Wife: where? *Madam*, the *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*,
That will be ſhortly. *Wit.* Is this my *Lord*?
Mer. The ſame.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Fitz-dottrell, Miſtris *Fitz-dottrel*, *Pug.* [*To them.*

YOur Servant *Madam!*
Wit. How now? Friend? offended,
That I have found your haunt here?
Wittipol *whiſpers with* Manly.
Man. No, but wondring
At your ſtrange faſhion'd venture, hither. *Wit.* It is
To ſhew you what they are you ſo purſue.
Man. I think 'twill prove a Med'cine againſt marriage;
To know their manners. *Wit.* Stay, and profit then.
Mer. The *Lady*, *Madam*, whoſe *Prince* has brought her here,
To be inſtructed. *Wit.* Pleaſe you ſit with us, *Lady*.
[*He preſents Miſtris* Fitz-dottrel.
Mer. That's *Lady-Preſident*. *Fit.* A goodly Woman!
I cannot ſee the Ring, though. *Mer.* Sir, ſhe has it.
Tay. But, *Madam*, theſe are very feeble Reaſons!
Wit. So I urg'd *Madam*, that the new Complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladiſhip's fucus*,
Had no *Ingredient*—— *Tay.* But I durſt eat, I aſſure you.
Wit. So do they in *Spain*.
Tay. Sweet *Madam* be ſo liberal,
To give us ſome o' your *Spaniſh Fucuſees!*
Wit. They are infinite, *Madam*.
Tay. So I hear, they have
Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radiſh*, the white *Beans*,
Flowers of *Glaſs*, of *Thiſtles*, *Roſe-marine*,
Raw *Honey*, *Muſtard-ſeed*, and Bread dough-bak'd,
The Crums o' Bread, *Goats milk*, and Whites of *Eggs*,
Campheere, and *Lilly-roots*, the Fat of *Swans*,
Marrow of *Veal*, white *Pidgeons*, and *Pine kernels*,
The Seeds of *Nettles*, *Purſe'line*, and *Hares-gall*;
Limons, Thin-skin'd—*Eit.* How, her *Ladiſhip* has ſtudied
All excellent things! *Wit.* But ordinary, *Madam*.
No, the true Rarities, are th' *Alvagada*,
And *Argentata* of Queen *Iſabella*!
Tay. I, what are their *Ingredients*, gentle *Madam*?
Wit. Your *Allum Seagliola*, or *Pol-dipedra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abbezzo*,
Waſh'd in nine Waters: *Soda di levante*,
Or your *Fern* Aſhes; *Benjamin di gotta*:
Graſſo di ſerpe; *Porcelletto marino*;
Oyls of *Lentiſco*; *Zucche Mugia*; make
The admirable *Verniſh* for the Face,
Gives the right Luſter; but two drops rub'd on
With a piece of Scarlet, makes a *Lady* of Sixty
Look at Sixteen. But above all, the Water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Eſtiſanias*!
Tay. O, I, that ſame, good *Madam*, I have heard of:
How is it done? *Wit.* *Madam*, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanſe it o' the Inwards;
Then chop it, bones and all: add to four Ounces
Of *Carravicins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,
Make the Decoction, ſtrein it. Then diſtil it,
And keep it in your Galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three drops preſerves from Wrinkles, Warts, Spots, Moles,
Blemiſh, or Sun-burnings, and keeps the Skin
In decimo ſexto, ever bright and ſmooth,
As any Looking-glaſs; and indeed, is call'd
The Virgins Milk for the Face, *Oglio reale*;
A Ceruſe, neither cold or heat, will hurt;
And mixt with Oyl of *Myrrh*, and the red *Gilliflower*,
Call'd *Cataputia*; and Flowers of *Roviſtico*,
Makes the beſt *Muta*, or dye of the whole World.
Tay. Dear *Madam*, will you let us be familiar?
Wit. Your *Ladiſhips* Servant.
Mer. How do you like her. *Fit.* Admirable!
But, yet, I cannot ſee the Ring. *Pug.* Sir. *Mer.* I muſt
[*He is jealous about his* Ring, *and* Merecraft *delivers it.*

Deliver

Deliver it, or mar all. This Fool's ſo jealous.
Madam—Sir, wear this Ring, & pray you take knowledge,
'Twas ſent you by his Wife, and give her thanks.
Do not you dwindle, Sir, bear up. *Pug.* I thank you, Sir.
Tay. But for the manner of *Spain!* Sweet *Madam*, let us
Be bold, now we are in: Are all the *Ladies*
There i' the Faſhion? *Wit.* None but *Grandees, Madam*,
O' the claſp'd Train, which may be worn at length too,
Or thus, upon my Arm. *Tay.* And do they wear
Cioppino's all? *Wit.* If they be dreſt in *punto, Madam.*
Eit. Gilt as thoſe are, *Madam?*
Wit. Of Goldſmiths Work, *Madam*;
And ſet with Diamonds; and their *Spaniſh* Pumps,
Of perfum'd Leather. *Tay.* I ſhould think it hard
To go in 'em, *Madam. Wit.* At the firſt it is, *Madam.*
Tay. Do you never fall in 'em?
Wit. Never. *Eit.* I ſwear, I ſhould
Six times an hour. *Wit.* But you have Men at hand ſtill,
To help you, if you fall? *Eit.* Only one, *Madam*,
The *Guardo-duenna's*, ſuch a little old Man
As this. *Eit.* Alas! he can do nothing, this!
Wit. I'll tell you, *Madam*, I ſaw in the *Court* of *Spain*
A *Lady* fall i' the King's ſight, along; (once
And there ſhe lay, flat ſpread, as an *Umbrella*,
Her Hoop here crack'd; no Man durſt reach a Hand
To help her, till the *Guarda-duenna's* came,
Who is the Perſon onl' allow'd to touch
A *Lady* there, and he but by this Finger.
Eit. Ha' they no Servants, *Madam*, there, nor Friends?
Wit. An *Eſcudero*, or ſo, *Madam*, that waits
Upon 'em in another Coach, at diſtance;
And when they walk or dance, holds by a Handkercher,
Never preſumes to touch 'em. *Eit.* This's ſcurvy,
And a forc'd Gravity! I do not like it.
I like our own much better. *Tay.* 'Tis more *French*,
And *Courtly*, ours. *Eit.* And taſtes more Liberty.
We may have our dozen of Viſitors at once
Make love t' us.
Tay. And before our Husbands. *Eit.* Husband?
As I am honeſt, *Tayl-buſh*, I do think,
If no body ſhould love me, but my poor Husband,
I ſhould e'en hang my ſelf. *Tay.* Fortune forbid, Wench,
So fair a Neck ſhould have ſo foul a Neck-lace.
Eit. 'Tis true, as I am handſom? *Wit.* I receiv'd, *Lady*,
A Token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuſe, being your firſt Remembrance.
(*Fit.* O, I am ſatisfied now! *Mer.* Do you ſee it, Sir?)
Wit. But ſince you come to know me nearer, *Lady*,
I'll begg the Honour you will wear it for me,
It muſt be ſo. [Wittipol *gives it Mrs.* Fitz-dottrel.
Mrs. Fit. Sure I have heard this Tongue.
Mer. What do you mean, Sir? [Mere-craft *murmurs.*
Wit. Would you ha' me mercenary?
We'll recompence it anon, in ſomewhat elſe.
[*He is ſatisfied, now he ſees it.*
Fit. I do not love to be gull'd, though in a Toy.
Wife, do you hear? yo' are come into the School, Wife,
Where you may learn, I do perceive it, any thing!
How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, Wife; here 'tis taught:
And I am glad on't, that you may not ſay,
Another day, when Honours come upon you,
You wanted Means. I ha' done my parts; been,
To day, at Fifty pound charge; firſt, for a Ring,
[*He upbraids her with his Bill of Coſts.*
To get you entred; then left my new *Play*,
To wait upon you here, to ſee't confirm'd,
That I may ſay, both to mine own Eyes and Ears,
Senſes, you are my Witneſs, ſhe' hath enjoy'd
All Helps that could be had for Love or Money——
Mrs. Fit. To make a Fool of her.
Fit. Wife, that's your Malice,
The wickedneſs o' your Nature, to interpret
Your Husband's Kindneſs thus: but I'll not leave
Still to do good, for your deprav'd Affections:
Intend it; bend this ſtubborn Will; be Great.
Tay. Good *Madam*, whom do they uſe in Meſſages?
Wit. They commonly uſe their Slaves, *Madam.*
Tay. And does your *Ladiſhip*
Think that ſo good, *Madam? Wit.* No indeed, *Madam*; I
Therein prefer the Faſhion of *England* far,
Of your young delicate Page, or diſcreet Uſher.
Fit. And I go with your *Ladiſhip* in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman Uſher;
There's not a finer Officer goes on Ground.
Wit. If he be made and broken to his Place once.
Fit. Nay, ſo I preſuppoſe him. *Wit.* And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir; but I would have 'em call'd
Our *Eſcudero's*. *Fit.* Good. *Wit.* Say I ſhould ſend
To your *Ladiſhip*, who (I preſume) has gather'd
All the dear Secrets, to know how to make
Paſtillo's of the *Dutcheſs* of *Braganza*,
Coquetta's, *Almoiavana's*, *Mantecada's*,
Alcorea's, *Muſtaccioli*; or ſay it were
The *Peladore* of *Iſſabella*, or *Balls*
Againſt the Itch, or *Aqua Nanfa*, or *Oil*
Of *Jeſſamine* for Gloves, of the *Marqueſs Muja*;
Or for the Head and Hair; why, theſe are *Offices*
Fit. Fit for a Gentleman, not a Slave. They only
Might ask for your *Piveti*, *Spaniſh* Cole,
To burn, and ſweeten a Room: but the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies* Cabinets—— *Fit.* Should be elſewhere truſted.
Yo' are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
[*He enters himſelf with the Ladies.*
Let me fall in wi' you. I ha' my Female Wit,
As well as my Male. And I do know what ſuits
A *Lady* of Spirit, or a Woman of Faſhion!
Wit. And you would have your Wife ſuch?
Fit. Yes, *Madam*, airy,
Light; not to plain diſhoneſty, I mean:
But ſomewhat o' this ſide. *Wit.* I take you, Sir.
H' has reaſon, *Ladies.* I'll not give this Ruſh
For any *Lady* that cannot be honeſt
Within a Thred. *Tay.* Yes, *Madam*, and yet venture
As far for th' other, in her Fame—— *Wit.* As can be;
Coach it to *Pimlico*, dance the *Saraband*,
Hear and talk Bawdy, laugh as loud as a Larum,
Squeak, ſpring, do any thing.
Eit. In young Company, *Madam.*
Tay. Or afore Gallants. If they be brave, or *Lords*,
A Woman is ingag'd. *Fit.* I ſay ſo, *Ladies*,
It is Civility to deny us nothing.
Pug. You talk of a *Univerſity!* why, *Hell* is
A Grammar-ſchool to this! [*The Devil admires him.*
Eit. But then
She muſt not loſe a Look on Stuffs or Cloth, *Madam.*
Tay. Nor no courſe Fellow.
Wit. She muſt be guided, *Madam*,
By the Clothes he wears, and Company he is in,
Whom to ſalute, how far—— *Fit.* I ha' told her this;
And how that Bawdry too, upo' the point,
Is (in it ſelf) as civil a Diſcourſ——
Wit. As any other Affair of Fleſh whatever.
Fit. But ſhe will ne'er be capable, ſhe is not
So much as coming, *Madam*; I know not how
She loſes all her Opportunities,
With hoping to be forc'd. I have entertain'd [*He ſhews*
A Gentleman, a younger Brother, here, *his* Pug.
Whom I would fain breed up her *Eſcudero*,
Againſt ſome Expectations that I have,
And ſhe'll not countenance him. *Wit.* What's his Name?
Fit. Devil, o' *Darby ſhire.*
Eit. Bleſs us from him! *Tay. Devil!*
Call him *De-vile*, ſweet *Madam.*
Mrs. Fit. What you pleaſe, *Ladies.*
Tay. Devile's a prettier name!
Eit. And ſounds, me thinks,
As it came in with the *Conqueror*—— *Man.* Over ſmocks!

What

What things they are? That *Nature* ſhould be at leaſure
Ever to make 'em! My Wooing is at an end.
[Manly *goes out with indignation.*
Wit. What can he do?
Fit. Let's hear him. *Tay.* Can he manage?
Fit. Pleaſe you to try him, *Ladies.* Stand forth, *Devil.*
Pug. Was all this but the Preface to my Torment?
Fit. Come, let their *Ladiſhips* ſee your Honours. *Eit.* O,
He makes a wicked Leg. *Tay.* As ever I ſaw!
Wit. Fit for a *Devil.*
Tay. Good *Madam*, call him *De-vile.*
Wit. De-vile, what Property is there moſt required
I' your conceit now, in the *Eſcudero?*
[*They begin their* Catechiſm.
Fit. Why do you not ſpeak?
Pug. A ſetled diſcreet Pace, *Madam.*
Wit. I think, a barren Head, Sir, Mountain-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of Weathers———
Fit. I, for his Valley is beneath the Waſte, *Madam*,
And to be fruitful there, it is ſufficient.
Dulneſs upon you! Could not you hit this?
Pug. Good Sir——— [*He ſtrikes him.*
Wit. He then had had no barren Head.
You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. *Fit.* I muſt walk
With the *French* Stick, like an old Vierger, for you.
Pug. O *Chief*, call me to *Hell* again, and free me.
[*The Devil prays.*
Fit. Do you murmur now?
Pug. Not I, Sir. *VVit.* What do you take,
Mr. *De-vile*, the height of your Employment,
In the true perfect *Eſcudero?* *Fit.* When?
What do you anſwer? *Pug.* To be able, *Madam*,
Firſt to enquire, then report the working
Of any *Ladies* Phyſick, in ſweet Phraſe.
VVit. Yes, that's an Act of elegance, and importance.
But what above? *Fit.* O, that I had a Goad for him.
Pug. To find out a good *Corn-cutter.* *Tay.* Out on him!
Eit. Moſt barbarous! *Fit.* Why did you do this now?
Of purpoſe to diſcredit me, you damn'd *Devil?*
Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I ſhall be. All
My Days in *Hell* were Holydays, to this!
Tay. 'Tis Labour loſt, *Madam.* *Eit.* H'is a dull Fellow,
Of no Capacity! *Tay.* Of no Diſcourſe!
O, if my *Ambler* had been here! *Eit.* I, *Madam*,
You talk of a Man, where is there ſuch another?
VVit. Mr. *De-vile*, put caſe one of my *Ladies* here
Had a fine Brach, and would employ you forth
To treat 'bout a convenient Match for her,
What would you obſerve?
Pug. The Colour, and the Size, *Madam.*
VVit. And nothing elſe?
Fit. The Moon, you Calf, the Moon!
VVit. I, and the Sign.
Tay. Yes, and Receits for Proneneſs.
VVit. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you do?
Pug. Get their Nativities caſt!
VVit. This's well. What more?
Pug. Conſult the *Almanack-man* which would be leaſt,
Which cleanlieſt.
VVit. And which ſilent'ſt? This's well, *Madam:*
And while ſhe were with Puppy?
Pug. VValk her out,
And air her every Morning. *VVit.* Very good!
And be induſtrious to kill her Fleas!
Pug. Yes.
VVit. He will make a pretty Proficient. *Pug.* VVho,
Coming from *Hell*, could look for ſuch Catechiſing?
The *Devil is an Aſs*, I do acknowledge it.
Fit. The Top of VVoman! all her Sex in abſtract!
[Fitz-dottrel *admires* VVittipol.
I love her, to each Syllable falls from her.
Tay. Good *Madam* give me leave to go aſide with him.
And try him a little!
VVit. Do, and I'll withdraw, *Madam*,
VVith this fair *Lady*, read to her the while.
Tay. Come, Sir. *Pug.* Dear *Chief*, relieve me, or I periſh.
[*The Devil prays again.*
Wit. Lady, We'll follow. You are not jealous, Sir?
Fit. O, *Madam!* you ſhall ſee. Stay, Wife, behold,
I give her up here abſolutely to you;
She is your own; do with her what you will:
[*He gives his Wife to him, taking him to be a Lady.*
Melt, caſt, and form her as you ſhall think good:
Set any Stamp on: I'll receive her from you
As a new thing, by your own Standard. *VVit.* Well, Sir!

Act IV. Scene V.

Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pit-fall, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

BUt what ha' you done i' your *Dependance* ſince?
Fit. O, it goes on; I met your Couſin, the *Maſter*—
Mer. You did not acquaint him, Sir?
Fit. Faith, but I did, Sir.
And, upon better thought, not without reaſon!
He being chief *Officer*, might ha' tane it ill elſe,
As a *Contempt* againſt his Place, and that
In time, Sir, ha' drawn on another *Dependance.*
No, I did find him in good Terms, and ready
To do me any Service. *Mer.* So he ſaid to you?
But, Sir, you do not know him. *Fit.* Why, I preſum'd,
Becauſe this *Buſ'neſs* of my Wives requir'd me,
I could not ha' done better: And he told
Me, that he would go preſently to your *Counſel*,
A Knight here i' the Lane— *Mer.* Yes, *Juſtice Either-ſide.*
Fit. And get the *Feoffment* drawn, with a Letter of *Attorney*,
For *Livery* and *Seiſin.* *Mer.* That I know's the Courſe.
But, Sir, you mean not to make him *Feoffee?*
Fit. Nay, that I'll pauſe on!
Mer. How now, little *Pit-fall?*
Pit. Your Couſin, Maſter *Ever-ill*, would come in—
But he would know if Mr. *Manly* were here.
Mer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his Peace!
[Mere-craft *whiſpers againſt him.*
He's one, Sir, has no State, and a Man knows not
How ſuch a Truſt may tempt him. *Fit.* I conceive you.
Eve. Sir, this ſame Deed is done here.
Mer. Pretty *Plutarchus!*
Art thou come with it? and has Sir *Poul* view'd it?
Plu. His Hand is to the Draught.
Mer. Will you ſtep in, Sir,
And read it? *Fit.* Yes. *Eve.* I pray you, a word wi' you.
[Ever-ill *whiſpers againſt* Mere-craft.
Sir *Poul Either-ſide* will'd me gi' you caution
Whom you did make *Feoffee*; for 'tis the Truſt
O' your whole State; and though my Couſin here
Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his Valour has
At the tall Board been queſtion'd; and we hold
Any Man ſo impeach'd, of doubtful Honeſty!
I will not juſtifie this, but give it you
To make your profit of it; if you utter it,
I can forſwear it. *Fit.* I believe you, and thank you, Sir.

Act IV. Scene VI.

VVittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Mere-craft.

BE not afraid, ſweet *Lady*; yo' are truſted
To Love, not Violence, here: I am no Raviſher,
But one whom you by your fair Truſt again
May of a Servaut make a moſt true Friend.
Mrs. Fit. And ſuch a one I need, but not this way.
Sir, I confeſs me to you, the meer manner
Of your attempting me this morning, took me;
And I did hold m' Invention, and my Manners,
Were both engag'd to give it a Requital;
But not unto your Ends: My Hope was then,
(Though

(Though interrupted ere it could be utter'd)
That whom I found the Maſter of ſuch Language,
That Brain and Spirit, for ſuch an Enterpriſe,
Could not, but if thoſe Succours were demanded
To a right Uſe, employ them vertuouſly,
And make that Profit of his Noble Parts,
Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the ground
To exerciſe them in: I am a Woman,
That cannot ſpeak more wretchedneſs of my ſelf,
Than you can read; match'd to a Maſs of Folly,
That every day makes haſte to his own Ruin;
The wealthy Portion that I brought him, ſpent:
And (through my Friends neglect) no Jointure made me.
My Fortunes ſtanding in this Precipice,
'Tis *Counſel* that I want, and honeſt Aids;
And in this Name I need you for a Friend,
Never in any other; for his ill
Muſt not make me, Sir, worſe.
[Manly *conceal'd this while, ſhews himſelf.*
Man. O, Friend, forſake not
The brave Occaſion Vertue offers you
To keep you innocent: I have fear'd for both,
And watch'd you, to prevent the ill I fear'd.
But ſince the weaker ſide hath ſo aſſur'd me,
Let not the ſtronger fall by his own Vice,
Or be the leſs a Friend, 'cauſe Vertue needs him.
VVit. Vertue ſhall never ask my Succours twice;
Moſt Friend, moſt Man, your *Counſels* are Commands.
Lady, I can love *Goodneſs* in you, more
Than I did *Beauty*; and do here intitle
Your Vertue to the Power upon a Life
You ſhall engage in any fruitful Service,
Even to forfeit. *Mer. Madam:* Do you hear, Sir?
[Mere-craft *takes* Wittipol *aſide, and moves a Project for himſelf.*
We have another Leg ſtrain'd, for this *Dottrel.*
H' has a Quarrel to carry, and has caus'd
A Deed of *Feoffment* of his whole Eſtate
To be drawn yonder; h' has't within: And you
Only he means to make *Feoffee*: H' is ſaln
So deſperately enamour'd on you, and talks
Moſt like a Mad-man: you did never hear
A *Phrentick* ſo in love with his own Favour!
Now, you do know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you ſtand: Therefore adviſe him
To put in me. (H' is come here.) You ſhall ſhare, Sir.

Act IV. Scene VII.

VVittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Mere-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Fit. MAdam, I have a Suit to you; and afore-hand,
I do beſpeak you; you muſt not deny me,
I will be granted. *VVit.* Sir, I muſt know it, though.
Fit. No, *Lady*, you muſt not know it: yet you muſt too,
For the Truſt of it, and the Fame indeed,
Which elſe were loſt me. I would uſe your Name
But in a *Feoffment*, make my whole Eſtate
Over unto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some Eighteen hundred. *VVit.* Alas! I underſtand not
Thoſe things, Sir: I am a Woman, and moſt loth
To embark my ſelf—*Fit.* You will not ſlight me, *Madam?*
VVit. Nor you'll not quarrel me?
Fit. No, ſweet *Madam*, I have
Already a *Dependance*; for which cauſe
I do this: let me put you in, dear *Madam*,
I may be fairly kill'd. *VVit.* You have your Friends, Sir,
About you here for choice.
Eve. She tells you right, Sir. [*He hopes to be the Man.*
Fit. Death, if ſhe do, what do I care for that?
Say, I would have her tell me wrong. *Wit.* Why, Sir,
If for the Truſt you'll let me have the Honour
To name you one.
Fit. Nay, you do me the Honour, *Madam.*
Who is't? *Wit.* This Gentleman. [*She deſigns* Manly.
Fit. O no, ſweet *Madam*,
H' is Friend to him with whom I ha' the *Dependance.*
Wit. Who might he be?
Fit. One *Wittipol*: do you know him?
Wit. Alas, Sir, he! a Toy: This Gentleman
A Friend to him? No more than I am, Sir.
Fit. But will your *Ladiſhip* undertake that, *Madam?*
Wit. Yes, and what elſe, for him, you will engage me.
Fit. What is his Name?
Wit. His Name is *Euſtace Manly.*
Fit. Whence does he write himſelf?
Wit. Of *Middleſex*,
Eſquire. *Fit.* Say nothing, *Madam. Clerk*, come hither;
Write *Euſtace Manly*, Squire o' *Middleſex.*
Mer. What ha' you done, Sir?
Wit. Nam'd a Gentleman,
That I'll be anſwerable for, to you, Sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha' been ſuſpected;
This way, 'tis ſafe. *Fit.* Come, Gentlemen, your Hands
For Witneſs. *Man.* What is this?
Eve. You ha' made *Election* [Everil *applauds it.*
Of a moſt worthy *Gentleman! Man.* Would one of worth
Had ſpoke it; whence it comes, it is
Rather a Shame to me, than a Praiſe.
Eve. Sir, I will give you any Satisfaction.
Man. Be ſilent then: "Falſhood commends not Truth.
Plu. You do deliver this, Sir, as your Deed,
To th' Uſe of Mr. *Manly*? *Fit.* Yes: and Sir——
When did you ſee young *Wittipol?* I am ready
For Proceſs now: Sir, this is *Publication.*
He ſhall hear from me; he would needs be courting
My Wife, Sir. *Man.* Yes: ſo witneſſeth his Cloke there.
Fit. Nay, good Sir—— *Madam*, you did undertake——
[Fitz-dottrel *is ſuſpicious of* Manly *ſtill.*
Wit. What? *Fit.* That he was not *Wittipol*'s Friend.
Wit. I hear,
Sir, no confeſſion of it. *Fit.* O, ſhe knows not,
Now I remember. *Madam*, this young *Wittipol*
Would ha' debauch'd my Wife, and made me *Cuckold*
Thorow a Caſement; he did fly her home
To mine own Window; but I think I fou't him,
And raviſh'd her away out of his Pounces.
I ha' ſworn to ha' him by the Ears: I fear
The Toy wi' not do me right. *Wit.* No, that were pity!
What right do you ask, Sir? Here he is will do't you.
[Wittipol *diſcovers himſelf.*
Fit. Ha! *Wittipol! VVit.* I, Sir, no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard! Man.* No indeed, 'tis *VVittipol.*
Fit. Am I the thing I fear'd? *VVit.* A *Cuckold?* No, Sir;
But you were late in poſſibility,
I'll tell you ſo much. *Man.* But your Wife's too vertuous.
VVit. We'll ſee her, Sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made *Duke o' Shoreditch* with a Project.
Fit. Thieves, Raviſhers. *VVit.* Cry but another Note, Sir,
I'll mar the Tune o' your Pipe. *Fit.* Gi' me my *Deed* then.
[*He would have his Deed again.*
Wit. Neither: That ſhall be kept for your Wives good,
Who will know better how to uſe it. *Fit.* Ha!
To feaſt you with my Land? *Wit.* Sir, be you quiet,
Or I ſhall gag you ere I go; conſult
Your Maſter of Dependences, how to make this
A ſecond Buſineſs, you have time, Sir. *Fit.* Oh!
[Wittipol *baffles him, and goes out.*
What will the Ghoſt of my wiſe *Grandfather*,
My learned *Father*, with my worſhipful *Mother*,
Think of me now, that left me in this World
In ſtate to be their *Heir?* that am become
A *Cuckold*, and an *Aſs*, and my Wives Ward;
Likely to loſe my Land, ha' my Throat cut;
All, by her Practice! *Mer.* Sir, we are all abus'd!
Fit. And be ſo ſtill! Who hinders you, I pray you?
Let me alone, I would enjoy my ſelf,

And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-land* you ha' made me.
Mer. Sir, we muſt play an *After-game* o' this.
Fit. But I am not in caſe to be a *Gameſter*,
I tell you once again—— *Mer.* You muſt be rul'd,
And take ſome Counſel. *Fit.* Sir, I do hate Counſel,
As I do hate my Wife, my wicked Wife!
Mer. But we may think how to recover all,
If you will act. *Fit.* I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover; do not talk to me:
I'll run out o' my Wits, rather than hear.
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-dottrel*,
Though all the World ſay nay to't. *Mer.* Let's follow him.

Act V. Scene I.

Ambler, Pitfall, Mere-craft.

BUt has my Lady miſt me? *Pit.* Beyond telling!
Here has been that infinity of Strangers!
And then ſhe would ha' had you, to ha' ſampled you
With one within, that they are now a teaching,
And does pretend to your Rank. *Amb.* Good fellow, *Pitfal*,
Tell Mr. *Mere-craft*, I intreat a word with him. [Pitfal
This moſt unlucky accident will go near *goes out.*
To be the loſs o' my Place, I am in doubt.
Mer. With me? What ſay you, Mr. *Ambler*? *Amb.* Sir,
I would beſeech your Worſhip, ſtand between
Me and my *Ladies* diſpleaſure, for my abſence.
Mer. O, is that all? I warrant you.
Amb. I would tell you, Sir,
But how it hapned. *Mer.* Brief, good Mr. *Ambler*,
Put your ſelf to your rack; for I have Task
Of more importance. [Mere-craft *ſeems full of Buſineſs.*
Amb. Sir, you'll laugh at me!
But (ſo is *Truth*) a very Friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
Too chaſte for my Complexion, (and indeed
Too honeſt for my Place, Sir) did adviſe me,
If I did love my ſelf, (as that I do,
I muſt confeſs.) *Mer.* Spare your *Parentheſis.*
Amb. To gi' my Body a little Evacuation——
Mer. Well, and you went to a Whore?
Amb. No, Sir, I durſt not
(For fear it might arrive at ſome bodies Ear
It ſhould not) truſt my ſelf to a Common Houſe;
[Ambler *tells this with extraordinary ſpeed.*
But got the Gentlewoman to go with me,
And carry her Bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
Hard by the Place toward *Tyburn*, which they call
My L. Mayor's *Banquetting-houſe*. Now, Sir, this morning
Was *Execution*; and I ne'er dreamt on't,
Till I heard the noiſe o' the People, and the Horſes;
And neither I, nor the poor Gentlewoman
Durſt ſtir, till all was done and paſt: ſo that
I' the *interim* we fell aſleep again. [*He flags.*
Mer. Nay, if you fall from your Gallop, I am gone, Sir.
Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my Clothes, a Sute
I made new for the Action, it was gone,
And all my Money, with my Purſe, my Seals,
My Hard-wax, and my Table-books, my Studies,
And a fine new Device I had to carry
My Pen and Ink, my Civet, and my Tooth-picks,
All under one. But that which griev'd me, was
The Gentlewomans Shooes (with a pair of Roſes,
And Garters) I had given her for the Buſineſs;
So as that made us ſtay till it was dark:
For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
In a R[illegible] by her, bareſoot, to St. *Giles*'s.
Mer. A kind of *Iriſh* Penance! Is this all, Sir?
Amb. To ſatisfie my *Lady*. *Mer.* I will promiſe you, Sir.
Amb. I ha' told the true *Diſaſter*.
Mer. I cannot ſtay wi' you,
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your Return.
Amb. An honeſt Gentleman; but he's never at leaſure
To be himſelf, he has ſuch Tides of Buſineſs.

Act V. Scene II.

Pug, Ambler.

O Call me home again, dear *Chief*, and put me
To yoking Foxes, milking of He-goats,
Pounding of Water in a Mortar, laving
The Sea dry with a Nut-ſhell, gathering all
The Leaves are faln this *Autumn*, drawing Farts
Out of dead Bodies, making Ropes of Sand,
Catching the Winds together in a Net,
Muſtring of Ants, and numbring Atoms; all
That Hell and you thought exquiſite Torments, rather
Than ſtay me here a thought more: I would ſooner
Keep Fleas within a Circle, and be Accomptant
A thouſand Year, which of 'em, and how far,
Out-leap'd the other, than endure a Minute
Such as I have within. There is no Hell
To a *Lady* of faſhion. 'All your Tortures there
Are Paſtimes to it. 'Twould be a refreſhing
For me, to be i' the Fire again, from hence.
[Ambler *comes in, and ſurveys him.*
Amb. This is my Sute, and thoſe the Shooes and Roſes!
Pug. Th' have ſuch impertinent Vexations,
A general Council o' *Devils* could not hit——
[Pug *perceives it, and ſtarts.*
Ha! This is he I took aſleep with his *Wench*,
And borrow'd his Clothes. What might I do to balk him?
Amb. Do you hear, Sir?
Pug. Anſwer him, but not to th' purpoſe.
Amb. What is your Name, I pray you, Sir?
Pug. Is't ſo late, Sir? [*He anſwers quite from the purpoſe.*
Amb. I ask not o' the time, but of your Name, Sir.
Pug. I thank you, Sir. Yes, it does hold, Sir, certain.
Amb. Hold, Sir? What holds?
I muſt both hold, and talk to you
About theſe Clothes. *Pug.* A very pretty Lace!
But the *Taylor* cozen'd me. *Amb.* No, I am cozen'd
By you! robb'd. *Pug.* Why, when you pleaſe, Sir; I am
For three peny *Gleek*, your Man. *Amb.* Pox o' your *Gleek*,
And three-pence: Give me an anſwer. *Pug.* Sir,
My Maſter is the beſt at it. *Amb.* Your Maſter!
Who is your Maſter? *Pug.* Let it be *Friday*-night.
Amb. What ſhould be then?
Pug. Your beſt Song's *Thom. o' Bet'lem.*
Amb. I think, you are he.
Does he mock me trow, from purpoſe?
Or do not I ſpeak to him what I mean?
Good Sir, your Name. *Pug.* Only a couple o' *Cocks*, Sir;
If we can get a *Widgeon*, 'tis in ſeaſon.
Amb. He hopes to make one o' theſe *Scipticks* o' me,
[*For Scepticks.*
(I think I name 'em right) and does not fly me:
I wonder at that! 'tis a ſtrange Confidence!
I'll prove another way, to draw his anſwer.

Act V. Scene III.

Mere craft, Fitz-dottrel, Everill, Pug.

IT is the eaſieſt thing, Sir, to be done,
As plain as fizzling: Roll but wi' your Eyes,
And foam at th' Mouth. A little Caſtle-ſoap
Will do't, to rub your Lips; and then a Nut-ſhell,
With Tow, and Touch-wood in it, to ſpit Fire.
Did you ne'er read, Sir, little *Darrel*'s Tricks
With the Boy o' *Burton*, and the Seven in *Lancaſhire*,
Sommers at *Nottingham*? All theſe do teach it.
And we'll give out, Sir, that your Wife has bewitch'd you.
[*They repair their old Plot.*
Eve. And practis'd with thoſe two, as *Sorcerers.*
Mer. And ga' you Potions, by which means you were

Not

Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *Feoffment*.
There's no recovery o' your State but this:
This, Sir, will ſting.
Ever. And move in a Court of Equity.
Mer. For it is more than manifeſt, that this was
A plot o' your Wives, to get your Land. *Fit.* I think it.
Ever. Sir, it appears.
Mer. Nay, and my Couſin has known
Theſe Gallants in theſe ſhapes.
Ever. T' have done ſtrange things, Sir.
One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.
Mer. How a Mans honeſty may be fool'd! I thought him
A very *Lady*. *Fit.* So did I: renounce me elſe.
Mer. But this way, Sir, you'll be reveng'd at height.
Ever. Upon 'em all.
Mer. Yes faith, and ſince your Wife
Has run the way of Woman thus, e'en give her——
Fit. Loſt, by this Hand, to me; dead to all joys
Of her dear *Dottrel*, I ſhall never pity her,
That could pity her ſelf. *Mer.* Princely reſolv'd, Sir,
And like your ſelf ſtill, in *Potentiâ*.

Act V. Scene IV.

To them.] *Mere-craft*, &c. *Guilt-head*, *Sledge*, *Plutarchus*, *Serjeants*.

Guilt-head. What news?
Fit. O Sir, my hundred Pieces:
Let me ha' them yet? [Fitz-dottrel *asks for his Money*.
Gui. Yes, Sir. Officers,
Arreſt him. *Fit.* Me? *Ser.* I arreſt you.
Sle. Keep the Peace,
I charge you, Gentlemen. *Fit.* Arreſt me? Why?
Gui. For better ſecurity, Sir. My Son *Plutarchus*
Aſſures me y' are not worth a Groat.
Plu. Pardon me, *Father*,
I ſaid his Worſhip had no foot of Land left:
And that I'll juſtifie, for I writ the Deed.
Fit. Ha' you theſe tricks i' the City?
Gui. Yes, and more.
Arreſt this Gallant too, here, at my ſute.
[*Meaning* Mere-craft.
Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two year and a quarter.
Mer. Why Mr. *Guilt-head*, Land-Lord,
Thou art not mad, though th'art *Conſtable*
Puft up with th' pride of the place? Do you hear, Sirs.
Have I deſerv'd this from you two? for all
My pains at *Court*, to get you each a Patent.
Gui. For what? *Mer.* Upo' my project o' the *Forks*.
Sle. Forks? what be they? [*The* Project *of Forks*.
Mer. The laudable uſe of Forks,
Brought into cuſtom here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th' ſparing o' *Napkins*. That, that ſhould have made
Your Bellows go at the Forge, as his at the Fornace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linen-drapers*, on my private
Bie, 'cauſe I fear'd they were the likelieſt ever
To ſtir againſt, to croſs it: for 'twill be
A mighty ſaver of *Linen* through the Kingdom
(As that is one o' my grounds, and to ſpare waſhing.)
Now, on you two, had I laid all the profits.
Guilt-head to have the making of all thoſe
Of Gold and Silver, for the better perſonages;
And you, of thoſe of *Steel* for the common ſort.
And both by *Patent*. I had brought you your Seals in,
But now you have prevented me, and I thank you.
[Sledge *is brought about*.
Sle. Sir, I will bail you, at mine own ap-peril.
Mer. Nay chuſe. *Plu.* Do you ſo too, good Father.
[*And* Guilt-head *comes*.
Gui. I like the faſhion o' the project well,
The Forks! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would ſay, but fit for
Plain Heads, as ours, to deal in. Do you hear,
Officers, we diſcharge you. *Mer.* Why this ſhews
A little good nature in you, I confeſs,
But do not tempt your Friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Adviſe your Sire, great *Guilt-head*, from theſe courſes:
And, here, to trouble a great Man in reverſion,
For a matter o' fifty on a falſe *Alarm*,
Away, it ſhews not well. Let him get the Pieces
And bring 'em. You'll hear more elſe. *Plu. Father.*

Act V. Scene V.

To them.] *Ambler.*

O Maſter *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to ſeek you.
You are the *Conſtable*, they ſay. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the ſute
He wears, Sir. *Mer.* Who? Mr. *Fitz-dottrel*'s Man?
'Ware what you do, Mr. *Ambler*.
Amb. Sir, theſe Clothes,
I'll ſwear, are mine: and the Shooes the Gentlewomans
I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Juſtice*,
I will. *Pug.* My Maſter, Sir, will paſs his word for me.
Amb. O, can you ſpeak to purpoſe now? *Fit.* Not I,
If you be ſuch a one, Sir, I will leave you
To your *God fathers* in Law. Let twelve Men work.
[Fitz-dottrel *diſclaims him*.
Pug. Do you hear, Sir, pray, in private.
Fit. Well, what ſay you?
Brief, for I have no time to loſe. *Pug.* Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Devil*, and had leave
To take this body I am in, to ſerve you:
Which was a *Cut-purſes*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewiſe true, I ſtole this ſute
To cloath me with. But, Sir, let me not go
To Priſon for it. I have hitherto
Loſt time, done nothing; ſhown, indeed, no part
O' my *Devils* nature. Now, I will ſo help
Your malice, 'gainſt theſe Parties: ſo advance
The buſineſs, that you have in hand of *Witchcraft*,
And your *poſſeſſion*, as my ſelf were in you.
Teach you ſuch tricks, to make your Belly ſwell,
And your Eyes turn, to foam, to ſtare, to gnaſh
Your Teeth together, and to beat your ſelf,
Laugh round, and feign ſix voices— *Fit.* Out you Rogue!
You moſt infernal counterfeit wretch! Avant!
Do you think to gull me with your *Æſop*'s *Fables*?
Here, take him to you, I ha' no part in him. *Pug.* Sir.
Fit. Away, I do diſclaim, I will not hear you.
[*And ſends him away*.
Mer. What ſaid he to you, Sir?
Fit. Like a lying Raſcal
Told me he was the *Devil*. *Mer.* How! a good Jeſt!
Fit. And that he would teach me ſuch fine *Devils* tricks
For our new reſolution. *Ever.* O' Pox on him,
'Twas excellent wiſely done, Sir, not to truſt him.
[Merecraft *gives the inſtructions to him and the reſt*.
Mer. Why, if he were the *Devil*, we ſha' not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Go throw your ſelf on a Bed, Sir,
And feign you ill. We'll not be ſeen wi' you,
Till after, that you have a fit: and all
Confirm'd within. Keep you with the two *Ladies*
And perſwade them. I'll to *Juſtice Eitherſide*,
And poſſeſs him with all. *Trains* ſhall ſeek out *Ingine*,
And they two fill the Town with't; every Cable
Is to be veer'd. We muſt employ out all
Our *Emiſſaries* now. Sir, I will ſend you
Bladders and *Bellows*. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'out-do the *Devil* in:
A Boy o' thirteen year old made him an *Aſs*
But t'tother day. *Fit.* Well, I'll begin to practiſe,
And ſcape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,
By mine own act. *Mer.* Yo' are right.

Ever. Come, you ha' put
Your ſelf to a ſimple coil here, and your Friends,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new Plots.
Mer. No more o' that, ſweet Couſin.
Ever. What had you
To do with this ſame *Wittipol*, for a *Lady*?
Mer. Queſtion not that; 'tis done.
Ever. You had ſome ſtrain
'Bove *E-la*? *Mer.* I had indeed.
Ever. And now you crack for't.
Mer. Do not upbraid me.
Ever. Come, you muſt be told on't;
You are ſo covetous, ſtill, to embrace
More than you can, that you loſe all. *Mer.* 'Tis right.
What would you more than Guilty? Now, your ſuccours.

Act V. Scene VI.

Shackles, Pug, Iniquity, Devil.

Pug *is brought to* Newgate.

HEre you are lodg'd, Sir, you muſt ſend your garniſh,
If you'll be private. *Pug.* There it is, Sir, leave me.
To *Newgate*, brought? How is the name of *Devil*
Diſcredited in me! What a loſt Fiend
Shall I be, on return? My *Chief* will roar
In triumph, now, that I have been on Earth
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My utmoſt. I think Time be drunk, and ſleeps;
He is ſo ſtill, and moves not! I do glory
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,
I have it with my fact. [*Enter* Iniquity *the* Vice.
Ini. Child of Hell, be thou merry:
Put a look on, as round, Boy, and red as a Cherry.
Caſt care at thy Poſterns, and firk i' thy Fetters:
They are Ornaments, *Baby*, have graced thy betters:
Look upon me, and hearken. Our *Chief* doth ſalute thee,
And leſt our cold Iron ſhould chance to confute thee,
H' hath ſent thee, *Grant-parol* by me to ſtay longer
A Month here on Earth, againſt cold, *Child*, or honger.
Pug. How? longer here a Month?
Ing. Yes, Boy, till the *Seſſion*,
That ſo thou maiſt have a triumphal egreſſion.
Pug. In a Cart, to be hang'd.
Ing. No, *Child*, in a Car,
The Chariot of Triumph, which moſt of them are.
And in the mean time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And naſty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,
With dam'n me, renounce me; and all the fine Phraſes,
That bring unto *Tyburn*, the plentiful gazes.
Pug. He is a *Devil*! and may be our *Chief*!
The great Superior *Devil*! for his malice:
Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would ſuffer, when he ti'd me up thus
In a Rogues body: and he has (I thank him)
His tyrannous pleaſure on me, to confine me
To the unlucky Carkaſs of a *Cut-purſe*,
Wherein I could do nothing.
[*The great* Devil *enters, and upbraids him with all his days work.*
Div. Impudent Fiend,
Stop thy lewd Mouth. Doſt thou not ſhame and tremble
To lay thine own dull damn'd defects upon
An innocent caſe, there? Why, thou heavy ſlave!
The Spirit that did poſſeſs that Fleſh before
Put more true life in a Finger and a Thumb,
Than thou in the whole Maſs. Yet thou rebell'ſt
And murmur'ſt? What one proffer haſt thou made,
Wicked enough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine own, much leſs the name that ſent thee?
Firſt, thou did'ſt help thy ſelf into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangered'ſt too thy Tongue:
A *Devil*, and could not keep a body intire
One day! That, for our credit: And to vindicate it,
Hinder'dſt (for ought thou know'ſt) a deed of darkneſs:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, to'ard the *Devil*, could ha' thought on.
This for your acting! but for ſuffering! why
Thou haſt been cheated on, with a falſe Beard,
And a turn'd Cloke. Faith, would your predeceſſor
The *Cut-purſe*, think you ha' been ſo? Out upon thee,
The hurt th' haſt done, to let Men know their ſtrength,
And that the are are able to out-do a *Devil*
Put in a body, will for ever be
A ſcar upon our Name! whom haſt thou dealt with,
Woman or Man, this day, but have out-gone thee
Some way, and moſt have prov'd the better Fiends?
Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, Hell ſhall make you
Provincial o' the *Cheaters*! or *Bawd-ledger*,
For this ſide o' the Town! No doubt you'll render
A rare account of things. Bane o' your Itch,
And ſcratching for Imployment. I'll ha' Brimſtone
To allay it ſure, and Fire to ſinge your Nails off,
But that I would not ſuch a damn'd diſhonor
Stick on our ſtate, as that the *Devil* were hang'd;
And could not ſave a body, that he took
From *Tyburn*, but it muſt come thither again:
You ſhould e'en ride. But up, away with him—
[Iniquity *takes him on his back.*
Ini. Mount darling of darkneſs, my Shoulders are broad:
He that carries the Fiend, is ſure of his load.
The *Devil* was wont to carry away the Evil;
But now the Evil out-carries the *Devil*.

Act V. Scene VII.

Shackles, Keepers.

A great noiſe is heard in Newgate, *and the Keepers come out affrighted.*

O Me! *Keep.* 1. What's this? 2. A piece of *Juſtice Hall*
Is broken down. 3. Fough! what a ſteam of Brimſtone
Is here? 4. The Priſoners's dead, came in but now!
Sha. Ha? where? 4. Look here.
Keep. 'Slid, I ſhould know his countenance!
It is *Gill-cut-purſe*, was hang'd out this morning!
Sha. 'Tis he! 2. The *Devil* ſure has a hand in this!
3. What ſhall we do? *Sha.* Carry the news of it
Unto the *Sheriffs*. 1. And to the *Juſtices*.
4. This ſtrange!
3. And ſavours of the *Devil*, ſtrongly!
2. I' ha' the *Sulphur* of *Hell-coal* i' my Noſe.
1. Fough. *Sha.* Carry him in. 1. Away.
2. How rank it is!

Act V. Scene VIII.

To them.] Sir *Poul*, *Mere-craft*, *Ever-ill*, *Trains*, *Pitfal*, *Fitz-dottrel*.
To them.] *Wittipol*, *Manly*, Miſtris *Fitz-dottrel*, *Ingine*.
To them.] *Guilt-head*, *Sledge*, *Shackles*.

The Juſtice comes out wondring, at the reſt informing him.

THis was the notableſt Conſpiracy,
That ere I heard of.
Mer. Sir, They had giv'n him Potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*——
Ever. Juſt to the time o' delivery o' thee Deed—
Mer. And then the witchcraft 'gan' t' appear, for ſtraight
He fell into his fit. *Ever.* Of rage at firſt, Sir,
Which ſince has ſo increaſed.

Tay. Good

Tay. Good Sir *Poul*, ſee him,
And puniſh the Impoſtors.
Pou. Therefore I come, *Madam.*
Eit. Let Mr. *Eitherſide* alone, *Madam.*
Pou. Do you hear?
Call in the Conſtable, I will have him by:
H'is the King's *Officer!* and ſome Citizens,
Of credit! I'll diſcharge my Conſcience clearly.
Mer. Yes, Sir, and ſend for his Wife.
Ever. And the two *Sorcerers*,
By any means! *Tay.* I thought one a true *Lady*,
I ſhould be ſworn. So did you, *Eitherſide?*
Eit. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'er ſtir elſe,
Tailbuſh.
Tay. And the other a civil Gentleman.
Ever. But, *Madam*,
You know what I told your *Ladiſhip?* *Tay.* I now ſee it:
I was providing of a Banquet for 'em.
After I had done inſtructing o' the Fellow
De-vile, the Gentlemans Man.
Mer. Who's found a Thief, *Madam.*
And to have rob'd your Uſher, Maſter *Ambler.*
This morning. *Tay.* How?
Mer. I'll tell you more, anon.
Fit. Gi' me ſome *Garlick, Garlick, Garlick, Garlick.*
[*He begins his fit.*
Mer. Hark, the poor Gentleman, how he is tormented!
Fit. *My Wife is a Whore, I'll kiſs her no more: and why?*
Ma'ſt not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
Pou. That is the *Devil* ſpeaks, and laughs in him.
[*The Juſtice interprets all.*
Mer. Do you think ſo, Sir?
Pou. I diſcharge my Conſcience.
Fit. *And is not the Devil good company? Yes, wis.*
Ever. How he changes, Sir, his Voice!
Fit. *And a Cuckold is*
Where ere he put his Head, with a Wanion,
If his Horns be forth, the Devil's companion!
Look, look, look, elſe.
Mer. How he foams! *Ever.* And ſwels!
Tay. O, me! what's that there riſes in his Belly!
Eit. A ſtrange thing! hold it down.
Tra. Pit. We cannot, *Madam.*
Pov. 'Tis too apparent this! *Fit. Wittipol, Wittipol.*
[Wittipol, *and* Manly, *and Mrs.* Fitz-dottrel *enter.*
Wit. How now, what play ha' we here:
Man. What fine, new matters?
Wit. The *Cockſcomb*, and the *Coverlet.*
Mer. O ſtrange impudence!
That theſe ſhould come to face their ſin!
Ever. And out-face
Juſtice, they are the Parties, Sir. *Pov.* Say nothing.
Mer. Did you mark, Sir, upon their coming in,
How he call'd *Wittipol?* *Ever.* And never ſaw 'em.
Pov. I warrant you did I, let 'em play a while.
Fit. Buz, buz, buz, buz. *Tay.* 'Laſs poor Gentleman,
How he is tortur'd! Mrs. *Fit.* Fie Maſter *Fitz-dottrel!*
What do you mean to counterfeit thus?
[*His Wife goes to him.*
Fit. O, O,
She comes with a Needle, and thruſts it in,
She pulls out that, and ſhe puts in a Pin,
And now, and now, I do not know how, nor where,
But ſhe pricks me here, and ſhe pricks me there: Oh, oh:
Pov. Woman forbear. *Wit.* What, Sir?
Pov. A practice foul
For one ſo fair.
Wit. Hath this, then, credit with you?
Man. Do you believe in't?
Pov. Gentlemen, I'll diſcharge
My Conſcience. 'Tis a clear conſpiracy!
A dark and devilliſh practice! I deteſt it!
Wit. The *Juſtice* ſure will prove the merrier Man!
Man. This is moſt ſtrange, Sir!
Pou. Come not to confront
Authority with impudence: I tell you,
I do deteſt it. Here comes the Kings *Conſtable*,
And with him a right worſhipful *Commoner*;
My good Friend, Maſter *Guilt-head!* I am glad
I can before ſuch witneſſes, profeſs
My Conſcience, and my Deteſtation of it.
Horrible! moſt unnatural! abominable!
Ever. You do not tumble enough.
[*They whiſper him.*
Mer. Wallow, gnaſh:
Tay. O, how he is vexed! *Pou.* 'Tis too manifeſt.
Ever. Give him more Soap to foam with, now lie ſtill.
[*And give him Soap to act with.*
Mer. And act a little. *Tay.* What do's he now, Sir.
Pou. Shew
The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Devil*
Is ſo delighted. *Fit. Hum!* *Pou.* And calls for *Hum.*
You takers of ſtrong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*,
Mark this. *Fit. Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow,* &c.
Pou. That's *Starch!* the *Devil's* Idol of that colour.
He ratifies it, with clapping of his Hands.
The proofs are pregnant. *Gui.* How the *Devil* can act!
Pou. He is the Maſter of *Players!* Maſter *Guilt-head*,
And *Poets* too! you heard him talk in Rhime!
I had forgot to obſerve it to you, ere while!
Tay. See, he ſpits Fire. *Pou.* O no he plays at *Figgum*,
The *Devil* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*——
[*Sir* Poul *interprets* Figgum *to be a Juglers Game.*
Man. Why ſpeak you not unto him? *Wit.* If I had
All innocence of Man to be indanger'd,
And he could ſave, or ruin it: I'd not breath
A ſyllable in requeſt, to ſuch a Fool,
He makes himſelf. *Fit. O they whiſper, whiſper, whiſper.*
We ſhall have more of Devils a ſcore,
To come to dinner, in me the ſinner.
Eit. Alas, poor Gentleman!
Pou. Put 'em aſunder.
Keep 'em one from the other.
Man. Are you phrentick, Sir?
Or what grave dotage moves you to take part
With ſo much villany? we are not afraid
Either of Law, or Trial; let us be
Examin'd what our ends were, what the means?
To work by; and poſſibility of thoſe means.
Do not conclude againſt us, ere you hear us.
Pou. I will not hear you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumſtances. *Man.* Will you ſo, Sir?
Pou. Yes, they are palpable.
Man. Not as your folly:
Pou. I will diſcharge my Conſcience, and do all
To the *Meridian* of Juſtice. *Gui.* You do well, Sir.
Fit. *Provide me to eat, three or four diſhes o' good Meat,*
I'll feaſt them, and their trains, a Juſtice Head and Brains
Shall be the firſt. *Pou.* The *Devil* loves not Juſtice,
There you may ſee. *Fit. A Spare-rib o' my Wife,*
And a Whores Purt'nance! a Guilt-head *whole.*
Pou. Be not you troubled, Sir, the *Devil* ſpeaks it.
Fit. *Yes, wis, Knight, ſhite, Poul, Joul, Owle, foul, troul, boul.*
Pou. Cramb, another of the *Devils* Games!
Mer. Speak, Sir, ſome *Greek*, if you can. Is not the *Juſtice*
A ſolemn Gameſter? *Ever.* Peace. *Fit.* Οἰ μοὶ, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ δισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τλήμων, καὶ πονηρὸς,
Καὶ δολιχὸς, καὶ μυελώδης. *Pou.* He curſes
In *Greek*, I think. *Ever.* Your *Spaniſh*, that I taught you.
Fit. Quebrémos el ojo de burlas. *Ever.* How? your reſt—
Let's break his Neck in jeſt, the *Devil* ſays,
Fit. Di grátia, Signòr mio ſe hauete denári fatamène parte.
Mer. What, would the *Devil* borrow Money?

Fit. *Ouy, Ouy Monſieur, ùn pàuvre Diable! Diablet in!*
Pou. It is the *Devil*, by his ſeveral Languages.
Sha. Where's Sir *Poul Eitherſide?*
[*Enter the* Keeper *of* Newgate.
Pou. Here, what's the matter?
Sha. O! ſuch an accident fal'n out at *Newgate*, Sir:
A great piece of the Priſon is rent down!
The *Devil* has been there, Sir, in the body——
Of the young *Cut-purſe*, was hang'd out this morning,
But, in new Clothes, Sir, every one of us know him.
Theſe things were found in his Pocket.
Amb. Thoſe are mine, Sir.
Sha. I think he was committed on your charge, Sir.
For a new Felony. *Amb.* Yes.
Sha. He's gone, Sir, now,
And left us the dead body. But withal, Sir,
Such an infernal ſtink, and ſteam behind,
You cannot ſee St. *Pulchres Steeple*, yet.
They ſmel't as far as *Ware*, as the wind lies,
By this time, ſure. *Fit.* Is this upon your credit, Friend?
[Fitz-dottrel *leaves counterfeiting.*
Sha. Sir, you may ſee, and ſatisfie your ſelf.
Fit. Nay, then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.
Sir I am not betwitch'd, nor have a *Devil:*
No more than you. I do defie him, I,
And did abuſe you. Theſe two Gentlemen
Put me upon it. (I have faith againſt him)
They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,
And ſhame the *Fiend.* See, here, Sir, are my Bellows,
And my falſe Belly, and my *Mouſe*, and all
That ſhould ha' come forth?
Man. Sir, are not you aſham'd
Now of your ſolemn, ſerious vanity?
Pou. I will make honourable amends to truth.
Fit. And ſo will I. But theſe are *Cozeners* ſtill,
And ha' my Land, as Plotters, with my Wife:
Who, though ſhe be not a Witch, is worſe, a Whore.
Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaſte, and vertuous,
And we are honeſt. I do know no glory
A Man ſhould hope, by venting his own Follies,
But you'll ſtill be an *Aſs* in ſpight of Providence.
Pleaſe you go in, Sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,
And make amends for your late raſhneſs, when
You ſhall but hear the pains and care was taken,
To ſave this fool from ruine, (his *Grace* of *Drown'd-land.*)
Fit. My Land is drown'd indeed——
Pou. Peace. *Man.* And how much
His modeſt and too worthy Wife hath ſuffer'd
By miſ-conſtruction from him, you will bluſh,
Firſt, for your own belief, more for his actions!
His Land is his: and never, by my Friend,
Or by my ſelf, meant to another uſe,
But for her ſuccours, who hath equal right.
If any other had worſe Counſels in't,
(I know I ſpeak to thoſe can apprehend me)
Let 'em repent 'em, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take joy, or pride
In human errors (we do all ill things,
They do 'em worſt that love 'em, and dwell there,
Till the Plague comes.) The few that have the Seeds
Of goodneſs left, will ſooner make their way
To a true life, by ſhame than puniſhment.

The EPILOGUE.

THus the Projector, *here is over-thrown;*
But I have now a Project *of mine own,*
If it may paſs, that no Man would invite
The Poet *from us, to ſup forth to night,*
If the Play *pleaſe. If it diſpleaſant be,*
We do preſume, that no Man will: nor we.

THE END.

THE MAGNETICK LADY: OR Humours Reconcil'd. A COMEDY.

Compoſed by Ben. Johnſon.

Jam lapides ſuus ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris—— Claud. de Magnet.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The PERSONS that ACT.

LADY LOADSTONE,	*The Magnetick Lady.*
Miſtris POLISH,	*Her Goſſip and ſhe-Paraſite.*
Miſtris PLACENTIA,	*Her Neice.*
PLEASANCE,	*Her Waiting-woman,*
Miſtris KEEPE,	*The Neices Nurſe.*
Mother CHAIR,	*The Midwife.*
Mr. COMPASS,	*A Scholar Mathematick.*
Captain IRONSIDE,	*A Soldier.*
Parſon PALATE,	*Prelate of the Pariſh.*
Doctor RUT,	*Phyſician to the Houſe.*
TIM ITEM,	*His Apothecary.*
Sir DIAPH SILKWORM,	*A Courtier.*
Mr. PRACTISE,	*A Lawyer.*
Sir MOATH INTEREST,	*An Uſurer, or Money-Bawd.*
Mr. BIAS,	*A Vi-politick, or Sub-ſecretary.*
Mr. NEEDLE,	*The Ladies Steward and Taylor.*

The CHORUS by way of Induction.

THE

THE INDUCTION OR CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage.

Mr. *Probee and* Mr. *Damplay.*

A Boy of the Houſe meets them.

Boy. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine Phanſies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Ideas, Definitions of Lords and Ladies? Waiting-women, Paraſites, Knights, Captains, Courtiers, Lawyers? what do you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poetick Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Maſters; Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'em? Sir we have divers that drive that Trade, now: Poets, Poet'accios, Poetaſters, Poetito's——

Dam. And all Haberdaſhers of ſmall Wit, I preſume; we would ſpeak with the Poet o' the day, *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, he is not here. But, I have the Dominion of the Shop, for this time, under him, and can ſhew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the preſent.

Pro. Therein you will expreſs your own good Parts, *Boy.*

Dam. And tye us two to you for the gentle Office.

Pro. We are a Pair of publick Perſons (this Gentleman and my ſelf) that are ſent, thus coupled unto you upon State-buſineſs.

Boy. It concerns but the State of the Stage I hope!

Dam. O, you ſhall know that by degrees, *Boy.* No Man leaps into a buſineſs of State, without fourding firſt the State of the buſineſs.

Pro. We are ſent unto you, indeed from the People.

Boy. The People! which ſide of the People?

Dam. The Veniſon ſide, if you know it, *Boy.*

Boy. That's the left ſide. I had rather they had been the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the *Faces*, or Grounds of your People, that ſit in the oblick Caves and Wedges of your Houſe, your ſinful Six-penny Mechanicks——

Dam. But the better, and braver ſort of your People! Pluſh and Velvet-outſides! that ſtick your Houſe round like ſo many Eminences——

Boy. Of Clothes, not Underſtandings? They are at pawn. Well, I take theſe as a part of your People though; what bring you to me from theſe People?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poets had it in their purpoſe, ſtill to pleaſe this People.

Pro. I, their chief aim was——

Dam. Populo ut placerent: (if he underſtands ſo much.)

Boy. Quas feciſſent fabulas.) I underſtand that, ſin' I learn'd *Terence*, i' the third Form at *Weſtminſter:* go on, Sir.

Pro. Now, theſe People have imployed us to you, in all their Names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very mean ones, from this Shop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no Wares, which I dare thruſt upon the People with praiſe. But this, ſuch as it is, I will venture with your People, your gay gallant People: ſo as you, again, will undertake for them, that they ſhall know a good *Play* when they hear it; and will have the Conſcience and Ingenuity beſide to confeſs it.

Prob. We'll paſs our words for that: you ſhall have a Brace of us to ingage our ſelves.

Boy. You'll tender your Names, *Gentlemen*, to our Book then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee*; a man of moſt powerful Speech, and Parts to perſwade.

Pro. And Mr. *Damplay* will make good all he undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. *Probee*, and Mr. *Damplay*! I like your Securities: whence do you write your ſelves?

Pro. Of *London*, Gentlemen: but Knights Brothers, and Knights Friends, I aſſure you.

Dam. And Knights Fellow's too. Every Poet writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good Names! very good Men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here? *The Magnetick Lady*?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive Title the Author has given it.

Pro. A Magnete, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

Boy. This Gentleman hath found the true Magnitude ——

Dam Of his Portal or Entry to the Work, according to *Vitruvius*.

Boy. Sir, all our work is done without a Portal—— or *Vitruvius*. In *Foro*, as a true Comedy ſhould be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made preſent by report.

Dam. We ſee not that always obſerv'd by your Authors of theſe Times; or ſcarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all known, how ſhould it be obſerv'd? The moſt of thoſe your People call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it i' the dark, and feel or fumble for it; I ſpeak it, both with their leave and the leave o' your People.

Dam. But, why *Humors reconcil'd*; I would fain know?

Boy. I can ſatisfie you there too: if you will. But, perhaps you deſire not to be ſatisfied.

Dam. No? Why ſhould you conceive ſo, *Boy*?

Boy. My Conceit is not ripe yet: I'll tell you that anon. The *Author* beginning his Studies of this kind, with every Man in his Humour; and after every Man out of his Humour; and ſince, continuing in all his *Plays*, eſpecially thoſe of the *Comick* Thred, whereof the *New-Inn* was the laſt, ſome recent Humours ſtill, or Manners of Men, that went along with the Times; finding himſelf now near the cloſe, or ſhutting up of his Circle, hath phant'ſied to himſelf, in *Idæa*, this *Magnetick Miſtris*. A Lady, a brave bountiful Houſekeeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a Man and marriageable, he makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diverſity of Gueſts, all Perſons of different Humours to make up his *Perimiter*. And this he hath call'd *Humours reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold undertaking! and far greater then the Reconciliation of both Churches, the Quarrel between Humours having been much the ancienter; and, in my poor Opinion, the Root of all Schiſm and Faction both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the Opinion of many wiſe Men, that meet at this Shop ſtill, but how he will ſpeed in it, we cannot tell, and he himſelf (it ſeems) leſs cares. For he will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has loſt too much that way already, he ſays. He will not wooe the Gentile ignorance ſo much. But careleſs of all vulgar Cenſure, as not depending on common Approbation, he is confident it ſhall ſuper-pleaſe judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the reſt, by Example or otherwiſe.

Dam. He may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow Examples now, eſpecially if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, leſt you might defraud the expectation of the People, for whom you are Delegates! Pleaſe you take a couple of Seats and plant your ſelves, here, as near my ſtanding as you can: Fly every thing (you ſee) to the Mark, and cenſure it, freely. So you interrupt not the *Series* or Thred of the Argument, to break or pucker it, with unneceſſary Queſtions. For, I muſt tell you, (not out of mine own *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play* is like a Skean of Silk: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off at pleaſure, on the Bottom or Card of your Diſcourſe, in a Tale, or ſo; how you will: But if you light on the wrong end; you will pull all into a knot, or Elfe-lock; which nothing but the Sheers, or a Candle will undo, or ſeparate.

Dam. Stay! who be theſe, I pray you?

Boy. Becauſe it is your firſt Queſtion, and (theſe be the prime perſons) it would in civility require an anſwer: but I have heard the Poet affirm, that to be the moſt unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; eſpecially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and ſuch are you, he preſumes. *Ergo.*

THE

THE MAGNETICK LADY: OR Humours Reconcil'd.

Act I. Scene I.

Compaſs, Ironſide.

Com. Welcome good Captain *Ironſide*, and Brother;
You ſhall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by
Here, at a noble Ladies Houſe i' th' ſtreet,
The Lady *Loadſtones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Gueſts
Of ſeveral humours, carriage, conſtitution,
Profeſſion too: but ſo diametral
One to another, and ſo much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'em to a ſufferance of themſelves,
But till the Diſſolution of the Dinner,
I ſhall have juſt occaſion to believe
My wit is magiſterial; and our ſelves
Take infinite delight i' the ſucceſs.
Iro. Troth, Brother *Compaſs*, you ſhall pardon me;
I love not ſo to multiply acquaintance
At a Meals coſt; 'twill take off o' my freedom
So much; or bind me to the leaſt obſervance.
Com. Why, *Ironſide*, you know I am a Scholar,
And part a Soldier; I have been employed
By ſome the greateſt States-men o' the Kingdom,
Theſe many years: and in my time convers'd
With ſundry humors, ſuiting ſo my ſelf
To company, as honeſt Men, and Knaves,
Good-fellows, Hypocrites, all ſorts of People,
Though never ſo divided in themſelves,
Have ſtudied to agree ſtill in the uſage,
And handling of me (which hath been fair too.)
Iro. Sir I confeſs you to be one well read
In Men, and Manners; and that, uſually,
The moſt ungovern'd Perſons, you being preſent,
Rather ſubject themſelves unto your cenſure,
Than give you leaſt occaſion of diſtaſte,
By making you the ſubject of their mirth:
But (to deal plainly with you, as a Brother)
When ever I diſtruſt i' my own Valour:
I'll never bear me on anothers Wit,
Or offer to bring off, or ſave my ſelf
On the opinion of your Judgment, Gravity,
Diſcretion, or what elſe. But (being away)
You'are ſure to have leſs-wit-work, gentle Brother,
My humour being as ſtubborn as the reſt,
And as unmanageable. *Com.* You do miſtake
My Caract of your friendſhip all this while!
Or at what rate I reckon your aſſiſtance,
Knowing by long experience, to ſuch Animals,
Half-hearted Creatures, as theſe are, your Fox there,
Unkennel'd with a Cholerick, ghaſtly aſpect,
Or two or three comminatory Terms,
Would run their fears to any hole of ſhelter,
Worth a days laughter! I am for the ſport:
For nothing elſe. *Iro.* But, Brother, I ha' ſeen
A Coward, meeting with a Man as valiant
As our St. *George* (not knowing him to be ſuch,
Or having leaſt opinion that he was ſo)
Set to him roundly, I, and ſwinge him ſoundly:
And i' the vertue of that error, having
Once overcome, reſolv'd for ever after
To erre; and think no Perſon, nor no Creature
More valiant than himſelf. *Com.* I think that too:
But, Brother, (could I over intreat you)
I have ſome little Plot upon the reſt
If you would be contented, to endure
A ſliding reprehenſion at my hands,
To hear your ſelf, or your profeſſion glanc'd at
In a few ſlighting terms: It would beget
Me ſuch a main Authority, o' the bie,
And do your ſelf no diſ-repute at all!
Iro. Compaſs, I know that univerſal Cauſes
In nature produce nothing, but as meeting
Particular Cauſes, to determine thoſe,
And ſpecifie their acts. This is a piece
Of *Oxford* Science, ſtales with me ere ſince
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my private paſſions:
For I do never feel my ſelf perturb'd
With any general words 'gainſt my profeſſion,
Unleſs by ſome ſmart ſtroke upon my ſelf
They do awake, and ſtir me: elſe, to wiſe
And well experienc'd Men, words do but ſignifie;
They have no power, ſave with dull Grammarians,
Whoſe Souls are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.
Com. Here comes our *Parſon, Parſon Palate* here,
A venerable Youth! I muſt ſalute him,
And a great Clerk! he's going to the Ladies,
And though you ſee him thus, without his Cope,
I dare aſſure you, he's our Pariſh Pope!
God ſave my reverend Clergy, *Parſon Palate.*

Act I. Scene II.

Palate, Compaſs, Ironſide.

Pal. THe witty Mr. *Compaſs!* how is't, with you?
Com. My Lady ſtays for you, and for your Counſel,
Touching her Niece Mrs. *Placentia Steel*!
Who ſtrikes the fire of full fourteen to day,
Ripe for a Husband. *Pal.* I, ſhe chimes, ſhe chimes.
Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the Houſe Phyſician?
He's ſent for too. *Com.* To Counſel? time yo'were there.
Make haſte, and give it a round quick diſpatch:
That we may go to Dinner betimes, *Parſon:*
And drink a Health, or two more, to the buſineſs.
Iro. This is a ſtrange put-off! a reverend youth,
You uſe him moſt ſurreverently methinks!
What call you him? *Palate Pleaſe?* or *Parſon Palate?*
Com. All's one, but ſhorter! I can gi'you his Character.
He is the Prelate of the Pariſh, here,
And governs all the Dames, appoints the Cheer,
Writes down the Bills of Fare, pricks all the Gueſts,
Makes all the Matches and the Marriage Feaſts
Within the Ward; draws all the Pariſh Wills,
Deſigns the Legacies, and ſtrokes the Gills
Of the chief Mourners: And (whoever lacks)
Of all the Kindred, he hath firſt his Blacks.
Thus holds he Weddings up, and Burials,
As his main Tithing; with the Goſſips Stalls,
Their Pews; he's top ſtill, at the Publick Meſs,
Comforts the Widow, and the fatherleſs,
In funeral Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman;
For of the Ward-mote *Queſt*, he better can,
The myſtery, than the Levitick Law:
That piece of Clark-ſhip doth his Veſtry awe.
He is, as he conceives himſelf, a fine
Well furniſh'd, and apparelled Divine.
Iro. Who made this *Epigram*, you?
Com. No, a great Clerk
As any's of his bulk (*Benj. Johnſon*) made it.
Iro. But what's the other Character, *Doctor Rut?*
Com. The ſame Man made 'em both: but his is ſhorter,
And not in Rhime, but Blanks. I'll tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Phyſician to the Family:
That, letting God alone, aſcribes to nature
More than her ſhare; licentious in diſcourſe,
And in his life a profeſt Voluptuary;
The ſlave of Money, a Buffoon in Manners;
Obſcene in Language; which he vents for Wit;
Is ſawcy in his Logicks, and diſputing;
Is any thing but Civil, or a Man.
See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
In conſultation, afore the Door;
We will ſlip in, as if we ſaw 'em not.

Act I. Scene III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, ſhe's not beſtow'd,
My Brother *Intereſts*. *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath?*
Lad. He keeps off all her Suitors, keeps the Portion
Still in his Hands: and will not part with all,
On any terms. Pal. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*;
Thence flows the cauſe o' the main grievance. *Rut.* That
It is a main one! how much is the Portion?
Lad. No petty ſum. *Pal.* But ſixteen thouſand Pound.
Rut. He ſhould be forc'd, Madam, to lay it down.
When is it payable? *Lad.* When ſhe is married.
Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam.
Rut. Get her married.
Looſe not a day, an hour——— *Pal.* Not a minute.
Purſue your Project real, Mr. *Compaſs*
Advis'd you to. He is the perfect Inſtrument
Your Ladiſhip ſhould ſail by. *Rut.* Now, Mr. *Compaſs*
Is a fine witty Man; I ſaw him go in, now.
Lad. Is he gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Feather with him,
He ſeems a Soldier. *Rut.* Some new Suitor, Madam.
Lad. I am beholding to him: he brings ever
Variety of good Perſons to my Table,
And I muſt thank him, though my Brother *Intereſt*
Diſlike of it a little. *Pal.* He likes nothing
That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.
He'll go his own way, if he think it right.
Lad. He's a true Friend! and there's Mr. *Practice*,
The fine young Man of Law, comes to the Houſe:
My Brother brooks him not, becauſe he thinks
He is by me aſſigned for my Niece:
He will not hear of it. *Rut.* Not of that Ear:
But yet your Ladiſhip doth wiſely in it——
Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the Portion ſooner,
If he but dream you'll match her with a Lawyer.
Lad. So Mr. *Compaſs* ſays. It is between
The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which ſhall have her.
Pal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silk-worm?*
Rut. A fine Gentleman,
Old Mr. *Silk-worm*'s Heir. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,
Of a moſt elegant Thread. *Lad.* And ſo my Goſſip
Poliſh aſſures me. Here ſhe comes! good *Poliſh*
Welcome in troth! How do'ſt thou, gentle *Poliſh?*
Rut. Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Poliſh*, her She-paraſite,
Her talking, ſoothing, ſometime governing Goſſip.

Act I. Scene IV.

Poliſh, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. YOur Ladiſhip is ſtill the Lady *Loadſtone*,
That draws, and draws unto you, Gueſts of all ſorts:
The Courtiers, and the Soldiers, and the Scholars,
The Travellers, Phyſicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*.
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compaſs*.
Lad. We mean, they ſhall write more, ere it be long.
Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and't pleaſe you; but
Your Ladiſhip means well, and ſhall mean well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Niece?
My charge, Miſtris *Placentia Steel?*
Lad. She is not well. *Pol.* Not well?
Lad. Her Doctor ſays ſo.
Rut. Not very well; ſhe cannot ſhoot at Buts,
Or manage a great Horſe, but ſhe can cranch
A ſack of Small-coal! eat you Lime, and Hair,
Soap-aſhes, Loam, and has a dainty ſpice (ſie!
O' the Green-ſickneſs! *Pol.* 'Od ſhield! *Rut.* Or the Drop-
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here,
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* She is a noble Aunt!
And a right worſhipful Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.
Pal. Good Siſter *Poliſh*, hear your betters ſpeak.
Pol. Sir I will ſpeak, with my good Ladies leave,
And ſpeak, and ſpeak again; I did bring up
My Ladies Niece, Mrs. *Placentia Steel*,
With my own Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her Woman:
Her Ladiſhip well knows Mrs *Placentia*
Steel (as I ſaid) her curious Niece, was left
A Legacy to me, by Father and Mother,
With the Nurſe, *Keep*, that tended her: her Mother
She died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!
They were a godly couple! yet both di'd,
(As we muſt all.) No Creature is immortal,
I have heard our Paſtor ſay: no, not the faithful!
And they did die (as I ſaid) both in one month,
Rut. Sure ſhe is not long liv'd, if ſhe ſpend Breath thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
To poliſh, and bring up. I moulded her,
And faſhion'd her, and form'd her; ſhe had the ſweat
Both of my Brows and Brains. My Lady knows it
Since ſhe could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
That ſhe could write ſo early, my good Goſſip.
But I do know ſhe was ſo long your care,
Till ſhe was twelve year old; that I call'd for her,
And took her home, for which I thank you *Poliſh*,
And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I ſure thought
She had a Leaſe of talking, for nine lives——
Pal. It may be ſhe has. *Pol.* Sir, ſixteen thouſand Pound
Was then her Portion! for ſhe was, indeed,
Their only Child! and this was to be paid
Upon her Marriage, ſo ſhe married ſtill
With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt:
(I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steel*, her Father,
The World condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard; and he did ſtand condemn'd
With that vain World, till, as 'twas prov'd, after
He left almoſt as much more to good uſes
In Sir *Moath Intereſt*'s hands, my Ladies Brother,
Whoſe Siſter he had married: he holds all
In his cloſe gripe. But Mr. *Steel* was liberal,
And a fine Man; and ſhe a dainty Dame,
And a religious, and a bountiful——

Act I. Scene V.

To them.] *Compaſs, Ironſide.*

YOu knew her, Mr. *Compaſs*? *Com.* Spare the torture,
I do confeſs without it. *Pol.* And her Husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?
Com. Yes. (Yes.
Pol. And lov'd together, like a pair of Turtles! *Com.*
Pol. And feaſted all the Neighbours. *Com* Take her off
Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knows her,
It ſeems! *Com.* Or any meaſure of compaſſion:
Doctors, if you be Chriſtians, undertake
One for the Soul, the other for the Body!
Pol. She would diſpute with the Doctors of Divinity,
At her own Table! and the *Spittle* Preachers!
And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Armenians*?
Pol. I ſay, the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I ſay ſo too!
Pol. So Mr. *Poliſh* call'd 'em, the *Armenians*!
Com. And *Medes* and *Perſians*, did he not?
Pol. Yes, he knew 'em,
And ſo did Miſtris *Steell*: She was his Pupil.
The *Armenians*, he would ſay, were worſe than Papiſts:
And then the *Perſians* were our Puritans,
Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?
Pol. The middle Men, the luke-warm Proteſtants?
Rut. Out, out. *Pol.* Sir, ſhe would find them by their branching:
Their branching Sleeves, brancht Caſſocks, and brancht Doctrine,
Beſide their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin: I'll not hear,
Confute her Parſon. *Pol.* I reſpect no Parſons,
Chaplins, or Doctors, I will ſpeak. *Lad.* Yes, ſo't be reaſon,
Let her. *Rut.* 'Death, ſhe cannot ſpeak reaſon.
Com. Nor ſenſe, if we be Maſters of our ſenſes!
Iro. What mad Woman ha' they got here, to bate?
Pol. Sir, I am mad, in truth, and to the purpoſe;
And cannot but be mad, to hear my Ladies
Dead Siſter ſlighted, witty Mrs. *Steel*?
Iro. If ſhe had a wit, Death has gone neer to ſpoil it,
Aſſure your ſelf. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,
And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,
(As one ſaid) of Religion, in our Pariſh;
She was too learn'd to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the Holy Tongue:
And read it without Pricks: had all her *Maſoreth*;
Knew *Burton*, and his Bull; and ſcribe *Prin*-Gent.
Preſto-be-gon: and all the Phariſees. *Lad.* Dear Goſſip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchſafe
To ſee your charge, my Niece. *Pol.* I ſhall obey
If your wiſe Ladiſhip think fit: I know
To yield to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good Woman!
But when ſhe is impertinent, grows earneſt,
A little troubleſome, and out of ſeaſon:
Her love and zeal tranſport her. *Com.* I am glad
That any thing could port her hence. We now
Have hope of Dinner, after her long Grace.
I have brought your Ladiſhip a hungry Gueſt here,
A Soldier, and my Brother Captain *Ironſide*:
Who being by cuſtom grown a Sanguinary,
The ſolemn and adopted Son of ſlaughter:
Is more delighted i' the chaſe of an Enemy,
An execution of three days, and nights,
Then all the hope of numerous ſucceſſion,
Or happineſs of Iſſue could bring to him.
Rut. He is no Suitor then? *Pal.* So't ſhould ſeem.
Com. And if he can get pardon at Heavens hand
For all his murthers, is in as good caſe
As a new chriſt'ned Infant: (his Imployments
Continu'd to him, without interruption,
And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other ſin, but thoſe)
Pleaſe you to make him welcome for a meal, Madam.
Lad. The nobleneſs of his profeſſion makes
His welcome perfect: though your courſe deſcription
Would ſeem to fully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beam
Of ſo much favour doth illuſtrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well.
Rut. And he hath fitted well the Complement.

Act I. Scene VI.

To them.] Sir *Diaphanous, Practice.*

Com. NO, here they come! the prime *Magnetick* Gueſts
Our Lady *Loadſtone* ſo reſpects: the Artick!
And th' Antartick! Sir *Diaphonous Silk-worm!*
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of Meats and Drinks, his temperate Exerciſe,
Choice Muſick, frequent Baths, his horary ſhifts
Of Shirts and Waſte-coats, means to immortalize
Mortality it ſelf, and makes the eſſence
Of his whole happineſs the trim of Court.
Dia. I thank you, Mr. *Compaſs*, for your ſhort
Encomiaſtick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.
Pal. Conciſe, and quick: the true ſtile of an Orator.
Com. But Mr. *Practice* here, my Ladies Lawyer,
Or Man of Law: (for that's the true writing)
A Man ſo dedicate to his profeſſion,
And the preferments go along with it;
As ſcarce the thund'ring brute of an Invaſion,
Another eighty eight, threat'ning his Country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than *Syracuſa*'s Sack, on *Archimede*:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gown!
With the broad Guard o' th' back! Theſe ſhew
A Man betroth'd unto the ſtudy of our Laws!
Pra. Which you but think the crafty impoſitions,
Of ſubtile Clerks, feats of fine underſtanding,
To abuſe Clots, and Clowns with, Mr. *Compaſs*,
Having no ground in nature to ſuſtain it,
Or light, from thoſe clear cauſes; to the inquiry
And ſearch of which, your Mathematical Head
Hath ſo devow'd it ſelf. *Com.* Tut, all Men are
Philoſophers, to their inches. There's within,
Sir *Intereſt*, as able a Philoſopher,
In buying and ſelling! has reduc'd his thrift,
To certain principles, and i' that method!
As he will tell you inſtantly, by *Logorythms*,
The utmoſt profit of a ſtock imployed:
(Be the commodity what it will) the place,

Or

Or time, but cauſing very, very little,
Or, I may ſay, no paralax at all,
In his pecuniary obſervations!
He has brought your Nieces Portion with him, Madam;
At leaſt, the Man that muſt receive it: Here
They come negotiating the affair;
You may perceive the Contract in their Faces,
And read th' Indenture. If you'll ſign 'em: So.

Act I. Scene VII.

To them.] *Intereſt, Bias.*

Pal. WHat is he, Mr. *Compaſs?* *Com.* A Vi-politick!
Or a ſub-aiding Inſtrument of State!
A kind of a laborious Secretary
To a great Man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of ſuch a ſtride
In buſineſs Politick, or Oeconomick,
As well his Lord may ſtoop t' adviſe with him,
And be preſcribed by him in affairs
Of higheſt conſequence, when he is dull'd,
Or wearied with the leſs. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,
Lord *Whach'um*'s Politick. *Com.* You know the Man?
Dia. I ha' ſeen him wait at Court, there, with his Manifples
Of Papers and Petitions. *Pra.* He is one
That over-rules, tho' by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no Man elſe:
Neglects the Sacred Letter of the Law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heap
Of civil Inſtitutions: the reſt only
Of common Men, and their cauſes, a Farrago,
Or a made diſh in Court; a thing of nothing.
Com. And that's your quarrel at him? a juſt plea.
Int. I tell you, Siſter *Loadſtone*— *Com.* (Hang your Ears
This way, and hear his Praiſes: now *Moath* opens.)
Int. I ha' brought you here the very Man! the Jewel
Of all the Court! cloſe Mr. *Bias!* Siſter,
Apply him to your ſide! or you may wear him
Here o' your Breaſt! or hang him in your Ear!
He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!
A Chryſolite, a Gem: the very Agate
Of State, and Polity: cut from the Quar
Of *Machiavel*, a true Cornelian,
As *Tacitus* himſelf! and to be made
The broach to any true State-cap in *Europe!*
Lad. You praiſe him, Brother, as you had hope to ſell him.
Com. No, Madam, as he had hope to ſell your Niece
Unto him. *Lad.* 'Ware your true Jeſts, Mr. *Compaſs*;
They will not reliſh. *Int.* I will tell you, Siſter,
I cannot cry his Carract up enough:
He is unvaluable: All the Lords
Have him in that eſteem, for his Relations,
Corrant's, Aviſes, Correſpondences
With this Ambaſſador, and that Agent! He
Will ſcrew you out a Secret from a Statiſt——
Com. So eaſie, as ſome Cobler worms a Dog.
Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—
Com. 'Till 't turn a politick Inſect, or a Fly!
Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry, Mr. *Compaſs*,
But though you have the reverſion of an Office,
You are not in't, Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.
Com. Why ſhould that fright me, Mr. *Bi*—, from telling
Whoſe aſs you are? *Int.* Sir, he's one, can do
His turns there: and deliver too his Letters,
As punctually, and in as good a faſhion,
As ere a Secretary can in Court.
Iro. Why, is it any matter in what faſhion
A Man deliver his Letters, ſo he not open 'em?
Bia. Yes, we have certain precedents in Court,
From which we never ſwerve, once in an Age:
And (whatſoe'er he thinks) I know the Arts,
And Sciences do not directlier make
A Graduate in our Univerſities,
Than an habitual gravity prefers
A Man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer ſtile,
Some call a formal, flat ſervility.
Bia. Sir, you may call it what you pleaſe: But we
(That tread the path of publick buſineſſes)
Know what a tacit ſhrug is, or a ſhrink;
The wearing the Callot, the politick Hood,
And twenty other *Parerga*, o' the bie,
You Seculars underſtand not: I ſhall trick him,
If his Reverſion come i' my Lords way.
Dia. What is that, Mr. *Practice?* you ſure know?
Mas' *Compaſſes* Reverſion? *Pra.* A fine place
(Surveyor of the Projects general)
I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth? *Pra.* O Sir,
A *Nemo ſcit.* *Lad.* We'll think on't afore Dinner.

CHORUS.

Boy. NOw, *Gentlemen*, what cenſure you of our *Protaſis*, or firſt *Act?*
Pro. Well, *Boy*, it is a fair Preſentment of your *Actors*, And a handſome promiſe of ſomewhat to come hereafter.
Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I ſay, no Act.
Boy. A fine piece of Logick! Do you look, Mr. *Damplay*, for concluſions in a *Protaſis?* I thought the Law of *Comedy* had reſerv'd to the *Cataſtrophe*: and that the *Epitaſis*, (as we are taught) and the *Cataſtaſis*, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together it ſeems: The Clock ſhould ſtrike five at once, with the Acts.
Dam. Why, if it could do ſo, it were well, *Boy*.
Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to ſpeak, not ſtrike. So, if a Child could be born in a *Play*, and grow up to a Man, i' the firſt Scene, before he went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and be made a Knight: and that Knight to travel between the Acts, and do wonders i' the Holy Land or elſewhere; kill Paynims, wild Boars, dun Cows, and other Monſters; beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter: for his Mrs. Convert her Fathers Country; and at laſt come home, lame and all-to-be-laden with Miracles.
Dam. Theſe Miracles would pleaſe, I aſſure you: and take the *People!* For there be of the *People*, that will expect Miracles, and more than Miracles from this Pen.
Boy. Do they think this Pen can juggle? I would we had *Hokos pokos* for 'em then; your *People*, or *Travitanto Tudesko.*
Dam. Who's that, *Boy?*
Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expecters would be gone hence, now, at the firſt Act; or expect no more hereafter than they underſtand.
Dam. Why ſo, my peremptory Jack?
Boy. My name is *John*, indeed—— Becauſe, who expect what is impoſſible, or beyond nature, defraud themſelves.
Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* ſaid well: They do defraud themſelves indeed.
Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unleſs like a ſolemn Juſtice of wit, you will damn our *Play*, unheard, or unexamin'd; I ſhall intreat your Mrs. Madam *Expectation*, if ſhe be among theſe Ladies, to have patience, but a piſſing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees: A Source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that ſhall ſteep their Temples, and bathe their Brains in laughter, to the fomenting of ſtupidity it ſelf, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the Houſe.
Pro. Why do you maintain your Poets quarrel ſo with Velvet, and good Clothes, *Boy?* we have ſeen him in indifferent good Clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may do in better, if it pleaſe the King (his Maſter) to ſay *Amen* to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his Clothes ſhall never be the beſt thing about him, though; he will have ſomewhat beſide, either of humane Letters, or ſevere Honeſty, ſhall ſpeak him a Man, though he went naked.

Pro. He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy.*

Boy. Himſelf hath done that already, againſt Envy.

Dam. What's your Name, Sir? or your Country?

Boy. John Try-guſt my Name: A *Corniſh* Youth, and the Poets Servant.

Dam. Weſt-country breed I thought, you were ſo bold.

Boy. Or rather ſawcy; to find out your Palate, Mr. *Damplay.* 'Faith we do call a Spade, *a Spade* in *Cornwal.* If you dare damn our *Play*, i' the wrong Place, we ſhall take heart to tell you ſo.

Pro. Good *Boy.*

Act II. Scene I.

Keep, Placentia, Pleaſance.

Kee. Sweet Miſtris, pray you be merry: you are ſure
To have a Husband now. *Pla.* I, if the ſtore
Hurt not the choice. *Ple.* Store is no ſore, young Miſtris,
My Mother is wont to ſay. *Keep.* And ſhe'll ſay wiſely
As any Mouth i' the Pariſh. Fix on one,
Fix upon one, good Miſtris. *Pla.* At this call too,
Here's Mr. *Practiſe*, who is call'd to the Bench
Of purpoſe. *Keep.* Yes, and by my Ladies means——
Pla. 'Tis thought to be the Man. *Keep.* A Lawyers Wife.
Ple. And a fine Lawyers Wife. *Keep.* Is a brave Calling.
Ple. Sweet Miſtris *Practiſe*! *Keep.* Gentle Miſtris *Practiſe*!
Ple. Fair, open Miſtris *Practiſe*! *Keep.* I, and cloſe,
And cunning Mrs. *Practiſe*! *Pla.* I not like that;
The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,
My Lady *Silk-worm*. *Keep.* And to ſhine in Pluſh.
Ple. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silk-worm.*
Keep. Lady *Diaphanous* ſounds moſt delicate!
Ple. Which would you choſe, now Miſtris?
Pla. 'Cannot tell.
The Copy does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

Act II. Scene II.

Poliſh, Keep, Placentia, Pleaſance, Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty Charge, and diligent Nurſe?
What were you chanting on? (God bleſs you Maiden.)
[To her Daughter kneeling.
Keep. We were inchanting all; wiſhing a Husband
For my young Miſtris here. A man to pleaſe her.
Pol. She ſhall have a Man, good Nurſe, and muſt have a Man:
A Man and a half, if we can chooſe him out:
We are all in Counſel within, and ſit about it:
The Doctors and the Scholars; and my Lady,
Who's wiſer then all us—— Where's Mr. *Needle?*
Her Ladiſhip ſo lacks him to prick out
The Man? How does my ſweet young Miſtris?
You look not well methinks! how do you, dear Charge?
You muſt have a Husband, and you ſhall have a Husband.
There's two put out to making for you: A Third
Your Uncle promiſes: But you muſt ſtill
Be rul'd by your Aunt, according to the Will
Of your dead Father and Mother (who are in Heaven.)
Your Lady-Aunt has choiſe i' the Houſe for you:
We do not truſt your Uncle; he would keep you
A Batchelor ſtill, by keeping of your Portion:
And keep you not alone without a Husband,
But in a ſickneſs: I, and the Green-ſickneſs,
The Maidens Malady; which is a Sickneſs:
A kind of Diſeaſe, I can aſſure you,
And like the Fiſh our Mariners call *Remora*—
Keep. A Remora Miſtris! *Pol.* How now Goody Nurſe?
Dame *Keep* of *Katerns*? what? have you an Oar
I' the Cockboat, 'cauſe you are a Sailors Wife,
And come from *Shawdell*? I ſay a *Remora*:
For it will ſtay a Ship that's under ſail!
And Stays are long and tedious things to Maids!
And Maidens are young Ships that would be ſailing
When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim elſe?
Nee. True; and for them to be ſtaid,—
Pol. The ſtay is dangerous:
You know it Mr. *Needle*. *Nee.* I know ſomewhat:
And can aſſure you, from the Doctors Mouth,
She has a Dropſie; and muſt change the Air,
Before ſhe can recover. *Pol.* Say you ſo, Sir?
Nee. The Doctor ſays ſo. *Pol.* Says his Worſhip ſo?
I warrant 'em he ſays true then; they ſometimes
Are Sooth-ſayers, and always cunning Men.
Which Doctor was it? *Nee.* E'en my Ladies Doctor:
The neat Houſe-Doctor; But a true Stone-Doctor.
Pol. Why? hear you, Nurſe? How comes this jeer to paſs?
This is your fault in truth: It ſhall be your fault,
And muſt be your fault: why is your Miſtris ſick?
She had her health, the while ſhe was with me.
Kee. Alas good Miſtris *Poliſh*, I am no Saint,
Much leſs, my Lady, to be urg'd give Health,
Or Sickneſs at my Will: but to wait
The Stars good Pleaſure, and to do my duty.
Pol. You muſt do more than your duty, fooliſh Nurſe:
You muſt do all you can; and more than you can,
More than is poſſible; when Folks are ſick,
Eſpecially a Miſtris, a young Miſtris.
Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himſelf cannot do that.
Pol. Doctor *Do-all* can do it. Thence he's call'd ſo.

Act II. Scene III.

Rut, Poliſh, Lady, Keep, Placentia.

Rut. WHence? what's he call'd?
Pol. Doctor, do all you can,
I pray you, and beſeech you, for my charge here.
Lad. She's my tendring Goſſip, loves my Neice.
Pol. I know you can do all things, what you pleaſe, Sir,
For a young Damſel, my good Ladies Neice here!
You can do what you liſt. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany.*
Pol. Eſpecially in this new Caſe o' the Dropſie.
The Gentlewoman (I do fear) is leven'd.
Rut. Leven'd? what's that?
Pol. Puft, blown, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Rut. What! Dark by darker? What is blown? puff'd? ſpeak Engliſh—
Pol. Tainted (and't pleaſe you) ſome do call it.
She ſwells, and ſwells ſo with it.— *Rut.* Give her vent,
If ſhe do ſwell. A Gimblet muſt be had:
It is a *Tympanites* ſhe is troubled with;
There are three kinds: The firſt is *Ana-ſarca*
Under the Fleſh a Tumour: that's not hers.
The ſecond is *Aſcites*, or *Aquoſus*,
A watry humour: that's not hers neither.
But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)
A wind Bombs in her Belly, muſt be unbrac'd,
And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,
And ſhe'll do well: get her a Husband. *Pol.* Yes,
I ſay ſo, Mr. *Doctor*, and betimes too. *Lad.* As
Soon as we can: let her bear up to day,
Laugh, and keep company, at Gleek or Crimp.
Pol. Your Ladiſhip ſays right, Crimp ſure will cure her.
Rut. Yes, and Gleek too; peace Goſſip *Tittle-Tattle*,
She muſt to morrow down into the Country,
Some Twenty miles; A Coach and ſix brave Horſes:

Take

Take the freſh Air a Month there, or five Weeks;
And then return a Bride up to the Town,
For any Husband i' the *Hemiſphere*
To chuck at; when ſhe has dropt her *Timpany*.
Pol. Muſt ſhe then drop it?
Rut. Thence, 'tis call'd a Dropſie.
The *Timpanites* is one ſpice of it;
A Toy, a thing of nothing, a meer Vapour:
I'll blow't away. *Lad. Needle*, get you the Coach
Ready againſt to morrow Morning. *Nee.* Yes Madam.
Lad. I'll down with her my ſelf, and thank the Doctor.
Pol. We all ſhall thank him. But, dear Madam, think,
Reſolve upon a Man this day. *Lad.* I ha' don't.
To tell you true, (ſweet Goſſip) here is none
But Maſter *Doctor*, he ſhall be o' the Counſel:
The Man I have deſign'd her to, indeed,
Is Maſter *Practiſe*: he's a neat young Man,
Forward, and growing up in a profeſſion!
Like to be ſome body, if the Hall ſtand!
And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers Wife,
Is a right happy Fortune. *Rut.* And ſhe bringing
So plentiful a Portion, they may live
Like King and Queen at Common Law together!
Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clerks;
And bright the Evidence; rule at their Pleaſures,
Like petty Soveraigns in all Caſes. *Pol.* O, that
Will be a work of time; ſhe may be old
Before her Husband riſe to a chief Judge;
And all her flower be gone. No, no, a Lady
O the firſt Head I'd have her; and in Court:
The Lady *Silk-worm*, a *Diaphanous* Lady:
And be a Vi-counteſs to carry all
Before her, (as we ſay) her Gentleman-Uſher:
And caſt off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
Welcom unto her Honour at her Lodgings.
Rut. You ſay well, Ladies Goſſip; if my Lady
Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.
Lad. For that, I muſt conſult mine own Ambition,
My zealous Goſſip. *Pol.* O, you ſhall precede her:
You ſhall be a Counteſs! Sir *Diaphanous*
Shall get you made a Counteſs! Here he comes;
Has my Voice certain: O fine Courtier!
O bleſſed man! the bravery prickt out,
To make my dainty charge a Vi-counteſs:
And my good Lady, her Aunt, Counteſs at large!

Act II. Scene IV.

Diaphanous, Palate. [*To them.*

Dia. I Tell thee, *Parſon*, if I get her, reckon
Thou haſt a Friend in Court; and ſhalt command
A Thouſand pound, to go on any Errand,
For any Church preferment thou haſt a mind to.
Pal. I Thank your Worſhip: I will ſo work for you,
As you ſhall ſtudy all the ways to thank me:
I'll work my Lady, and my Ladies Friends;
Her Goſſip, and this Doctor, and Squire *Needle*,
And Mr. *Compaſs*, who is all in all;
The very Fly ſhe moves by: He is one
That went to Sea with her Husband, Sir *John Loadſtone*,
And brought home the rich Prizes: all that Wealth
Is left her: for which Service ſhe reſpects him:
A dainty Scholar in the Mathematicks;
And one ſhe wholly imploys. Now *Dominus Practiſe*
Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiſhip)
But there's a trick to ſet his Cap awry,
If I know any thing: he hath confeſt
To me in private, that he loves another,
My Ladies Woman, Mrs. *Pleaſance*: therefore
Secure you of Rivalſhip. *Dia.* I thank thee,
My noble *Parſon*: There's Five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that. *Pol.* Accoſt the Neice:
Yonder ſhe walks alone: I'll move the Aunt:
But here's the Goſſip; ſhe expects a morſel.
Ha' you ne'er a Ring, or Toy to throw away?
Dia. Yes, here's a Diamond of ſome Threeſcore Pound
I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If ſhe will take it.
Dia. And there's an Emerald for the Doctor too:
Thou *Parſon*, thou ſhalt coin me: I am thine.
Pal. Here Mr. *Compaſs* comes: Do you ſee my Lady,
And all the reſt, how they do flutter about him?
He is the Oracle of the Houſe and Family.
Now is your time: go nick it with the Neice:
I will walk by; and hearken how the Chimes go.

Act II. Scene V.

Compaſs. [*To them.*

Com. NAy, *Parſon*, ſtand not off; you may approach:
This is no ſuch hid Point of State, we handle,
But you may hear it: for we are all of Counſel.
The gentle Mr. *Practiſe* hath dealt clearly,
And nobly with you, Madam.
Lad. Ha' you talk'd with him?
And made the Overture? *Com.* Yes, firſt I mov'd
The Buſineſs truſted to me by your Ladiſhip,
I' your own words, almoſt your very Syllables:
Save where my Memory treſpaſs'd 'gainſt their Elegance;
For which I hope your Pardon. Then I inlarg'd
In my own homely Stile, the ſpecial goodneſs
And greatneſs of your Bounty in your Choice,
And free conferring of a Benefit,
So without ends, conditions, any tye,
But his meer Vertue, and the value of it,
To call him to your Kindred, to your Veins,
Inſert him in your Family, and to make him
A Nephew by the offer of a Neice,
With ſuch a Portion; which when he had heard,
And moſt maturely acknowledg'd (as his Calling
Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
A Thanks as ample as the Curteſie,
(In my Opinion); ſaid it was a Grace,
Too great to be rejected or accepted
By him! But as the Terms ſtood with his Fortune,
He was not to prevaricate with your Ladiſhip,
But rather to require ingenious leave,
He might with the ſame love that it was offer'd
Refuſe it, ſince he could not with his honeſty,
(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.
Pal. The ſame he ſaid to me. *Com.* And name the Party?
Pal. He did, and he did not.
Com. Come, leave your Schemes,
And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parſon*. *Pal.* You'll hear more.
Pol. Why, now your Ladiſhip is free to chuſe
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous*: he ſhall do it,
I'll move it to him my ſelf.
Lad. What will you move to him?
Pol. The making you a Counteſs.
Lad. Stint, fond Woman.
Know you the Party Mr. *Practiſe* means?
[*To Compaſs.*
Com. No, but your *Parſon* ſays he knows, Madam.
Lad. I fear he Fables; *Parſon*, do you know
Where Mr. *Practiſe* is ingag'd? *Pal.* I'll tell you!
But under ſeal, her Mother muſt not know:
'Tis with your Ladiſhips Woman, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.
Com. How! *Lad.* He is not mad.
Pal. O hide the hideous Secret
From her, ſhe'll trouble all elſe. You do hold
A Cricket by the Wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleaſance*?
Are you ſure, *Parſon*? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Miſtris!
I find where your Shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compaſs*:
But, you'll look to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,
Your Brother, with his *Bias*, and the Party
Deep in diſcourſe; 'twill be a Bargain and Sale,
I ſee by their cloſe working of their Heads,

And

And running them together ſo in Counſel.
Lad. Will Mr. *Practiſe* be of Counſel againſt us?
Com. He is a Lawyer, and muſt ſpeak for his Fee,
Againſt his Father and Mother, all his Kindred;
His Brothers or his Siſters: no exception
Lies at the Common-Law. He muſt not alter
Nature for Form, but go on in his Path——
It may be he will be for us. Do not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their Courſe:
Diſpatch, and marry her off to any Husband;
Be not you ſcrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay down the Portion, though he geld it:
It will maintain the ſuit againſt him: ſomewhat,
Something in hand is better than no Birds;
He ſhall at laſt accompt for the utmoſt Farthing,
If you can keep your hand from a Diſcharge.
Pol. Sir, do but make her Worſhipful Aunt a Counteſs,
And ſhe is yours: her Aunt has Worlds to leave you!
The Wealth of ſix *Eaſt-Indian* Fleets at leaſt!
Her Husband, Sir *John Loadſtone*, was the Governour
O' the Company ſeven years. *Dia.* And came there home
Six Fleets in ſeven years? *Pol.* I cannot tell,
I muſt attend my Goſſip her good Ladiſhip.
Pla. And will you make me a Vi-counteſs too? For,
How do they make a Counteſs? in a Chair?
Or 'pon a Bed? *Dia.* Both ways, ſweet Bird, I'll ſhew you.

Act II. Scene VI.

Intereſt, Practiſe, Bias, Compaſs, Palate, Rut, Ironſide. [*To them.*

Int. THe truth is, Mr. *Practiſe*, now we are ſure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The Portion left was Sixteen thouſand pound,
I do confeſs it, as a juſt man ſhould.
And call here Mr. *Compaſs*, with theſe Gentlemen,
To the relation: I will ſtill be juſt.
Now for the Profits every way ariſing,
It was the Donors Wiſdom, thoſe ſhould pay
Me for my Watch, and breaking of my Sleeps;
It is no petty charge, you know that ſum;
To keep a man awake for Fourteen year.
Pra. But (as you knew to uſe it i' that time)
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my Induſtry,
As it might be your Reading, Study and Counſel;
And now your Pleading, who denies it you?
I have my Calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
Is with this Gentleman, Ten thouſand pound.
(An ample Portion for a younger Brother,
With a ſoft, tender, delicate Rib of Mans Fleſh,
That he may work like Wax, and print upon.)
He expects no more, than that ſum to be tendred,
And he receive it: Thoſe are the Conditions.
Pra. A direct Bargain, and in open ſale Market.
Int. And what I have furniſh'd him withal o' the by,
To appear, or ſo: A matter of Four hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the payment.—— *Bia.* Right.
You deal like a juſt Man ſtill. *Int.* Draw up this,
Good Mr. *Practiſe*, for us, and be ſpeedy.
Pra. But here's a mighty gain, Sir, you have made
Of this one Stock! the Principal firſt doubled,
In the firſt Seven year; and that redoubled
I' the next Seven! beſide Six thouſand pound,
There's threeſcore thouſand got in Fourteen year,
After the uſual Rate of Ten i' the Hundred,
And the Ten thouſand paid. *Int.* I think it be!
Pra. How will you ſcape the Clamour and the Envy?
Int. Let 'em exclaim and envy; what care I?
Their Murmurs raiſe no Bliſters i' my Fleſh.
My Monies are my Blood, my Parents Kindred:
And he that loves not thoſe, he is unnatural:
I am perſwaded that the love of Money
Is not a Vertue, only in a Subject,
But might befit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Aſſertion,
To any reaſonable mans Underſtanding;
And make him to confeſs it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Scholars, you'll hear this, and look for
As much true ſecular Wit, and deep Lay-ſenſe,
As can be ſhown on ſuch a common Place.
Int. Firſt, we all know the Soul of man is infinite
In what it covets. Who deſireth knowledge,
Deſires it infinitely. Who covets Honour,
Covets it infinitely: It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,
Or to confeſs, he aims at infinite Wealth.
Com. His Soul lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
Is i' the hope or poſſibility
Of a whole World: this preſent World being nothing,
But the diſperſed Iſſue of firſt one:
And therefore I cannot ſee, but a juſt man
May with juſt reaſon, and in office ought
Propound unto himſelf. *Com.* An infinite Wealth!
I'll bear the Burden: Go you on, Sir *Moath.*
Int. Thirdly, if we conſider man a Member
But of the Body Politick, we know,
By juſt Experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one Wealthy, than ten fighting Men.
Com. There you went out o' the Road, a little from us.
Int. And therefore, if the Princes aims be infinite,
It muſt be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite Wealth.
Int. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good Subjects,
To ſet a price on Money, more than Fools
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every Piece
Fro' the Penny to the Twelve pence, being the *Hieroglii-*
And ſacred Sculpture of the Soveraign. (*phick,*
Com. A manifeſt Concluſion, and a ſafe one.
Int. Fifthly, Wealth gives a Man the leading Voice,
At all Conventions; and diſplaceth worth,
with general allowance to all Parties:
It makes a Trade to take the Wall of Vertue;
And the mere Iſſue of a Shop Right Honourable.
Sixthly, it doth inable him that hath it,
To the performance of all real Actions,
Referring him to himſelf ſtill: and not binding
His Will to any Circumſtance; without him;
It gives him preciſe knowledge of himſelf;
For, be he rich, he ſtraight with evidence knows
Whether he have any compaſſion,
Or inclination unto Vertue, or no;
Where the poor Knave erroneouſly believes,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Do ſuch mad things. Seventhly, your wiſe poor Men
Have ever been contented to obſerve
Rich Fools, and ſo to ſerve their turns upon them:
Subjecting all their Wit to the others Wealth.
And become Gentlemen Paraſites, Squire Bawds,
To feed their Patrons honourable Humours.
Eightly, 'tis certain that a Man may leave
His Wealth, or to his Children, or his Friends;
His Wit he cannot ſo diſpoſe by Legacy?
As they ſhall be a *Harrington* the better for't.
Com. He may intail a Jeſt upon his Houſe:
Or leave a Tale to his Poſterity,
[*Enter* Ironſide.
To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here?
T'invite your Friend and Brother to a Feaſt,
Where all the Gueſts are ſo mere Heterogene,
And Strangers, no Man knows another, or cares
If they be Chriſtians or Mahumetans!
That here are met. *Com.* Is't any thing to you, Brother,
To know Religions more than thoſe you fight for?
Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may diſpute,
And how ſhall I hold Argument with ſuch,
I neither know their Humours nor their Hereſies;
Which are Religions now, and ſo receiv'd?
Here's no Man among theſe that keeps a Servant,

T'inquire

To' inquire his Maſter of: yet i' the Houſe,
I hear it buz'd there are a brace of Doctors,
A Fool, and a Phyſician; with a Courtier,
That feeds on Mulberry-leaves, like a true *Silk-worm:*
A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Bawd,
Sir *Moath!* has brought his politick *Bias* with him:
A man of a moſt animadverting humour;
Who, to endear himſelf unto his Lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernicious Spirits,
And men of peſtilent purpoſe, meanly affected
Unto the State we live in: and beget
Himſelf a thanks with the great men o' the time,
By breeding Jealouſies in them of us,
Shall croſs our Fortunes, fruſtrate our Endeavours,
Twice ſeven years after: And this trick be call'd
Cutting of Throats, with a whiſpering, or a Pen-knife.
I muſt cut his Throat now: I'am bound in Honour,
And by the Law of Arms, to ſee it done;
I dare to do it; and I dare profeſs
The doing of it: being to ſuch a Raſcal,
Who is the common offence grown of mankind,
And worthy to be torn up from ſociety.

Com. You ſhall not do it here, Sir.

Iro. Why? will you
Intreat your ſelf into a beating for him,
My courteous Brother? If you will, have at you,
No man deſerves it better (now I think on't)
Than you: that will keep conſort with ſuch Fidlers,
Pragmatick Flies, Fools, Publicans, and Moaths:
And leave your honeſt and adopted Brother.

Int. 'Beſt raiſe the Houſe upon him, to ſecure us;
He'll kill us all! *Pal.* I love no Blades in Belts.

Rut. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my Shop again,
In Court, ſafe ſtow'd up, with my politick Bundels.

Com. How they are ſcatter'd! *Iro.* Run away like
Into the cranies of a rotten Bed-ſtead. (*Cimici,*

Com. I told you ſuch a paſſage would diſperſe 'em,
Although the Houſe were their Fee-ſimple in Law,
And they poſſeſt of all the bleſſings in it.

Iro. Pray Heaven they be not frighted from their Sto-
That ſo my Ladies Table be diſfurniſh'd (machs:
Of the Proviſions! *Com.* No, the *Parſon*'s calling
By this time, all the Covey again, together.
Here comes good tydings! Dinner's o' the Board.

Act II. Scene VII.

Compaſs, Pleaſance.

Com. STay, Mrs. *Pleaſance*, I muſt ask you a queſtion:
Ha' you any Sutes in Law? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compaſs?*

Com. Anſwer me briefly, it is dinner time.
They ſay you have retain'd briſk Mr. *Practice*
Here, of your Counſel; and are to be join'd
A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what? who ſays ſo?
You are diſpos'd to jeſt. *Com.* No, I am in earneſt.
It is given out i' the Houſe ſo, I aſſure you;
But keep your right to your ſelf, and not acquaint
A common Lawyer with your Caſe. If he
Once find the gap; a thouſand will leap after.
I'll tell you more anon. *Ple.* This Riddle ſhews
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,
If I could underſtand it. I will ſtudy it.

CHORUS.

Dam. BUt whom doth your Poet mean now by this—
Mr. *Bias?* what Lord's Secretary doth he purpoſe to perſonate, or perſtringe?

Boy. You might as well ask me, what *Alderman*, or *Alderman*'s Mate, he meant by Sir *Moath Intereſt?* or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. *Practice?* who hath rather his name invented for laughter, than any offence or injury it can ſtick on the reverend Profeſſors of the Law: And ſo the wiſe ones will think.

Pro. It is an inſiduous queſtion, Brother *Damplay!* Iniquity it ſelf would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene, not opening it the fair way with a Key. *A Play*, though it apparel, and preſent Vices in general, flies from all particularities in Perſons. Would you ask of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus*, or *Pſeudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraſo*? who *Euclio* of *Menedemus?*

Boy. Yes, he would: and inquire of *Martial*, or any other *Epigrammatiſt*, whom he meant by *Titius*, or *Sejus*, (the common *John a Noke*, or *John a Stile*) under whom they note all Vices and Errors, taxable to the *Times?* As if there could not be a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there muſt be a Perſon in nature found out to own it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'ſie a Perſon to my ſelf, *Boy*, who ſhall hinder me?

Boy. And in not publiſhing him, you do no man an injury. But if you will utter your own ill meaning on that Perſon, under the *Author*'s words, you make a Libel of his *Comedy.*

Dam. O, he told us that in a *Prologue*, long ſince.

Boy. If you do the ſame reprehenſible ill things, ſtill the ſame reprehenſion will ſerve you, though you heard it afore: They are his own words: I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the ſolemn vice of interpretation, that deforms the Figure of many a fair *Scene*, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil murder of moſt good *Plays:* If I ſee a thing vively preſented on the *Stage*, that the Glaſs of cuſtom (which is *Comedy*) is ſo held up to me by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of Mens lives, and mages of truth, in their Manners, ſo drawn for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) uſe them: and will I, rather (than make that true uſe) hunt out the *Perſons* to defame, by my malice of miſapplying? and imperil the innocence and candor of the *Author*, by his calumny? It is an unjuſt way of hearing and beholding *Plays*, this, and moſt unbecoming a *Gentleman* to appear malignantly witty in anothers *Work.*

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and ſhrunk natures, ſhrivel'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themſelves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will laſt. A half-witted *Barbariſm!* which no Barbers Art, or his Balls, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy?* This were a ſtrange Empire, or rather a Tyranny, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they ſhould come to hear, and ſee *Plays*, and ſay nothing for their Money.

Boy. O, yes, ſay what you will; ſo it be to purpoſe and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpoſe at a *Play?* I, ſee no reaſon, if I come here, and give my eighteen Pence, or two Shillings for my Seat, but I ſhould take it out in cenſure, on the *Stage.*

Boy. Your two Shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten Shilling worth, your twenty Shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to do the like, that follow your leading Face; as if you were to cry up or down every *Scene* by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who ſhould teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play?*

Boy. If your own Science cannot do it, or the love of Modeſty, and Truth; all other intreaties, or attempts—are vain. You are fitter *Spectators* for the *Bears*, than us, or the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, ſomewhat better apparel'd in you, than the People: but a hard-handed, and ſtiff ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Hammer-man; and not only fit to be ſcorn'd, but to be triumph'd ore. *Dam.* By whom, *Boy?*

Boy. No

Boy. No particular, but the general neglect, and ſilence. Good Maſter *Damplay*, be your ſelf ſtill, without a ſecond: few here are of your opinion to day, I hope; to morrow, I am ſure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will draw on to the *Epitaſis* now.

Act III. Scene I.

Item, Needle, Keep, Pleaſance.

Item. WHere's Mr. Doctor? *Nee.* O, Mr. *Tim Item*, His learned 'Pothecary! you are welcome:
He is within at Dinner. *Item.* Dinner! Death!
That he will eat now, having ſuch a buſineſs,
That ſo concerns him! *Nee.* Why, can any buſineſs
Concern a man like his Meat? *Ite.* O twenty Millions,
To a Phyſician that's in practice: I
Do bring him news, from all the Points o' the Compaſs,
(That's all the parts of the ſublunary Globe)
Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, ſweet *Item*,
And furniſh forth the Table with your news:
Deſerve your Dinner: Sow out your whole Bag full:
The Gueſts will hear it. *Ite.* I heard they were out.
Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together again;
You may go in, you'll find them at high eating:
The *Parſon* has an edifying Stomach,
And a perſuading Palate (like his name:)
He hath begun three draughts of Sack *in Doctrines*,
And four in Uſes. *Ite.* And they follow him.
Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recuſant
In Sack. He only takes it in French Wine,
With an allay of Water. In, in, *Item*,
And leave your peeping. *Keep.* I have a months mind,
To peep a little too. Sweet, Mas' *Needle*,
How are they ſet? *Nee.* At the Boards-end, my Lady—
Keep. And my young Mrs. by her? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parſon*
On the right-hand (as he'll not loſe his place
For thruſting) and 'gainſt him Mrs. *Poliſh*:
Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, againſt Sir *Moath*;
Knights, one again another: then the Soldier,
The man of War; and man of Peace, the Lawyer:
Then the pert Doctor, and the politick *Bias*,
And Mr. *Compaſs* circumſcribeth all.
Ple. Nurſe *Keep*, nurſe *Keep!* [*A noiſe within.*
Nee. What noiſe is that within?
Ple. Come to my Miſtriſs, all their Weapons are out.
Nee. Miſchief of men! what day, what hour is this?
Keep. Run for the Cellar of Strong-waters, quickly.

Act III. Scene II.

To them after.] *Compaſs, Ironſide.*

Com. WEre you a Mad-man to do this at Table?
And trouble all the Gueſts, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen? *Iro.* Pox upo' your Women,
And your half-man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*:
A perfum'd Braggart: He muſt drink his Wine
With three parts Water; and have Amber in that too.
Com. And you muſt therefore break his Face with a Glaſs,
And waſh his Noſe in Wine. *Iro.* Cannot he drink
In Orthodox, but he muſt have his Gums,
And Panym Drugs?
Com. You ſhould have us'd the Glaſs
Rather as Balance, than the Sword of Juſtice:
But you have cut his Face with it, he bleeds.
Come you ſhall take your Sanctuary with me;
The whole houſe will be up in Arms 'gainſt you elſe,
Within this half hour: this way to my Lodging.

Rut, Lady, Poliſh, Keep carrying *Placentia* over the Stage.

Pleaſance, Item.

Rut. A moſt rude action! carry her to her Bed;
And uſe the Fricace to her, with thoſe Oils.
Keep your news, *Item*, now, and tend this buſineſs.
Lad. Good Goſſip look to her.
Pol. How do you, ſweet charge?
Keep. She's in a ſweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint ſweat marry.
Rut. Let her alone to *Tim*: he has directions,
I'll hear your news *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.
Lad. Was ever ſuch a Gueſt brought to my Table?
Rut. Theſe boiſtrous Soldiers ha' no better breeding.
Here Mr. *Compaſs* comes: where's your Captain,
Rudhudibras de Ironſide? *Com.* Gone out of Doors.
Lad. Would he had ne'er come in them, I may wiſh.
He has diſcredited my Houſe, and Board,
With his rude ſwaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Nieces Health (by drawing of his Weapon)
God knows how far; for Mr. Doctor does not.
Com. The Doctor is an Aſs then, if he ſay ſo,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen, or *Raſis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,
Cure a poor Wenches falling in a ſwoon:
Which a poor Farthing chang'd in *Roſa ſolis*,
Or *Cynnamon*-water would. *Lad.* How now? how does [ſhe?
Keep. She's ſomewhat better.
Mr. *Item* has brought her
A little about. *Pol.* But there's Sir *Moath*, your Brother,
Is fall'n into a fit o' the *Happyplex*,
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could ſteal to Heaven thus: All the Houſe
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The *Parſon* he has gi'n him gone, this half hour;
He's pale in the Mouth already, for the fear
O' the fierce Captain. *Lad.* Help me to my Chamber,
Nurſe *Keep*: would I could ſee the day no more,
But night hung over me, like ſome dark Cloud;
That, buried with this loſs of my good name,
I, and my Houſe might periſh, thus forgotten—
Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Than all theſe accidents, for they'll blow over.

Act III. Scene III.

Practice, Silk-worm, Compaſs.

Pra. IT was a barbarous injury, I confeſs:
But if you will be counſell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repair
Your Reputation. That will gi' you damages;
Five thouſand Pound for a Finger, I have known
Given in Court: and let me pack your Jury.
Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has ſtain'd
My new white Sattin Doublet; and beſpatter'd
My ſpick and ſpan Silk-ſtockings, o' the day
They were drawn on: and here's a ſpot i' my Hoſe too.
Com. Shrewd maims! your Clothes are wounded deſperately,
And that (I think) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, than a gaſh in his Fleſh.
Silk. My Fleſh? I ſwear had he giv'n me twice ſo much,
I never ſhould ha' reckon'd it. But my Clothes
To be defac'd, and ſtigmatiz'd ſo foully!
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wiſdom of our Laws to right.
Com. Why, then you'll challenge him?
Silk. I will adviſe,
Though Mr. *Practice* here doth urge the Law;
And reputation it will make me of credit,
Beſide great damages. (Let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He

Com. He ſpeaks like Mr. *Practice*, one that is
The Child of a Profeſſion he's vow'd to,
And ſervant to the ſtudy he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law! But you muſt have
The Counſel o' the Sword; and ſquare your action
Unto their Canons, and that Brother-hood,
If you do right. *Pra.* I tell you, Mr. *Compaſs*,
You ſpeak not like a Friend unto the Laws,
Nor ſcarce a ſubject, to perſwade him thus,
Unto the breach o' the Peace: Sir you forget
There is a Court above, of the *Star-Chamber*,
To puniſh Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Maſter,
Although your name be *Practice* there in Term-time,
I do remember it. But you'll not hear
What I was bound to ſay; but like a wild
Young haggard Juſtice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the Peace of Conſcience in a Duel.
Silk. Troth, Mr. *Compaſs*, I take you my Friend;
You ſhall appoint of me in any matter
That's reaſonable, ſo we may meet fair,
On even terms. *Com.* I ſhall perſwade no other,
(And take your learned Counſel to adviſe you)
I'll run along with him. You ſay you'll meet him
On even terms. I do not ſee indeed
How that can be, 'twixt *Ironſide* and you,
Now I conſider it. He is my Brother.
I do confeſs (we ha' call'd ſo twenty year:)
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And ſo befriended, you may eaſily anſwer
The worſt ſucceſs: He a known, noted, bold
Boy o' the Sword, hath all Mens Eyes upon him;
And there's no *London*-Jury, but are led
In Evidence, as far by common Fame,
As they are by preſent Depoſition.
Then you have many Brethren, and near Kinſmen.
If he kill you, it will be a laſting quarrel
'Twixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud. Ironſide*,
Although he ha' got his Head into a Beaver,
With a huge Feather, 's but a Corriers Son,
And has not two old Cordov'an Skins to leave
In Leather Caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Again, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the Hearts, and Votes of Men
Go with you, in the wiſhing all proſperity
Unto your purpoſe: he's a fat, corpulent,
Unwieldy Fellow: you, a dieted Spark,
Fit for the Combat. He has kill'd ſo many,
As it is ten to one his turn is next;
You never fought with any; leſs, ſlew any:
And therefore have the hopes before you.
I hope theſe things thus ſpecified unto you,
Are fair advantages: you cannot encounter
Him upon equal terms. Beſide, Sir *Silk-worm*,
He hath done you wrong in a moſt high degree:
And ſenſe of ſuch an injury receiv'd,
Should ſo exacuate, and wet your Choler,
As you ſhould count your ſelf an Hoſt of Men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, Brave Sir,
Have no more reaſon to provoke, or challenge
Him, than the huge great Porter has to try
His ſtrength upon an Infant. *Silk.* Mr. *Compaſs*,
You rather ſpur me on, than any way
Abate my Courage to the Enterpriſe.
Com. All Counſel's as it's taken. If you ſtand
On point of Honour, not t' have any odds,
I have rather then diſſuaded you, than otherwiſe:
If upon terms of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I think,
I have done the part of a Friend on either ſide:
In furniſhing your fear with matter firſt,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
To heighten, and confirm your reſolution.
Pra. I now do crave your pardon, Mr. *Compaſs*:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true *Perimiter* of it: you have Circles,
And ſuch fine Draughts about! *Silk.* Sir, I do thank you,
I thank you, Mr. *Compaſs*, heartily;
I muſt confeſs, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to do things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you inſtruct me.
Is't beſt I fight ambitiouſly, or maliciouſly?
Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Truſt not your ſelf too much. *Silk.* Why? I aſſure you,
I'm very angry. *Com.* Do not ſuffer, though,
The flatuous, windy Choler of your Heart,
To move the Clapper of your Underſtanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your Reaſon:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Upo' the place. *Silk.* O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As *Homer* makes *Achilles*; and I find
My ſelf not frighted with his Fame one jot.
Com. Well, yet take heed. Theſe fights imaginary,
Are leſs than skirmiſhes; the fight of Shadows:
For Shadows have their figure, motion,
And their umbratil action from the real
Poſture, and motion of the Bodies act:
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Thoſe Men may fight, dare ſcarce eye one another,
And much leſs meet. But if there be no help,
Faith I would wiſh you, ſend him a fair Challenge.
Silk. I will go pen it preſently. *Com.* But word it
In the moſt generous terms. *Silk.* Let me alone.
Pra. And ſilken Phraſe: the courtlieſt kind of quarrel.
Com. *He'll make it a Petition for his Peace.*
Pra. *O, yes, of right, and he may do it by Law.*

Act III. Scene IV.

Rut, Palate, Bias, bringing out *Intereſt* in a Chair: *Item*, *Poliſh* following.

Rut. COme, bring him out into the Air a little:
There ſet him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Daſh that ſame Glaſs of Water in his Face:
Now tweak him by the Noſe. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the Blood up from the Heart,
I ask no more. See, what a fear can do! (him.
Pinch him in the Nape of the Neck now; nip him, nip
Ite. He feels, there's life in him.
Pal. He groans, and ſtirs.
Rut. Tell him the Captain's gone.
Int. Ha! *Pal.* He's gone, Sir.
Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left Ear.
Int. O! *Rut.* How do you feel your ſelf?
Int. Sore, ſore.
Rut. But where? (Head.
Int. I' my Neck. *Rut.* I nipt him there. *Int.* And i' my
Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move thoſe Sinews.
Bia. I ſwear you did. *Pol.* What a brave Man's a Doctor,
To beat one into Health! I thought his blows
Would e'en ha' kill'd him: he did feel no more
Than a great Horſe. *Int.* Is the wild Captain gone?
That Man of murther? *Bia.* All is calm and quiet.
Int. Say you ſo, Couſen *Bias*? Then all's well.
Pal. How quickly a Man is loſt! *Bia.* And ſoon recover'd!
Pol. Where there are means, and Doctors, learned Men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As *Chaucer* ſays) their friendſhip to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win (ſip.
I'their ſwath Bands.— *Rut.* Leave your Poetry, good Goſ-
Your *Chaucer's* Clouts, and waſh your Diſhes with 'em,
We muſt rub up the Roots of his Diſeaſe,
And crave your peace awhile, or elſe your abſence.
Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then do it.
Gi' me your Hand, Sir *Moath*. Let's feel your Pulſe.
It is a purſineſs, a kind of ſtoppage,

Or tumour o' the Purſe, for want of exerciſe,
That you are troubled with: ſome ligatures
I'th neck of your *Veſica*, or *Marſupium*,
Are ſo cloſe knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you muſt uſe relaxatives.
Beſide, they ſay, you are ſo reſtive grown,
You cannot but with trouble put your Hand
Into your Pocket, to diſcharge a Reckoning.
And this we Sons of Phyſick do call *Chiragra*,
A kind of Cramp, or Hand-Gout. You ſhall purge for't.
Ite. Indeed your Worſhip ſhould do well t' adviſe him
To cleanſe his Body, all the three high-ways;
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Phlebotomy*.
Rut. You ſay well, learned *Tim*, I'll firſt preſcribe him,
To give his Purſe a purge once, twice a week
At Dice, or Cards: And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a Bowling-Alley: or be let Blood
I' the lending Vein, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threeſcore Ounces at a time. Then put
Your Thumbs under your Girdle, and have ſome body
Elſe pull out your Purſe for you, till with more eaſe,
And a good habit, you can do it your ſelf.
And then be ſure always to keep good Diet;
And h' your Table furniſh'd from one end
Unto tother: It is good for the Eyes;
But feed you on one diſh ſtill, ha' your Diet-drink
Ever in Bottles ready, which muſt come
From the King's-head: I will preſcribe you nothing,
But what I'll take before you mine own ſelf:
That is my courſe with all my Patients.
Pal. Very methodical, *Secundùm Artem.*
Bia. And very ſafe *pro captu recipientis.*
Pol. All errant learned Men, how they 'ſpute *Latin!*
Rut. I had it of a *Jew*, and a great *Rabbi*,
Who every morning caſt his Cup of White-wine
With Sugar, and by the reſidence i' the bottom,
Would make report of any Chronick malady,
Such as Sir *Moath*'s is, being an oppilation,
In that you call the Neck o' the Money-bladder,
Moſt anatomical, and by diſſection. [*Enter Nurſe.*
Keep. O, Mr. Doctor, and his 'Pothecary!
Good Mr. *Item*, and my Miſtriſs *Poliſh!*
We need you all above! She's fall'n again,
In a worſe fit than ever. *Pol.* Who? *Keep.* Your charge.
Pol. Come away Gentlemen.
Int. This fit with the Doctor,
Hath mended me paſt expectation.

Act III. Scene V.

Compaſs, Diaphanous, Practice, Bias, Ironſide.

Com. O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done?
Dia. I ha' brought it.
Pra. That's well. *Com.* But who ſhall carry it now?
Dia. A Friend:
I'll find a Friend to carry it; Mr. *Bias* here
Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't? *Dia.* To carry
A Challenge I have writ unto the Captain.
Bias. Faith, but I will, Sir, you ſhall pardon me
For a twi-reaſon of State: I'll bear no Challenges;
I will not hazard my Lord's favour ſo;
Or forfeit mine own judgment with his Honour,
To turn a Ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordſhips good opinion;
And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a fair Hand,
Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a Man's Hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common peril—
Dia. You ſhall not fight, Sir, you ſhall only ſearch
My *Antagoniſt*; commit us fairly there
Upo' the Ground on equal terms. *Bia.* O, Sir!
But if my Lord ſhould hear I ſtood at end
Of any quarrel, 'twere an end of me
In a ſtate courſe! I ha' read the Politicks;
And heard th' opinions of our beſt Divines.
Com. The Gentleman has reaſon! Where was firſt
The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your ſtrict friendſhip made? *Dia.* We met in *France*, Sir.
Com. In *France!* that Garden of humanity,
The very Seed-plot of all courteſies:
I wonder that your friendſhip ſuck'd that Aliment,
The Milk of *France*; and ſee this ſowre effect
It doth produce, 'gainſt all the ſweets of travel:
There, every Gentleman profeſſing Arms,
Thinks he is bound in Honour to imbrace
The bearing of a Challenge for another,
Without or queſtioning the cauſe, or asking
Leaſt colour of a reaſon. There's no Cowardice,
No Poultrounery, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a Challenge, die, and do the thing.
Bia. Why, hear you, Mr. *Compaſs*, I but crave
Your Ear in private? I would carry his Challenge,
If I but hop'd your Captain angry enough
To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
Is an impertinent in Court, (we think him:)
And troubles my Lord's Lodgings, and his Table
With frequent, and unneceſſary viſits,
Which we (the better ſort of Servants) like not:
Being his Fellows in all other places,
But at our Maſter's board; and we diſdain
To do thoſe ſervile offices, oft-times,
His fooliſh Pride, and Empire will exact,
Againſt the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.
Com. Truth, Mr. *Bias*, I'd not ha' you think
I ſpeak to flatter you: but you are one
O' the deepeſt Politicks I ever met,
And the moſt ſubtilly rational. I admire you:
But do not you conceive in ſuch a caſe,
That you are acceſſory to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with ſuch purpoſe.
Bia. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another;
And therefore, I had as lieve be acceſſory
Unto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Moral Philoſophy too! you'll carry 't then.
Bia. If I were ſure 't would not incenſe his choler
To beat the Meſſenger. *Com.* O' I'll ſecure you,
You ſhall deliver it in my Lodging, ſafely,
And do your Friend a ſervice worthy thanks.
Bia. I'll venture it, upon ſo good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This baggage Knight. [*Enter* Ironſide.
Iro. Peace to you all, Gentlemen,
Save to this Muſhroom; who I hear is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And ſave the Law a labour. Will you fight, Sir?
Dia. Yes, in my Shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to ſave your Doublet;
I know it a Court-trick! you had rather have
An Ulcer in your Body, than a Pink
More i' your Clothes. *Dia.* Captain, you are a Coward,
If you'll not fight i' your Shirt. *Iro.* Sir, I do not mean
To put it off for that, nor yet my Doublet:
Yo' have cauſe to call me Coward, that more fear
The ſtroke of the common, and life-giving Air,
Than all your Fury, and the Panoply.
Pra. (Which is at beſt, but a thin Linnen Armour.)
I think a Cup of generous Wine were better,
Than fighting i' your Shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my Valour,
It is a Valour of another nature,
Than to be mended by a Cup of Wine.
Com. I ſhould be glad to hear of any Valours,
Differing in kind; who have known hitherto,
Only one Vertue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of Valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is juſtly thought a Coward: And he is ſuch.
Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inn*,
Of *Johnſon*'s, that decries all other Valour

But

But what is for the publick. *Iro.* I do that too,
But did not learn it there; I think no valour
Lies for a private cauſe. *Dia.* Sir, I'll redargue you,
By diſputation. *Com.* O let's hear this!
I long to hear a Man diſpute in his Shirt
Of Valour, and his Sword drawn in his Hand.
Pra. His Valour will take cold; put on your Doublet.
Com. His Valour will keep cold, you are deceiv'd;
And reliſh much the ſweeter in our Ears:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature.
Their Valours are not yet ſo combatant,
Or truly *antagoniſtick*, as to fight;
But may admit to hear of ſome diviſions,
Of Fortitude, may put 'em off their quarrel.
Dia. I would have no Man think me ſo ungovern'd,
Or ſubject to my paſſion, but I can
Read him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the buſineſs, which the Town calls Valour.
Com. Yes, he has read the Town, *Town-top*'s his Author!
Your firſt? *Dia.* Is a raſh head-long unexperience.
Com. Which is in Children, Fools, or your Street-Gallants
O' the firſt head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of Valour!
Com. Commend him, he will ſpin it out in's Shirt,
Fine, as that Thread. *Dia.* The next, an indiſcreet
Preſumption, grounded upon often ſcapes.
Com. Or th' inſufficiency of Adverſaries:
And this is in your common fighting Brothers.
Your old *Perdu*'s, who (after a time) do think,
The one, that they are Shot-free; the other Sword-free,
Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an exceſs of choller,
That reigns in teſty old Men—*Com.* Noble Mens Porters,
And ſelf-conceited Poets. *Dia.* And is rather
A peeviſhneſs, than any part of Valour.
Pra. He but rehearſes, he concludes no Valour.
Com. A hiſtory of Diſtempers, as they are practis'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.
Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull deſperate reſolving.
Com. In caſe of ſome neceſſitous miſery, or
Incumbent miſchief. *Pra.* Narrowneſs of Mind,
Or Ignorance being the root of it.
Dia. Which thou ſhalt find in Gameſters, quite blown up.
Com. Bankrupt Merchants, undiſcovered Traytors.
Pra. Or your exemplified Maleſactors,
That have ſurviv'd their infamy, and puniſhment.
Com. One that hath loſt his Ears, by a juſt ſentence
O' the *Star-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave——
And is a *Hiſtrionical* contempt,
Of what a Man fears moſt; it being a miſchief
In his own apprehenſion unavoidable.
Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Thieves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a Valour,
I ſhould deſire much to ſee incourag'd:
As being a ſpecial entertainment
For our rogue People; and make oft good ſport
Unto 'em, from the Gallows to the Ground.
Dia. But mine is a judicial reſolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger.—
Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with aſſurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the beſt ſheaf. *Com.* Who having Lives to loſe,
Like private Men, have yet a world of Honour,
And publick Reputation to defend.—
Dia. Which in the brave hiſtorified *Greeks*,
And *Romans* you ſhall read of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Soldiers of the City, valiant Blades,
Who (rather than their Houſes ſhould be ranſack'd)
Would fight it out, like ſo many wild Beaſts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the cloſe manner of their fight, and cuſtom,
Of joyning Head to Head, and Foot to Foot.
Iro. And which of theſe ſo well-preſt reſolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have ſo much choiſe before 'em, have
Some trouble to reſolve of any one.
Bia. There are three Valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd.
Dia. Yea; which are thoſe?
Pra. He perks at that!
Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.
Bia. A Philoſophical contempt of Death,
Is one: Then an infuſed kind of Valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good Spirits;
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deep ſenſe:
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholar, or Soldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.
Pra. But there's a Chriſtian Valour, 'bove theſe too.
Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatſoever the malicious World
With Injury doth unto you; and conſiſts
In paſſion, more than action, Sir *Diaphanous*.
Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be Chriſtian Valour.—
Com. You may miſtake though. Can you juſtifie
On any cauſe, this ſeeking to deface,
The divine Image in a Man? *Bia.* O, Sir!
Let 'em alone: Is not *Diaphoenus*
As much a divine Image, as is *Ironſide*?
Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's Name.

Act III. Scene VI.

To them intervening.] *Keep*, *Needle*, *Intereſt*.

Keep. WHere's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?
We are undone.
Com. What ails the frantick Nurſe?
Keep. My Mrs. is undone, ſhe's crying out!
Where is this Man trow? Mr. *Needle*? *Nee.* Here.
Kee. Run for the Party, Mrs. *Chair*, the Mid-wife.
Nay, look how the Man ſtands, as he were gok't!
She's loſt, if you not haſte away the party.
Nee. Where is the Doctor?
Keep. Where a ſcoffing Man is.
And his Apothecary, little better;
They laugh and jeer at all: will you diſpatch?
And fetch the party quickly to our Miſtriſs:
We are all undone! The Tympany will out elſe.
Int. News, news, good news, better than butter'd news!
My Niece is found with Child, the Doctor tells me,
And fal'n in labour. *Com.* How? *Int.* The Portion's paid!
The Portion—O' the Captain! Is he here? [*Exit.*
Pra. H' has ſpi'd your Swords out! put 'em up, put up,
Yo' have driven him hence; and yet your quarrel's ended.
Iro. In a moſt ſtrange diſcovery. *Pra.* Of light Gold.
Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*,
As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captain thanks.
Dia. I had been ſlur'd elſe. Thank you noble Captain:
Your quarrelling caus'd all this.
Iro. Where's *Compaſs*? *Pra.* Gone,
Shrunk hence; contracted to his Center, I fear.
Iro. The ſlip is his then. *Dia.* I had like t'have been
Abus'd i' the buſineſs, had the ſlip ſlur'd on me,
A counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd:
As many as were brought on to be Suitors;
And we will joyn in thanks, all to the Captain,
And to his fortune that ſo brought us off.

CHORUS.

Dam. THis was a pittiful poor ſhift o' your Poet, *Boy*, to make his prime Woman with Child, and fall in labour, juſt to compoſe a quarrel.
Boy. With whoſe borrowed Ears, have you heard, Sir, all this while, that you can miſtake the current of our *Scene* ſo? The ſtream of the *Argument* threatned

her being with Child from the very beginning; for it preſented her in the firſt of the ſecond *Act* with ſome apparent Note of Infirmity or Defect; from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly to be ſuſpended by the *Author*, till the Quarrel, which was but the accidental Cauſe, haſtned on the Diſcovery of it, in occaſioning her affright, which made her fall into her Throws preſently, and within that compaſs of time allowed to the *Comedy*; wherein the Poet expreſt his prime Artifice, rather than any Errour, that the detection of her being with Child, ſhould determine the Quarrel, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, beſt mark the *Play*, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*: I'll damn it, talk, and do that I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* loſe their Privilege, nor I my ſelf my Prerogative, for ne'er an over-grown or ſuperannuated Poet of 'em all. He ſhall not give me the Law: I will cenſure, and be witty, and take my Tabacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of Reprehenſion, as my Predeceſſors have done before me.

Boy. Even to licence, and abſurdity.

Pro. Not now, becauſe the *Gentlewoman* is in travel: and the Midwife may come on the ſooner, to put her and us out of our pain.

Dam. VVell, look to your Buſineſs afterward, *Boy*, that all things be clear, and come properly forth, ſuited, and ſet together; for I will ſearch what follows, ſeverely, and to the nail.

Boy. Let your Nail run ſmooth then, and not ſcratch; leſt the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it ſmart: you'll find him as ſevere as your ſelf.

Dam. A ſhrewd Boy! and has me every where. The Midwife is come, ſhe has made haſte.

Act IV. Scene I.

Chair, Needle, Keep.

Cha. STay, Mr. *Needle*, you do prick too faſt
Upo' the Buſineſs: I muſt take ſome breath:
Lend me my Stool; you ha' drawn a Stitch upon me,
In faith, Son *Needle*, with your haſte.

Nee. Good Mother, piece up this Breach: I'll gi' you a new Gown,
A new Silk Grogoran Gown. I'll do't, Mother.

Kee. What'll you do? You ha' done too much already,
VVith your Prick-ſeam, and through-ſtitch, Mr. *Needle*.
I pray you ſit not fabling here old Tales,
Good Mother *Chair*, the Midwife, but come up.

Act IV. Scene II.

Compaſs, Keep, Practice.

Com. HOw now, Nurſe? where's my Lady?
Kee. In her Chamber,
Lock'd up, I think: ſhe'll ſpeak with no body.

Com. Knows ſhe o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas, Sir! no:
Would ſhe might never know it. *Pra.* I think her *Ladiſhip*
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in ſo ill-form'd a Buſineſs.

Com. Your Thought, Sir, is a brave Thought, and a ſafe one;
The Child now to be born, is not more free
From the aſperſion of all ſpot, than ſhe.
She have her Hand in plot 'gainſt Mr. *Practice*,
If there were nothing elſe, whom ſhe ſo loves,
Cries up and values? knows to be a Man
Mark'd out for a Chief Juſtice in his Cradle,
Or a Lord Paramount, the Head o' the Hall,
The Top or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Aſſure your ſelf, ſhe could not ſo deprave
The rectitude of her Judgment, to wiſh you
Unto a VVife might prove your Infamy,
VVhom ſhe eſteem'd that part o' the Commonwealth,
And had up for Honour to her Blood.

Pra. I muſt confeſs a great Beholdingneſs
Unto her Ladiſhips Offer, and good VViſhes.
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking, to this Niece of hers.

Com. You foreſaw ſomewhat then? *Pra.* I had my Notes,
And my Prognoſticks. *Com.* You read *Almanacks*,
And ſtudy 'em to ſome purpoſe, I believe.

Pra. I do confeſs, I do believe, and pray too,
According to the Planets, at ſome times.

Com. And do obſerve the Sign in making Love?

Pra. As in *Phlebotomy*. *Com.* And chuſe your Miſtris
By the good Days, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I do, and I do not. *Com.* A little more
VVould fetch all his *Aſtronomy* from *Alleſtree*.

Pra. I tell you, Mr. *Compaſs*, as my Friend,
And under Seal, I caſt mine Eye long ſince
Upo' the other VVench, my Ladies VVoman,
Another manner of Piece for Handſomneſs,
Than is the Niece, (but that is *ſub ſigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counſel in the Buſineſs. *Com.* You need counſel?
The only famous Counſel o' the Kingdom,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeer in faith,
VVorthy your Name, and your Profeſſion too,
Sharp Mr. *Practice*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
I meant in meer ſimplicity of Requeſt.

Com. If you meant ſo. Th' affairs are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give 'em breath and ſettling,
I'll do my beſt. But in mean time do you
Prepare the *Parſon*. (I am glad to know
This; for my ſelf lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? *Pra.* No;
But I can fetch one ſtraight. *Com.* Do, do, and mind
The *Parſon*'s Pint t' ingage him—the Buſineſs;
A knitting Cup there muſt be. *Pra.* I ſhall do it.

Act IV. Scene III.

Bias, Intereſt, Compaſs.

Bias. 'TIs an Affront from you, Sir; you here brought (me
Unto my Ladies, and to woo a Wife,
VVhich ſince is prov'd a crack'd Commodity:
She hath broke Bulk too ſoon. *Int.* No fault of mine,
If ſhe be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my Siſter's Fault, that owns the Houſe,
Where ſhe hath got her clap, makes all this noiſe.
I keep her Portion ſafe, that is not ſcatter'd;
The Moneys rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a Muſs yet 'mong the gameſom Suitors.

Com. Can you endure that Flout, cloſe Mr. *Bias*,
And have been ſo bred in the Politicks?
The Injury is done you, and by him only:
He lent you Impreſt-money, and upbraids it;
Furniſh'd you for the Wooing, and now waves you.

Bias. That makes me to expoſtulate the VVrong
So with him, and reſent it as I do.

Com. But do it home then. *Bias.* Sir, my Lord ſhall know it.
Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too.

Bias. VVhat a Moath
You are, Sir *Intereſt*! *Int.* Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet Mr. *Bias*? *Com.* To draw in young Stateſmen,
And Heirs of Policy, into the Nooſe
Of an infamous Matrimony. *Bias.* Yes,
Infamous, *quaſi in communem famam*:
And Matrimony, *quaſi* Matter of Money.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bias. With his lewd, known, and proſtituted Niece.

Int. My known, and proſtitute! how you miſtake,
And

And run upon a falſe ground, Mr. *Bias!*
(Your Lords will do me right.) Now ſhe is proſtitute,
And that I know it, (pleaſe you underſtand me)
I mean to keep the Portion in my Hands,
And pay no Moneys. *Com.* Mark you that, *Don Bias?*
And you ſhall ſtill remain in Bonds to him,
For wooing Furniture, and Impreſt-Charges.
Int. Good Mr. *Compaſs*, for the Sums he has had
Of me, I do acquit him; they are his own.
Here, before you, I do releaſe him. *Com.* Good!
Bias. O Sir! *Com.* 'Slid, take it: I do witneſs it:
He cannot hurl away his Money better.
Int. He ſhall get ſo much, Sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my Friend: and now report to his Lords
As I deſerve, no otherwiſe. *Com.* But well;
And I will witneſs it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the price, if I miſtake not, (him,
Of your true Friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought
And bought him cheap. *Bias.* I am his Worſhips Servant.
Com. And you his Slave, Sir *Moath*, ſeal'd and deliver'd.
Ha' you not ſtudied the Court-Complement?
Here are a pair of Humours reconcil'd now,
That Money held at diſtance, or their Thoughts,
Baſer than Money.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Poliſh, Keep, Compaſs.

Pol. OUt thou Caitiff VVitch!
Bawd, Begger, Gipſey; any thing indeed,
But honeſt Woman. *Kee.* What you pleaſe, Dame *Poliſh*,
My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to do?
The Goſſips out! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,
An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too;
A Viper, that haſt eat a Paſſage through me,
Through mine own Bowels, by thy wretchleſneſs.
Com. What frantick Fit is this? I'll ſtep aſide,
And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I truſt thee, Wretch,
With ſuch a Secret, of that conſequence,
Did ſo concern me, and my Child, our Livelihood,
And Reputation? And haſt thou undone us,
By thy Connivence, nodding in a Corner,
And ſuffering her be got with Child ſo baſely?
Sleepy unlucky Hag! Thou Bird of Night,
And all Miſchance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empreſs!
Had I the keeping of your Daughters Clicket
In charge? was that committed to my truſt?
Com. Her Daughter! *Pol.* Softly, Devil, not ſo loud:
You'ld ha' the Houſe hear, and be witneſs, would you?
Kee. Let all the World be witneſs. Afore I'll
Endure the Tyranny of ſuch a Tongue——
And ſuch a Pride—*Pol.* What will you do? *Kee.* Tell truth,
And ſhame the She-man-devil in puff'd Sleeves;
Run any hazard, by revealing all
Unto my Lady: how you chang'd the Cradles,
And chang'd the Children in 'em. *Pol.* Not ſo high!
Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleaſance* there *Placentia*,
And my true Miſtris by the name of *Pleaſance*.
Com. A horrid Secret this! worth the diſcovery.
Pol. And muſt you be thus loud? *Kee.* I will be louder,
And cry it through the Houſe, through every Room,
And every Office of the Lawndry-maids,
Till it be born hot to my Ladies Ears.
Ere I will live in ſuch a ſlavery,
I'll do away my ſelf. *Pol.* Didſt thou not ſwear
To keep it ſecret? and upon what Book?
(I do remember now) *The Practice of Piety.*
Kee. It was a Practice of Impiety,
Out of your wicked Forge, I know it now,
My Conſcience tells me. Firſt, againſt the Infants,
To rob them o' their Names, and their true Parents;
T' abuſe the Neighbourhood, keep them in errour;
But moſt my Lady: She has the main wrong!
And I will let her know it inſtantly.
Repentance (if it be true) nere comes too late.
Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a Spirit up,
I ſha' not lay again? Drawn on a Danger,
And Ruine on my ſelf thus, by provoking
A peeviſh Fool, whom nothing will pray off,
Or ſatisfie, I fear? Her Patience ſtirr'd,
Is turn'd to Fury. I have run my Bark
On a ſweet Rock, by mine own Arts and Truſt;
And muſt get off again, or daſh in pieces.
Com. This was a Buſineſs worth the liſtning after.

Act IV. Scene V.

Pleaſure, Compaſs.

Ple. O Mr. *Compaſs*, did you ſee my Mother?
Miſtris *Placentia*, my Ladies Niece,
Is newly brought to Bed o' the braveſt Boy!
Will you go ſee it? *Com.* Firſt, I'll know the Father;
Ere I approach theſe Hazards. *Ple.* Miſtris Midwife
Has promis'd to find out a Father for it,
If there be need. *Com.* She may the ſafelier do't,
By vertue of her Place. But pretty *Pleaſance*,
I have a News for you, I think will pleaſe you.
Ple. What is't, Mr. *Compaſs?* *Com.* Stay, you muſt
Deſerve it, ere you know it. Where's my Lady?
Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and ſhut up.
Com. She hears o' none o' this yet? VVell, do you
Command the Coach, and fit your ſelf to travel
A little way with me. *Ple.* VVhither, for Gods ſake?
Com. Where I'll entreat you, not to your loſs, believe it.
If you dare truſt your ſelf. *Ple.* With you the world ore.
Com. The News will well requite the Pains, I aſſure you.
And i' this Tumult you will not be miſt.
Command the Coach; it is an inſtant Buſineſs,
VVu' not be done without you. *Parſon Palate*,
Moſt opportunely met; ſtep to my Chamber;
I'll come to you preſently. There is a Friend,
Or two, will entertain you. Mr. *Practice*,
Ha' you the Licence?

Act IV. Scene VI.

Practice, Compaſs, Pleaſance, Palate.

Pra. HEre it is. *Com.* Let's ſee it:
Your name's not in't. *Pra.* I'll fill that preſently.
It has the Seal, which is the main, and regiſtred.
The Clerk knows me, and truſts me.
Com. Ha' you the *Parſon?*
Pra. They ſay he's here, he 'pointed to come hither.
Com. I would not have him ſeen here for a VVorld,
To breed ſuſpicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the Blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; ſtay you with us at his Church,
Behind the *Old Exchange*, we'll come i' th' Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at leaſt.
Pra. I am much bound unto you, Mr. *Compaſs*;
You have all the Law, and Parts of Squire *Practice*
For ever at your uſe. I'll tell you news too:
Sir, your Reverſion's faln; *Thin-wit*'s dead,
Surveyor of the Projects general.
Com. VVhen died he?
Pra. E'en this morning; I receiv'd it
From a right hand. *Com.* Conceal it, Mr. *Practice*,
And mind the main affair you are in hand with.
Ple. The Coach is ready, Sir.
Com. 'Tis well, fair *Pleaſance*,
Though now we ſhall not uſe it; bid the Coachman
Drive to the Pariſh-Church, and ſtay about there,
Till Mr. *Practice* come to him, and employ him:
I have a Licence now, which muſt have entry

Before

Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parſon Palate*,
Thou ſhalt be a Mark advanc't: here's a Piece,
And do a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compaſs*?
Com. But run the words of Matrimony over
My Head, and Mrs. *Pleaſances* in my Chamber:
There's Captain *Ironſide* to be a Witneſs:
And here's a Licenſe to ſecure thee. *Parſon!*
What do you ſtick at? *Pal.* It is after-noon, Sir,
Directly againſt the Canon of the Church:
You know it, Mr. *Compaſs*: and beſide,
I am ingag'd unto our worſhipful Friend,
The learned Mr. *Practice*, in that buſineſs.
Com. Come on, ingage your ſelf: Who ſhall be able
To ſay you married us, but i' the morning,
The moſt canonical minute o' the day,
If you affirm it? That's a ſpic'd excuſe,
And ſhews you have ſet the Canon Law, before
Any profeſſion elſe, of Love, or Friendſhip.
Come Mrs. *Pleaſance*, we cannot prevail
With th' rigid *Parſon* here; but, Sir, I'll keep you
Lock'd in my Lodging, 'till't be done elſewhere,
And under fear of *Ironſide*. *Pal.* Do you hear, Sir?
Com. No, no, it matters not.
Pal. Can you think, Sir,
I would deny you any thing? not to loſs
Of both my Livings: I will do it for you;
Ha' you a Wedding Ring? *Com.* I, and a Poeſie:
Annulus hic nobis, quod ſcit uterque dabit. *Pal.* Good!
This Ring will give you what you both deſire.
I'll make the whole Houſe chant it, and the Pariſh.
Com. Why, well ſaid *Parſon*. Now, to you my news.
That comprehend my reaſons, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.

Act IV. Scene VII.

Chair, Needle, Poliſh, Keep.

Cha. GO, get a Nurſe, procure her at what rate
You can: and out o' th' Houſe with it, Son *Needle*.
It is a bad Commodity. *Nee.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the beſt would now be made on't.
Cha. And ſhall: you ſhould not fret ſo, Mrs. *Poliſh*,
Nor you Dame *Keep*; my Daughter ſhall do well,
When ſhe has tane my Cawdle. I ha' known
Twenty ſuch breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noiſe. You two fall out?
And tear up one another? *Pol.* Bleſſed Woman?
Bleſt be the Peace-maker. *Keep.* The Peaſe-dreſſer!
I'll hear no Peace from her. I have been wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies Worſhip,
And I will right her, hoping ſhe'll right me.
Pol. Good gentle *Keep*, I pray thee Miſtriſs Nurſe,
Pardon my paſſion, I was miſadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave ſage Woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great Perſons,
And knows the World.
Keep. I do confeſs, ſhe knows
Something— and I know ſomething.——
Pol. Put your ſomethings
Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance fal'n out
You cannot help; leſs can this Gentlewoman;
I can and will, for both. Firſt, I have ſent
By-chop away; the cauſe gone, the fame ceaſeth.
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I ſet
My Daughter on her Feet, about the Houſe here:
She's young, and muſt ſtir ſomewhat for neceſſity,
Her youth will bear it out. She ſhall pretend,
T' have had a fit o' the Mother: there is all.
If you have but a Secretary Landreſs,
To blanch the Linnen— Take the former counſels
Into you; keep them ſafe i' your own Breaſts,
And make your Market of 'em at the higheſt.
Will you go peach, and cry your ſelf a Fool
At Granam's Croſs? be laugh'd at, and deſpis'd?
Betray a purpoſe, which the Deputy
Of a double Ward, or ſcarce his Alderman,
With twelve of the wiſeſt Queſtmen could find out,
Imployed by the Authority of the City?
Come, come, be friends: and keep theſe Women-matters,
Smock-ſecrets to our ſelves, in our own verge.
We ſhall mar all, if once we ope the myſteries
O' the Tyring-houſe, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or theſe Shop lights, than th' Ages, and Folk in them,
That ſeem moſt curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle!
You ſhall be my dear Mother; wiſeſt Woman
That ever tip'd her Tongue, with point of Reaſons,
To turn her hearers! Miſtriſs *Keep*, relent,
I did abuſe thee; I confeſs to Penance:
And on my Knees ask thee forgiveneſs. *Cha.* Riſe,
She doth begin to melt, I ſee it.— *Keep.* Nothing
Griev'd me ſo much, as when you call'd me Bawd:
Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipſie; no,
Nor Beggar. But a Bawd, was ſuch a name!
Cha. No more rehearſals; repetitions
Make things the worſe: The more we ſtir (you know
The Proverb, and it ſignifies a) ſtink.
What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
New hours will fit freſh handles, to new thoughts.

Act IV. Scene VIII.

Intereſt, with his Foot-boy. To them, *Compaſs*, *Ironſide*, *Silk-worm*, *Palate*, *Pleaſance*. To them, *the Lady*: and after *Practice*.

Int. RUn to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
To ring the Bells, and jangle them for joy
My Niece hath brought an Heir unto the Houſe,
A luſty Boy. Where's my Siſter *Loadſtone*?
A ſleep at afternoons! It is not wholſome;
Againſt all rules of Phyſick, Lady Siſter.
The little Doctor will not like it. Our Niece
Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
Can call the Father by the name already,
If it but ope the Mouth round. Mr. *Compaſs*,
He is the Man, they ſay, fame gives it out,
Hath done that act of honour to our Houſe,
And friendſhip to pomp out a Son, and Heir,
That ſhall inherit nothing, ſurely nothing
From me, at leaſt. I come t' invite your Ladiſhip
To be a witneſs; I will be your Partner,
And give it a Horn-ſpoon, and a Treen-diſh;
Baſtard, and Beggars Badges, with a Blanket
For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
With Bag, and Baggage. *Com.* Thou malicious Knight,
Envious Sir *Moath*, that eats on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodneſs, that ſuſtains thy being;
What company of Mankind would own thy Brotherhood,
But as thou haſt a Title to her Blood,
Whom thy ill nature hath choſe out t' inſult on,
And vex thus, for an accident in her Houſe,
As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady,
Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelf a true corroding Vermine,
Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle Mr. *Compaſs*?
Becauſe I wiſh you joy of your young Son,
And Heir to the Houſe, you ha' ſent us?
Com. I ha' ſent you?
I know not what I ſhall do. Come in Friends:
Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to truſt your ſelf
Unto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late,
Which brought on this calamity upon me,
With all the infamy I hear; your Soldier,
That ſwaggering Gueſt.
Com. Who is return'd here to you,

Your

Your vowed Friend, and Servant, comes to ſup with you,
So we do all; and I'll prove he hath deſerv'd
That ſpecial reſpect, and favour from you,
As not your Fortunes, with your ſelf to boot,
Caſt on a Feather-bed, and ſpread o' th' Sheets
Under a brace of your beſt *Perſian* Carpets,
Were ſcarce a price to thank his happy merit.
Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
To hear it, Siſter? *Com.* Yes, and you ſhall hear it;
Who will indure it worſe. What deſerves he,
In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd judgment,
That things thus hanging (as they do in doubt)
Suſpended, and ſuſpected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in error, can reſolve the Knot?
Redintegrate the fame, firſt of your Houſe?
Reſtore your Ladiſhips quiet? render then
Your Niece a Virgin, and unvitiated?
And make all plain, and perfect (as it was)
A practcie to betray you, and your name?
Int. He ſpeaks impoſſibilities. *Com.* Here he ſtands,
Whoſe Fortune hath done this, and you muſt thank him.
To what you call his ſwaggering, we owe all this.
And that it may have credit with you, Madam,
Here is your Niece, whom I have married, witneſs
Theſe Gentlemen, the Knight, Captain, and *Parſon*,
And this grave Politick Tell-troth of the Court.
Lad. What's ſhe that I call Niece then?
Com. Poliſh's Daughter;
Her Mother Goodwy' *Poliſh* hath confeſs'd it
To Grannum *Keep*, the Nurſe, how they did change
The Children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpoſe?
Com. To get the Portion, or ſome part of it,
Which you muſt now diſburſe intire to me, Sir,
If I but gain her Ladiſhips conſent.
Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.
Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i' th' Song.
The Portion's mine, with Intereſt, Sir *Moath*;
I will not 'bate you a ſingle *Harrington*,
Of Intereſt upon Intereſt. In mean time,
I do commit you to the Guard of *Ironſide*,
My Brother here, Captain *Rud-budibras*:
From whom I will expect you, or your Ranſom.
Int. Sir, you muſt prove it, and the poſſibility,
Ere I believe it. *Com.* For the poſſibility,
I leave to trial. Truth ſhall ſpeak it ſelf.
O, Mr. *Practice*, did you meet the Coach?
Pra. Yes, Sir, but empty.
Com. Why, I ſent it for you.
The buſineſs is diſpatch'd here, ere you come;
Come in, I'll tell you how: you are a Man
Will look for ſatisfaction, and muſt have it.
All. So do we all, and long to hear the right.

CHORUS.

Dam. TRoth, I am one of thoſe that labour with the ſame longing, for it is almoſt pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot, by your Poet, which I cannot eaſily, with all the ſtrength of my imagination, unty.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to ſit ſtill, and expect. The more your Imagination buſies it ſelf, the more it is intangled, eſpecially if (as I told in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath ſaid ſufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our parts that are the Spectators, or ſhould hear a *Comedy*, are to await the proceſs, and events of things, as the *Poet* preſents them, not as we would corruptly faſhion them. We come here to behold *Plays*, and cenſure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beſlave our own thoughts, with cenſorious Spittle tempering the *Poets* Clay, as we were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meer Plaſtick, or Potters ambition, moſt unbecoming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us mark, and not loſe the buſineſs on foot, by talking. Follow the right Thread, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if he would ha' let it; and have ſpar'd us the vexation of a *fifth Act* yet to come, which every one here knows the iſſue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-flinging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpoſe perhaps. Stay, and ſee his laſt *Act*, his *Cataſtrophe*, how he will perplex that, or ſpring ſome freſh cheat, to entertain the *Spectators*, with a convenient delight, till ſome unexpected, and new encounter break out to rectifie all, and make good the *Concluſion*.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have ſhown dull, flat, and unpointed; without any ſhape, or ſharpneſs, Brother *Damplay*.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

Act V. Scene I.

Needle, Item.

Nee. TRoth, Mr. *Item*, here's a Houſe divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors Engine.
H' has caſt out ſuch aſperſions on my Ladies
Niece here, of having had a Child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ite.* Why, is't not true?
Nee. True! did you think it?
Ite. Was ſhe not in labour?
The Mid-wife ſent for? *Ite.* There's your error now!
Yo' ha' drunk o' the ſame Water. *Ite.* I believ'd it,
And gave it out too.
Nee. More you wrong'd the Party;
She had no ſuch thing about her, innocent Creature!
Jem. What had ſhe then? only a fit o' the Mother!
They burnt old Shooes, Gooſe-feathers, *Aſſa fœtida*,
A few Horn-ſhavings, with a Bone, or two,
And ſhe is well again, about the Houſe.
Ite. Is't poſſible? *Nee.* See it, and then report it.
Ite. Our Doctors Urinal-judgment is half crack'd then.
Nee. Crack 't i' the caſe, moſt hugely, with my Lady,
And ſad Sir *Moath*, her Brother; who is now
Under a Cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what? Diſgrace?
Nee. He is committed to *Rud-budibras*,
The Captain *Ironſide*, upon diſpleaſure,
From Mr. *Compaſs*, but it will blow off.
Ite. The Doctor ſhall reverſe his inſtantly,
And ſet all right again: if you'll aſſiſt
But in a toy, Squire *Needle*, comes i' my Noddle now.
Nee. Good, *Needle* and Noddle! what may 't be? I long for't.
Ite. Why, but to go to Bed: fain a diſtemper
Of walking i' your ſleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but ſo much, as on it
The Doctor may have ground to raiſe a cure
For's Reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to ſerve
The worſhip o' the Man I love and honour.

Act V. Scene II.

Poliſh, Pleaſance, Chair, Placentia, Keep.

Pol. O! gi' you joy *Madamoiſelle Compaſs!*
You are his Whirl-pool now: all-to-be married,
Againſt your Mothers leave, and without counſel!
H' has fiſh'd fair, and caught a Frog, I fear it.
What Fortune ha' you to bring him in Dower?
You can tell Stories now: you know a world
Of Secrets to diſcover. *Ple.* I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I diſcover
Any thing. *Pol.* No, you ſhall not, I'll take order.

Go,

Go, get you in there: It is *Ember*-week!
I'll keep you faſting from his Fleſh a while.
Cha. See, who's here? ſhe 'has been with my Lady; who kiſt her, all to kiſt her, twice or thrice.
Nee. And call'd her Niece again, and *view'd her Linnen.*
Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chair.*
Cha. Not I,
My Cawdle has done it. Thank my Cawdle heartily.
Pol. It ſhall be thank'd, and you too, wiſeſt Mother;
You ſhall have a new, brave, four-pound Beaver-Hat,
Set with enamel'd Studs, as mine is here:
And a right pair of Chriſtal Spectacles,
Chriſtal o' th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,
Hung in an Ivory Caſe, at a Gold Belt,
And Silver Bells to gingle, as you puſs
Before your fifty Daughters in proceſſion
To Church, or from the Church.
Cha. Thanks, Mrs. *Poliſh.*
Keep. She does deſerve as many Penſions
As there be pieces in a— Maiden-head,
Were I a Prince to give 'em. *Pol.* Come ſweet *Charge*,
You ſhall preſent your ſelf about the Houſe, be confident, and bear up; you ſhall be ſeen.

Act V. Scene III.

Compaſs, Ironſide, Practice.

Com. WHat? I can make you amends, my learned Counſel,
And ſatisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practice.* Who would think
That you could be thus teſty? *Iro.* A grave heap!
Giv'n over to the ſtudy of our Laws.
Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.
Iro. And you to mind a Wife.
Com. What ſhould you do
With ſuch a toy as a Wife, that might diſtract you,
Or hinder you i' your Courſe?
Iro. He ſhall not think on't.
Com. I will make over to you my Poſſeſſion,
Of that ſame place is fall'n (you know) to ſatisfie
Surveyor of the Projects general.
Iro. And that's an office you know how to ſtir in.
Com. And make your profits of.
Iro. Which are (indeed)
The ends of a Gown'd-man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for buſineſs. *Pra.* I accept it
As a *Poſſeſſion*, be't but a *Reverſion.*
Com. You firſt told Me 'twas a Poſſeſſion. *Pra.* I,
I told you that I heard ſo. *Iro.* All is one,
He'll make *Reverſion* a *Poſſeſſion* quickly.
Com. But I muſt have a general Releaſe from you.
Pra. Do one, I'll do the other. *Com.* It's a match
Before my Brother *Ironſide.* *Pra.* 'Tis done.
Com. We two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
That can make uſe of a place, any half Title
Is better than a Wife. *Com.* And will ſave charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gowns, and Cut-work Smocks.
Iro. He is to occupy an office wholly.
Com. True, I muſt talk with you nearer, Mr. *Practice,*
About recovery o' my Wives Portion,
What way I were beſt to take. *Pra.* The plaineſt way.
Com. What's that, for plainneſs?
Pra. Sue him at Common-Law:
Arreſt him on an Action of Choke-bail,
Five hundred thouſand pound; it will affright him,
And all his Sureties. You can prove your Marriage?
Com. Yes.
We'll talk of it within, and hear my Lady.

Act V. Scene IV.

Intereſt, Lady, Rut, Item.

Int. I'm ſure, the Rogue o' the Houſe went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. *Compaſs* got it.
Lad. Why, that you ſee is manifeſtly falſe,
H' has married the other; our true Niece, he ſays:
He would not woe 'em both: he is not ſuch
A Stallion, to leap all. Again, no Child
Appears, that I can find with all my ſearch,
And ſtricteſt way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my Family. A fit o' the Mother,
The Women ſay ſhe had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning Bones and Feathers: Here's the Doctor.
[*Enter Doctor.*
Int. O, noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item,*
Tell me our Niece was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,
What follows? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night
Was ſent for? *Rut.* So ſhe was; and is i' the Houſe ſtill.
Int. But here has a noiſe been ſince, ſhe was deliver'd of a brave Boy, and Mr. *Compaſs*'s getting.
Rut. I know no rattle of Goſſips, nor their noiſes.
I hope you take not me for a Pimp-errant,
To deal in Smock affairs? Where's the Patient?
The infirm Man, I was ſent for, Squire *Needle?*
Lad. Is *Needle* ſick? *Rut.* My 'Pothecary tells me
He is in danger; how is 't *Tim?* where is he?
[*Enter* Tim.
Ite. I cannot hold him down. He's up, and walks,
And talks in his perfect ſleep, with his Eyes ſhut,
As ſenſibly, as he were broad awake.
See, here he comes. He's faſt aſleep, obſerve him.
Rut. He'll tell us wonders. What do theſe Women here?

Act V. Scene V.

Rut, Needle, Intereſt, Item, Lady, Poliſh, Chair, Keep, Placentia.

HUnting a Man half naked? you are fine Beagles!
You'd have his Douſets. *Nee.* I ha' Linnen Breeks on.
Rut. He hears, but he ſees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I ſee
Who hides the Treaſure yonder.
Int. Ha? what Treaſure?
Rut. If you ask queſtions, he 'wakes preſently:
And then you'll hear no more, till his next fit.
Nee. And whom ſhe hides it for.
Rut. Do you mark, Sir? liſt.
Nee. A fine ſhe Spirit it is, an *Indian* Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies Brother.
Rut. (Hear you?)
Nee. And ſhe has hid an Aldermans Eſtate;
Dropt through her Bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And ſcrapes Earth over 'em; where none can ſpy
But I, who ſee all by the Gloworms light,
That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman;
Alderman *Parrot*'s Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her Scarlet, and black Velvet,
Her green, and purple——
Rut. Save thy colours, Rainbow,
Or ſhe will run thee over, and all thy lights.
Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little* Lane, a top o' the Hill there;
I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrel*'s.
She would eat nought but Almonds, I aſſure you.
Rut. Would thou had'ſt a Doſe of Pills, a double Doſe,
O' the beſt Purge, to make thee turn Tail, tother way.
Pol. You are a foul mouth'd, purging, abſurd Doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.

You

You ha' ſpread a ſcandal i' my Ladies Houſe here,
On her ſweet Niece, you never can take off
With all your Purges, or your Plaſter of Oaths;
Though you diſtil your Damm, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That ſhe hath had a Child,
Here ſhe doth ſpit upon thee, and defie thee;
Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tie your Goſſip up,
Or ſend her unto *Bet'lem*. *Pol.* Go thou thither,
That better haſt deſerv'd it, ſhame of Doctors:
Where could ſhe be deliver'd? by what charm,
Reſtor'd to her ſtrength ſo ſoon? who is the Father?
Or where the Infant? Ask your Oracle, (gone?
That walks, and talks in his ſleep. *Rut.* Where is he
You ha' loſt a Fortune liſt'ning to her, to her Tabour.
Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You muſt give loſers
Their leave to ſpeak, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his foot-
Before he get to his Bed: This reſt is loſt elſe. (ing

Act V. Scene VI.

Compaſs, Practice, Ironſide, Poliſh, Lady.

Com. WHere is my Wife? what ha' you done with my Wife,
Goſſip o' the Counſels? *Pol.* I, ſweet Mr. *Compaſs*,
I honour you, and your Wife. *Com.* Well, do ſo ſtill.
I will not call you Mother tho', but *Poliſh*.
Good Goſſip *Poliſh*, where ha' you hid my Wife?
Pol. I hide your Wife? *Com.* Or ſhe's run away.
Lad. That would make all ſuſpected, Sir, a-freſh.
Come we will find her, if ſhe be i' the Houſe.
Pol. Why ſhould I hide your Wife, good Mr. *Compaſs*?
Com. I know no cauſe, but that you are goody *Poliſh*,
That's good at malice; good at miſchief; all
That can perplex or trouble a buſineſs throughly.
Pol. You may ſay what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compaſs*,
And carry a large ſweep, Sir, i' your Circle.
Lad. I'll ſweep all corners, Goſſip, to ſpring this.
If 't be above Ground. I will have her cry'd,
By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,
But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an Act
Worthy your Juſtice, Madam. *Pra.* And become
The integrity, and worſhip of her Name.

Act V. Scene VII.

Rut, Intereſt, Item, Needle.

Rut. 'TIS ſuch a Fly, this Goſſip, with her buz,
She blows on every thing, in every place!
Int. A buſie Woman is a fearful grievance!
Will he not ſleep again? *Rut.* Yes, inſtantly,
As ſoon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the Diſeaſe, and all theſe cold dry fumes,
That are melancholick, to work at firſt,
Slow, and inſenſibly in their aſcent,
Till being got up, and then diſtilling down
Upo' the Brain; they have a pricking quality
That breeds this reſtleſs reſt, which we, the Sons
Of Phyſick, call a walking in the ſleep,
And telling myſteries, that muſt be heard
Softly, with art, as we were ſewing Pillows
Under the Patients Elbows, elſe they'd fly
Into a phrenſie, run into the Woods,
Where there are noiſes, huntings, ſhoutings, hallowings,
Amidſt the Brakes, and Furzes, over Bridges,
Fall into Waters, ſcratch their Fleſh, ſometimes
Drop down a *Præcipice*, and there be loſt.
How now! what does her? *Ite.* He is up again,
And 'gins to talk. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item*?
Ite. The Treaſure, and the Lady: That's his argument.
Int. O me, happy Man! he cannot off it.
I ſhall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite
Our own deſires delude us! Hear you *Tim*?
Let no Man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,
And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend's, deſire
To kiſs his Nieces Hands, and gratulate
The firm recovery of her good fame,
And honour— *Int.* Good, ſay to 'em, Mr. *Item*,
My Niece is, on my Ladies ſide: they'll find her there.
I pray to be but ſpar'd, for half an hour:
I'll ſee 'em preſently. *Rut.* Do, put 'em off, *Tim*.
And tell 'em the importance of the buſineſs.
Here, he is come! ſooth; and have all out of him.
Nee. How do you Lady-bird? ſo hard at work, ſtill?
What's that you ſay? do you bid me walk, ſweet Bird?
And tell our Knight? I will. How? walk Knave, walk?
I think y' are angry with me, *Pol.* Fine *Pol!*
Pol's a fine Bird! O fine, Lady *Pol!*
Almond for Parrat; Parrat's a brave Bird:
Three hundred thouſand Pieces ha' you ſtuck
Edg-long into the Ground, within the Garden?
O' bounteous Bird! *Int.* And me, moſt happy creature.
Rut. Smother your joy. *Nee.* How? and dropp'd twice ſo
many—— (old Well?
Int. Ha! where? *Rut.* Contain your ſelf. *Nee.* I' the
Int. I cannot, I am a Man of Fleſh, and Blood:
Who can contain himſelf, to hear the Ghoſt
Of a dead Lady, do ſuch works as theſe?
And a City Lady too, o' the ſtrait Waſte?
Rut. He's gone. *Nee.* I will go try the truth of it.
Rut. Follow him, *Tim*: ſee what he does; if he bring you
A 'ſſay of it now. *Int.* I'll ſay he's a rare Fellow:
And has a rare Diſeaſe. *Rut.* And I will work
As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor?
Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of
I'll cleanſe him with a Pill (as ſmall as a Peaſe) (him;
And ſtop his Mouth: for there his Iſſue lies,
Between the Muſcles o' the Tongue. *Int.* He's come.
Rut. What did he, *Item*? *Ite.* The firſt ſtep he ſtept
Into the Garden, he pull'd theſe five Pieces
Up, in a Fingers breadth one of another.
The Dirt ſticks on 'em ſtill. *Int.* I know enough.
Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,
Famous among the Sons of the Phyſicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Eſculapius.
Thou ſhalt have a golden Beard, as well as he had;
And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of Silver:
A livery Beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries
Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle*? gone?
Ite. He's prick'd away, now he has done the work.
Rut. Prepare his Pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.
Int. I'll ſend for a dozen o' Labourers to morrow,
To turn the ſurface o' the Garden up. (ſifted;
Rut. In Mold? bruiſe every Clod? *Int.* And have all
For I'll not loſe a piece o' the Birds bounty,
And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,
I would go down into the Well— *Int.* My ſelf;
No truſting other hands: Six hundred thouſand,
To the firſt three; nine hundred thouſand Pound.——
Rut. 'Twill purchaſe the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
Stript to their Shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew
So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,
I never ſaw but once; now I remember,
We met at *Merchant-Taylors-hall*, at dinner, (dle
In *Thread-Needle-ſtreet*. *Rut.* Which was a ſign Squire *Nee-*
Should have the threading of this Thread. *Int.* 'Tis true;
I ſhall love Parrots better, while I know him.
Rut. I'd have her Statue cut, now in white Marble.
Int. And have it painted in moſt Orient Colours.
Rut. That's right! all City Statues muſt be painted,
Elſe they be worth nought i' their ſubtile Judgments.

Act V. Scene VIII.

Intereſt, Bias, Rut, Palate.

Int. MY trueſt friend in Court, dear Mr. *Bias*;
You hear o' the recovery of our Niece
In fame and credit? *Bia.* Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am ſorry

To find the Author o' the foul aſperſion
Here i' your company, this inſolent Doctor.
Int. You do miſtake him: he is clear got off on't.
A Goſſips Jealouſie firſt gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
He's a rare Man, the Doctor, in his way.
H' has done the nobleſt cure here, i' the Houſe,
On a poor Squire, my Siſters Taylor, *Needle*
That talk'd in's ſleep; would walk to St. *John*'s Wood,
And *Waltham* Forreſt, ſcape by all the Ponds,
And Pits i' the way; run over two inch Bridges;
With his Eyes faſt, and i' the dead of night!
I'll ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my dear, dear, deareſt friend in Court,
Wife, powerful Mr. *Bias*; pray you ſalute
Fach other, not as ſtrangers, but true friends.
Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
A Suitor to your Niece? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were
Agred, I heard; the Writings drawn between you?
Int. And ſeal'd. *Rut.* What broke you off?
Int. This rumour of her?
Was it not Mr. *Bias*? *Bia.* Which I find
Now falſe, and therefore come to make amends
I' the firſt place. I ſtand to the old conditions.
Rut. Faith give 'em him, Sir *Moath*, what e'er they were.
You have a brave occaſion now, to croſs
The flanting Mr. *Compaſs*, who pretends
Right to the Portion, by th' other Intail.
Int. And claims it. You do hear he's married?
Bia. We hear his Wife is run away from him,
Within: She is not to be found i' the Houſe,
With all the Hue and Cry is made for her,
Through every Room; the Larders ha' been ſearch'd,
The Bake-houſes, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
Waſh-houſe, and Brew-houſe, nay the very Fornace,
And yet ſhe is not heard of. *Int.* Be ſhe ne'er heard of,
The ſafety of *Great Britain* lies not on't.
You are content with the ten thouſand Pound,
Defalking the four hundred Garniſh-money?
That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia.* It is Sir *Moath*.
[*Enter* Palate.
Rut. Here comes the *Parſon* then, ſhall make all ſure.
Int. Go you with my friend *Bias*, *Parſon Palate*,
Unto my Niece; aſſure them we are agreed.
Pal. And Mrs. *Compaſs* too, is found within.
Int. Where was ſhe hid? *Pal.* In an old Bottle-houſe,
Where they ſcrap'd Trenchers; there her Mother had thruſt her.
Rut. You ſhall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feat is done, and his *Rud-Ironſide*.

Act V. Scene IX.

Compaſs, Pleaſance, Lady, Ironſide, Practice, Poliſh, Chair, Keep, &c.

Com. WAs ever any Gentlewoman us'd
So barbarouſly by a malicious Goſſip,
Pretending to be Mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
A right, and power for what I have done.
Com. Out, Hag;
Thou that haſt put all nature off, and Woman,
For ſordid gain, betray'd the truſt committed
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poor innocent Infants in their Cradles:
Defrauded them o' their Parents, chang'd their names,
Calling *Placentia*, *Pleaſance*; *Pleaſance*, *Placentia*.
Pol. How knows he this?
Com. Abus'd the Neighbour-hood;
But moſt this Lady. Did'ſt enforce an Oath,
To this poor Woman, on a pious Book,
To keep cloſe thy Impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this?
Keep. I told it? no, he knows it, and much more,
As he's a cunning Man. *Pol.* A cunning Fool,
If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true Daughter,
That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleaſance*,
We muſt have an account of that too, Goſſip.
Pol. This's like all the reſt of Mr. *Compaſs*.

Act V. Scene X.

Enter to them running, *Rut.*

Rut. HElp, help for Charity; Sir *Moath Intereſt*
Is fall'n into the Well. *Lad.* Where? where?
Rut. I' the Garden.
A Rope to ſave his life. *Com.* How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take poſſeſſion of a Fortune,
There newly drop't him, and the old Chain broke,
And down fell he i' the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deep?
Rut. We cannot tell. A Rope: help with a Rope.
Enter Silk-worm, Ironſide, Item, Needle, and Intereſt, Rut.
Sil. He is got out again. The Knight is ſav'd.
Iro. A little ſows'd i' the Water: *Needle* ſav'd him.
Ite. The Water ſav'd him, 'twas a fair eſcape.
Nee. Ha' you no hurt? *Int.* A little wet.
Nee. That's nothing.
Rut. I wiſh'd you ſtay, Sir, till to morrow: And told (you,
It was no lucky hour: ſince ſix a Clock [*Lady.*
All Stars were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name
Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the Bucket?
Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, Siſter,
The Doctor will reſolve you— who hath done
The admirableſt cure upon your *Needle!*
Gi' me thy Hand good *Needle*: thou cam'ſt timely:
Take off my Hood and Coat; And let me ſhake
My ſelf a little. I have a world of buſineſs. [*Bias.*
Where is my Nephew *Bias*? and his Wife? [*Placentia.*
Who bids God gi' em joy? Here they both ſtand
As ſure affianced, as the *Parſon*, or words [*Palate.*
Can tie 'em. *Rut.* We all wiſh 'em joy, and happineſs.
Silk. I ſaw the Contract, and can witneſs it.
Int. He ſhall receive ten thouſand Pounds to morrow.
You look'd for't, *Compaſs*, or a greater ſumm,
But 'tis diſpos'd of, this, another way.
I have but one Niece, verily *Compaſs*.
Com. I'll find another. *Varlet*, do your office.
Var. I do arreſt your Body, Sir *Moath Intereſt*,
In the King's name: at ſuit of Mr. *Compaſs*, [*Varlet.*
And Dame *Placentia* his Wife. The Action's entred,
Five hundred thouſand Pound. *Int.* Hear you this, Siſter?
And hath your Houſe the Ears, to hear it too?
And to reſound the affront? *Lad.* I cannot ſtop
The Laws, or hinder Juſtice. I can be
Your Bail, if't may be taken. *Com.* With the Captains,
I ask no better. *Rut.* Here are better Men,
Will give their Bail. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,
Worſhipful Doctor; you are good ſecurity
For a ſuit of Clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares truſt you:
But not for ſuch a ſumm, as is this Action.
Varlet, you know my mind.
Var. You muſt to Priſon, Sir,
Unleſs you can find Bail the Creditor likes.
Int. I would fain find it, if you'd ſhew me where.
Silk. It is a terrible Action; more indeed,
Than many a Man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Bail.*
Iro. Faith I will bail him, at mine own apperil.
Varlet, be gone: I'll once ha' the reputation,
To be ſecurity for ſuch a ſumm.
Bear up, Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles
About his Belt, and yet this *Ironſide* claſhes.
Int. Peace, leſt he hear you Doctor; we'll make uſe of him.
What doth your Brother *Compaſs*, Captain *Ironſide*,
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your

Iro. Your Nieces Portion; in the right of his Wife.
Int. I have aſſur'd one Portion, to one Niece,
And have no more t' account for, that I know of:
What I may do in charity— if my Siſter
Will bid an off'ring for her Maid, and him,
As a Benevolence to 'em, after Supper,
I'll ſpit into the Baſon, and intreat
My Friends to do the like. *Com.* Spit out thy Gall,
And Heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,
No pitty of thee, thy falſe Niece, and *Needle*;
Bring forth your Child, or I appeal you of murder,
You, and this Goſſip here, and Mother *Chair*.
[Pleaſance *ſteps out.*
Cha. The Gentleman's fall'n mad!
Ple. No, Mrs. Midwife.
I ſaw the Child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my Arms, by this ill token,
You wiſh'd me ſuch another; and it cry'd.
Pra. The Law is plain; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, he may Indict
All that conceal 't, of Felony, and Murder.
Com. And I will take the boldneſs, Sir, to do it:
Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.
Silk. Good faith this ſame is like to turn a buſineſs.
Pal. And a ſhrew'd buſineſs, marry: they all ſtart at't.
Com. I ha' the right Thread now, and I will keep it.
You, goody *Keep*, confeſs the truth to my Lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.
Pol. I ſcorn to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will own it.
Love to my Child, and lucre of the Portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th' event hath fail'd
In part, I will make uſe of the beſt ſide.
This is my Daughter, and ſhe hath had a Child
This day, unto her ſhame, (I now profeſs it.)
By this meer falſe-ſtick, Squire *Needle*, but
Since this wiſe Knight hath thought it good to change
The fooliſh Father of it, by aſſuring
Her to his dear friend, Mr. *Bias*; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promiſe of ten thouſand Pound,
Afore ſo many witneſſes. *Silk.* Whereof I
Am one. *Pal.* And I another.
Pol. I ſhould be unnatural
To my own Fleſh, and Blood, would I not thank him.
I thank you, Sir: and I have reaſon for it.
For here your true Niece ſtands, fine Mrs. *Compaſs*.
(I'll tell you truth, you have deſerv'd it from me.)
To whom you are by Bond engag'd to pay
The ſixteen thouſand Pound, which is her Portion,
Due to her Husband, on her Marriage-day.
I ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth.
Iro You'll pay it now, Sir *Moath*, with Intereſt?
You ſee the truth breaks out on every ſide of you.
Int. Into what Nets of cous'nage am I caſt
On ev'ry ſide? each Thread is grown a Noof:
A very Meſh: I have run my ſelf into
A double break, of paying twice the Money.
Bia. You ſhall be releas'd, of paying me a Penny,
With theſe conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then?
Bia. Yes, and the ſumm, twice told, e'er take a Wife,
To pick out Monſieur *Needle*'s Baſting threads.
Com. Goſſip you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore juſtly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On ſuch a cheat. Will you yet pay the Portion?
Int. What will you bate?
Com. No Penny the Law gives.
Int. Yes, *Bias*'s Money.
Com. What, your friend in Court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchaſe,
Nor your dear Doctor here, ſtand altogether.
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.
Lad. Well, we are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There reſts yet a gratuity from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew *Compaſs* ſays) was cauſe
Firſt of th' offence, but ſince of all th' amends,
The quarrel caus'd th' affright; that fright brought on
The travel, which made peace; the peace drew on
This new diſcovery, which endeth all
In reconcilement. *Com.* When the Portion
Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you muſt have it,
As good at firſt as laſt. *Lad.* 'Tis well ſaid Brother.
And I, if this good Captain will accept me,
Give him my ſelf, endow him with my Eſtate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my Fortunes:
He that hath ſav'd my hour, though by chance,
I'll really ſtudy his, and how to thank him.
Iro. And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodneſs,
And vow to quit all thought of War hereafter;
Save what is fought under your Colours, Madam.
Pal. More work then for the *Parſon*; I ſhall cap
The *Loadſtone* with an *Ironſide*, I ſee.
Iro. And take in theſe, the forlorn Couple, with us,
Needle, and's *Thread*, whoſe Portion I will think on;
As being a buſineſs, waiting on my bounty:
Thus I do take poſſeſſion of you, Madam,
My true *Magnetick* Miſtris, and my Lady.

CHORUS changed into an EPILOGUE to the KING.

WEll, Gentlemen, I now muſt under Seal,
And th' Author's *charge, waive you, and make my Appeal,*
To the Supremeſt Power, my Lord, *the* King;
Who beſt can judge of what we humbly bring.
He knows our weakneſs, and the Poets *faults;*
Where he doth ſtand upright, go firm, or halts;
And he will doom him. To which Voice he ſtands,
And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples Hands.

THE END.

A TALE OF A TUB. A COMEDY.

Compoſed by Ben. Johnſon.

—*Inficeto eſt inficetior rure.* Catul.

PROLOGUE.

NO State-*affairs*, *nor any politick* Club,
Pretend we in our Tale, *here*, *of a* Tub:
But acts of Clowns *and* Conſtables, *to day*
Stuff out the Scenes *of our ridiculous* Play.
A Coopers wit, *or ſome ſuch buſie Spark*,
Illumining the high Conſtable, *and his Clerk.*
And all the Neighbour-hood, *from old Records*,
Of antick Proverbs, *drawn from* Whitſon-Lords.
And their Authorities, *at* Wakes *and* Ales,
With Country precedents, *and old Wives Tales*;
We bring you now, *to ſhew what different things*
The Cotes *of* Clowns, *are from the* Courts *of* Kings.

The PERSONS that ACT.

CHAM HUGH,	*Vicar of* Pancraſs, *and Captain* Thums.
SQUIRE TUB,	*Of* Totten-Court, *or Squire* Tripoly.
BASKET-HILTS,	*His Man, and Governor.*
JUST. PREAMBLE,	*Of* Maribone, *alias* Bramble.
MILES METAPHOR,	*His Clerk.*
Lady TUB,	*Of* Totten, *the Squire's Mother.*
POL-MARTEN,	*Her Huiſher*: Dido Wiſp *her Woman.*
TOBIE TURFE,	*High Conſtable of* Kentiſh Town.
Da. SIBIL TURFE,	*His Wife.*
Mrs. AWDREY TURFE,	*Their Daughter the Bride.*
JOHN CLAY,	*Of* Kilborn *Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groom.*
IN-AND-IN MEDLAY,	*Of* Iſlington, *Cooper and Headborough.*
RASI. CLENCH,	*Of* Hamſted, *Farrier, and petty Conſtable.*
TO-PAN,	*Tinker, or Mettal-man of* Belſiſe, *Thirdborough.*
D'OGE. SCRIBEN,	*Of* Chalcot, *the great writer.*
BALL PUPPY,	*The high Conſtable's Man.*
FATHER ROSIN,	*The Minſtrel, and his* two Boys.
JONE, JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL, KATE,	*Maids of the Bridal.*
BLACK JACK,	*The Lady* Tub's *Butler.*

TWO GROOMS.

The SCENE,
FINSBURY-HUNDRED.

A TALE

A TALE of a TUB.

Act I. Scene I.

Sir *Hugh*, *Tub*, *Hilts*.

Hug. NOW o' my Faith, Old Biſhop *Valentine*,
You ha' brought us nipping weather: *Februere*
Doth cut and ſhear; your day, and Dioceſs
Are very cold. All your Pariſhioners;
As well your Layicks, as your Quiriſters,
Had need to keep to their warm Feather-beds,
If they be ſped of Loves: this is no ſeaſon,
To ſeek new Makes in; though Sir *Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
On ſuch an Errand as a Miſtris is.
What, Squire! I ſay? *Tub.* I ſhould call him too:
Sir *Peter Tub* was his Father, a Salt-petre-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten-Court*, here, to revel, and keep open Houſe in;
With the young Squire her Son, and's Governour *Basket-Hilts*, both by Sword and Dagger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiſcere*.
I dare not call alood, leſt he ſhould hear me:
And think I conjur'd up the Spirit, her Son,
In Prieſts-lack-*Latine*: O ſhe is jealous
Of all Mankind for him. *Tub.* Chanon, i'ſt you?
[*At the Window.*
Hug. The Vicar of *Pancrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!
Tub. I come, I ſtoop unto the call; Sir *Hugh*!
[*He comes down in his Night-Gown.*
Hug. He knows my lure is from his Love: fair *Awdrey*,
Th'high Conſtables Daughter of *Kentiſh-Town*, here, Mr. *Tobias Turfe*. *Tub.* What news of him?
Hug. He has wak'd me
An hour before I would, Sir. And my duty
To the young Worſhip of *Totten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly*;
Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mrs.
Is to be made away from you, this morning,
Saint *Valentines* day: there are a knot of Clowns,
The Counſel of *Finsbury*, ſo they are y-ſtyl'd,
Met at her Fathers; all the wiſe o' th' hundred;
Old *Baſi Clench* of *Hamſted*, petty Conſtable;
In-and-In Medlay, Cooper of *Iſlington*,
And Headborough; with loud *To-Pan*, the Tinker,
Or Metal-man of *Belſize*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And why all theſe?
Hug. Sir, to conclude in Counſel,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*;
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd down, *Clay* of *Kilborn*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.
Tub. And what muſt he do?
Hugh. Cover her, they ſay:
And keep her warm, Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Laſt night did draw him for her *Valentine*;
Which chance, it hath ſo taken her Father and Mother,
(Becauſe themſelves drew ſo, on *Valentine*'s Eve
Was thirty year) as they will have her married
To day by any means; they have ſent a Meſſenger
To *Kilborn*, poſt, for *Clay*; which when I knew,
I poſted with the like to worſhipful *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten*: and my adviſe to croſs it.
Tub. What is't, Sir *Hugh*?
Hugh. Where is your Governour *Hilts*?
Baſquet muſt do it. *Tub.* *Baſquet* ſhall be call'd:
Hilts, can you ſee to riſe? *Hil.* Cham not blind, Sir,
With too much light. *Tub.* Open your t'other Eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil.* Che can ſpy that
At's little a hole as another, through a Milſtone.
Tub. He will ha' the laſt word, though he talk Bilke for't.
Hugh. Bilke? what's that?
Tub. Why, nothing, a word ſignifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expreſs nothing.
Hugh. A fine device!
Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh*?
Hugh. In private.
Lend it your Ear; I will not truſt the Air with it;
Or ſcarce my Shirt; my Caſſock ſha' not know it;
If I thought it did, I'll burn it. *Tub.* That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh*: Is't worth it?
Let's hear it firſt.
Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it. [*They whiſper.*
This 'tis, Sir, do you reliſh it? *Tub.* If *Hilts*
Be cloſe enough to carry it; there's all.
[Hilts *enters, and walks by, making himſelf ready,*
Hil. It i' no Sand? nor Butter-milk? If't be,
Ich'am no Zive, or Watring-pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'caſions. If you truſt me, zo:
If not, praform it your zelves. Cham no Man's Wife,
But reſolute *Hilts*: you'll vind me i' the Buttry.
Tub. A teſty Clown: but a tender Clown, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
He'll weep you, like all *April*: But he'ull roar you,
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipſie too, as *October*: And as grave,
And bound up like a Froſt (with the new year)
In *January*; as rigid as he is ruſtick.
Hug. You know his Nature, and deſcribe it well;
I'll leave him to your faſhioning.
Tub. Stay, Sir *Hugh*;
Take a good Angel with you, for your Guide:
And let this guard you homeward, as the bleſſing,
To our device. *Hug.* I thank you Squires Worſhip,
Moſt humbly (for the next, for this I am ſure of.)
[*The Squire goes off.*
O for a Quire of theſe Voices, now,
To chime in a Man's Pocket, and cry chink!
One doth not chirp: it makes no harmony.
Grave Juſtice *Bramble*, next muſt contribute;
His Charity muſt offer at this Wedding:
I'll bid more to the Baſon, and the Bride-Ale;
Although but one can bear away the Bride.
I ſmile to think how like a Lottery
Theſe Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in poſſeſſion;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile Kill*:

And now, if Juſtice *Bramble* do come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may loſe his bottom.

Act I. Scene II.

Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Pan, Puppy.

Cle. WHY, 'tis thirty year, e'en as this day now, *Zin Valentine*'s day, of all days kurſin'd, look you;
And the zame day o' the Month, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd.
Med. That our High Conſtable,
Mr. *Tobias Turfe*, and his Dame were married.
I think you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine?*
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench?*
Cle. Zin Valentine,
He was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *High-gate*,
As I have heard; but 'twas avore my time:
He was a Cooper too, as you are, *Medlay*,
An' In-an-In: A woundy brag young vellow:
As th' port went o' hun then, and i' thoſe days.
Scri. Did he not write his Name, *Sim Valentine?*
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* Books;
And yet I have writ 'em ſix or ſeven times over.
Pan. O' you mun look for the Nine deadly *Sins*,
I' the Church books, *D'oge*; not the high Conſtables;
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that ſame *Zin Valentine*,
He was a ſtately *Zin:* an' he were a *Zin*,
And kept brave houſe.
Cle. At the Cock and Hen in *High-gate.*
You ha' 'freſh'd my rememory well in't! neighbour *Pan:*
He had a Place in laſt King *Harry*'s time,
Of ſorting all the young Couples; joyning 'em,
And putting 'em together; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day——*Zin Valentine*;
As being the *Zin* o' the Shire, or the whole County:
I am old Rivet ſtill, and bear a Brain,
The *Clench*, the *Varrier*, and true *Leach* of *Hamſted.*
Pan. You are a ſhrewd Antiquity, neighbour *Clench*!
And a great Guide to all the Pariſhes!
The very Bell-weather of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. *Tobias Turfe*,
High Conſtable, would not miſs you, for a Score on us,
When he doe'ſcourſe of the great Charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a Horſe? Can 'ſcourſe nought but a Horſe?
I ne'e read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Charty:
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I think
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For ought I know.
Scri. You ſhould do well to ſtudy
Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben?*
An't be any more, it's meer cheating zure.
Vlat cheating: all your Law, and Poets too.
Pan. Mr. High Conſtable comes.
Pup. I'll zay't avore 'hun.

Act I. Scene III.

Turfe, Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Puppy, Pan.

Tur. WHat's that makes you all ſo merry, and loud, Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you to my privy walk.
Cle. A Contervarſie 'twixt your two learn'd Men here:
Annibal Puppy ſays, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading,
He ſays, be't Verſe or Proſe.
Tur. I think in conzience,
He do' zay true? Who is't do thwart 'un, ha?
Med. Why, my Friend *Scriben*, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.
Tur. Who, *D'oge?* my *D'ogenes?* a great Writer, marry!
He'll vace me down, me my ſelf ſometimes,
That Verſe goes upon Veet, as you and I do:
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me down,
And laugh at 'un; and to my ſelf conclude,
The greateſt Clerks are not the wiſeſt Men
Ever. Here they' re both! What, Sirs, diſputing,
And holding Arguments of Verſe and Proſe?
And no green thing afore the Door, that ſhews,
Or ſpeaks a Wedding?
Scr. Thoſe were Verſes now,
Your Worſhip ſpake, and run upon vive veet.
Tur. Feet, vrom my Mouth, *D'oge?* Leave your 'zurd uppinions:
And get me in ſome Boughs.
Scr. Let 'em ha' Leaves firſt.
There's nothing green but Bays and Roſemary.
Pup. And they're too good for ſtrewings, your Maids ſay.
Tur. You take up '*Dority* ſtill, to vouch againſt me.
All the twelve Smocks i' the houſe, zur, are your Authors.
Get ſome freſh Hay then, to lay under foot:
Some Holly and Ivy, to make vine the Poſts:
Is't not Son *Valentine*'s day? and Mrs. *Awdrey*,
Your young Dame to be married? I wonder *Clay*
Should be ſo tedious: He's to play *Son Valentine!*
And the Clown ſluggard's not come fro' *Kilborn* yet?
Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clown, and't pleaſe your Worſhip?
Tur. Yes, and vor worſhip too, my neighbour *Medlay.*
A *Middleſex* Clown, and one of *Finsbury:*
They were the firſt Colon's o' the Kingdom here:
The Primitory Colon's, my *D'ogenes* ſays.
VVhere's *D'ogenes*, my VVriter, now? VVhat were thoſe
You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the firſt Colon's
O' the Countrey, that the *Romans* brought in here?
Scr. The *Colony.* Sir, *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:
A Clown Original: as you'ld zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' th' Earth,
E're ſin' the *Romans* planted their Colony firſt,
VVhich was in *Meddleſex.*
Tur. VVhy ſo? I thank you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me.
I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clown of *Middleſex:*
A good rich Farmer, or High Conſtable.
I'ld play hun 'gain a Knight, or a good Squire;
Or Gentleman of any other County
I' the Kingdom.
Pan. Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,
Mad *Julius Cæſar*, who built *Dover-Caſtle:*
My Anceſtor *To-Pan*, beat the firſt Kettle-Drum
Avore 'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:
VVhich piece of Monumental Copper hangs
Up, ſcour'd, at *Hammer-ſmith* yet; for there they came
Over the *Thames*, at a low Water-mark;
Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingſton*-Bridge——
I doubt were kurſin'd.
Tur. Zee, who is here: *John Clay!*
Zon Valentine, and Bridegroom! ha' you zeen
Your Valentine-Bride yet, ſin' you came? *John Clay?*

Act I. Scene IV.

Clay. [*To them.*

Cla. NO wuſſe. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard: *Puppy* ha' ſcarce unſwadled my legs yet.
Tur. What? wiſpes o' your Wedding day, zon? This is right
Originous Clay: and *Clay* o' *Kilborn* too!
I would ha' had Boots o' this day, zure, zon [*John.*

Cla.

Cla. I did it to ſave charges: we mun dance,
O' this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my beſt ſtraw-coloured ſtockins,
And ſwaddel'd 'em over to zave Charges; I.
Tur. And his new Shamois Doublet too with Points:
I like that yet: and his long Sawſedge-hoſe,
Like the Commander of Four ſmoaking Tile-kills,
Which he is Captain of: Captain of *Kilborn*:
Clay with his Hat turn'd up o' the leer ſide too:
As if he would leap my Daughter yet e'er night,
And ſpring a new *Turfe* to the old Houſe.
Look, and the Wenches ha' not vound 'un out,
And do parzent un with a Van of Roſemary,
And Bays, to vill a Bow-pot, trim the Head
Of my beſt Vore-horſe; we ſhall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or Points, I zee; my Daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very *Mary Ambry* i'the buſineſs.
Cle. They zaid your Worſhip had ſur'd her to Squire
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the Hundred rings on't. (*Tub*
Tur. A Tale of a Tub, Sir, a meer Tale of Tub.
Lend it no Ear I pray you: The Squire *Tub*
Is a fine Man, but he is too fine a Man,
And has a Lady *Tub* too to his Mother:
I'll deal with none o' thoſe vine ſilken *Tubs*.
John Clay, and Cloth-breech for my Money and Daughter.
Here comes another old Boy too, vor his Colours
[*Enter Father* Roſin.
Will ſtroak down my Wives Udder of Purſes, empty
Of all her Milk-money, this Winter Quarter:
Old Father *Roſin*, the chief Minſtrel here:
Chief Minſtrel too of *Highgate*: ſhe has hir'd him
And all, his two Boys for a day and a half,
And now they come for Ribbanding, and Roſemary:
Give 'em enough Girls, gi' 'em enough, and take it
Out in his Tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,
For our *John Clay*'s ſake, and the Tile-kills, zure.
Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine own ſake.
Pan. I'll ha'the joviall *Tinker* for *To-Pan*'s ſake.
Tur. We'll all be jovy this day, vor ſon *Valentine*.
My ſweet ſon *John*'s ſake. *Scri.* There's another reading
My Mr. reads it *Son*, and not *Sin Valentine*. (now:
Pup. Nor *Zim*: And he is i'the right. He is high Con-
And who ſhould read above 'un, or avor 'hun? (ſtable.
Tur. Son *John* ſhall bid us welcome all, this day:
We'll zerve under his colours: Lead the troop *John*,
And *Puppy*, ſee the Bells ring. Preſs all noiſes
Of *Finsbury*, in our name; *D'ogenes Scriben*
Shall draw a ſcore of warrants vor the buſineſs.
Do's any wight perzent hir Majeſties perſon,
This Hundred, 'bove the high Conſtable? *All.* No, no.
Tur. Uſe our Authority then, to the utmoſt on't.

Act I. Scene V.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. SO, you are ſure, Sir, to prevent 'hem all;
And throw a block i'the Bride-grooms way, *John Clay*,
That he will hardly leap o'er. *Pre.* I conceive you,
Sir *Hugh*; as if your Rhetorick would ſay,
Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,
A very ſuperficies of the earth;
He aims no higher, then to match in clay;
And there hath pitch'd his reſt.
Hug. Right Juſtice *Bramble*?
You ha' the winding wit, compaſſing all.
Pre. Subtile Sir *Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And err with the whole Neighbour-hood, I muſt tell you;
For you miſtake my name. Juſtice *Preamble*
I write my ſelf; which with the ignorant Clowns here,
(Becauſe of my Profeſſion of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be *Bramble*.
But all my warrants, Sir, do run *Preamble*:
Richard Preamble. Hugh. Sir I thank you for't.
That your good worſhip, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus—
Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour:
I would not have you ſtray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beaſt, the Clowns, or Conſtables,
Still let them graze; eat Salads; chew the Cud:
All the town-muſick will not move a log. (them.
Hug. The Beetle and wedges will where you will have
Pre. True, true, Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metapher*,
My Clerk: He is the man ſhall carry it, Canon,
By my inſtructions. *Hug.* He will do't *ad unguem*:
Miles Metaphore: He is a pretty fellow.
Pre. I love not to keep ſhadowes, or half-wits,
To foil a buſineſs. *Metaphore*! you ha' ſeen
A King ride fort hin ſtare. *Met.* Sir, that I have:
King *Edward* our late Leige, and ſoveraign Lord:
And have ſet down the pomp. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd
Ha' you obſerv'd the Meſſengers o' the Chamber; (you,
What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes, Minor Coats.
Unto the guard, a Dragon, and a grey-hound,
For the ſupporters of the Arms. *Pre.* Well mark'd;
You know not any of 'em? *Met.* Here's one dwells
In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an hour? *Hug.* Or but his badge,
'Twill ſerve: A little thing he wears on his breaſt.
Pre. His coat, I ſay, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an hour. I do love
To do all things compleatly, Canon *Hugh*;
Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphor*, or nothing.
Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-armour of his place: and ſo
Inſinuate with him by that Trope——.
Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphor*.
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I ſay.
(Metaph. *goes out.*
Hug. I'll take my leave, Sir, of your worſhip too:
Becauſe I may expect the iſſue anon.
Pre. Stay, my diviner Counſel, take your fee;
We that take fees, allow' hem to our Counſel;
And our prime learned Counſel, double fees:
There are a brace of Angels to ſupport you
I' your Foot-walk this Froſt, for fear of falling,
Or ſpraying of a point of Matrimony,
When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your Worſhips ſervice:
That the Exploit is done, and you poſſeſt
Of Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*.—— *Pre.* I like your Project.
[*Preamble goes out.*
Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh i' my Pocket, 'gainſt the Squire,
And his halt bottom here, of half a Piece:
Which was not worth the ſtepping o'er the Stile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: Lady *Tub*,
She's ſuch a Veſſel of *Feces*: all dry'd Earth!
Terra damnata! not a drop of Salt!
Or *Petre* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

Act I. Scene VI.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin.

Lady. IS the Nag ready *Martin*? call the Squire.
This froſty morning we will take the Air,
About the Fields: for I do mean to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gown,
This morning, though it be but a Beggarman.
Why ſtand you ſtill, and do not call my Son?
Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lamb,
He had no doubt been ſtirring with the Lark:
But he ſat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his firſt warning chid him off to reſt.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam:
But if your Ladiſhip will have him call'd.

Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you Weazel, Vermine of an Huiſher?
You will return your Wit to your firſt ſtile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by theſe ſtinking Tricks,
If you do uſe 'em: I ſhall no more call you
Pol-martin, by the Title of a Gentleman,
If you go on thus——*Pol.* I am gone. [Pol-martin goes out.
Lad. Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Stote!
Was ever ſuch a Full-mart for an Huiſher,
To a great worſhipful Lady, as my ſelf;
Who, when I heard his Name firſt, *Martin Polcat*,
A ſtinking Name, and not to be pronounc'd [*Without a Reverence.*
In any Ladies preſence; my very heart e'en earn'd, ſeeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handſome; being then, I ſay,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peter Works; made it my Suit
To Mr. *Peter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I do now, by *Pol-martin*,
To have it ſound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine own Fore-man, daily Waiter,
And he to ſerve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Courſeneſs yet of any Clownage,
Shew'n to a Lady! what now, is he ſtirring? [*He returns.*
Pol. Stirring betimes out of his Bed, and ready.
Lad. And comes he then?
Pol. No, Madam, he is gone.
Lad. Gone? whither? ask the Porter: Where's he gone?
Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He ſays, he let him forth an hour a-go.
Lad. An hour ago! what buſineſs could he have
So early? Where is his Man, grave *Basket Hilts*?
His Guide and Governour?
Pol. Gone with his Maſter.
Lad. Is he gone too? O that ſame ſurly Knave,
Is his right hand; and leads my Son amiſs.
He has carried him to ſome drinking Match, or other:
Pol-martin, I will call you ſo again:
I' am Friends with you now. Go, get your Horſe, and ride
To all the Towns about here, where his haunts are;
And croſs the Fields to meet, and bring me word:
He cannot be gone far, being a foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wiſpe*,
My Woman, come, and wait on me. The love
We Mothers bear our Sons, we ha' bought with pain,
Makes us oft view them, with too careful Eyes,
And over-look 'em with a jealous fear,
Out-fitting Mothers.

Act I. Scene VII.

Lady *Tub*, *Wiſpe*.

Lad. HOw now, *Wiſpe*? Ha' you
A Valentine yet? I'm taking th' air to chuſe one.
Wiſ. Fate ſend your Ladyſhip a fit one then.
Lad. VVhat kind of one is that?
Wiſ. A proper Man,
To pleaſe your Ladyſhip. *Lad.* Out o' that Vanity,
That takes the fooliſh Eye: Any poor creature,
VVhoſe want may need my alms, or courteſie,
I rather wiſh; ſo Biſhop *Valentine*
Left us Example to do Deeds of Charity;
To feed the hungry, cloath the naked, viſit
The weak and ſick; to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a Chriſtian Funeral:
Theſe were the works of Piety he did practiſe,
And bade us imitate; not look for Lovers,
Or handſome Images to pleaſe our Senſes.
I pray thee, *Wiſpe*, deal freely with me now:
VVe are alone, and may be merry a little:
Tho' art none o' the Court-Glories, nor the VVonders
For VVit or Beauty i' the City: tell me,
VVhat Man would ſatisfie thy preſent Fancy?
Had thy ambition leave to chuſe a Valentine,
VVithin the Queens Dominion, ſo a Subject.
Wiſ. Yo' ha' gi' me a large ſcope, Madam, I confeſs,
And I will deal with your Ladyſhip ſincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him
The braveſt, richeſt, and the propereſt Man
A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
VVith the Perfumers: I would have him ſuch,
As not another VVoman, but ſhould ſpite me:
Three City-Ladies ſhould run mad for him:
And Country-Madams infinite.
Lad. You'ld ſpare me,
And let me hold my Wits?
VViſ. I ſhould with you——
For the young Squire, my Maſter's ſake, diſpenſe
A little; but it ſhould be very little.
Then all the Court-Wives I'ld ha' jealous of me,
As all their Husbands jealous of them:
And not a Lawyers Puſs of any Quality,
But lick her lips, for a ſnatch in the Terme time.
Lad. Come,
Let's walk: we'll hear the reſt as we go on:
You are this Morning in a good Vein, *Dido*:
Would I could be as merry. My Son's abſence
Troubles me not a little: though I ſeek
Theſe ways to put it off; which will not help:
Care that is entred once into the Breaſt,
Will have the whole poſſeſſion, ere it reſt.

Act II. Scene I.

Turfe, *Clay*, *Medlay*, *Clench*, *To-Pan*, *Scriben*, *Puppy*.

Tur. ZOn *Clay*, cheer up, the better leg avore:
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
Cle. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they ſay.
Med. Right! vor a Man ha' his hour, and a Dog his day.
Tur. True, Neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are ſtill *In-and-In*.
Med. I would be Mr. Conſtable, if ch' could win.
Pan. I zay, *John Clay*, keep ſtill on his old gate:
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.
Tur. Well ſaid, *To-Pan*: you ha' ſtill the hap to hit
The Nail o' the head at a cloſe: I think there never
Marriage was manag'd with a more aviſement,
Than was this Marriage, though I ſay't, that ſhould not;
Eſpecially 'gain' mine own Fleſh and Blood,
My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
All the young Batchelors and Maids, forſooth,
O' the zix Pariſhes hereabout: But I
Cry'd none, ſweet *Sybil*: none of that gear, I:
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three or vour our wiſe, choice honeſt neighbours:
Upſtantial perſons: Men that ha' born Office:
And mine own Family would be enough
To eat our Dinner. What? Dear Meat's a Thief:
I know it by the Butchers, and the Market-volk;
Hum drum I cry. No half-Ox in a Pye:
A man that's bid to Bride-Ale, if he ha' Cake,
And Drink enough, he need not vear his ſtake.
Cle. 'Tis right: he has ſpoke as true as a Gun: believe it.
Tur. Come, *Sybil*, come: Did not I tell you o' this?
This Pride, and muſter of women would mar all?
Six women to one Daughter and a Mother!
The Queen (God ſave her) ha' no more her ſelf.
D. Tur. Why, if you keep ſo many, Mr. *Turfe*,
Why ſhould not all preſent our Service to her?

Tur.

Tur. Your Service? Good! I think you'll write to her ſhortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.
Tur. Come, ſend your Maids off, I will have 'em ſent
Home again, Wife: I love no Trains o' *Kent*,
Or Chriſtendom, as they ſay. *Sc.* We will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Med.* Why ſhould her Worſhip lack
Her Tale of Maids, more than you do of Men?
Tur. VVhat, mutining, *Madge*? *Jo.* Zend back your C'lons agen.
And we will vollow. *All.* Elſe we'll guard our Dame.
Tur. I ha' zet the Neſt of VVaſps all on a flame.
D. Tur. Come, you are ſuch another, Mr. *Turfe*:
A Clod you ſhould be call'd, of a High Conſtable:
To let no Muſick go afore your Child
To Church, to chear her Heart up this cold Morning.
Tur. You are for Father *Roſin*, and his Conſort
Of fidling Boys, the great *Feates*, and the leſs:
Becauſe you have entertain'd 'em all from *Highgate*.
To ſhew your Pomp, you'ld ha' your Daughter and Maids
Dance o'er the Fields like Fairies, to Church, this Froſt?
I'll ha' no Rondels, I, i' the Queens Paths;
Let 'un ſcrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At After-noon.
D. Turfe. I'll ha' 'em play at Dinner.
Ite. She is i' th' right, Sir; vor your Wedding-Dinner
Is ſtarv'd without the Muſick. *Med.* If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' loſt that Proverb.
Tur. I yield to truth: Wife, are you ſuffified?
Pan. A right good Man! when he knows right, he loves it.
Scri. And he will know't, and ſhew't too by his place
Of being High Conſtable, if no where elſe.

Act II. Scene II.

Hilts bearded, booted and ſpurr'd. [*To them.*

Hil. WEll over-taken, *Gentlemen!* I pray you,
Which is the Queens High Conſtable among you?
Pup. The talleſt Man: who ſhould be elſe, do you think?
Hil. It is no matter what I think, young Clown:
You r anſwer ſavours of the Cart.
Pup. How? Cart?
And Clown? Do you know whoſe Team you ſpeak to?
Hi. No: nor I care not: VVhoſe Jade may you be?
Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clown? O for a laſh of VVhip-cord!
Three-knotted Cord!
Hil. Do you mutter? Sir, ſnorle this way,
That I may hear, and anſwer what you ſay,
VVith my School-dagger, 'bout your Coſtard, Sir.
Look to't, young Growſe: I'll lay it on, and ſure;
Take't off who's wull.
Cle. Nay, 'pray you Gentleman——
Hil. Go to: I will not bate him an ace on't.
VVhat? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All Fellows?
Pup. Do you hear, Friend? I would wiſh you vor your good,
Tie up your brended Bitch there, your Dun ruſty
Pannier-hilt Poinard: and not vex the Youth
VVith ſhewing the Teeth of it. VVe now are going
To Church, in way of Matrimony, ſome on us.
Th'a' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,
All the Horn-Beaſts are grazing i' this Cloſe,
Should not ha' pull'd me hence, till this Aſh-plant
Had rung Noon o' your Pate, Mr. *Broom-beard.*
Hil. That would I fain zee, quoth the blind *George*
Of *Holloway*: Come, Sir.
Awd. O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the Paſſion of Man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy.*
Cla. Murder, O Murder!
Awd. O my Father and Mother!
D. Tur. Husband, what do you mean? Son *Clay*, for God's ſake——
Tur. I charge you in the Queens Name, keep the peace.
Hil. Tell me o' no Queen, or *Keyſar*: I muſt have
A Leg, or a Hanch of him, e're I go.
Med. But, Zir,
You muſt obey the Queens High Officers.
Hil. VVhy muſt I, Goodman *Muſt*?
Med. You muſt, an' you wull.
Tur. Gentleman, I'm here for Fault, High Conſtable——
Hil. Are you zo? what then?
Tur. I pray you, Sir, put up
Your Weapons; do, at my Requeſt: For him,
On my Authority, he ſhall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.
D. Tur. Out on him for a Knave: what a dead fright
He has put me into: Come, *Awdrey*, do not ſhake.
Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the t'other man?
Cla. No Bun; but had not I cry'd Murder, I wuſs—
Pup. Sweet Goodman *Clench*, I pray you reviſe my Maſter,
I may not zit i' the Stocks, till the Wedding be paſt,
Dame, Mrs *Awdrey*: I ſhall break the Bride-Cake elſe.
Cle. Zomething muſt be to ſave Authority, *Puppy.*
D. Tur. Husband—— *Cle.* And Goſſip——
Awd. Father—— *Tur.* 'Treat me not.
It is i' vain. If he lie not by the heels,
I'll lie there for 'un. I'll teach the Hine,
To carry a Tongue in his Head to his Superiours.
Hil. This 's a wiſe Conſtable! where keeps he School?
Cle. In *Kentiſh-Town*; a very ſurvere man.
Hil. But as ſurvere as he is, let me, Sir, tell him,
He ſha' not lay his Man by the heels for this.
This was my Quarrel: And by his Office leave,
If't carry 'un for this, it ſhall carry double;
Vor he ſhall carry me too.
Tur. Breath of Man!
He is my Chattel, mine own hired Goods:
An' if you do abet 'un in this matter,
I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to ankle.
Hilt. You'll clap a Dog of Wax as ſoon, old *Blurt*?
Come, ſpare not me, Sir; I am no Man's Wife:
I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Louſe for you,
And you were Ten tall Conſtables, not I.
Tur. Nay, pray you, Sir, be not angry; but content:
My Man ſhall make you what amends you'll ask 'un.
Hil. Let 'hun mend his Manners then, and know his Betters:
It's all I ask 'un: and 'twill be his own,
And's Maſter's too, another day. Che vore 'hun.
Med. As right as a Club ſtill. 'Zure this angry man
Speaks very near the mark, when he is pleas'd.
Pup. I thank you, Sir; an' I meet you at *Kentiſh-Town*,
I ha' the Courteſie o' Hundred for you.
Hil. Gramercy, good High Conſtables Hine. But hear you?
Maſs Conſtable, I have other manner o' matter,
To bring you about, than this. And ſo it is,
I do belong to one o' the Queens Captains;
A Gent'man o' the Field, one Captain *Thum*'s,
I know not whether you know 'un, or no: It may be
You do, and't may be you do not again.
Tur. No, I aſſure you on my Conſtable-ſhip,
I do not know 'un. *Hil.* Nor I neither, i' faith.
It ſkills not much; my Captain, and my ſelf,
Having occaſion to come riding by, here,
This morning, at the corner of Saint *John*'s Wood,
Some mile o' this Town, were ſet upon
By a ſort of Countrey Fellows; that not only
Beat us, but robb'd us moſt ſufficiently;
And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;

And ſo they left us. Now, *Don Conſtable*,
I am to charge you in her Majeſties Name,
As you will anſwer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raiſe Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
For all ſuch perſons as you can deſpect,
By the length and breadth o' your Office: vor I tell you,
The loſs is of ſome value; therefore look to't.
Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any Office
Of a thouſand pound, if I know what to zay,
Would I were dead; or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburn*,
If I do know what courſe to take; or how
To turn my ſelf; juſt at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married: I'll but go
To *Pancridge*-Church, hard by, and return inſtantly,
And all my Neighbourhood ſhall go about it.
Hil. Tut, *Pancridge*, me no *Pancridge*; if you let it
Slip, you will anſwer it, and your Cap be of Wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the ſmart elſe, Conſtable.
Tur. Nay, good Sir, ſtay. Neighbours! what think you o' this?
D. Tur. Faith, Man——
Odd, precious Woman, hold your tongue,
And mind your Pigs o' the Spit at home; you muſt
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you, Sir, what kind
Of fellows were they?
Hil. Thieve's kind, I ha' told you.
Tur. I mean, what kind of Men?
Hil. Men of our make.
Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir; we that are Officers
Muſt 'quire the ſpecial marks, and all the tokens
Of the deſpected parties; or perhaps elſe
Be ne'er the near of our purpoſe in 'prehending 'em.
Can you tell, what 'parrel any of them wore?
Hil. Troth no: there were ſo many o' un, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one buſie Fellow was their Leader;
A blunt ſquat ſwad, but lower than your ſelf,
He' had on a Leather Doublet, with long points,
And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like Pudding bags:
With yellow ſtockings, and his Hat turn'd up
With a Silver Claſpe on his leer ſide. *D. Tur.* By theſe
Marks it ſhould be *John Clay*, now bleſs the man!
Tur. Peace, and be nought: I think the Woman be phrenſick.
Hil. John Clay? what's he, good Miſtris?
Awd. He that ſhall be
My Husband——. *Hil.* How! your Husband, pretty one?
Awd. Yes, I ſhall anon be married: That's he.
Tur. Paſſion o' me, undone!
Pup. Bleſs Maſter's Son!
Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me, Sir?
Clay. No's my Record: I never zaw you avore.
Hil. You did not? where were your Eyes then? out at waſhing?
Tur. What ſhould a man zay? who ſhould he truſt
In theſe days? Hark you, *John Clay*, if you have
Done any ſuch thing, tell troth, and ſhame the Devil.
Cle. Vaith do: my Goſſip *Turfe* zays well to you, *John*.
Med. Speak, man, but do not confeſs, nor be avraid.
Pan. A man is a man, and a beaſt's a beaſt, look to't.
D. Tur. I' the name of men or beaſts! what do you do?
Hare the poor fellow out on his five Wits,
And ſeven Senſes? Do not weep, *John Clay*.
I ſwear the poor wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was born this very morning.
Cla. No, as I am a kyrſin Soul, would I were hang'd,
If ever I—alas, I! would I were out
Of my life, ſo I would I were, and in again—
Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Awdrey* will ſay nay to that.
No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How ſhould ſhe do for a Husband? who ſhould fall
Aboard o' her then, *Ball*? He's a *Puppy*?
No; *Hannibal* has no breeding: well! I ſay little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
Awd. Come, Father; I would we were married: I am a cold.
Hil. Well, Mr. Conſtable, this your fine Groom here,
Bridegroom, or what Groom elſe, ſoe'er he be,
I charge him with the Felony; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Unto my Captain, who ſtays my return there:
I am to go to the next Juſtice of Peace,
To get a Warrant to raiſe *Hue* and *Cry*,
And bring him and his Fellows all afore 'un.
Fare you well, Sir, and look to 'un, I charge you,
As yo'll anſwer it. Take heed, the buſineſs,
If you defer, may prejudicial you
More than you think for; zay I told you ſo.
[Hilts *goes out.*
Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed? Ah zon *John*, zon *Clay*!
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a piece
Of ſuch falſe Metal.
Cla. Father, will you believe me?
Would I might never ſtir i' my new ſhooes,
If ever I would do ſo voul a Fact.
Tur. Well, Neighbours, I do charge you to aſſiſt me
With 'un to *Paddington*. Be he a true man, ſo:
The better for 'un. I will do mine Office,
An' he were my own begotten a thouſand times.
D. Tur. Why, do you hear man? Husband?. Mr. *Turfe*?
What ſhall my Daughter do? *Puppy*, ſtay here.
[*She follows her Husband and Neighbours.*
Awd. Mother, I'll go with you, and with my Father.

Act II. Scene III.

Puppy, Awdrey, Hilts.

Pup. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Mrs. *Awdrey*: here are none
But one Friend (as they zay) deſires to ſpeak
A word or two, cold with you: How do you veel
Your ſelf this troſty morning?
Awd. What ha' you
To do to ask, I pray you? I am a cold.
Pup. It ſeems you are hot, good Mrs. *Awdrey*.
Awd. You lye; I am as cold as Ice is: Feel elſe.
Pup. Nay, you ha' cool'd my Courage: I am paſt it,
I ha' done feeling with you.
Awd. Done with me?
I do defie you. So I do, to ſay
You ha' done with me: you are a ſawcy *Puppy*.
Pup. O you miſtake! I meant not as you mean.
Awd. Meant you not Knavery? *Puppy.* No, not I.
Clay meant you all the Knavery, it ſeems,
Who rather than he would be married to you,
Choſe to be wedded to the Gallows firſt.
Awd. I thought he was a diſſembler; he would prove
A ſlippery Merchant i' the Froſt. He might
Have married one firſt, and have been hang'd after,
If he had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind
I' your heart to fancy *Puppy*? me poor *Ball*?
Awd. You are diſpos'd to jeer one, Mr. *Hannibal*.
Pity o' me! the angry man with the beard! [*Enter* Hilts.
Hil. Put on thy Hat, I look for no deſpect.
Where's thy Maſter? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone
With the Picture of Deſpair, to *Paddington*.
Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'un, and tell 'un he ſhall
Find out my Captain lodg'd at the *Red Lyon*
In *Paddington*; that's the Inn. Let 'un ask
Vor Captain *Thum*'s; And take that for thy pains:
He may ſeek long enough elſe. Hie thee again.
Pup. Yes, Sir, you'll look to Mrs. Bride the while?
Hil. That I will: prethee haſte.
Awd. What, *Puppy*? *Puppy*?
Hil. Sweet Mrs. Bride, he'll come again preſently.
Here was no ſubtle device to get a Wench.
This Chanon has a brave pate of his own!

A ſhaven pate! and a right monger, y' vaith!
This was his plot! I follow Captain *Thum's*?
We robb'd in Saint *John's* Wood? I' my t'other Hoſe!
I laugh to think what a fine Fool's finger they have
O' this wiſe Conſtable, in pricking out
This Captain *Thum's* to his Neighbours: you ſhall ſee
The Tile-man too ſet fire on his own *Kill*,
And leap into it, to ſave himſelf from hanging.
You talk of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke
I' the nick. Well: I muſt yet diſpatch this Bride,
To mine own maſter, the young Squire, and then
My task is done. Gen'woman! I have in ſort
Done you ſome wrong, but now I'll do you what right
I can: It's true, you are a proper Woman;
But to be caſt away on ſuch a Clown-pipe
As *Clay*; me thinks your Friends are not ſo wiſe
As Nature might have made 'em; VVell, go too:
There's be tter Fortune coming toward you,
An' you do not deject it. Take a vool's
Counſel, and do not ſtand i' your own light.
It may prove better than you think for: Look you.
Awd. Alas, Sir, what is't you would ha' me do?
I'ld fain do all for the beſt, if I knew how.
Hil. Forſake not a good turn when 'tis offered you;
Fair Miſtris *Awdrey*, that's your Name, I take it.
Awd. No *Miſtris*, Sir, my Name is *Awdrey*.
Hil. VVell, ſo it is, there is a bold young Squire,
The Blood of *Totten*, *Tub*, and *Tripoly*——
Awd. Squire *Tub*, you mean? I know him: he knows me too.
Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you.
Awd. I, ſo he told me: in his VVits, I think.
But he's too fine for me; and has a Lady
Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himſelf!

Act II. Scene IV.

Tub, Hilts, Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a truſty Governour!
Hil. What ails you?
You do not know when yo' are well, I think:
You'ld ha' the Calf with the white Face, Sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?
Tub. Quietneſs, *Hilts*, and hear no more of it.
Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I do not care,
If ſome on us had not heard ſo much of't,
I tell you true; A man muſt carry and vetch,
Like *Bungy*'s Dog for you.
Tub. What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.
And ſcarce be ſpit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog
Deſerves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Maſter:
But, an' your turns be ſerv'd, the Devil a bit
You care for a man after, e're a Lard of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the ſcabb'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight, when both met in a Diſh
Of butter'd Viſh. One bad, there's ne'er a good;
And not a Barrel better Herring among you.
Tub. Nay, *Hilts!* I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.
Turn not the bad Cow after thy good Soap.
Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect:
And ſhould it now be troubled, or ſtopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes.
I pray thee haſte to *Pancridge*, to the Chanon:
And gi' him notice of our good ſucceſs;
Will him that all things be in readineſs.
Fair *Awdrey*, and my ſelf, will croſs the Fields,
The neareſt path. Good *Hilts*, make thou ſome haſte,
And meet us on the way. Come, gentle *Awdrey*.
Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:
An' you ſay the word, ſend me to *Jericho*.
Out-cept a man were a Poſt-horſe, I ha' not known
The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un. But a man may break
His heart out i' theſe days, and get a flap
With a Fox-tail, when he has done. And there is all.
Tub. Nay, ſay not ſo *Hilts*: hold thee; there are Crowns——
My love beſtows on thee, for thy reward,
If Gold will pleaſe thee, all my Land ſhall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.
Hil. Tut, keep your Land, and your Gold too, Sir: I
Seek neither—nother of 'un. Learn to get
More: you will know to ſpend that zum you have
Early enough: you are aſſur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the ſpoil:
For your own ſake, were there were no worſe than I.
All is not Gold that gliſters; I'll to *Pancridge*.
Tub. See how his love doth melt him into Tears!
An honeſt faithful Servant is a Jewel.
Now th' adventrous Squire hath time and leiſure
To ask his *Awdrey* how ſhe do's, and hear
A grateful anſwer from her. She not ſpeaks:
Hath the proud Tyran, Froſt, uſurp'd the Seat
Of former Beauty in my Loves fair Cheek;
Staining the Roſeate tincture of her Blood,
With the dull dye of blue congealing cold?
No, ſure the weather dares not ſo preſume
To hurt an Object of her brightneſs. Yet,
The more I view her, ſhe but looks ſo, ſo.
Ha? gi' me leave to ſearch this myſtery!
O now I have it: Bride, I know your grief;
The laſt Nights cold hath bred in you ſuch horror
Of the aſſigned Bridegroom's conſtitution,
The *Kilburn* Clay-pit; that Froſt-bitten marle;
That lump in Courage: melting Cake of Ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almoſt kill'd thee.
But I muſt do thee good, wench, and refreſh thee.
Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub* of *Totten!*
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.
Tub. Thou ſayeſt true, ſweet; I' ha' been too ſlack in deeds.
Awd. Yet I was never ſo ſtraight lac'd to you, Squire.
Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?
Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I muſt hate no body,
My Father ſays.
Tub. Yes, *Clay* and *Kilbourne*, *Awdrey*,
You muſt hate them.
Awd. It ſhall be for your ſake then.
Tub. And for my ſake ſhall yield you that Gratuity.
[*He offers to kiſs her.*
Awd. Soft and fair, Squire, there go two words to a bargain.
[*She puts him back.*
Tub. What are thoſe, *Awdrey*?
Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.
My Mother ſaid, zure, if you married me,
You'ld make me a Lady the firſt week: and put me
In, I know not what, the very day.
Tub. What was it?
Speak, gentle *Awdrey*, thou ſhalt have it yet.
Awd. A Velvet Dreſſing for my Head, it is,
They ſay will make one brave; I will not know
Beſſe Moale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will look
Another way upon 'em, and be proud.
Tub. Troth, I could wiſh my Wench a better Wit;
But what ſhe wanteth there, her Face ſupplies.
There is a pointed luſtre in her Eye
Hath ſhot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is I firſt receiv'd the wound,
That ranckles now, which only ſhe can cure.
Fain would I work my ſelf from this conceit;
But, being fleſh, I cannot. I muſt love her,
The naked truth is: and I will go on,
Were it for nothing, but to croſs my Rivals.
Come, *Awdrey*: I am now reſolv'd to ha' thee.

Act II. Scene V.

Preamble, Metaphore, Tub, Awdrey.

Pre. NAy, do it quickly, *Miles*; Why ſhak'ſt thou, Man?
Speak but his Name: I'll ſecond thee my ſelf.
Met. What is his Name?
Pre. Squire *Tripoly*, or *Tub.*
Any thing———
Met. Squire *Tub*, I do arreſt you
I' the Queens Majeſties Name, and all the Councils.
Tub. Arreſt me, Varlet?
Pre. Keep the Peace, I charge you.
Tub. Are you there, Juſtice *Bramble*? Where's your Warrant?
Pre. The Warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole Table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient, Squire, and make good the Peace.
Tub. Well, at your pleaſure, Juſtice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you, have arreſted me?
Pre. He is a Purs'yvant at Arms, Squire *Tub.*
Met. I am a Purs'yvant; ſee, by my Coat elſe.
Tub. Well, Purs'yvant, go with me: I'll give you Bail.
Pre. Sir, he may take no Bail. It is a Warrant,
In ſpecial from the Council, and commands
Your perſonal appearance. Sir, your Weapon
I muſt require: And then deliver you
A Priſoner to this Officer, Squire *Tub.*
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Than as your Friend and Neighbour. Let my Perſon
Be ſever'd from my Office in the Fact,
And I am clear. Here, Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your Hands; and uſe him like a Gentleman.
Tub. I thank you, Sir: But whither muſt I go now?
Pre. Nay, that muſt not be told you, till you come
Unto the place aſſign'd by his Inſtructions.
I'll be the Maidens Convoy to her Father,
For this time, Squire.
Tub. I thank you, Mr. *Bramble.*
I doubt, or fear, you will make her the Ballance
To weigh your Juſtice in. Pray ye do me right,
And lead not her, at leaſt, out of the way.
Juſtice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to ſlip aſide.
Pre. I'll ſee to her.
Tub. I ſee my wooing will not thrive. Arreſted!
As I had ſet my reſt up, for a Wife?
And being ſo fair for it, as I was——Well, Fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggar too,
To croſs me thus; and let my only Rival
To get her from me? That's the Spight of Spights.
But moſt I muſe at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am ſent for thither by the Council.
My Heart is not ſo light as't was i' the morning.

Act II. Scene VI.

Hilts, Tub, Metaphore.

Hil. YOu mean to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
O' me, t' hunt Counter thus, and make theſe doubles:
And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about?
Where's your Sweet-heart now, I marle?
Tub. Oh, *Hilts!*
Hil. I know you of old! ne'er halt afore a Criple.
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your Grief, Sir? Speak?
Met. Do you hear, Friend? Do you ſerve this Gentleman?
Hil. How then, Sir? what if I do? Peradventure yea:
Peradventure nay; what's that to you, Sir? Say?
Met. Nay, pray you, Sir, I meant no harm in truth:
But this good Gentleman is arreſted. *Hil.* How?
Say me that again. *Tub.* Nay, *Basket*, never ſtorm;
I am arreſted here, upon command
From the Queens Council; and I muſt obey.
Met. You ſay, Sir, very true, you muſt obey.
An honeſt Gentleman, in faith!
Hil. He muſt?
Tub. But that which moſt tormenteth me, is this,
That Juſtice *Bramble* hath got hence, my *Awdrey.*
Hil. How? how? ſtand by a little, Sirrah, you,
With the Badge o' your Breaſt. Let's know, Sir, what you are?
Met. I am, Sir, (pray you do not look ſo terribly)
A Purs'yvant.
Hil. A Purs'yvant? Your Name, Sir?
Met. My Name, Sir——
Hil. What is't? ſpeak? *Met. Miles Metaphor*;
And Juſtice *Preamble*'s Clerk.
Tub. What ſays he? *Hil.* Pray you,
Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?
Met. No, faith, Sir, would I might never ſtir from you,
I' is made a Purs'yvant againſt my Will.
Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my Will
Shall make you nothing inſtantly. *Met.* Put up
Your frightful Blade; and your dead-doing look,
And I ſhall tell you all.
Hil. Speak then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My Maſter, Juſtice *Bramble*, hearing your Maſter,
The Squire *Tub*, was coming on this way,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the High Conſtable's Daughter;
Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me Warrant
To arreſt him, ſo that he might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pancridge*, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers. This was the Device,
Which I beſeech you, do not tell my Maſter.
Tub. O wonderful! well *Basket*, let him riſe:
And for my free Eſcape, forge ſome Excuſe.
I'll poſt to *Paddington*, t' acquaint old *Turfe*,
With the whole buſineſs, and ſo ſtop the Marriage.
Hil. Well, bleſs thee: I do wiſh thee Grace to keep
Thy Maſters Secrets, better, or be hang'd.
Met. I thank you for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father hereafter.
And as your God-ſon *Metaphore*, I promiſe,
To keep my Maſters Privities, ſeal'd up
I' the Vallies o' my truſt, lock'd cloſe for ever,
Or let me be truſs'd up at *Tiburne* ſhortly.
Hil. Thine own Wiſh, ſave, or choak thee: Come away.

Act III. Scene I.

Turfe, Clench, Medlay, To-Pan, Scriben, Clay.

Tur. PAſſion of me, was ever man thus croſs'd?
All things run *Arſie-Verſie*; up-ſide down.
High Conſtable! Now by our Lady o' *Walſingham*,
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavinger*,
And with a Shovel make clean the High-ways,
Than have this Office of a Conſtable,
And a High Conſtable! The higher charge,
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good Neighbours, 'vize me what to do:
How we ſhall bear us in this *Huy* and *Cry.*
We cannot find the Captain; no ſuch man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning we ha' ſpent in privy ſearch;
And by that means the Bride-Ale is deferr'd;
The Bride, ſhe's left alone in *Puppy*'s charge;
The Bridegroom goes under a pair of Sureties;
And held of all as a reſpected perſon.

How

How ſhould we buſtle forward? Gi' ſome counſel,
How to beſtir our ſtumps i' theſe croſs ways.
Cle. Faith, Goſſip *Turfe*, you have, you ſay, Remiſſion,
To comprehend all ſuch as are deſpected:
Now would I make another privy ſearch
Through this Town, and then you have zearch'd Two Towns.
Med. Maſters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to ſtay the Hang-man's ſtomach.
There is *John Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A Tile-man by his Trade:
A man, as one would zay, moulded in Clay:
As ſpruce as any Neigbbour's Child among you:
And he (you zee) is taken on Conſpition,
And two or three (they zay) what call you 'em?
Zuch as the Juſtices of *Coram nobis*
Grant——(I forget their Names, you ha' many on 'em,
Mr. High Conſtable, they come to you.)
I ha' it at my tongues end——Conny-boroughs,
To bring him ſtraight avore the Zeſſions houſe.
Tur. O you mean Warrens, Neighbour, do you not?
Med. I, I, thick ſame! you know 'un well enough.
Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never known 'em.
We good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
But every hour new purcepts, *Hues* and *Crys*,
Put us to Requiſitions night and day:
What ſhud a man zay, ſhud we leave the zearch?
I am in danger to reburſe as much
As he was robb'd on; I, and pay his hurts,
If I ſhould vollow it, all the good cheer
That was provided for the Wedding-dinner
Is ſpoil'd and loſt. Oh, there are two vat Pigs,
A zindging by the vier: Now by Saint *Tomy*,
Too good to eat, but on a Wedding-day;
And then a Gooſe will bid you all, Come cut me.
Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay*, (for I muſt call thee ſo)
Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder,
And dry thine Eyes. If thou beeſt true and honeſt;
And if thou find'ſt thy Conſcience clear vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough.
If not, confeſs a truths name. But in faith,
I durſt be ſworn upon all holy Books
John Clay would ne'er commit a Robbery
On his own head.
Cla. No: Truth is my rightful Judge:
I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evil ſpeaking,
Lying and ſlandering; and my tongue from ſtealing,
He do not live this day, can ſay, *John Clay*,
I ha' zeen thee, but in the way of honeſty.
Pan. Faith, Neighbour *Medlay*, I durſt be his Burrough,
He would not look a true man in the vace.
Cla. I take the Town to concord, where I dwell,
All *Kilburn* be my witneſs, if I were not
Begot in baſhfulneſs, brought up in ſhamefac'dneſs:
Let 'un bring a Dog, but to my vace, that can
Zay, I ha' beat 'un, and without a vault:
Or but a Cat, will ſwear upon a Book,
I have as much as zet a vier her tail;
And I'll give him, or her a Crown for 'mends.
But to give out, and zay, I have robb'd a Captain!
Receive me at the latter day, if I
E're thought of any ſuch matter; or could mind it——
Med. No, *John*, you are come of too good Perſonage;
I think my Goſſip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*,
Both think, you would ra'tempt no ſuch voul matter.
Tur. But how unhappily it comes to paſs!
Juſt on the Wedding-day! I cry me mercy:
I had almoſt forgot the *Hue* and *Cry*:
Good Neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'egenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy Goodneſs,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
The idle Knave hath brought no news from her.
Here comes the ſneaking *Puppy*; What's the news?
My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,
Some things miſhap'd, that he is come without her.

Act III. Scene II.

Puppy, D. Turfe. [*To them.*

Pup. OH, where's my Maſter? my Maſter? my Maſter?
D. Tur. Thy Maſter? what would'ſt with thy Maſter, man?
There's thy Maſter.
Tur. What's the matter, *Puppy*?
Pup. Oh Maſter! oh Dame! oh Dame? oh Maſter!
D. Tur. What ſay'ſt thou to thy Maſter, or thy Dame?
Pup. Oh. *John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!*
Tur. What of *John Clay*?
Med. Luck grant he bring not news, he ſhall be hang'd.
Cle. The world forfend, I hope it is not ſo well.
Cla. Oh Lord! oh me! what ſhall I do? poor *John!*
Pup. Oh *John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!*
Cla. Alas,
That ever I was born! I will not ſtay by't,
For all the Tiles in *Kilburne*.
D. Tur. What of *Clay*?
Speak, *Puppy*; what of him?
Pup. He hath loſt, he hath loſt.
Tur. For luck ſake, ſpeak, *Puppy*; what hath he loſt?
Pup. Oh, *Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey!*
D. Tur. What of my Daughter *Awdrey*?
Pup. I tell you, *Awdrey*——do you underſtand me? *Awdrey*, ſweet Maſter! *Awdrey*, my dear Dame——
Tur. Where is ſhe? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pup. Oh, the Serving-man! the Serving-man! the Serving-man!
Tur. What talk'ſt thou of the Serving-man? where's *Awdrey*?
Pup. Gone with the Serving-man, gone with the Serving-man.
D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is ſhe gone with him?
Pup. I cannot tell: he bad me bring you word,
The Captain lay at the *Lion*, and before
I came again, *Awdrey* was gone with the Serving-man;
I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the Serving-man.
Tur. 'Od 'ſocks! my woman, what ſhall we do now?
D. Tur. Now, ſo you help not, man, I know not, I.
Tur. This was your pomp of maids: I told you on't.
Six maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upo' your Daughter! I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi'pence, wife.
Med. What of *John Clay*, *Ball Puppy*?
Pup. He hath loſt——
Med. His life for velony?
Pup. No, his wife by villainy.
Tur. Now, Villains both! oh that ſame *Hue* and *Cry!*
Oh Neighbours! oh that curſed Serving-man!
O maids! O wife! But *John Clay*, where's he?
[Clay's *firſt miſt.*
How! fled for vear, zay ye? will he ſlip us now?
We that are Sureties, muſt require 'un out.
How ſhall we do to find the Serving-man?
Cocks bodikins! we muſt not loſe *John Clay*:
Awdrey, my daughter *Awdrey* too! let us zend
To all the Towns, and zeek her; but alas,
The *Hue* and *Cry*, that muſt be look'd unto.

Act III. Scene III.

Tub. [*To them.*

Tub. WHat, in a paſſion, *Turfe?*
Tur. I, good Squire *Tub.*
Were never honeſt Varmers thus perplext?
Tub. Turfe, I am privy to thy deep unreſt:
The Ground of which ſprings from an idle plot,
Caſt by a Suitor, to your daughter *Awdrey*——
And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertiſe you;
Your daughter *Awdrey*, met I on the way,
With Juſtice *Bramble* in her company:
Who means to marry her at *Pancridge*-Church.
And there is Canon *Hugh*, to meet them ready:
Which to prevent, you muſt not truſt delay;
But winged ſpeed muſt croſs their ſly intent:
Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haſte to forbid the Banes.
Tur. Hath Juſtice *Bramble* got my daughter *Awdrey?*
A little while ſhall he enjoy her, zure.
But O, the *Hue* and *Cry*! that hinders me:
I muſt purſue that, or neglect my Journey:
I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient Aſs,
The over-laden Aſs, throw off my burden,
And caſt mine Office; pluck in my large Ears
Betimes, leſt ſome diſ-judge 'em to be Horns:
I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,
And eaſe my paſterns. I'll no more High Conſtables.
Tub. I cannot chuſe but ſmile, to ſee thee troubled
With ſuch a bald, half-hatched circumſtance!
The Captain was not robb'd, as is reported;
That Trick the Juſtice craftily deviz'd,
To break the marriage with the Tile-man, *Clay*.
The *Hue* and *Cry* was meerly counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be ſuch,
Becauſe the Bridegroom was deſcrib'd to be
One of the Thieves, firſt in the Velony.
Which, how far 'tis from him, your ſelves may gueſs:
'Twas Juſtice *Bramble*'s vetch, to get the wench.
Tur. And is this true, Squire *Tub?*
Tub. Believe me, *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or leſs, a Gentleman.
Tur. I take my Office back, and my Authority,
Upon your Worſhip's words. Neighbours, I am
High Conſtable again: where's my zon *Clay?*
He ſhall be zon yet, wife, your meat by leiſure:
Draw back the Spits.
D. Tur. That's done already, Man.
Tur. I'll break this Marriage off: and afterward,
She ſhall be given to her firſt betroth'd.
Look to the meat, wife: look well to the roaſt.
Tub. I'll follow him aloof, to ſee the event.
Pup. Dame, Miſtriſs, though I do not turn the Spit,
I hope yet the Pig's Head.
D. Tur. Come up, Jack-ſauce:
It ſhall be ſerv'd in to you.
Pup. No, no Service;
But a Reward for Service.
D. Tur. I ſtill took you
For an unmannerly *Puppy*: Will you come,
And vetch more Wood to the Vier, Mr. *Ball?*
Pup. I Wood to the Vier: I ſhall piſs it out firſt:
You think to make me e'en your Ox or Aſs,
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my ſelf
On you, I'll ſure revenge me on your meat.

Act III. Scene IV.

La. Tub, Pol-Martin, Wiſpe, Puppy.

Pol. MAdam, to *Kentiſh-Town*, we are got at length;
But by the way we cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by Inquiry can we hear of him.
Here is *Turfe*'s Houſe, the Father of the Maid.
Lad. Pol-Martin, ſee, the ſtreets are ſtrew'd with herbs,
And here hath been a Wedding, *Wiſpe*, it ſeems!
Pray Heaven this Bridal be not for my Son!
Good *Martin*, knock: knock quickly: Ask for *Turfe*.
My thoughts miſgive me, I am in ſuch a doubt——
Pol. Who keeps the Houſe here?
Pup. Why, the Door and Walls
Do keep the Houſe.
Pol. I ask then, who's within?
Pup. Not you that are without.
Pol. Look forth, and ſpeak
Into the ſtreet here. Come before my Lady.
Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:
If I do come before her, ſhe will ſee
The handſom'ſt Man in all the Town, pardee!
Now ſtand I vore her, what zaith velvet ſhe?
Lad. Sirrah, whoſe Man are you?
Pup. Madam, my Maſters.
Lad. And who's thy Maſter?
Pup. What you tread on, Madam.
Lad. I tread on an old Turfe.
Pup. That *Turfe*'s my Maſter.
Lad. A merry fellow! what's thy Name?
Pup. Ball Puppy
They call me at home: abroad, *Hannibal Puppy*.
Lad. Come hither, I muſt kiſs thee, Valentine *Puppy*.
Wiſpe! ha' you got you a Valentine?
Wiſ. None, Madam:
He's the firſt ſtranger that I ſaw. *Lad.* To me
He is ſo, and ſuch. Let's ſhare him equally.
Pup. Help, help, good Dame. A Reſcue, and in time.
Inſtead of Bills, with Colſtaves come; inſtead of Spears, with Spits;
Your ſlices ſerve for ſlicing Swords, to ſave me, and my Wits:
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huiſher eke by ſide,
(But he ſtands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to divide.

Act III. Scene V.

D. Turfe, Maids. [*To them.*

D. Turf. HOw now? what noiſe is this with you, *Ball Puppy?*
Pup. Oh Dame! and fellows o' the Kitchin! arm,
Arm, for my ſafety; if you love your *Ball*:
Here is a ſtrange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
And a device of hers, yclept her Woman;
Have plotted on me, in the King's High-way,
To ſteal me from my ſelf, and cut me in halfs,
To make one *Valentine* to ſerve 'em both;
This for my right-ſide, that my left-hand loves.
D. Tur. So ſaucy, *Puppy?* to uſe no more reverence
Unto my Lady, and her Velvet Gown?
Lad. Turfe's Wife, rebuke him not: Your Man doth pleaſe me
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old Nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, half-*Valentine*.
Pup. I thank you, right-ſide: could my left as much,
'Twould make me a Man of Mark: young *Hannibal!*
Lad. Dido, ſhall make that good; or I will for her.
Here *Dido Wiſpe*, there's for your *Hannibal*:
He is your Countrey-man, as well as *Valentine*.
VViſ. Here, Mr. *Hannibal*: my Ladies Bounty
For her poor Woman, *VViſpe*.
Pup. Brave *Carthage* Queen!
And ſuch was *Dido*: I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Juno* is to thee.
D. Tur. Your Ladyſhip is very welcome here.
Pleaſe you, good Madam, to go near the Houſe.
Lad. Turfe's Wife, I come thus far to ſeek thy Husband,
Having ſome buſineſs to impart unto him.

Is

Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't ſhall pleaſe you:
He is poſted hence to *Pancridge*, with a witneſs.
Young Juſtice *Bramble* has kept level coyl
Here in our Quarters, ſtole away our Daughter,
And Mr. *Turfe*'s run after, as he can.
To ſtop the Marriage, if it will be ſtopp'd.
Pol. Madam, theſe tidings are not much amiſs!
For if the Juſtice have the Maid in keep,
You need not fear the marriage of your Son.
Lad. That ſomewhat eaſeth my ſuſpicious breaſt.
Tell me, *Turfe*'s Wife, when was my Son with *Awdrey*?
How long is't, ſince you ſaw him at your Houſe?
Pup. Dame, let me take this Rump out of your Mouth.
D. Tur. What mean you by that, Sir?
Pup. Rump and Tale's all one.
But I would uſe a Reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay ſurreverence, the Tale
Out o' your Mouth, but rather take the Rump.
D. Tur. A well-bred Youth! and vull of Favour you are.
Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my words? This *Puppy* is a Vool!
Great *Hannibal*'s an Aſs; he had no breeding:
No Lady gay, you ſhall not zay,
That your *Val. Puppy*, was ſo unlucky,
In ſpeech to fail, as t' name a Tail,
Be as be may be, 'vore a fair Lady.
Lad. Leave jeſting; tell us, when you ſaw our Son.
Pup. Marry, it is two hours ago.
Lad. Sin' you ſaw him?
Pup. You might have ſeen him too, if you had look'd up.
For it ſhin'd as brighr as day.
Lad. Mean my Son.
Pup. Your Sun, and our Sun, are they not all one?
Lad. Fool, thou miſtak'ſt; I ask'd thee, for my Son!
Pup. I had thought there had been no more Suns than one.
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.
Pol. Did'ſt thou ne'er hear my Lady had a Son?
Pup. She may have twenty; but for a Son, unleſs
She mean preciſely, Squire *Tub*, her Zon,
He was here now, and brought my Maſter word,
That Juſtice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.
Lad. Martin, I wonder at this ſtrange diſcourſe:
The Fool it ſeems tells true; my Son, the Squire,
Was doubtleſs here this morning. For the match,
I'll ſmother what I think, and ſtaying here,
Attend the Sequel of this ſtrange beginning.
Turfe's Wife, my people, and I will trouble thee,
Until we hear ſome tidings of thy Husband.
The rather, for my party *Valentine*.

Act III. Scene VI.

Turfe, Awdrey, Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben.

Tur. WEll, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Juſtice, as becomes a Conſtable;
And a High Conſtable: next our Saint *George*,
Who reſcued the King's Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince *Arthur*.
Cle. Or our *Shore-ditch* Duke.
Med. Or *Pancridge* Earl.
Pan. Or *Bevis*, or Sir *Guy*,
Who were High Conſtables both.
Cle. One of *Southampton*——
Med. The t'other of *Warwick*-Caſtle.
Tur. You ſhall work it
Into a Story for me, neighbour *Medlay*,
Over my Chimney.
Scri. I can give you, Sir,
A *Roman* Story of a Petty-Conſtable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd *Virginia*,
Like Mrs. *Awdrey*, and as young as ſhe;
And how her Father bare him in the buſineſs,
'Gainſt Juſtice *Appius*, a *Decemvir* in *Rome*,
And Juſtice of Aſſize.
Tur. That, that good *D'ogenes!*
A Learned Man is a Chronicle!
Scri. I can tell you
A thouſand, of great *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Traſan*,
All the High Conſtables there.
Tur. That was their place:
They were no more.
Scr. Dictator, and High Conſtable,
Were both the ſame.
Med. High Conſtable was more, though!
He laid *Dick Tator* by the heels.
Pan. Dick Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the City: I ha' read o' 'un i
He was a fellow would be drunk, debauch'd——
And he did zet 'un i' the Stocks indeed:
His name *Vadian*, and a cunning Toter.
Awd. Was ever ſilly Maid thus poſted off?
That ſhould have had three Husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad Fortune) am poſſeſt of none?
I went to Church to have been wed to *Clay*;
Then Squire *Tub* he ſeiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me; but he miſt his aim:
And Juſtice *Bramble* (neareſt of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In ruſh'd my Father, and broke off that dance.
Tur. I, Girl, there's ne'er a Juſtice on 'em all,
Shall teach the Conſtable to guard his own:
Let's back to *Kentiſh-town*, and there make merry;
Theſe news will be glad tidings to my Wife:
Thou ſhalt have *Clay*, my wench. That word ſhall ſtand.
He's found by this time, ſure, or elſe he's drown'd:
The Wedding-dinner will be ſpoil'd: make haſte.
Awd. Husbands, they ſay, grow thick; but thin are ſown.
I care not who it be, ſo I have one.
Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you ſhall ha' none, for that.
Awd. Now out on me! what ſhall I do then?
Med. Sleep, Miſtris *Awdrey*, dream on proper Men.

Act III. Scene VII.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphore.

Hugh. O *Bone Deus*! have you ſeen the like?
Here was *Hodge*, hold thine Ear fair, whilſt I ſtrike.
Body o' me, how came this gear about?
Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it falls out croſs.
Nor can I make conjecture by the Circumſtance
Of theſe Events; it was impoſſible,
Being ſo cloſe, and politickly carried,
To come ſo quickly to the Ears of *Turfe*.
O Prieſt, had but thy ſlow delivery
Been nimble, and thy lazy *Latine* Tongue,
But run the Forms o'er, with that ſwift diſpatch,
As had been requiſite, all had been well!
Hug. What ſhould have been, that never lov'd the Frier;
But thus you ſee th' old *Adage* verified,
Multa cadunt inter——you can gueſs the reſt.
Many things fall between the Cup and Lip:
And though they touch, you are not ſure to drink.
You lack'd good fortune, we had done our parts:
Give a Man fortune, throw him i'the Sea.
The properer Man, the worſe luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax—In time the ſtately Ox, *&c.*
Good Counſels lightly never come too late.
Pre. You, Sir, will run your Counſels out of breath.
Hug. Spur a free Horſe, he'll run himſelf to death.

Sancti Evangeliſtæ! Here comes *Miles!*
Pre. What news, man, with our new-made Purs'yvant?
Met. A Purſuyvant? would I were, or more purſie,
And had more ſtore of money; or leſs purſie,
And had more ſtore of breath: you call me Purs'yvant!
But I could never vaunt of any Purſe
I had, ſin' yo' were my God-fathers and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name.
Pre. What now's the matter?
Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' been ſimply beaten.
Hug. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Priſoner?
Met. The lines of Blood, run ſtreaming from my Head,
Can ſpeak what Rule the Squire hath kept with me.
Pre. I pray thee, *Miles*, relate the manner, how?
Met. Be't known unto you, by theſe Preſents, then,
That I, *Miles Metaphor*, your Worſhip's Clerk,
Have e'en been beaten, to an Allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they been but
Some five or ſix, I had whip'd 'em all, like Tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'em into *Hoblers-hole*;
Or the next Ditch: I had crack'd all their Coſtards,
As nimbly as a Squirrel will crack Nuts:
And flouriſhed like to *Hercules*, the Porter,
Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crows about Carrion,
Flies about Sweet-meats; nay, like Water-men
About a Fare: then was poor *Metaphor*,
Glad to give up the Honour of the Day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To ſave his life, only to tell this news.
Hug. How indirectly all things have fall'n out!
I cannot chuſe but wonder what they were,
Reſcued your Rival from the keep of *Miles*:
But moſt of all I cannot well digeſt,
The manner how our purpoſe came to *Turfe*.
Pre. Miles, I will ſee that all thy Hurts be dreſt.
As for the Squires Eſcape, it matters not:
We have by this means diſappointed him;
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muſter up thy Wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Conſiſtory.
Search all the ſecret corners of thy Cap,
To find another quaint deviſed drift,
To diſappoint her Marriage with this *Clay*:
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.
Hug. Well ſaid, *Magiſter* Juſtice. If I fit you not
With ſuch a new, and well-laid Stratagem,
As never yet your Ears did hear a finer.
Call me, with *Lily, Bos, Fur, Sus atq; Sacerdos.*
Pre. I hear, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
I'll truſt thy Regulars, and ſay no more.
Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper Prieſt
Be but as cunning, point in his device,
As I was in my lye: My Maſter *Preamble*
Will ſtalk, as led by the Noſe with theſe new Promiſes,
And fatted with Suppoſes of fine Hopes.

Act III. Scene VIII.

Turfe, D. Turfe, Lady Tub, Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Puppy.

Tur. WEll, Madam, I may thank the Squire your Son:
For, but for him, I had been over-reacht.
D. Tur. Now Heavens Bleſſing light upon his Heart:
We are beholden to him, indeed, Madam.
Lad. But can you not reſolve me where he is?
Nor about what his Purpoſes were bent?
Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I leſs inquiſitive.
Lad. Fair Maid, in faith, ſpeak truth, and not diſſemble:
Do's he not often come, and viſit you?
Awd. His Worſhip, now and then, pleaſe you, takes pains
To ſee my Father and Mother: But, for me,
I know my ſelf too mean for his high thoughts
To ſtoop at, more than asking a light queſtion,
To make him merry, or to paſs his time.
Lad. A ſober Maid! call for my Woman, *Martin.*
Pol. The Maids, and her half-*Valentine*, have ply'd her
With courtſie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As ſhe is laid a while. *Lad.* O, let her reſt!
We will croſs o'er to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And ſo make home. Farewel, good *Turf*, and thy Wife.
I wiſh your Daughter Joy.
Tur. Thanks to your Ladiſhip:
Where is *John Clay* now? have you ſeen him yet?
D. Tur. No, he has hid himſelf out of the way,
For fear o' the *Hue* and *Cry*.
Tur. What, walks that Shadow
Avore 'un ſtill? *Puppy*, go ſeek 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, Son *Valentine*:
Where are the Wiſe Men all of *Finsbury*?
Pup. Where WiſeMen ſhould be; at the Ale, and Bride-Cake.
I would this Couple had their Deſtiny,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
[*Enter the Neighbours to* Turfe.
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egg ſhell,
To ſtay his Stomach. Vaith, vor mine own part,
I have zup'd up ſo much Broth, as would have cover'd
A Leg o' Beef, o'er Head and Ears, i' the Porridge-Pot:
And yet I cannot ſuffiſie wild Nature.
Would they were once diſpatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with Child of a huge Stomach, and long,
Till by ſome honeſt Midwife-piece of Beef,
I be deliver'd of it: I muſt go now,
And hunt out for this *Kilbourn* Calf, *John Clay*:
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

Act III. Scene IX.

Chanon *Hugh*, like Captain *Thumbs*. [*To them.*

Hug. THus as a Beggar in a King's diſguiſe,
Or an old Croſs, well ſided with a May-pole,
Comes Chanon *Hugh*, accoutred, as you ſee,
Diſguis'd, *Soldado* like: Mark his Device:
The Chanon, is that Captain *Thum's*, was robb'd:
Theſe bloody Scars upon my Face, are Wounds:
This Scarff upon mine Arm, ſhews my late Hurts:
And thus am I to gull the Conſtable.
Now have among you, for a Man at Arms:
Friends, by your leave; which of you is one *Turfe*?
Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would ſpeak with me.
Hug. With thee, *Turfe*, if thou beeſt High Conſtable.
Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Conſtable.
Hug. Then, *Turfe*, or *Scurfe*, High, or Low Conſtable:
Know, I was once a Captain at Saint *Quintins*,
And paſſing croſs the ways over the Countrey,
This Morning, betwixt this and *Hamſted-heath*,
Was by a Crew of Clowns robb'd, bobb'd, and hurt.
No ſooner had I got my Wounds bound up,
But with much pain, I went to the next Juſtice,
One Mr. *Bramble*, here, at *Maribone*:
And here a Warrant is, which he hath directed
For you, one *Turfe*; if your Name be *Toby Turfe*;
Who have let fall (they ſay) the *Hue* and *Cry*:
And you ſhall anſwer it afore the Juſtice.
Tur. Heaven and Hell, Dogs, Devils, what is this?
Neighbours, was ever Conſtable thus croſs'd?
What ſhall we do?
Med. Faith, all go hang our ſelves:
I know no other way to ſcape the Law.
Pup. News, news, O news——
Tur. What, haſt thou found out *Clay*?
Pup. No, Sir, the news is, that I cannot find him.

Hug.

Hug. Why do you dally, you damn'd Ruſſet Coat?
You Peaſant, nay, you Clown, you Conſtable;
See that you bring forth the ſuſpected Party,
Or by mine Honour (which I won in Field)
I'll make you pay for it, afore the Juſtice.
Tur. Fie, fie: O Wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.
He that was moſt ſuſpected is not found:
And which now makes me think, he did the Deed,
He thus abſents him, and dares not be ſeen.
Captain, my Innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I muſt go, needs, whom the Devil drives:
Pray for me, Wife, and Daughter; pray for me.
Hug. I'll lead the way: Thus is the Match put off:
And if my Plot ſucceed, as I have laid it,
My Captain-ſhip ſhall coſt him many a Crown.
[*They go out.*

D. Tur. So, we have brought our Eggs to a fair Market.
Out on that Villain, *Clay*: Would he do a Robbery?
I'll ne'er truſt ſmooth-fac'd Tile-man for his ſake.
Awd. Mother, the ſtill Sow eats up all the Draffe.
[*They go out.*

Pup. Thus is my Maſter, *Toby Turfe*, the Pattern
Of all the painful a'ventures now in Print.
I never could hope better of this match:
This Bride-Ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within man's memory, I take it,)
At the Report of it, an Ox did ſpeak;
Who dy'd ſoon after: A Cow loſt her Calf:
The Bell-wether was flea'd for't: A fat Hog
Was ſing'd, and waſh'd, and ſhaven all over; to
Look ugly 'gainſt this day: The Ducks they quak'd;
The Hens too cackled: at the noiſe whereof,
A Drake was ſeen to dance a headleſs round:
The Gooſe was cut i' the head, to hear it too:
Brave *Chant-it-clear*, his noble Heart was done;
His Comb was cut: And two or three o' his Wives,
Or faireſt Concubines, had their Necks broke,
Ere they would zee this day; To mark the verven
Heart of a Beaſt, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very morning, as he was a roaſting,
Cry'd out his Eyes, and made a ſhow, as he would
Ha' bit in two the Spit; as he would ſay,
There ſhall no Roaſt-meat be this diſmal day.
And zure, I think, if I had not got his Tongue
Between my Teeth, and eat it, he had ſpoke it.
Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave
Crying, until our Maids may drive a Buck
With my ſalt Tears at the next waſhing-day.

Act IV. Scene I.

Preamble, Hugh, Turfe, Metaphore.

Pre. KEep out thoſe fellows; I'll ha none come in,
But the High Conſtable, the Man of Peace,
And the Queens Captain, the brave Man of War.
Now, Neighbour *Turfe*, the Cauſe why you are call'd
Before me, by my Warrant, but unſpecified,
Is this; and pray you mark it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and, as it ſeems,
Both of good Birth, fair Speech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning robb'd here in the Wood:
You, for your part, a man of good Report,
Of Credit, Landed, and of fair Demeans,
And by Authority, High Conſtable;
Are, notwithſtanding, touch'd in this Complaint,
Of being careleſs in the *Hue* and *Cry*.
I cannot chuſe but grieve a Soldiers loſs;
And I am ſorry too for your neglect,
Being my Neighbour: This is all I object.
Hug. This is not all; I can alledge far more,
And almoſt urge him for an Acceſſary.
Good Mr. Juſtice, gi' me leave to ſpeak,
For I am Plaintiff. Let not Neighbourhood
Make him ſecure, or ſtand on privilege.
Pre. Sir, I dare uſe no partiality:
Object then what you pleaſe, ſo it be truth.
Hug. This more: and which is more than he can anſwer,
Beſide his letting fall the *Hue* and *Cry*,
He doth protect the Man charg'd with the Felony,
And keeps him hid, I hear, within his Houſe,
Becauſe he is affied unto his Daughter.
Tur. I do defie 'un, ſo ſhall ſhe do too.
I pray your Worſhip's Favour, le' me have hearing.
I do confeſs, 'twas told me ſuch a Velony,
And't not diſgriev'd me a little, when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Awdrey*:
And who ſhould marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chief Thief o' 'un all.
Now I (the Halter ſtick me, if I tell
Your Worſhips any Leazins) did fore-think 'un
The trueſt Man, till he waz run away.
I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a Zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven: Nay, i' the Town-pound.
I was za ſure o' 'un, I'ld ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did ſtart. But now I zee 'un guilty,
As var as I can look at 'un. Would you ha' more?
Hug. Yes, I will have, Sir, what the Law will give me.
You gave your word to ſee him ſafe, forth-coming;
I challenge that? But that is forfeited;
Beſide, your careleſneſs in the purſuit,
Argues your ſlackneſs, and neglect of duty,
Which ought be puniſh'd with ſeverity.
Pre. He ſpeaks but reaſon, *Turfe*. Bring forth the Man,
And you are quit: But otherwiſe, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his loſs,
And think your ſelf be-friended, if he take it,
Without a farther Suit, or going to Law.
Come to a Compoſition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is coſtly, and will draw on charge.
Tur. Yes, I do know, I vurſt mun vee a Returney,
And then make Legs to my great Man o' Law,
To be o' my counſel, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but deviſe
All diſtrict means, to ranſackle me o' my money.
A Peſt'lence prick the throats o' 'un. I do know 'un
As well az I waz i' their Bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me do? what would you ask of me?
Hug. I ask the reſtitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the ſum:
Fourſcore and five pound, I ask, beſides
Amendment for my hurts; my pain and ſuffering
Are loſs enough for me, Sir, to ſit down with;
I'll put it to your Worſhip; what you award me,
I'll take; and gi' him a general Releaſe.
Pre. And what ſay you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
E'en to your Worſhip's bitterment, hab, nab.
I ſhall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'em e'en
run: And——
Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cauſe he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.
Hug. Saint *Valentine*'s day, I will, this very day,
Before Sun ſet: my Bond is forfeit elſe.
Tur. Where will you ha' it paid?
Hug. Faith, I am a ſtranger
Here i' the Countrey: Know you Chanon *Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancras*? *Tur.* Yes, we who not him?
Hug. I'll make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a Diſcharge. *Tur.* Whom ſhall I ſend for't?
Pre. Why, if you pleaſe, ſend *Metaphor*, my Clerk.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingneſs;
It's argument of thy integrity.
Tur. But my Integrity ſhall be my zelf ſtill:
Good Mr. *Metaphor*, give my Wife this Key;
And do but whiſper it into her Hand:
(She knows it well enow) bid her, by that,

Deliver you the two zeal'd Bags o' Silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the Cup-board, ſtands
At my bed-ſide, they're vifty pound a piece;
And bring 'em to your Maſter.
Met. If I prove not
As juſt a Carrier as my Friend, *Tom Long*, was,
Then call me his Curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the fouleſt name
You can deviſe, to cramb with, for Ale.
Hug. Come hither, *Miles*, bring by that token too,
Fair *Awdrey*; ſay, her Father ſent for her:
Say, *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancras*-Church,
Where I attend to marry them in haſte.
For, (by this means) *Miles*, I may ſay't to thee,
Thy Maſter muſt to *Awdrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: go get thee gone;
Be wary of thy charge, and keep it cloſe.
Met. O ſuper-dainty Chanon! Vicar in cóney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the Wench, and Money.
Hug. Now, Sir, I ſee you meant but honeſtly;
And, but that buſineſs calls me hence away,
I would not leave you till the Sun were lower.
But, Mr. Juſtice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the ſame token, is your Miſtris ſent for
By *Metaphore*, your Clerk, as from her Father.
Who when ſhe comes, I'll marry her to you,
Unwitting to this *Turfe*, who ſhall attend
Me at the Parſonage. This was my plot:
Which I muſt now make good; turn Chanon again,
In my Square Cap. I humbly take my leave.
Pre. Adieu, good Captain. Truſt me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He ſeems to be a ſober Gentleman:
But this diſtreſs hath ſomewhat ſtirr'd his patience.
And Men, you know, in ſuch Extremities,
Apt not themſelves to points of Courteſie;
I'm glad you ha' made this end.
Tur. You ſtood my Friend:
I thank your Juſtice-worſhip; pray you be
Prezent anon, at tendring o' the Money,
And zee me have a diſcharge: Vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law Quiblins.
Pre. I'll ſecure you, neighbour.

The Scene interloping.

Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
And a main Myſtery, an' a Man knew where
To vind it. My God-ſires Name, I'll tell you,
Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
And it did fit his Craft: for ſo his Shittle
Went in, and in ſtill; this way, and then that way.
And he nam'd me, *In-and-In Medlay*: which ſerves
A Joyners Craft, bycauſe that we do lay
Things in and in, in our work. But, I am truly
Architectonicus Profeſſor, rather:
That is, (as one would zay) an Architect.
Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Viſicary:
Horſe-Smith of *Hamſted*, and the whole Town Leach——
Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy Cures, Goſſip *Clench*.
Cle. An' I can zee the Stale once, through a Urine-hole,
I'll give a ſhrewd gueſs, be it Man or Beaſt.
I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the Staggers
Worſe than five Horſes, without rowelling.
My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Jew*,
(You can tell, *D'oge!*) They call'd 'un Doctor *Raſi*.
Scr. One *Raſis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.
Cle. He was King *Harry*'s Doctor, and my God-phere.
Pan. Mine was a merry *Greek*, *To-Pan*, of *Twyford*:
A jovial Tinker, and a ſtopper of Holes;
Who left me Metal-man of *Belſize*, his Heir.
Med. But what was yours, *D'oge?*
Scr. Vaith, I cannot tell,
If mine were kyrſin'd, or no. But zure he had
A kyrſin Name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.
A mighty learned Man, but peſt'lence poor.
Vor h' had no Houſe, ſave an old *Tub*, to dwell in,
(I vind that in Records) and ſtill he turn'd it
I' the Wind's Teeth, as't blew on his back ſide,
And there they would lie rowting one at other,
A Week ſometimes.
Med. Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*;
And the virſt *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.
Scr. That was avore Sir *Peter Tub*, or his Lady.
Pan. I, or the Squire their Son, *Tripoli Tub*.
Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman!
Med. He is more:
A Gentleman and a half; almoſt a Knight;
Within zix Inches: That's his true meaſure.
Cle. Zure you can gage 'un.
Med. To a ſtreak, or leſs:
I know his D'ameters, and Circumference:
A Knight is ſix Diameters; and a Squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compaſs,
And skale of Man. I have upo' my Rule here,
The juſt perportions of a Knight, a Squire;
With a tame Juſtice, or an Officer rampant,
Upo' the Bench, from the High Conſtable
Down to the Headborough, or Tithing-man;
Or meaneſt Miniſter o' the Peace, God ſave 'un.
Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a Conſtable, and whaffore.
Med. No, that's a Book-caſe: *Scriben* can do that.
That's writing and reading, and Records.
Scr. Two words,
Cyning and *Staple*, make a Conſtable:
As we'd ſay, a hold, or ſtay for the King.
Cle. All Conſtables are truly *John*'s for the King,
What ere their Names are, be they *Tony*, or *Roger*.
Med. And all are ſworn, as vingars o' one hand,
To hold together 'gainſt the breach o' the Peace;
The High Conſtable is the Thumb, as one would zay,
The hold-faſt o' the reſt.
Pan. Pray luck he ſpeed
Well i' the buſineſs, between Captain *Thums*,
And him. *Med.* I'll warrant 'un for a Groat;
I have his meaſures here in Rithmetique,
How he ſhould bear 'un ſelf in all the Lines
Of's Place and Office: Let's zeek 'un out.

Act IV. Scene II.

Tub, Hilts, Metaphor.

Tub. *Hilts*, how do'ſt thou like o' this our good days work?
Hil. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.
Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge*, or to *Kentiſh-town*, *Hilts*?
Hil. Let *Kentiſh-town*, or *Pancridge*, come to us,
If either will: I will go home again.
Tub. Faith, *Basket*, our ſucceſs hath been but bad,
And nothing proſpers that we undertake;
For we can neither meet with *Clay* nor *Awdrey*,
The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turfe* the Conſtable:
We are like Men that wander in ſtrange Woods,
And loſe our ſelves in ſearch of them we ſeek.
Hil. This was becauſe we roſe on the wrong ſide:
But as I am now here, juſt in the mid-way,
I'll zet my Sword on the Pommel, and that line
The point valls to, we'll take: whether it be
To *Kentiſh-town*, the Church, or Home again.
Tub. Stay, ſtay thy Hand: here's Juſtice *Bramble*'s Clerk, *Enter* Metaphor.
The unlucky Hare hath croſt us all this day.
I'll ſtand aſide whilſt thou pump'ſt out of him
His Buſineſs, *Hilts*; and how he's now employed.

Hil.

Hil. Let me alone, I'll uſe him in his kind.
Met. Oh, for a Pad-horſe, Pack-horſe, or a Poſt-horſe,
To bear me on his Neck, his Back, or his Crup!
I am as weary with running, as a Mill-horſe
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath been out of his Body.
I could get up upon a Pannier, a Pannel,
Or, to ſay truth, a very Pack-Saddle,
Till all my Honey were turn'd into Gall,
And I could ſit in the Seat no longer:
Oh the Legs of a Lackey now, or a Foot-man,
Who is the Surbater of a Clerk currant,
And the Confounder of his treſsleſs Dormant!
But who have we here, juſt in the nick?
Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lye, Sir *Metaphor*.
Met. Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye ſo, Sir.
[*He ſtrikes up his Heels.*
Met. I lye not yet i' my throat.
Hil. Thou ly'ſt o' the ground.
Do'ſt thou know me?
Met. Yes, I did know you too late.
Hil. What is my Name then?
Met. Basket. Hil. Basket? what?
Met. Basket, the Great——
Hil. The Great? what? *Met.* Lubber——
I ſhould ſay, Lover, of the Squire, his Maſter.
Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Scoundrel, and thou skum of Man;
Uncivil, orenge-tawny-coated Clerk:
Thou cam'ſt but half a thing into the world,
And waſt made up of patches, parings, ſhreds:
Thou, that when laſt thou wert put out of Service,
Travelled'ſt to *Hamſted-Heath*, on an *Aſh we'neſday*,
Where thou didſt ſtand ſix weeks the *Jack* of *Lent*,
For Boys to hurle, three throws a penny, at thee,
To make thee a Purſe: Seeſt thou this, bold bright blade?
This Sword ſhall ſhred thee as ſmall unto the Grave,
As minc'd meat for a Pie. I'll ſet thee in Earth
All, ſave thy Head, and thy Right Arm at liberty,
To keep thy Hat off, while I queſtion thee,
What? why? and whither thou were going now,
With a Face, ready to break out with buſineſs?
And tell me truly, leſt I daſh't in pieces.
Met. Then, *Basket*, put thy Smiter up, and hear;
I dare not tell the Truth to a drawn Sword.
Hil. 'Tis ſheath'd, ſtand up, ſpeak without fear or wit.
Met. I know not what they mean; but Conſtable *Turfe*
Sends here his Key, for Moneys in his Cubbard,
Which he muſt pay the Captain that was robb'd
This Morning. Smell you nothing?
Hil. No, not I:
Thy Breeches yet are honeſt.
Met. As my Mouth.
Do you not ſmell a Rat? I tell you truth,
I think all's Knavery: For the Chanon whiſper'd
Me in the Ear, when *Turfe* had gi'n me his Key,
By the ſame token to bring Mrs. *Awdrey*,
As ſent for thither; and to ſay, *John Clay*
Is found, which is indeed to get the Wench
Forth for my Maſter, who is to be married
When ſhe comes there: The Chanon has his Rules
Ready, and all there, to diſpatch the matter.
Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy diſcourſe to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Miſtris *Awdrey*?
Met. Your Worſhip ſhall diſpoſe of *Metaphor*,
Through all his parts, e'en from the ſole o' the Head,
To the Crown o' the Foot, to manage of your ſervice.
Tub. Then do thy Meſſage to the Miſtris *Turfe*,
Tell her thy token, bring the Money hither,
And likewiſe take young *Awdrey* to thy charge:
Which done, here, *Metaphor*, we will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy Reward,
You two ſhall ſhare the Money, I the Maid:
If any take offence, I'll make all good.
Met. But ſhall I have half the Money, Sir, in faith?
Tub. I, on my Squire-ſhip, ſhalt thou: and my Land.
Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanlieſt ſcuſe
To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as't were for my ſelf,
Down o' your knees, and pray that honeſt *Miles*
May break his Neck ere he get o'er two Stiles.

Act IV. Scene III.

Tub, Hilts.

Tub. MAke haſte then: we will wait here thy return.
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppreſt with a dark melancholy.
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To meet theſe Summons of a better ſound,
Which are the Eſſence of my Soul's Content.
Hil. This heartleſs fellow; ſhame to Serving-men;
Stain of all Liveries; what Fear makes him do!
How ſordid, wretched, and unworthy things;
Betray his Maſters Secrets, ope' the Cloſet
Of his Devices, force the fooliſh Juſtice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his own:
Like him that digs a Trap, to catch another,
And falls into 't himſelf!
Tub. So wou'd I have it;
And hope 'twill prove a Jeſt to twit the Juſtice with.
Hil. But that this poor white-liver'd Rogue ſhould do't?
And meerly out of fear?
Tub. And hope of Money, *Hilts*.
A valiant Man will nibble at that Bait.
Hil. Who, but a Fool, will refuſe Money proffer'd?
Tub. And ſent by ſo good chance. Pray Heaven he ſpeed.
Hil. If he come empty-handed, let him count
To go back empty-headed; I'll not leave him
So much of Brain in's Pate, with Pepper and Vinegar,
To be ſerv'd in for Sawce to a Calves Head.
Tub. Thou ſerv'ſt him rightly, *Hilts*.
Hil. I'll ſeal as much
With my Hand, as I dare ſay now with my Tongue;
But if you get the Laſs from *Dargiſon*,
What will you do with her?
Tub. We'll think o' that
When once we have her in poſſeſſion, Governour.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Puppy, Metaphor, Awdrey.

Pup. YOu ſee we truſt you, Mr. *Metaphor*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*: 'pray you, uſe her well,
As a Gentlewoman ſhould be us'd. For my part,
I do incline a little to the Serving-man;
We have been of a Coat——I had one like yours:
Till it did play me ſuch a ſleeveleſs Errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine Arms in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you, go before her,
Serving-man-like, and ſee that your Noſe drop not.
As for example, you ſhall ſee me: Mark,
How I go a-fore her: So do you. Sweet *Miles*,
She, for her own part, is a Woman cares not
What Man can do unto her, in the way
Of Honeſty, and good Manners. So farewel,
Fair Mrs. *Awdrey*: Farewel, Mr. *Miles*.
I ha' brought you thus far, onward o' your way:
I muſt go back now to make clean the Rooms,
Where my good Lady has been. Pray you commend me

To

To Bridegroom *Clay*; and bid him bear up ſtiff.
Met. Thank you, good *Hannibal Puppy*; I ſhall fit
The Leg of your Commands, with the ſtraight Buskins
Of diſpatch preſently.
Pup. Farewel, fine *Metaphore*.
Met. Come, gentle Miſtris, will you pleaſe to walk?
Awd. I love not to be led: I'd go alone.
Met. Let not the Mouſe of my good meaning, Lady,
Be ſnap'd up in the Trap of your Suſpicion,
To loſe the Tail there, either of her Truth,
Or ſwallow'd by the Cat of Miſconſtruction.
Awd. You are too finical for me; ſpeak plain, Sir.

Act IV. Scene V.

Tub, Awdrey, Hilts, Metaphore, Lady, Pol-martin. [To them.

Tub. WElcome again, my *Awdrey*: welcome, Love:
You ſhall with me; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the ſecond hazard, Miſtris.
Awd. Forbear, Squire *Tub*, as mine own Mother ſays,
I am not for your mowing. You'll be flown
Ere I be fledg'd. *Hil.* Haſt thou the Money, *Miles*?
Met. Here are two Bags, there's Fifty Pound in each.
Tub. Nay, *Awdrey*, I poſſeſs you for this time:
Sirs, take that Coyn between you, and divide it.
My pretty Sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge Love, and Marriage at your hands.
Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not aſham'd?
What will my Lady ſay? In faith, I think
She was at our Houſe: and I think ſhe ask'd for you:
And I think ſhe hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thank her Ladyſhip: and I think ſhe means
Not to go hence, till ſhe has found you. How ſay you?
Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your Houſe?
Let's have a word aſide.
Awd. Yes, Twenty words.
Lad. 'Tis ſtrange, a Motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turn to *Kentiſh-town*, again my Journey:
And ſee my Son, *Pol-martin*, with his *Awdrey*:
Ere while we left her at her Father's Houſe:
And hath he thence remov'd her in ſuch haſte!
What ſhall I do? Shall I ſpeak fair, or chide?
Pol. Madam, your worthy Son, with dutious care,
Can govern his Affections: Rather than
Break off their Conference, ſome other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.
Tub. And this all, fair *Awdrey*: I am thine.
Lad. Mine you were once, though ſcarcely now your own.
Hil. 'Slid, my Lady! my Lady!
Met. Is this my Lady bright?
Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.
Lad. At Prayers, I think you were: What, ſo devout
Of late, that you will ſhrive you to all Confeſſors
You meet by chance? Come, go with me, good Squire,
And leave your Linnen: I have now a buſineſs,
And of importance, to impart unto you.
Tub. Madam, I pray you, ſpare me but an hour;
Pleaſe you to walk before, I follow you.
Lad. It muſt be now, my buſineſs lies this way.
Tub. Will not an hour hence, Madam, excuſe me?
Lad. Squire, theſe Excuſes argue more your Guilt.
You have ſome new Device now, to project,
Which the poor Tile-man ſcarce will thank you for.
What? will you go?
Tub. I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To ſee this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, ſtays her at *Pancras*,
To ſee her married to the ſame *John Clay*.
Lad. 'Tis very well: but, Squire, take you no care.
I'll ſend *Pol martin* with her, for that Office:
You ſhall along with me; it is decreed.
Tub. I have a little buſineſs with a friend, Madam.
Lad. That friend ſhall ſtay for you, or you for him.
Pol martin, take the Maiden to your care:
Commend me to her Father.
Tub. I will follow you.
Lad. Tut, tell not me of following.
Tub. I'll but ſpeak a word.
Lad. No whiſpering: you forget your ſelf,
And make your Love too palpable: A Squire?
And think ſo meanly? fall upon a Cow-ſhard?
You know my mind. Come, I'll to *Turfe*'s Houſe,
And ſee for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.
Pol-martin, look to your charge; I'll look to mine.
[*They all go out but* Pol-martin *and* Awdrey.
Pol. I ſmile to think, after ſo many profers
This Maid hath had, ſhe now ſhould fall to me:
That I ſhould have her in my cuſtody:
'Twere but a mad trick to make the Eſſay,
And jump a Match with her immediately:
She's fair and handſome; and ſhe's rich enough:
Both time and place miniſter fair occaſion.
Have at it then: Fair Lady, can you love?
Awd. No Sir: What's that?
Pol. A Toy which Women uſe.
Awd. If't be a Toy, it's good to play withal.
Pol. We will not ſtand diſcourſing o' the Toy:
The way is ſhort, pleaſe you to prov't, Miſtris?
Awd. If you do mean to ſtand ſo long upon it.
I pray you let me give it a ſhort cut, Sir.
Pol. It's thus, fair Maid; Are you diſpos'd to marry?
Awd. You are diſpos'd to ask.
Pol. Are you to grant?
Awd. Nay, now I ſee you are diſpos'd indeed.
Pol. I ſee the Wench wants but a little Wit;
And that Defect, her Wealth may well ſupply:
In plain terms, tell me, Will you have me, *Awdrey*?
Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would ha' me.
John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard Hands;
I like not him: Beſides, he is a Thief.
And Juſtice *Bramble*, he would fain ha' catch'd me:
But the young Squire, he, rather than his life,
Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, he ſays,
And be my Knight; to do me true Knights ſervice,
Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me
A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you
A Silken Gown, and a Rich Petticoat:
And a *French* Hood. All Fools love to be brave:
I find her Humour, and I will purſue it.

Act IV. Scene VI.

Lady, D. Turfe, Squire Tub, Hilts, Puppy, Clay.

Lad. AND, as I told thee, ſhe was intercepted
By the Squire, here, my Son, and this bold Ruffian,
His Man; who ſafely would have carried her
Unto her Father, and the Chanon *Hugh*:
But for more care of the Security,
My Huiſher hath her now in his grave charge.
D. Tur. Now on my Faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your Worſhip. She's a Girl,
A fooliſh Girl, and ſoon may tempted be:
But if this day paſs well once o'er her Head,
I'll wiſh her truſt to her ſelf. For I have been
A very Mother to her, though I ſay it.
Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I think your Ladyſhip forgets your ſelf.
Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge*. Well, young Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet o' your foot:
Theſe idle Phant'ſies will forſake you one day.

Come,

Come, Mrs. *Turfe*, will you go take a walk
Over the Fields to *Pancridge*, to your Husband?
D. Tur. Madam, I had been there an hour ago:
But that I waited on my Man *Ball Puppy*.
What, *Ball*, I ſay? I think the idle Slouch
Be fall'n aſleep i' the Barn, he ſtays ſo long.
Pup. Sattin, i' the name of Velvet-*Sattin*, Dame!
The Devil! O the Devil is in the Barn:
Help, help, a Legion——Spirit-Legion
Is in the Barn! in every Straw a Devil.
Tur. Why do'ſt thou bawl ſo, *Puppy*? Speak, what ails thee?
Pup. My Name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' ſeen the Devil
Among the Straw: O for a Croſs! a Collop
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring ſtick
Of Doctor *Fauſtus*! Spirits are in the Barn.
Tub. How! Spirits in the Barn? *Basket*, go ſee.
Hil. Sir, an' you were my Maſter ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you ſhall pardon me:
Send me 'mong Devils? I zee you love me not:
Hell be at their Game: I'll not trouble them.
Tub. Go ſee; I warrant thee there's no ſuch matter.
Hil. An' they were Giants, 'twere another matter.
But Devils! No, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your Warrant worth? I'll ſee the Fiend
Set fire o' the Barn, ere I come there.
D. Tur. Now all Zaints bleſs us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly Spright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held Fleſh-hook, Dame, or handled Fire-fork rather:
They have put me in a ſweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady *Valentine* ſmells of Musk,
I ſhould be aſham'd to preſs into this preſence.
Lad. Basket, I pray thee ſee what is the Miracle!
Tub. Come, go with me: I'll lead. Why ſtand'ſt thou, Man?
Hil. Cocks precious, Maſter, you are not mad indeed?
You will not go to Hell before your time?
Tub. Why art thou thus afraid?
Hil. No, not afraid:
But by your leave, I'll come no near the Barn.
Tur. Puppy! wilt thou go with me?
Pup. How? go with you?
Whither, into the Barn? To whom, the Devil?
Or to do what there? to be torn 'mongſt 'um?
Stay for my Maſter, the High Conſtable,
Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them go
Into the Barn with Warrant; ſeize the Fiend;
And ſet him in the Stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me that am but Fleſh and Blood,
To meddle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.
Lad. I pray thee, *Tripoly*, look, what is the matter?
Tub. That ſhall I, Madam.
Hil. Heaven protect my Maſter.
I tremble every joynt till he be back.
Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in pieces,
Now are they toſſing of his Legs and Arms,
Like Loggets at a Pear-tree: I'll to the hole,
Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.
Hil. I would not be i' my Maſters Coat for Thouſands.
Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thy ſelf away.
O the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!
Hil. Where, Man? where?
D. Tur. Alas, that ever we were born. So near too?
Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar.
D. Tur. O, this is *John Clay*.
Lad. John Clay at *Pancrace*, is there to be married.
Tub. This was the Spirit revell'd i' the Barn.
Pup. The Devil he was: was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-ſtraw? Had it been the Barley,
I ſhould ha'tane him for the Devil in drink;
The Spirit of the Bride-Ale: But, poor *John*,
Tame *John* of *Clay*, that ſticks about the Bung-hole——
Hil. If this be all your Devil, I would take
In hand to conjure him: But hell take me,
If ere I come in a right Devil's walk,
If I can keep me out on't.
Tub. Well meant, *Hilts*.
Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the Straw,
When news was brought, to you all, he was at *Pancridge*;
And you believ'd it?
D. Tur. Juſtice *Bramble*'s Man
Told me ſo, Madam: And by that ſame token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,
And two ſeal'd Bags of Money.
Lad. Where's the Squire:
Is he gone hence?
Tub. H' was here, Madam, but now.
Clay. Is the *Hue* and *Cry* paſt by?
Pup. I, I, *John Clay*.
Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup. Hang'd, *John*? yes, ſure; unleſs, as with the Proverb,
You mean to make the choice of your own Gallows.
Cla. Nay, then all's well, hearing your news, *Ball Puppy*,
You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I e'en ſtole home here,
And thought to hide me in the Barn ere ſince.
Pup. O wonderful! and news was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge*, ready to be married.
Cla. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the Barn.
D. Tur. Haſte, *Puppy*. Call forth Miſtris *Dido Wiſpe*,
My Ladies Gentlewoman, to her Lady;
And call your ſelf forth, and a Couple of Maids,
To wait upon me: we are all undone!
My Lady is undone! her fine young Son,
The Squire, is got away.
Lad. Haſte, haſte, good *Valentine*.
D. Tur. And you, *John Clay*; you are undone too All!
My Husband is undone, by a true Key,
But a falſe Token: And my ſelf's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To ſome Body, that ſhe ſhould not, if we haſte not.

Act V. Scene I.

Tub, Pol-martin.

Tub. I Pray thee, good *Pol-martin*, ſhew thy diligence,
And, faith, in both: Get her but ſo diſguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the reſt: I will expect thee here.
Pol. You ſhall, Squire. I'll perform it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward-robe will diſguiſe her.
Come, Miſtris *Awdrey*.
Awd. Is the Squire gone?
Pol. He'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You ſhall be brave anon, as none ſhall know you.

Act V. Scene II.

Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben, Tub, Hilts. [*To them.*

Cle. I Wonder where the Queens High Conſtable is!
I vear they ha' made 'un away.
Med. No zure; the Juſtice
Dare not conzent to that. He'll zee 'un forth coming.
Pan. He muſt, vor we can all take Corpulent Oath,
We zaw 'un go in there.
Scr. I, upon Record!
The Clock drept Twelve at *Maribone*.
Med. You are right, *D'oge!*
Zet down to a minute, now 'tis a'moſt vowre.

Cle.

Cle. Here comes Squire *Tub.*
Scr. And's Governour, Mr. *Basket*
Hilts, do you know 'un, a valiant wiſe vellow!
Az tall a Man on his Hands, as goes on veet.
Bleſs you, Maſs' *Basket*. *Hil.* Thank you, good *D'oge*.
Tub. Who's that?
Hil. *D'oge Scriben*, the great Writer, Sir, of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And, who the reſt?
Hil. The wiſeſt Heads o' the Hundred.
Medlay the *Joyner*, Head-borough of *Iſlington*,
Pan of *Belſize*, and *Clench*, the Leach of *Hamſted*,
The High Conſtables Counſel, here, of *Finsbury*.
Tub. Prezent me to 'em, *Hilts*, Squire *Tub* of *Totten*.
Hil. Wiſe Men of *Finsbury*, make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub* of *Totten*.
Squire *Tub*, my Maſter, loves all Men of Vertue,
And longs (as one would zay) till he be one on you.
Cle. His Worſhip's wel'cun to our Company:
Would 't were wiſer for 'un.
Pup. Here be ſome on us,
Are call'd the Witty Men, over a Hundred.
Scr. And zome a Thouſand, when the Muſter-day comes.
Tub. I long (as my Man *Hilts* ſaid, and my Governour)
To be adopt in your Society.
Can any Man make a Maſque here i' this Company?
Pan. A Maſque! what's that?
Scr. A Mumming, or a Shew,
With Vizards and fine Clothes.
Cle. A Diſguiſe, Neighbour,
Is the true word: There ſtands the Man can do't, Sir:
Medlay the *Joyner*, *In-and-In* of *Iſlington*,
The only Man at a Diſguiſe in *Middleſex*.
Tub. But who ſhall write it?
Hil. *Scriben*, the great Writer.
Scr. He'll do't alone, Sir; he will joyn with no man:
Though he be a Joyner, in deſign he calls it,
He muſt be ſole Inventer: *In-and-In*
Draws with no other in's Project, he'll tell you,
It cannot elſe be feazeable, or conduce:
Thoſe are his ruling words? Pleaze you to hear 'un?
Tub. Yes, Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you.
Med. I can do nothing, I.
Cle. He can do all, Sir.
Med. They'll tell you ſo.
Tub. I'ld have a Toy preſented,
A Tale of a Tub, a Story of my ſelf,
You can expreſs a Tub. *Med.* If it conduce
To the Deſign, whate'er is feazeable:
I can expreſs a Waſh-houſe (if need be),
With a whole Pedigree of Tubs. *Tub.* No, one
Will be enough to note our Name and Family:
Squire *Tub* of *Totten*, and to ſhew my Adventures
This very day. I'ld have it in *Tubs Hall*,
At *Totten-Court*, my Lady Mothers Houſe;
My Houſe indeed; for I am Heir to it.
Med. If I might ſee the place, and had ſurvey'd it,
I could ſay more: For all Invention, Sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of Nature,
A world of things concur to the deſign,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.
Tub. You ſay well, witty Mr. *In-and-In*.
How long ha' you ſtudied, Ingine? *Med.* Since I firſt
Joyn'd, or did in-lay in Wit, ſome vorty year.
Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, go you and wait
On Maſter *In-and-In*, to *Totten-Court*,
And all the other wiſe Maſters: Shew 'em the Hall:
And taſte the Language of the Buttery to 'em:
Let 'em ſee all the Tubs about the Houſe,
That can raiſe Matter, till I come——which ſhall be
Within an Hour, at leaſt.
Cle. It will be glorious,
If *In and-In* will undertake it, Sir:
He has a monſtrous Medlay Wit o' his own.
Tub. Spare for no coſt, either in Boards or Hoops,
To architect your Tub: Ha' you ne'er a Cooper
At *London*, call'd *Vitruvius*? Send for him;
Or old *John Haywood*, call him to you, to help.
Scr. He ſcorns the Motion, truſt to him alone.

Act V. Scene III.

Lady, *Tub*, *D. Tur. Clay*, *Puppy*, *Wiſpe*, *Preamble*, *Turfe*.

Lad. O, Here's the Squire! you ſlipp'd us finely, Son! Theſe Manners to your Mother, will commend you;
But in another Age, not this: Well, *Tripoly*,
Your Father, good Sir *Peter*, (reſt his Bones)
Would not ha' done this: Where's my Huiſher *Martin*?
And your fair Mrs. *Awdrey*?
Tub. I not ſee 'em,
No Creature, but the Four Wiſe Maſters here,
Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Conſtable,
Who, they do ſay, is loſt.
D. Tur. My Husband loſt?
And my fond Daughter loſt? I fear me too.
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poor *John Clay*,
Thou haſt loſt thy *Awdrey*.
Cla. I ha' loſt my Wits,
My little Wits, good Mother; I am diſtracted.
Pup. And I have loſt my Miſtris *Dido Wiſpe*,
Who frowns upon her *Puppy*, *Hannibal*.
Loſs! loſs on every ſide! a publick loſs!
Loſs o' my Maſter! loſs of his Daughter! loſs
Of Favour, Friends, my Miſtris! loſs of all!
Pre. What Cry is this?
Tur. My Man ſpeaks of ſome loſs.
Pup. My Maſter is found: Good luck, and't be thy will,
Light on us all.
D. Tur. O Husband, are you alive?
They ſaid you were loſt.
Tur. Where's Juſtice *Bramble*'s Clerk?
Had he the Money that I ſent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two Hours ago, two Fifty Pounds in Silver,
And *Awdrey* too.
Tur. Why *Awdrey*? who ſent for her?
D. Tur. You, Maſter *Turfe*, the Fellow ſaid.
Tur. He lyed.
I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone: Your Man's a Thief,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my Money.
Lad. Neighbour *Turfe*, have patience,
I can aſſure you that your Daughter is ſafe,
But for the Monies, I know nothing of.
Tur. My Money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my Money, Madam. *Pre.* I do wonder
Your Ladyſhip comes to know any thing
In theſe affairs. *Lad.* Yes, Juſtice *Bramble*,
I met the Maiden i' the Fields by chance,
I' the Squire's Company, my Son: How he
Lighted upon her, himſelf beſt can tell.
Tub. I intercepted her, as coming hither,
To her Father, who ſent for her, by *Miles Metaphor*,
Juſtice *Preamble*'s Clerk. And had your Ladyſhip
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Juſtice,
For his young Warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He ſerv'd it by this morning.
Pre. Know you that, Sir?
Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other Tale,
But I believ'd you not, which made me ſend
Awdrey another way, by my *Pol martin*:
And take my Journey back to *Kentiſh-town*,
Where we found *John Clay* hidden i' the Barn,
To ſcape the *Hue* and *Cry*: and here he is.
Tur. *John Clay* agen! nay, then——ſet Cock a hoop:
I ha' loſt no Daughter, nor no Money, Juſtice.

John

John Clay ſhall pay. I'll look to you now, *John*.
Vaith, out it muſt, as good at night as morning.
I am e'en as vull as a Piper's Bag, with Joy;
Or a great Gun upon Carnation-day!
I could weep Lyons Tears to ſee you, *John*.
'Tis but two vifty pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
But now I ha' you, you ſhall pay whole hundred.
Run from your Burroughs, Son! Faith, e'en be hang'd.
An' you once earth your ſelf, *John*, i' the Barn,
I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret 'un?
D. Tur. My Ladies Son, the Squire here, vetch'd 'un out.
Puppy had put us all in ſuch a vright,
We thought the Devil was i' the Barn; and no body
Durſt venture o' 'un.
Tur. I am now reſolv'd
Who ſhall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who?
Tur. He beſt deſerves her.
Here comes the Vicar. Chanon *Hugh*, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

Act V. Scene IV.

Chanon Hugh. [*To them.*

Hugh. IS *Metaphor* return'd yet?
Pre. All is turn'd
Here to confuſion: We ha' loſt our Plot;
I fear my Man is run away with the Money,
And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turfe* is ſure
To ſave his Stake.
Hug. What ſhall we do then, Juſtice?
Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squire's hands.
Hug. And what's become of her?
Pre. None here can tell.
Tub. Was not my Mothers Man, *Pol-martin*, with you?
And a ſtrange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, Chanon?
Hug. Yes, and I diſpatch'd 'em.
Tub. Diſpatch'd 'em! how do you mean?
Hug. Why, married 'em.
As they deſir'd; but now.
Tub. And do you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*?
Hug. No harm, I hope.
Tub. You have ended all the Quarrel: *Awdrey* is married.
Lad. Married! to whom?
Tur. My Daughter *Awdrey* married,
And ſhe not know of it!
D. Tur. Nor her Father, or Mother!
Lad. Whom hath ſhe married?
Tub. Your *Pol-martin*, Madam.
A Groom was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a Man?
Lad. That he is, *Turfe*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.
D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her ſhift.
Hug. She was ſo brave, I knew her not, I ſwear;
And yet I married her by her own name.
But ſhe was ſo diſguis'd, ſo Lady-like,
I think ſhe did not know her ſelf the while!
I married 'em as a meer pair of ſtrangers:
And they gave out themſelves for ſuch. *Lad.* I wiſh 'em
Much Joy, as they have given me hearts eaſe.
Tub. Then, Madam, I'll intreat you now remit
Your Jealouſie of me; and pleaſe to take
All this good Company home with you to Supper:
We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
Lad. A right good motion, Squire; which I yield to:
And thank them to accept it. Neighbour *Turfe*,
I'll have you merry, and your Wife: And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy Error.
By Juſtice *Preamble*, your Friend and Patron.
Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I do.

Act V. Scene V.

Puppy, Dido, Hugh. [*Tarry behind.*

Pup. STay, my dear *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a buſineſs with you: In ſhort, this,
If you dare knit another pair of Strangers,
Dido, of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
Stout *Hannibal* ſtands to't. I have ask'd conſent,
And ſhe hath granted.
Hug. But ſaith *Dido* ſo?
Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath ſaid, I dare not go.
Hug. Come in then, I'll diſpatch you. A good Supper
Would not be loſt, good Company, good Diſcourſe;
But above all, where Wit hath any ſource.

Act V. Scene VI.

Pol-martin, Awdrey, Tub, Lady, Preamble, Turfe, D. Turfe, Clay.

Pol. AFter the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
For many Faults committed. Here my Wife,
And I do ſtand, expecting your mild Doom.
Lad. I wiſh thee Joy, *Pol-martin*; and thy Wife
As much, Mrs. *Pol-martin*. Thou haſt trick'd her
Up very fine, me thinks. *Pol.* For that, I made
Bold with your Ladyſhips Wardrobe, but have treſpaſs'd
Within the limits of your leave——I hope.
Lad. I give her what ſhe wears. I know all Women
Love to be fine. Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me:
I am extreamly pleas'd with thy good Fortune.
Welcome, good Juſtice *Preamble*; And *Turfe*,
Look merrily on your Daughter: She has married
A Gentleman.
Tur. So me thinks. I dare not touch her,
She is ſo fine: yet I will ſay, God bleſs her.
D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her
Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.
Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd: I pardon all.
Pol-martin, in, and wait upon my Lady.
Welcome good Gueſts: ſee Supper be ſerv'd in,
With all the Plenty of the Houſe, and Worſhip.
I muſt confer with Mr. *In-and-In*,
About ſome Alterations in my Maſque:
Send *Hilts* out to me; Bid him bring the Council
Of *Finsbury* hither. I'll have ſuch a night
Shall make the Name of *Totten-Court* Immortal:
And be Recorded to Poſterity.

Act V. Scene VII.

Tub, Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben, Hilts.

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?
Med. Survey'd the Place, Sir, and deſign'd the Ground,
Or ſtand ſtill of the work: And this it is.
Firſt, I have fixed in the Earth, a *Tub*;
And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Petre-Tub,
Preluding by your Father's Name, Sir *Peter*.
And the Antiquity of your Houſe and Family,
Original from Salt-Petre. *Tub.* Good yfaith,
You ha' ſhewn Reading, and Antiquity here, Sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in deſign,
Which I can vary, Sir, to *Infinito*.
Tub. Ad Infinitum, Sir, you mean. *Med.* I do.
I ſtand not on my *Latine*, I'll invent;
But I muſt be alone then, joyn'd with no Man.
This we do call the Stand-ſtill of our work.

Tub. Who are thoſe we, you now joyn'd to your ſelf?
Med. I mean my ſelf ſtill, in the Plural Number,
And out of this we raiſe our *Tale of a Tub.*
Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*,
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the Tale's of me,
And my Adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabulæ. *Med.* But I the Author.
Tub. The Workman, Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton*-Laureat, was of *Elinour Bumming*;
But ſhe the Subject of the Rout and Tunning.
Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In.*
Pan. Do not diſpute with him, he ſtill will win.
That pays for all. *Scr.* Are you revis'd o' that?
A Man may have Wit, and yet put off his Hat.
Med. Now, Sir, this Tub, I will have capt with Paper:
A fine Oyl'd Lantern-paper, that we uſe.
Pan. Yes, every Barber, every Cutler has it.
Med. Which in it doth contain the light to the buſineſs.
And ſhall with the very Vapour of the Candle,
Drive all the motions of our Matter about:
As we preſent 'em. For Example, firſt,
The Worſhipful Lady *Tub.* *Tub.* Right Worſhipful,
I pray you, I am Worſhipful my ſelf.
Med. Your Squireſhip's Mother, paſſeth by (her Huiſher,
Mr. *Pol-martin*, bare-headed before her)
In her Velvet Gown. *Tub.* But how ſhall the Spectators,
As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-martin*, there, that walks before her.
Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not that.
Cle. You ha' ſeen none of his Works, Sir?
Pan. All the poſtures
Of the Train'd Bands o' the Countrey.
Scr. All their Colours.
Pan. And all their Captains.
Cle. All the Cries o' the City:
And all the Trades i' their Habits.
Scr. He has his Whiſtle
Of Command: Seat of Authority!
And Virge to interpret, tip'd with Silver, Sir,
You know not him. *Tub.* Well, I will leave all to him.
Med. Give me the brief o' your Subject. Leave the whole
State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady calls for you. *Tub.* I'll ſend it you in writing.
Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect. *Tub. Hilts*, be't your care,
To ſee the Wiſe of *Finsbury* made welcome:
Let 'em want nothing. Is old *Roſin* ſent for?
[*The Squire goes out.*
Hil. He's come within.
Scr. Lord! what a world of buſineſs
The Squire diſpatches! *Med.* He is a learned Man:
I think there are but vew o' the Inns o' Court,
Or the Inns o' Chancery like him.
Cle. Care to fit 'un then. [*The reſt follow.*

Act V. Scene VIII.

Jack, Hilts.

Jac. YOnder's another Wedding, Maſter *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh.*
Hil. What are they, *Jack?*
Jac. The High Conſtable's Man, *Ball Hanny*; and Mrs. *Wiſpes*,
Our Ladies Woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?
Jac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eat his Meat, but crys at th' Board,
He ſhall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has loſt his Wench already:
As good be hang'd. *Jac.* Was ſhe that is *Pol-martin*,
Our Fellows Miſtris, wench to that Sneak-*John?*
Hil. I faith, *Black Jack*, he ſhould have been her Bridegroom:
But I muſt go to wait o' my Wiſe Maſters.
Jack, you ſhall wait on me, and ſee the Mask anon:
I am half Lord Chamberlain i' my Maſter's abſence.
Jac. Shall we have a Mask? Who makes it?
Hil. In-and-In.
The Maſter of *Iſlington*: Come, go with me
To the ſage Sentences of *Finsbury.*

Act V. Scene IX.

2 *Grooms.*

Gro 1. COme, give us in the great Chair, for my Lady,
And ſet it there: and this for Juſtice *Bramble.*
Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Maſter, on the right hand.
Gro. 1. And this for the High Conſtable.
Gro. 2. This his Wife.
Gro. 1. Then for the Bride and Bridegroom here, *Pol-martin.*
Gro. 2. And ſhe *Pol-martin*, at my Ladies Feet.
Gro. 1. Right.
Gro. 2. And beſide them Mr. *Hannibal Puppy.*
Gro. 1. And his ſhe *Puppy*, Mrs. *VViſpe* that was:
Here's all are in the Note. *Gro.* 2. No, Mr. Vicar:
The petty Chanon *Hugh.* *Gro.* 1. And Caſt-by *Clay:*
There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!
'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when Beards wag all.
Come, Father *Roſin*, with your Fiddle now,
And two tall-toters: Flouriſh to the Maſque. [*Loud Muſick.*

Act V. Scene X.

Lady Preamble before her. *Tub, Turfe, D. Turfe, Pol-martin, Awdrey, Puppy, VViſpe, Hugh, Clay.* All take their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. NEighbours all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall*
Shew like a Court: And hence ſhall firſt be call'd ſo.
Your witty ſhort Confeſſion, Mr. Vicar,
Within, hath been the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
Much to my Son's Device, his *Tale of a Tub.*
Tub. Let my Maſque ſhew it ſelf: And *In-and-In*,
The Architect, appear: I hear the Whiſtle. [Hil. *Peace:*
[Medlay *appears above the Curtain.*
Med. Thus riſe I firſt, in my light Linnen Breeches,
To run the meaning over in ſhort Speeches.
Here is a *Tub*, a *Tub* of *Totten-Court:*
An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this ſport:
His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peter*;
Who got his Wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-Petre:
And left all to his Lady *Tub*, the Mother
Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.
Now of this *Tub*, and's Deeds, not done in Ale,
Obſerve, and you ſhall ſee the very *Tale.*
[*He draws the Curtain, and diſcovers the top of the* Tub.

The Firſt Motion.

[*Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.*
Med. HEre Chanon *Hugh* firſt brings to *Totten-Hall*
The High Conſtable's Council, tells the Squire all;
Which, though diſcover'd (give the Devil his due:)
The Wiſe of *Finsbury* do ſtill purſue.
Then with the Juſtice doth he counterplot,
And his Clerk *Metaphor*, to cut that knot:
Whilſt Lady *Tub*, in her ſad Velvet Gown,
Miſſing her Son, doth ſeek him up and down.
Tub. With her *Pol-martin* bare before her. *Med.* Yes,
I have expreſt it here in Figure, and Miſtris *VViſpe*, her Woman, holding up her Train.
Tub. I' the next page, report your ſecond Strain,

The Second Motion.

[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.*

Med. Here the High Conſtable, and Sages walk
To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talk
Of Wedding buſineſs; till a Fellow in comes,
Relates the Robbery of one Captain *Thum's*:
Chargeth the Bridegroom with it: Troubles all,
And gets the Bride; who in the Hands doth fall
Of the bold Squire; but thence ſoon is tane
By the ſly Juſtice, and his Clerk profane,
In ſhape of Purſuyvant; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling Tongue:
As truth will break out, and ſhew, *&c.*
Tub. O, thou haſt made him kneel there in a corner, I ſee now: There is ſimple Honour for you, *Hilts!*
Hil. Did I not make him to confeſs all to you?
Tub. True, *In-and-In* hath done you right, you ſee.
Thy Third, I pray thee, witty *In-and-In.*
Cle. The Squire commends 'un. He doth like all well.
Pan. He cannot chuſe. This is Gear made to ſell.

The Third Motion.

[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.*

Med. The careful Conſtable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded ſearch of Captain *Thum's.*
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groom *Clay*
Out of his Wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their Pains, and gives Fame out a Lyar,
For falſly charging *Clay*, when 'twas the Plot
Of ſubtle *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got,
Into his hand, by his winding device.
The Father makes a Reſcue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like Saint *George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his dear Heart root.
And tells the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her Son's Courteſies, the Batchelor.
Whoſe words had made 'em fall the *Hue* and *Cry.*
When Captain *Thum's* coming to ask him, why
He had ſo done? He cannot yield him cauſe:
But ſo he runs his Neck into the Laws.

The Fourth Motion.

[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.*

Med. The Laws, who have a Nooſe to crak his Neck,
As Juſtice *Bramble* tells him, who doth peck
A Hundreth Pound out of his Purſe, that comes
Like his Teeth from him, unto Captain *Thum's.*
Thum's is the Vicar in a falſe diſguiſe:
And employs *Metaphor* to fetch this Prize.
Who tells the Secret unto *Basket-Hilts*,
For fear of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap; and bids him but purloin
The Wench for him: They Two ſhall ſhare the Coyn.
Which the ſage Lady, in her 'foreſaid Gown,
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentiſh-town*,
To ſeek her *VViſpe*; taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay John*, as hidden in Straw throng.
Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on Record, againſt me enter!
My ſlackneſs here, to enter in the Barn:
Well, *In-and-In*, I ſee thou canſt diſcern!
Tub. On with your laſt, and come to a Concluſion.

The Fifth Motion.

[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.*

Med. The laſt is known, and needs but ſmall infuſion
Into your Memories, by leaving in
Theſe Figures, as you ſit. I, *In-and-In*,
Preſent you with the Show: Firſt, of a Lady
Tub, and her Son, of whom this Maſque here, made I.
Then Bridegroom *Pol*, and Miſtris *Pol* the Bride:
With the Sub-Couple, who ſit them beſide.
Tub. That only Verſe I alter'd for the better, *invenia gratiâ.*
Med. Then Juſtice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not ſtan' on,
Or the loſt *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Maſter, him 'conciles,
On the Squire's Word, to pay old *Turfe* his Club,
And ſo doth end our *Tale* here, of a *Tub.*

EPILOGUE.

Squire *TUB.*

THis Tale of me, the Tub *of* Totten-Court,
A Poet *firſt invented for your Sport.*
VVherein the Fortune of moſt empty Tubs
Rowling in Love, are ſhewn; and with what Rubs
VV' are commonly encountred: VVhen the VVit
Of the whole Hundred *ſo oppoſeth it.*
Our petty Chanon's *Forked Plot in chief,*
Sly Juſtice Arts, with the High Conſtable's Brief,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers Care,
And her Pol-martin's *Fortune; with the rare*
Fate of poor John, *thus tumbled in the Cask;*
Got In-and-In *to gi't you in a* Maſque:
That you be pleas'd, who come to ſee a Play,
VVith thoſe that hear, and mark not what we ſay.
VVherein the Poets *Fortune is, I fear,*
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

THE END.

THE SAD SHEPHERD: OR, A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

Written by Ben. Johnson.

Nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thaleia. Virg.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

ROBIN HOOD,	*The chief Wood-man, Maſter of the Feaſt.*
MARIAN,	*His Lady, the Miſtris,*
	Their Family.
FRIAR TUCK,	*The Chaplain and Steward.*
LITTLE JOHN,	*Bow-bearer.*
SCARLET, SCATHLOCK,	*Two Brothers, Huntſmen.*
GEORGE a GREEN,	*Huiſher of the Bower.*
MUCH,	Robin-hood's *Bailiff, or Acater.*
	The Gueſts invited.
CLARION, LIONEL, ALKEN, AEGLAMOUR, KAROLIN,	*The Rich, The Courteous, The Sage, The Sad, The Kind.* — *Shepherds.*
MELLIFLEUR, AMIE, LARINE,	*The Sweet, The Gentle, The Beautiful.* — *Shepherdeſſes.*
	The Troubles unexpected.
MAUDLIN,	*The Envious: The Witch of* Papplewick.
DOUCE,	*The Proud: Her Daughter.*
LORELL,	*The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches Son.*
PUCK-HAIRY,	*Or* Robin Goodfellow, *their Hine.*
	The Reconciler.
REUBEN,	*A Devout Hermit.*

The SCENE is *SHER-WOOD.*

Conſiſting of a Landt-ſhape of Foreſt, Hills, Valleys, Cottages; A Caſtle, a River, Paſtures, Heards, Flocks, all full of Countrey Simplicity. *Robin Hood*'s Bower, his Well; the Witches *Dimble*, the Swine'ards *Oak*, the Hermits *Cell.*

The

THE ARGUMENT
Of the First ACT.

Robin-Hood, having invited all the Shep'erds and Shep'erdeſſes of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feaſt in the Foreſt of *Sher-wood*, and truſting to his Miſtris, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Veniſon againſt the day: Having left the like Charge with Friar *Tuck*, his Chaplain and Steward, to command the reſt of his merry men, to ſee the Bower made ready, and all things in order for the Entertainment: meeting with his Gueſts at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bower. Where, by the way, he receives the Relation of the Sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is fall'n into a deep Melancholy, for the loſs of his beloved *Earine*; reported to have been drowned in paſſing over the *Trent*, ſome few days before. They endeavour, in what they can, to comfort him: But his diſeaſe having taken ſo ſtrong Root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave him. In the mean time, *Marian* is come from hunting with the Huntſmen, where the Lovers interchangeably expreſs their Loves. *Robin-Hood* enquires if ſhe hunted the Deer at force, and what Sport he made? how long he ſtood? and what Head he bore? All which is briefly anſwer'd, with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The ſuſpect had of that Raven to be *Maudlin*, the Witch of *Paple-wick*, whom one of the Huntſmen met i' the morning, at the rowſing of the Deer, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-Hood*'s Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the ſame Bit, which was thrown to the Raven, at the *Quarry*, or Fall of the Deer. *Marian* being gone in, to ſhew the Deer to ſome of the Shepherdeſſes, returns inſtantly to the *Scene*, diſcontented; ſends away the Veniſon ſhe had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-Hood*, abuſeth him, and his Gueſts the Shep'erds; and ſo departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity.

THE PROLOGUE.

He that hath feaſted you theſe Forty Years,
And fitted Fables *for your finer Ears,*
Although at firſt, he ſcarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
At length have grown up to him, and made known,
The Working of his Pen *is now your own:*
He prays you would vouchſafe, for your own ſake,
To hear him this once more, but ſit awake.
And though he now preſent you with ſuch VVooll,
As from meer Engliſh *flocks his* Muſe *can pull,*
He hopes when it is made up into Cloath,
Not the moſt curious Head here will be loath
To wear a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
To match, or thoſe of Sicily, *or* Greece.
His Scene *is* Sherwood: *And his* Play *a* Tale
Of Robin-Hood's *inviting from the Vale*
Of Be'voir, *all the* Shep'ards *to a Feaſt:*
Where, by the caſual abſence of one Gueſt,
The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
As much of Sadneſs ſhown, as Paſſion can.
The ſad Young Shep'ard, *whom we here preſent,*
Like his Woes Figure, dark and diſcontent,
[The Sad Shep'ard paſſeth ſilently over the Stage.
For his loſt Love, who in the Trent *is ſaid*
To have miſcarried; 'laſs! what knows the Head
Of a calm River, whom the Feet have drown'd?
Hear what his Sorrows are; and if they wound
Your Gentle Breaſts, ſo that the End *crown all,*
Which in the ſcope of one Days chance may fall:
Old Trent *will ſend you more ſuch* Tales *as theſe,*
And ſhall grow Young again, as one doth pleaſe.
[Here the Prologue thinking to end, returns upon a new Purpoſe, and ſpeaks on.

But here's an Hereſie of late let fall,
That Mirth by no means fits a Paſtoral:
Such ſay ſo, who can make none: he preſumes:
Elſe there's no Scene, *more properly aſſumes*
The Sock. For whence can Sport in kind ariſe,
But from the Rural Routs and Families?
Safe on this ground then, we not fear to day,
To tempt your Laughter by our Ruſtick Play.
Wherein if we diſtaſte, or be cry'd down,
We think we therefore ſhall not leave the Town;
Nor that the Fore-Wits, that would draw the reſt
Unto their liking, always like the beſt.
The wiſe, and knowing Critick, *will not ſay,*
This worſt, or better is, before he weigh;
Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themſelves be difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they ſtood,
The equal fitting makes them equal good.
You ſhall have Love, and Hate, and Jealouſie,
As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
Or whatſoever elſe may either move,
Or ſtir affections, and your likings prove.
But that no Stile for Paſtoral *ſhould go*
Current, but what is ſtamp'd with Ah, *and* O,
Who judgeth ſo, may ſingularly err;
As if all Poeſie *had one Character:*
In which, what were not written, were not right,
Or that the Man who made ſuch one poor flight,
In his whole Life, had with his winged Skill
Advanc'd him upmoſt on the Muſes *Hill.*
When he like Poet *yet remains, as thoſe*
Are *Painters who can only make a* Roſe.
From ſuch, your Wits redeem you, or your Chance,
Leſt to a greater height you do advance
Of Folly, to contemn thoſe that are known
Artificers, and truſt ſuch as are none.

THE SAD SHEPHERD: OR, A Tale of Robin Hood.

Act I. Scene I.

Æglamour.

HERE! ſhe was wont to go! and here! and here!
Juſt where thoſe Daiſies, Pinks, and Violets grow:
The World may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her airy ſteps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of Graſs!
Or ſhake the downy *Blow-ball* from his Stalk!
But like the ſoft *Weſt* Wind, ſhe ſhot along,
And where ſhe went, the Flowers took thickeſt Root,
As ſhe had ſow'd 'em with her odorous Foot.

Act I. Scene II.

Marian, Tuck, John, Wood-men, &c.

Mar. KNow you, or can you gueſs, my merry men,
What 'tis that keeps your Maſter, *Robin-hood*,
So long, both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?
Tuc. Forſooth, Madam, he will be here by Noon,
And prays it of your Bounty, as a Boon,
That you by them have kill'd him Veniſon ſome,
To feaſt his jolly Friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheer;
Here's *Little John* hath harbour'd you a Deer,
I ſee by his tackling.
Jo. And a Hart of Ten,
I trow he be, Madam, or blame your Men:
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promiſe Sport,
And ſtanding 'fore the Dogs; he bears a Head, (ſpread.
Large, and well beam'd: with all Rights ſomm'd, and
Mar. Let's rowſe him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.
Jo. Scatlock is ready with them on the Grounds:
So is his Brother *Scarlet*: now they 'ave found
His Layre, they have him ſure within the Pound.
Mar. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feaſt,
'Twere ſin in *Marian* to defraud a Gueſt.

Act I. Scene III.

Tuck, George a Green, Much, Æglamour.

Tuc. AND I, the Chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries, ſee the Bower dreſt.
And fit the fine devices for the Feaſt:
You, *George*, muſt care to make the Baldrick trim,
And Garland that muſt crown, or her, or him;
Whoſe Flock this Year, hath brought the earlieſt Lamb!
Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out o' the green Sword,
Or any other Service for my Lord;
To carve the Gueſts large Seats; and theſe laid in
With Turfe (as ſoft and ſmooth as the Mole's Skin:)
And hang the bulled Noſegays 'bove their Heads,
The Pipers Bank, whereon to ſit and play,
And a fair Dial to meet out the day.
Our Maſter's Feaſt ſhall want no juſt delights:
His Entertainments muſt have all the Rites.
Muc. I, and all choice that Plenty can ſend in;
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowl, Feather, Fiſh, or Fin,
For which my Father's Nets have ſwept the *Trent*.
[Æglamour *falls in with them.*
Æg. And ha' you found her?
Muc. Whom? *Æg.* My drowned Love,
Earine! the ſweet *Earine*!
The bright, and beautiful *Earine!*
Have you not heard of my *Earine?*
Juſt by your Father's Mill (I think I am right)
Are not you *Much*, the Miller's Son? *Muc.* I am.
Æg. And Bailiff to brave *Robin-hood?*
Muc. The ſame.
Æg. Cloſe by your Father's Mills, *Earine!*
Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine!*
(Old *Maudlin* tells me ſo, and *Douce* her Daughter)
Ha' you ſwept the River, ſay you? and not found her?
Muc. For Fowl and Fiſh we have.
Æg. O, not for her?
You're goodly Friends! right charitable Men!
Nay, keep your way, and leave me: make your Toys,
Your Tales, your Poeſies, that you talk'd of; all
Your Entertainments: you not injure me:
Only if I may enjoy my *Cypreſs* Wreath!
And you will let me weep! (tis all I ask;)
Till I be turn'd to Water, as was ſhe!
And troth, what leſs Suit can you grant a Man?
Tuck. His Phantaſie is hurt, let us now leave him:
The Wound is yet too freſh to admit ſearching.
Æg. Searching? Where ſhould I ſearch? or on what Track?
Can my ſlow drop of Tears, or this dark ſhade
About my Brows, enough deſcribe her loſs!
Earine, O my *Earine*'s loſs!
No, no, no, no; this Heart will break firſt.
Geo. How will this ſad diſaſter ſtrike the Ears
Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Maſter?

Muc.

Muc. How will it mar his Mirth, abate his Feaſt;
And ſtrike a Horror into every Gueſt!
Æg. If I could knit whole Clouds about my Brows,
And weep like *Swithen*, or thoſe watry Signs,
The Kids that riſe then, and drown all the Flocks
Of thoſe rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
Thoſe careleſs Shepherds that did let her drown!
Then I did ſomething, or could make old *Trent*
Drunk with my ſorrow, to ſtart out in breaches,
To drown their Herds, their Cattle, and their Corn;
Break down their Mills, their Dams, o'er-turn their Wares,
And ſee their Houſes, and whole Livelihood
Wrought into Water, with her, all were good:
I'ld kiſs the Torrent, and thoſe Whirles of *Trent*,
That ſuck'd her in, my ſweet *Earine!*
When they have caſt their Body on the Shoar,
And it comes up as tainted as themſelves,
All pale and bloodleſs, I will love it ſtill,
For all that they can do, and make 'em mad,
To ſee how I will hug it in mine arms!
And hang upon the Looks, dwell on her Eyes:
Feed round about her Lips, and eat her Kiſſes!
Suck of her drowned Fleſh! and where's their malice?
Not all their envious ſouſing can change that:
But I will ſtudy ſome Revenge paſt this!
I pray you give me leave, for I will ſtudy,
Though all the Bells, Pipes, Tabors, Timburines ring,
That you can plant about me: I will ſtudy.

Act I. Scene IV.

To him.] *Robin-hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alkin, Tuck, Servants,* with Muſick of all ſorts.

Rob. WElcome, bright *Clarion*, and ſweet *Mellifleur*,
The courteous *Lionel*, fair *Amie*; all
My Friends and Neighbours to the Jolly Bower
Of *Robin-hood*, and to the green Wood Walks:
Now that the ſhearing of your Sheep is done,
And the waſh'd Flocks are lighted of their Wooll,
The ſmoother Ewes are ready to receive
The mounting Rams again; and both do feed,
As either promis'd to increaſe your Breed
At eaning time; and bring you luſty Twins.
Why ſhould, or you, or we ſo much forget
The Seaſon in our ſelves, as not to make
Uſe of our Youth, and Spirits, to awake
The nimble Horn-Pipe, and the Timburine,
And mix our Songs and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut down a Triumph-Bough?
Such were the Rites the youthful *June* allow.
Cla. They were, gay *Robin*, but the ſowrer ſort
Of Shepherds, now diſclaim in all ſuch ſport:
And ſay, our Flocks the while, are poorly fed,
When with ſuch Vanities the Swains are led.
Tuc. Would they, wiſe *Clarion*, were not hurried more
With Covetiſe and Rage, when to their Store
They add the poor man's Eanling, and dare ſell
Both Fleece and Carkaſs, not gi'ing him the Fell.
When to one Goat, they reach that prickly Weed,
Which maketh all the reſt forbear to feed;
Or ſtrew *Tods* Hairs, or with their Tails do ſweep
The dewy Graſs, to do'ff the ſimpler Sheep;
Or dig deep Pits, their Neighbours Neat to vex,
To drown the Calves, and crack the Heifers Necks.
Or with pretence of chaſing thence the Brock,
Send in a Cur to worry the whole Flock.
Lio. O Friar, thoſe are Faults that are not ſeen,
Ours open, and of worſt Example been.
They call ours *Pagan* Paſtimes, that infect
Our Blood with Eaſe, our Youth with all neglect;
Our Tongues with Wantonneſs, our Thoughts with Luſt,
And what they cenſure ill, all others muſt.
Rob. I do not know what their ſharp ſight may ſee,
Of late, but I ſhould think it ſtill might be
(As 'twas) a happy Age, when on the Plains
The Wood-men met the Damſels, and the Swains
The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
And each did dance, ſome to the Kit, or Crowd,
Some to the Bag-pipe, ſome the Tabret mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.
Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his Sling,
Then dart his Hook at Daiſies, then would ſing.
Sometimes would wraſtle.
Cla. I, and with a Laſs:
And give her a new Garment on the Graſs;
After a courſe at Barley-break, or Baſe.
Lio. And all theſe deeds were ſeen without offence,
Or the leaſt hazard of their Innocence.
Rob. Thoſe charitable Times had no miſtruſt.
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to luſt.
Cla. Each minute that we loſe thus, I confeſs,
Deſerves a Cenſure on us, more or leſs;
But that a ſadder Chance hath given allay,
Both to the Mirth and Muſick of this day.
Our faireſt Shepherdeſs we had of late,
Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd; for whom her Mate,
Young *Æglamour*, a Swain, who beſt could tread
Our Countrey Dances; and our Games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in Woe, than ſhe in Water: crown'd
With *Yewgh* and *Cypreſs*, and will ſcarce admit
The Phyſick of our Preſence to his Fit.
Lio. Sometimes he ſits, and thinks all day, then walks,
Then thinks again, and ſighs, weeps, laughs and talks;
And 'twixt his pleaſing Frenzy, and ſad Grief,
Is ſo diſtracted, as no ſought relief,
By all our Studies can procure his Peace.
Cla. The Paſſion finds in him that large increaſe,
As we doubt hourly we ſhall loſe him too.
Rob. You ſhould not croſs him then, whate'er you do:
For Phant'ſie ſtopp'd, will ſoon take fire, and burn
Into an Anger, or to a Phrenſie turn.
Cla. Nay, ſo we are adviſ'd by *Alben* here,
A good ſage Shepherd, who, altho' he wear
An old worn Hat and Cloak, can tell us more
Than all the forward Fry, that boaſt their Lore.
Lio. See, yonder comes the Brother of the Maid,
Young *Karolin!* how curious, and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth to offend him.
Alken. Sure he's here about.

Act I. Scene V.

Robin-hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken, Karolin, Æglamour, ſitting upon a Bank by.

Cla. SEe where he ſits.
Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquiſite revenge: But peace, no words!
Not for the faireſt Fleece of all the Flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the Trees, and in the Turfe,
On every Greenſworth, and in every Path,
Juſt to the Margin of the cruel *Trent*;
There will I knock the Story in the Ground,
In ſmooth great Pebble, and Moſs fill it round,
Till the whole Countrey read how ſhe was drown'd.
And with the plenty of ſalt Tears there ſhed,
Quite alter the Complexion of the Spring.
Or I will get ſome old, old Grandam thither,
Whoſe rigid Foot but dip'd into the Water,
Shall ſtrike that ſharp, and ſudden cold throughout,
As it ſhall loſe all Vertue; and thoſe Nimphs,
Thoſe treacherous Nimphs, pull'd in *Earine*;
Shall ſtand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;

And

And never thaw! Mark, never! a ſharp Juſtice:
Or ſtay, a better! when the year's at hotteſt,
And that the *Dog-Star* foams, and the Stream boils,
And curls, and works, and ſwells ready to ſparkle:
To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
To ſet it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as *Scamander*, 'fore the Walls of *Troy*;
When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to conſume him.
Rob. A deep hurt Phant'ſie.
Æg. Do you not approve it?
Rob. Yes, gentle *Æglamour*, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your juſt Revenge:
Which ſince it is ſo perfect, we now hope,
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the profer'd ſolace of the Spring.
Æg. A Spring, now ſhe is dead: of what, of Thorns?
Briars, and Brambles? Thiſtles? Burs, and Docks?
Cold Hemlock? Yew? the Mandrake, or the Box?
Theſe may grow ſtill; but what can ſpring beſide?
Did not the whole Earth ſicken, when ſhe died?
As if there ſince did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any ſtalk
Did bear a Flower! or any Branch a Bloom,
After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith,
You do not fair, to put theſe things upon me.
Which can in no ſort be: *Earine*,
Who had her very Being, and her Name.
With the firſt knots, or buddings of the Spring,
Born with the Primroſe, and the Violet,
Or earlieſt Roſes blown: when *Cupid* ſmil'd,
And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
Leap'd out, and made their ſolemn Conjuration,
To laſt, but while ſhe liv'd: Do not I know,
How the Vale wither'd the ſame Day? How *Dove*,
Dean, *Eye*, and *Erwaſh*, *Idel*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,
Each broke his Urn, and Twenty Waters more,
That ſwell'd proud *Trent*, ſhrunk themſelves dry; that ſince,
No Sun, or Moon, or other chearful Star,
Look'd out of Heaven! but all the Cope was dark,
As it were hung ſo for her Exequies!
And not a voice or ſound, to ring her knell:
But of that diſmal pair, the ſcritching Owl,
And buzzing Hornet! hark, hark, hark the foul
Bird! how ſhe flutters with her wicker Wings!
Peace, you ſhall hear her ſcritch.
Cla. Good *Karolin*, ſing,
Help to divert this Phant'ſie. *Kar.* All I can.

The SONG.

[*Which while* Karolin *ſings*, Æglamour *reads.*

THough I am young, and cannot tell,
Eſther what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard, they both bear Darts,
And both do aim at Humane Hearts:
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a Ruine, we it call,
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flaſh of Lightning, or a Wave:
So Loves inflamed Shaft, or Brand,
May kill as ſoon as Death's cold Hand;
Except Loves Fires the Vertue have
To fright the Froſt out of the Grave.

Æg. Do you think ſo? are you in that good Hereſie?
I mean Opinion? If you be, ſay nothing:
I'll ſtudy it, as a new Philoſophy,
But by my ſelf alone: Now you ſhall leave me.
Some of theſe Nymphs, here, will reward you; this,
This pretty Maid, although but with a Kiſs,
[*He forces* Amie *to kiſs him.*
Liv'd my *Earine*, you ſhould have Twenty:
For every Line here, one I would allow 'em
From mine own Store, the Treaſure I had in her:
Now I am poor as you. *Kar.* And I a Wretch!
Cla. Yet keep an Eye upon him, *Karolin.*
[Æglamour *goes out, and* Karolin *follows him.*
Mel. Alas! that ever ſuch a generous Spirit,
As *Æglamour's*, ſhould ſink by ſuch a loſs!
Cla. The trueſt Lovers are leaſt fortunate,
Look all their Lives, and Legends, what they call
The Lovers Scriptures, *Heliodores*, or *Tatii!*
Longi! Euſtathii! Prodomi! you'll find it!
What think you, Father? *Alk.* I have known ſome few,
And read of more, wh'have had their doſe, and deep,
Of theſe ſharp bitter-ſweets. *Lio.* But what is this
To jolly *Robin*, who the Story is,
Of all beatitude in Love? *Cla.* And told
Here every day, with wonder on the World.
Lio. And with Fame's Voice.
Alk. Save that ſome folk delight
To blend all good of others, with ſome ſpight.
Cla. He, and his *Marian*, are the Sum and Talk
Of all, that breathe here in the Green-Wood Walk.
Mel. Or *Be'voir* Vale?
Kar. The Turtles of the Wood.
Cla. The billing Pair. *Alk.* And ſo are underſtood
For ſimple Loves, and ſampled Lives beſide.
Mel. Faith, ſo much Vertue ſhould not be envi'd.
Alk. Better be ſo than pitied, *Mellifleur!*
For 'gainſt all Envy, Vertue is a Cure;
But wretched Pity ever calls on Scorns.
The Deer's brought home: I hear it by their Horns.

Act I. Scene VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*, *John*, *Scarlet*, *Scatblock.*

Rob. MY *Marian*, and my Miſtris!
Mar. My lov'd *Robin!*
Mel. The Moon's at full, the happy Pair are met!
Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my riſing!
Firſt, with my Sports; but moſt with meeting you!
I did not half ſo well reward my Hounds,
As ſhe hath me to day: although I gave them
All the ſweet Morſels, call'd Tongue, Ears and Dowcets!
Rob. What? and the Inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes.
Rob. Your Sports then pleas'd you?
Mar. You are a Wanton.
Rob. One, I do confeſs,
I wanted till you came; but now I have you,
I'll grow to your Embraces, till Two Souls
Diſtilled into Kiſſes, through our Lips,
Do make one Spirit of Love.
Mar. O *Robin! Robin!*
Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what ſays my gentle *Marian?*
Mar. Could you ſo long be abſent?
Rob. What, a Week?
Was that ſo long?
Mar. How long are Lovers Weeks,
Do you think, *Robin*, when they are aſunder?
Are they not Pris'ners Years?
Rob. To ſome they ſeem ſo;
But being met again, they are School-boys Hours.
Mar. That have got leave to play, and ſo we uſe them.
Rob. Had you good Sport i' your Chaſe to day?
Jo. O, prime!
Mar. A luſty Stag? *Rob.* And hunted ye at force?

Mar. In a full cry. *Jo.* And never hunted change!
Rob. You had ſtanch Hounds then?
Mar. Old and ſure; I love
No young raſh Dogs, no more than changing Friends.
Rob. What relays ſet you?
Jo. None at all; we laid not
In one freſh Dog. *Rob.* He ſtood not long then?
Sca. Yes,
Five hours and more. A great, large Deer!
Rob. What Head?
Joh. Forked! A Hart of Ten.
Mar. He is good Veniſon,
According to the Seaſon i' the Blood,
I'll promiſe all your Friends, for whom he fell.
Joh. But at his fall there hap't a chance.
Mar. Worth mark?
Rob. I! what was that, ſweet *Marian*? [*He kiſſes her.*
Mar. You'll not hear?
Rob. I love theſe interruptions in a Story;
[*He kiſſes her again.*
They make it ſweeter. *Mar.* You do know, as ſoon
As the Aſſay is taken. [*He kiſſes her again.*
Rob. On, my *Marian.*
I did but take the Aſſay. *Mar.* You ſtop ones Mouth,
And yet you bid 'em ſpeak——when the Arbor's made.
Rob. Pull'd down, and Paunch turn'd out.
Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the Brisket-bone, upon the Spoon
Of which, a little Griſtle grows, you call it——
Rob. The Ravens Bone.
Mar. Now, o'er Head ſate a Raven!
On a ſere Bough! a grown great Bird! and Hoarſe!
Who, all the while the Deer was breaking up,
So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the Huntſmen
(Eſpecially old *Scathlock*) thought it ominous!
Swore it was Mother *Maudlin*, whom he met
At the day-dawn, juſt as he rows'd the Deer
Out of his Laire: but we made ſhift to run him
Off his Four Legs, and ſunk him e're we left.
Is the Deer come? *Scat.* He lies within o' the dreſſer!
Mar. Will you go ſee him, *Mellifleur*?
Mel. I attend you.
Mar. Come, *Amie*, you'll go with us?
Am. I am not well.
Lio. She's ſick o' the young Shep'erd that bekiſt her.
Mar. Friend, chear your Friends up, we will eat him merrily.
Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend?
Scat. I, qu'ha ſuld let me?
I ſuld be afraid ô you, Sir, ſuld I?
Clar. Huntſman!
A Dram more of Civility would not hurt you?
Rob. Nay, you muſt give them all their rudeneſſes;
They are not elſe themſelves, without their Language.
Alk. And what do you think of her?
Scat. As of a Witch.
They call her a Wiſe-woman, but I think her
An arrant Witch.
Clar. And wherefore think you ſo?
Scat. Becauſe I ſaw her ſince broiling the Bone
Was caſt her at the Quarry.
Alk. Where ſaw you her?
Scat. I' the Chimney nuik, within: ſhe's there now.
Rob. Marian.

Act I. Scene VII.

Marian. [*To them.*

YOur Hunt holds in his Tale ſtill; and tells more!
Mar. My Hunt? what Tale?
Rob. How! cloudy, *Marian!*
What look is this? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.
Hand off, rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in [*To* Scathlock.
And bear the Veniſon hence: It is too good
For theſe courſe Ruſtick Mouthes, that cannot open,
Or ſpend a thank for't. A ſtarv'd Muttons Carkaſs
Would better fit their Palates. See it carried
To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.
Tell her I ſent it to make merry with,
She'll turn us thanks at leaſt! why ſtand'ſt thou, Groom?
Rob. I wonder he can move! that he's not fix'd!
If that his feeling be the ſame with mine!
I dare not truſt the Faith of mine own Senſes.
I fear mine Eyes and Ears: this is not *Marian*!
Nor am I *Robin-hood!* I pray you ask her!
Ask her, good Shep'erds! ask her all for me;
Or rather ask your ſelves, if ſhe be ſhe;
Or I be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the Spy:
And the ſpi'd Spy, that watch upon my Walks,
To inform what Deer I kill, or give away!
Where! when! to whom! But ſpy your worſt, good Spy!
I will diſpoſe of this where leaſt you like!
Fall to your Cheeſe-Cakes, Curds, and clawted Cream,
Your Fools, your Flaunes; and of Ale a ſtream
To waſh it from your Livers: ſtrain Ewes Milk
Into your Cyder Sillabubs, and be drunk
To him, whoſe Fleece hath brought the earlieſt Lamb
This year; and wears the Baudrick at your Bord!
Where you may all go whiſtle; and record
This i' your Dance: and foot it luſtily.
[*She leaves them.*
Rob. I pray you, Friends, do you hear? and ſee, as I do?
Did the ſame Accents ſtrike your Ears? and Objects?
Your Eyes, as mine?
Alk. We taſte the ſame Reproaches!
Lio. Have ſeen the Changes!
Rob. Are we not all chang'd,
Transformed from our ſelves? *Lio.* I do not know!
The beſt is ſilence! *Alk.* And to await the iſſue.
Rob. The dead, or lazy wait for't: I will find it.

The Argument *of the Second* Act.

THE Witch Maudlin, *having taken the Shape of* Marian, *to abuſe* Robin-hood, *and perplex his Gueſts, cometh forth with her Daughter* Douce, *reporting in what confuſion ſhe hath left them; defrauded them of their Veniſon; made them ſuſpicious each of the other; but moſt of all* Robin-hood *ſo jealous of his* Marian, *as ſhe hopes no Effect of Love would ever reconcile them; glorying ſo far in the Extent of her Miſchief, as ſhe confeſſeth to have ſurpriz'd* Earine, *ſtripp'd her of her Garments, to make her Daughter appear fine, at this Feaſt, in them; and to have ſhut the Maiden up in a Tree, as her Son's Prize, if he could win her; or his Prey, if he would force her. Her Son a rude bragging Swine'ard, comes to the Tree to woo her (his Mother and Siſter ſtepping aſide to over-hear him) and firſt boaſts his Wealth to her, and his Poſſeſſions; which move not. Then he preſents her Gifts, ſuch as himſelf is taken with; but ſhe utterly ſhows a ſcorn, and loathing both of him and them. His Mother is angry, rates him, inſtructs him what to do the next time, and perſwades her Daughter to ſhow her ſelf about the Bower: Tells how ſhe ſhall know her Mother, when ſhe is transformed, by her broidered Belt. Mean while the Young Shep'ardeſs,* Amie, *being kiſt by* Karolin, Earine's *Brother, before, falls in Love; but knows not what Love is: but deſcribes her Diſeaſe ſo innocently, that* Marian *pities her. When* Robin-hood, *and the reſt of his Gueſts invited, enter to* Marian, *upbraiding her with ſending away their Veniſon to Mother* Maudlin *by* Scathlock, *which ſhe denies;* Scathlock *affirms it, but ſeeing his Miſtris weep, and to forſwear it, begins to doubt his own Underſtanding, rather than affront her farther; which makes*

Robin-

Robin-hood, *and the reſt, to examine themſelves better. But* Maudlin *entering like her ſelf, the Witch comes to thank her for her Bounty: at which* Marian *is more angry, and more denies the Deed.* Scathlock *enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the Cook. The Witch is inwardly vext the Veniſon is ſo recover'd from her by the rude Huntſman, and murmurs and Curſes; bewitches the Cook, mocks poor* Amie, *and the reſt; diſcovereth her ill Nature, and is a mean of reconciling them all. For the Sage Shepherd ſuſpecteth her miſchief, if ſhe be not prevented: and ſo perſwadeth to ſeize on her. Whereupon* Robin-hood *diſpatcheth out his VVoodmen to hunt, and take her. VVhich ends the Act.*

Act II. Scene I.

Maudlin, Douce.

Mau. HAve I not left 'em in a brave confuſion?
Amaz'd their Expectation? got their Veniſon?
Troubled their mirth and meeting? made them doubtful
And jealous of each other? all diſtracted?
And, i' the cloſe, uncertain of themſelves?
This can your Mother do, my dainty *Douce!*
Take any Shape upon her! and delude
The Senſes beſt acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly *Robin*, who hath bid this Feaſt,
And made this ſolemn Invitation;
I ha' poſſeſs'd ſo, with ſyke diſlikes
Of his own *Marian*, that all-be he know her,
As doth the vauting Hart his venting Hind,
He ne'er fra' hence, ſall neis her i' the wind,
To his firſt liking.
Dou. Did you ſo diſtate him?
Mau. As far as her proud ſcorning him could 'bate
Or blunt the Edge of any Lovers Temper.
Dou. But were ye like her Mother?
Mau. So like *Douce*,
As had ſhe ſeen me her ſel', her ſel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker of the twâ!
This can your Mother do, I tell you, Daughter!
I ha' but dight ye yet, i' the out-dreſs,
And 'pparel of *Earine!* but this Raiment,
Theſe very Weeds ſall make ye, as but coming
In view or ken of *Æglamour*, your Form
Shall ſhow too ſlippery to be look'd upon!
And all the Foreſt ſwear you to be ſhe!
They ſhall rin after ye, and wage the odds,
Upo' their own deceived ſights, ye' are her!
Whilſt ſhe (poor Laſs) is ſtock'd up in a Tree:
Your Brother *Lorel*'s Prize! For ſo my largeſs
Hath lotted her to be your Brother's Miſtris;
Gif ſhe can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!
And here he comes, new claithed, like a Prince
Of Swine'erds! ſyke he ſeems! dight i' the Spoils
Of thoſe he feeds! A mighty Lord of Swine!
He is command now to woo. Let's ſtep aſide,
And hear his Love-craft! See, he opes the door!
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth!
This is true Courtſhip, and becomes his Ray.

Act II. Scene II.

Lorel, Earine, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. YE kind to others, but ye coy to me
Deft Miſtris! whiter than the Cheeſe new preſt!
Smoother than Cream! and ſofter than the Curds!
Why ſtart ye from me, ere ye hear me tell
My wooing Errand; and what Rents I have?
Large Herds and Paſtures! Swine, and Kie, mine own!
And though my Na'ſe be camus'd, my Lips thick,
And my Chin briſtled! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was ſuch!
Who was the Chief of Herdſmen, and our Sire!
I am na' Fay! na' Incubus! na' Changlin!
But a Good Man, that lives o' my awn Geer.
This Houſe! theſe Grounds! this Stock is all mine awne!
Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were not known!
Mau. She likes it not: but it is boaſted well!
Lor. An Hundred Udders for the Pail I have,
That gi' me Milk and Curds, that make me Cheeſe
To cloy the Markets! Twenty Swarm of Bees,
Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the Hive,
And bring me Wax and Honey in by live.
An aged Oak, the King of all the Field,
With a broad Beech there grows afore my dur,
That mickle Maſt unto the Ferm doth yield.
A Cheſtnut, whilke hath larded mony a Swine,
Whoſe Skins I wear to fend me fra' the Cold.
A Poplar Green, and with a kerved Seat,
Under whoſe ſhade I ſolace in the heat;
And thence can ſee gang out and in my Neat.
Twa trilland Brooks, each (from his Spring) doth meet,
And make a River to refreſh my Feet:
In which, each morning ere the Sun doth riſe,
I look my ſelf, and clear my pleaſant Eyes,
Before I pipe; For therein I have skill
'Bove other Swine'erds. Bid me, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melody.
Ear. By no means. Ah! to me all Miniſtrelſie
Is irkſome, as are you.
Lor. Why ſcorn you me?
Becauſe I am a Herdſman, and feed Swine!
[*He draws out other Preſents.*
I am a Lord of other Geer! this fine
Smooth Bawſons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
Twa tyny Urſhins, and this Ferret gay.
Ear. Out on 'em! what are theſe?
Lor. I give 'em ye,
As Preſents, Mrs. *Ear.* O, the Feind, and thee!
Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my Coats: hence with 'em, limmer lown,
Thy Vermine and thy ſelf, thy ſelf art one;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

Act II. Scene III.

Lorel, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. DId you hear this? ſhe wiſh'd me at the Feind,
With all my Preſents! *Mau.* A tu lucky end
She wiſhend thee, foul Limmer! dritty Lown!
Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy Mother!
And ſee, thy Siſter ſcorns thee, for her Brother!
Thou woo thy Love, thy Miſtris, with twa Hedge-hogs?
A ſtinkand Brock? a Polcat? out thou Houlet!
Thou ſhould'ſt ha' given her a Madge-Owl! and then
Th' hadſt made a preſent o' thy ſelf, Owl-ſpiegle!
Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard ye bid to give;
And often as the Cauſe calls. *Mau.* I know well,
It is a witty part, ſometimes, to give.
But what? to whame? no Monſters! nor to Maidens!
He ſuld preſent them with mare pleaſant things,
Things Natural, and what all Women covet
To ſee: the common Parent of us all!
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus!
With which his Sire gat him! He's get another!
And ſo beget Poſterity upon her!
This he ſhould do! (falſe Gelden) gang thy gait,
And du thy turns betimes: or, I'is gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu.
The Talleur, and the Sowter ſall undu'
All they ha' made; except thou manlier woo!
[Lorel *goes out.*

Don. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, he'll du wairs.

Mau. Hang him: I geif him to the Devils eirs.
But, ye my *Douce*, I charge ye, ſhew your ſell,
Tu all the Shop'erds, baudly: gaing amang 'em.
Be mickel i' their Eye, frequent, and fugeand.
And, gif they ask ye of *Earine*,
Or of theſe Claithes; ſay, that I ga' 'em ye,
And ſay no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, ſall gar 'em think
By then, they feelin their own frights and fears,
I' is pu' the World, or Nature, 'bout their Ears.
But, hear ye, *Douce*, bycauſe ye may meet me
In mony ſhapes to day, where-e'er you ſpy
This browdred Belt, with Characters, tis I.
A Gypſan Lady, and a right Beldam,
Wrought it by Moon-ſhine for me, and Star-light,
Upo' your Granams Grave, that very Night
We earth'd her, in the Shades; when our Dame *Hecate*
Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
With all the Bark and Pariſh-Tykes ſet at her,
While I ſat whyrland of my brazen Spindle:
At every twiſted thrid my rock let fly
Unto the ſew'ſter, who did ſit me nigh,
Under the Town-turn-pike; which ran each ſpell
She ſtitched in the work, and knit it well.
See, ye take tent to this, and ken' your Mother.

Act II. Scene IV.

Marian, Mellifleur, Amie.

Mar. HOw do you, ſweet *Amie*, yet?
Mel. She cannot tell,
If ſhe could ſleep, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhould do well.
She feels a hurt, but where, ſhe cannot ſhow
Any leaſt ſign, that ſhe is hurt or no.
Her pain's not doubtful to her; but the ſeat
Of her pain is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
Oppreſt with Cares: but why, ſhe cannot ſay.
All matter of her care is quite away.
Mar. Hath any Vermine broke into your Fold?
Or any Rot ſeiz'd on your Flock? or cold?
Or hath your feighting Ram burſt his hard Horn?
Or any Ewe her Fleece? or Bag hath torn,
My gentle *Amie*?
Am. Marian, none of theſe.
Mar. Ha' you been ſtung by Waſps, or angry Bees?
Or raz'd with ſome rude Bramble, or rough Briar?
Am. No, *Marian*; my Diſeaſe is ſomewhat nigher.
I weep, and boyl away my ſelf in tears;
And then my panting Heart would dry thoſe fears:
I burn, though all the Foreſt lend a ſhade;
And freeze, though the whole Wood one fire were made.
Mar. Alas!
Am. I often have been torn with Thorn and Briar,
Both in the Leg, and Foot, and ſomewhat higher:
Yet gave not then ſuch fearful ſhreiks as theſe. Ah!
I often have been ſtung too with curſt Bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my Company, or Mirth for it. Ah!
And therefore, what it is that I feel now,
And know no cauſe of it, nor where, nor how,
It entred in me, nor leaſt print can ſee,
I feel afflicts me more than Briar or Bee. Oh!
How often, when the Sun, Heavens brighteſt birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the Earth,
Under a ſpreading Elm, or Oak, hard by
A cool clear Fountain, could I ſleeping lie
Safe from the Heat? but now, no ſhady tree,
Nor purling Brook, can my refreſhing be?
Oft when the Meadows were grown rough with Froſt,
The Rivers Ice bound, and their Currents loſt,
My thick warm Fleece I wore, was my defence,
Or large good Fires I made, drave Winter thence.
But now, my whole Flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to aſhes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-go
All ſenſe of Winters, and of Summers ſo.

Act II. Scene V.

Roben-hood, Clarion, Lionel, Alken.

Rob. O, are you here, my Miſtris?
Mar. I, my Love!
[*She ſeeing him, runs to embrace him.*
Where ſhould I be, but in my *Robin*'s arms?
The Sphere which I delight in, ſo to move?
Rob. What the rude Ranger? and ſpied Spy? hand off:
You are for no ſuch Ruſticks. [*He puts her back.*
Mar. What means this,
Thrice worthy *Clarion*? or wiſe *Alken*? know ye?
Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poor ſtarv'd Mutton's Carkaſs
Would better fit their Palat's, than your Veniſon.
Mar. What Riddle is this! unfold your ſelf, dear *Robin*.
Rob. You ha' not ſent your Veniſon hence by *Scathlock*,
To Mother *Maudlin*?
Mar. I, to Mother *Maudlin*?
Will *Scatblock* ſay ſo?
Rob. Nay, we will all ſwear ſo.
For all did hear it, when you gave the charge ſo.
Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, my ſelf.
Mar. Good honeſt Shep'erds, Maſters of your Flocks,
Simple, and vertuous Men, no others Hirelings;
Be not you made to ſpeak againſt your Conſcience,
That which may ſoil the truth. I ſend the Veniſon
Away? by *Scatblock*? and to Mother *Maudlin*?
I came to ſhew it here, to *Mellifleur*,
I do confeſs; but *Amie*'s falling ill,
Did put us off it: Since we imploy'd our ſelves
In comforting of her. O, here he is! [Scathlock *enters.*
Did I, Sir, bid you bear away the Veniſon,
To Mother *Maudlin*?
Sca. I, gud faith, Madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it.
Mar. What ha' you done?
Sca. Obey'd your heſts, Madam; done your Commands.
Mar. Done my Commands, dull Groom? Fetch it again,
Or Kennel with the Hounds. Are theſe the Arts,
Robin, you read your rude ones o' the Wood,
To countenance your quarrels, and miſtakings?
Or are the Sports to entertain your Friends,
Thoſe formed Jealouſies? Ask of *Mellifleur*,
If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
Since I came in with them; or ſaw this *Scathlock*,
Since I related to you his Tale o' the Raven?
Sca. I, ſay you ſo? [Scathlock *goes out.*
Mel. She never left my ſide
Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cla.* This 's ſtrange!
Our beſt of Senſes were deceiv'd, our Eyes, then!
Lio. And Ears too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you. *Am.* O my heart, my heart!
Mar. My heart it is, is wounded, pretty *Amie*;
Report not you your Griefs: I'll tell for all.
Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.
Mar. Try if you can take reſt. A little ſlumber
Will much refreſh you (*Amie.*) *Alk.* What's her grief?
Mar. She does not know: and therein ſhe is happy.

Act

Act II. Scene VI.

To them.] *John*, *Maudlin*, and *Scathlock* after.

Joh. HEre's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,
Madam, for ſome late gift, ſhe hath receiv'd—
Which ſhe's not worthy of, ſhe ſays, but cracks,
And wonders of it; hops about the Houſe;
Tranſported with the Joy. [*She danceth.*
Maud. Send me a Stag!
A whole Stag, Madam! and ſo fat a Deer!
So fairly hunted, and at ſuch a time too!
When all your Friends were here!
Rob. Do you mark this, *Clarion*?
Her own acknowledgment?
Maud. 'Twas ſuch a bounty
And honour done to your poor Beads-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you.
And that I come to do: I ſhall go round,
And giddy with the toy of the good turn.
[*She turns round till ſhe falls.*
Look out, look out, gay Folk about,
And ſee me ſpin the ring I am in
Of mirth, and glee, with thanks for Fee
The heart puts on, for th' Veniſon
My Lady ſent, which ſhall be ſpent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the Brain, and down again
Fall in a ſwoon, upo' the Crown.
Rob. Look to her, ſhe is mad.
Maud. My Son hath ſent you
A Pot of Strawberries, gather'd i' the Wood
(His Hogs would elſe have rooted up, or trod)
With a choice diſh of Wildings here, to ſcald
And mingle with your Cream.
Mar. Thank you good *Maudlin*,
And thank your Son. Go, bear 'em in to *Much*
Th' Acater, let him thank her. Surely, Mother,
You were miſtaken, or my Woodmen more,
Or moſt my ſelf, to ſend you all our ſtore
Of Veniſon, hunted for our ſelves, this day!
You will not take it, Mother, I dare ſay,
If we'll intreat you; when you know our gueſts:
Red Deer is Head ſtill of the Foreſt Feaſts.
Maud. But I knaw ye, a right free-hearted Lady,
Can ſpare it out of ſuperfluity:
I have departit it 'mong my poor Neighbours
To ſpeak your Largeſs. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My gifts, and where; and when to find my ſeaſons
To give, not throw away my Curteſies.
Maud. Count you this thrown away?
Mar. What's raviſh'd from me
I count it wurſe, as ſtoll'n: I loſe my thanks.
But leave this queſt: they fit not you, nor me.
Maudlin, Contentions of this quality.
How now? [Scathlock *enters.*
Sca. Your Stag's return'd upon my Shoulders,
He has found his way into the Kitchin again;
With his two Legs, if now your Cook can dreſs him;
'Slid, I thought the Swine'erd would ha' beat me,
He looks ſo big! the ſturdy Karl, lewd *Lorel!*
Mar. There *Scathlock*, for thy pains, thou haſt deſerv'd it. [Marian *gives him Gold.*
Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?
Mar. No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours;
As much good do't them: I ha' done no wrong.

The firſt Charm.

Maud. *The Spit ſtand ſtill, no Broches turn*
Before the Fire, but let it burn
Both Sides, and Hanches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.
Cla. What Devil's *Pater Noſter* mumbles ſhe?
Alk. Stay, you will hear more of her witchery.

II.

Maud. *The Swilland Dropſie enter in*
The lazy Cuke, *and ſwell his Skin*;
And the old Mort-mal on his Shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.
Cla. Speak out Hag, we may hear your Devils Mattens.

III.

Maud. *The Pæne, we call St.* Anton's *fire,*
The Gout, or what we can deſire,
To cramp a Cuke, *in every Limb,*
Before they dine, yet, ſeize on him.
Alk. A foul ill Spirit hath poſſeſſed her.
Am. O *Karol*, *Karol*, call him back again.
Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her, in her ſlumber.
And may expreſs ſome part of her diſeaſe.
Rob. Obſerve, and mark, but trouble not her eaſe.
Am. O, O. *Mar.* How is't *Amie*?
Mel. Wherefore ſtart you?
Am. O' *Karol*, he is fair, and ſweet.
Maud. What then?
Are there not Flowers as ſweet, and fair, as Men?
The Lily is fair! and Roſe is ſweet! *Am.* I, ſo!
Let all the Roſes, and the Lilies go:
Karol is only fair to me! *Mar.* And why?
Am. Alas for *Karol*, *Marian*, I could die.
Karol, he ſingeth ſweetly too! *Maud.* What then?
Are there not Birds ſing ſweeter far than Men?
Am. I grant the Linet, Lark, and Bull-finch ſing,
But beſt, the dear good Angel of the Spring,
The Nightingale. *Maud.* Then why? then why, alone,
Should his Notes pleaſe you? *Am.* I not long agone
Took a delight, with wanton Kids to play,
And ſport with little Lambs a Summers Day!
And view their friſks! methought it was a ſight
Of joy, to ſee my two brave Rams to fight!
Now *Karol*, only, all delight doth move!
All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve!
This very Morning, but— I did beſtow
(It was a little 'gainſt my will, I know)
A ſingle kiſs upon the ſilly Swain,
And now I wiſh that very kiſs again.
His Lip is ſofter, ſweeter than the Roſe;
His Mouth and Tongue with dropping Honey flows.
The reliſh of it was a pleaſing thing.
Maud. Yet like the Bees it had a little ſting.
Am. And ſunk, and ſticks yet in my Marrow deep;
And what doth hurt me, I now wiſh to keep.
Mar. Alas, how innocent her Story is!
Am. I do remember, *Marian*, I have oft
With pleaſure kiſt my Lambs, and Puppies, ſoft:
And once a dainty fine Roe-fawn I had,
Of whoſe out-skipping Bounds, I was as glad
As of my Health: and him I oft would kiſs:
Yet had his, no ſuch ſting, or pain, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my Heart. And, for
They were ſo blunt, and dull, I wiſh no more.
But this, that hurts, and pricks doth pleaſe; This ſweet,
Mingled with ſowre, I wiſh again to meet:
And that delay, methinks, moſt tedious is
That keeps, or hinders me of *Karol*'s kiſs.
Mar. We'll ſend for him ſweet *Amie*, to come to you.
Maud. But, I will keep him off if Charms will do it.
[*She goes murmuring out.*
Cla. Do you mark the murmuring Hag, how ſhe doth mutter?
Rob. I like her not. And leſs her manners now.
Alk. She is a ſhrewd deformed piece, I vow.
Lio. As crooked as her Body. *Rob.* I believe
She can take any Shape; as *Scathlock* ſays.

Alk. She

Alk. She may deceive the Senſe, but really
She cannot change her ſelf
Rob. Would I could ſee her,
Once more in *Marian*'s form! for I am certain
Now, it was ſhe abus'd us; as I think
My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent:
Which faith I ſeal unto her, with this kiſs,
And call you all to witneſs of my Pennance.
Alk. It was believ'd before, but now confirm'd,
That we have ſeen the Monſter.

Act II. Scene VII.

To them.] *Tuck, John, Much, Scarlet.*

Tuc. HEar you how
Poor *Tom*, the Cook, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbs were tied with points:
His whole frame ſlackens; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the Spondils of his Back;
A Gout, or Cramp, now ſeizeth on his Head,
Then falls into his Feet; his Knees are Lead;
And he can ſtir his either Hand, no more
Than a dead Stump, to his Office, as before.
Alk. He is bewitched. *Cla.* This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, we ſee.
Alk. She muſt by ſome device reſtrained be,
Or ſhe'll go far in miſchief. *Rob.* Adviſe how,
Sage Shep'erd, we ſhall put it ſtrait in practice.
Alk. Send forth your Woodmen, then, into the walks,
Or let 'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is ſure a Creature of melancholy,
And will be found, or ſitting in her fourm,
Or elſe, at relief, like a Hare. *Cla.* You ſpeak,
Alken, as if you knew the ſport of Witch-hunting,
Or ſtarting of a Hag.
[*Enter* George *to the Huntſmen; who by themſelves continue the Scene: the reſt going off.*
Rob. Go Sirs about it,
Take *George* here with you, he can help to find her;
Leave *Tuck* and *Much* behind to dreſs the Dinner,
I' the Cooks ſtead. *Much.* We'll care to get that done.
Rob. Come *Marian*, let's withdraw into the Bowre.

Act II. Scene VIII.

John, Scarlet, Scathlock, George, Alken.

Jo. RAre ſport I ſwear! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. *Scar.* Let's adviſe upon 't like Huntſmen.
Geo. And we can ſpy her once, ſhe is our own.
Scat. Firſt, think which way ſhe fourmeth, on what wind:
Or North, or South. *Geo.* For, as the Shep'erd ſaid,
A Witch is a kind of Hare.
Scat. And marks the weather,
As the Hare does. *Jo.* Where ſhall we hope to find her?
[Alken *returns.*
Alk. I have ask'd leave to aſſiſt you, jolly Huntſmen,
If an old Shep'erd may be heard among you;
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. *Jo.* Father, you will ſee
Robinhood's Houſe-hold, know more Curteſie.
Scat. Who ſcorns at eld, peels of his own young Hairs.
Alk. Ye ſay right well. Know ye the Witches Dell?
Scar. No more than I do know the walks of Hell.
Alk. Within a gloomy dimble, ſhe doth dwell
Down in a Pit, o'er-grown with Brakes and Briars,
Cloſe by the ruines of a ſhaken Abbey,
Torn with an Earthquake, down unto the Ground,
'Mongſt Graves, and Grots, near an old Charnel-houſe,
Where you ſhall find her ſitting in her fourm,
As fearful, and melancholique, as that
She is about; with Caterpillars Kells,
And knotty Cobwebs, rounded in with ſpells;
Thence ſhe ſteals forth to relief, in the Fogs,
And rotten Miſts, upon the Fens, and Bogs,
Down to the drowned Lands of *Lincolnſhire*;
To make Ewes caſt their Lambs! Swine eat their Farrow!
The Houſe-wives Tun not work! nor the Milk churn!
Writhe Childrens Wriſts! and ſuck their Breath in ſleep!
Get Vials of their Blood! And where the Sea
Caſts up his ſlimy Owze, ſearch for a Weed
To open Locks with, and to rivet Charms,
Planted about her, in the wicked ſeat,
Of all her miſchiefs, which are manifold.
Jo. I wonder ſuch a ſtory could be told,
Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches Banks
Had inclos'd nothing, but the merry pranks
Of ſome old Woman. *Scar.* Yes, her malice more!
Scat. As it would quickly appear, had we the ſtore
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
Can ſpeak her right. *Scar.* He knows her ſhifts and haunts!
Alk. And all her wiles, and turns. The venom'd Plants
Wherewith ſhe kills! where the ſad Mandrake grows,
Whoſe groans are deathful! the dead-numming Night-ſhade!
The ſtupifying Hemlock! Adders Tongue!
And Martagan! the ſhreiks of luckleſs Owles,
We hear! and croaking Night-Crows in the Air!
Green-bellied Snakes! blue Fire-drakes in the Sky!
And giddy Flitter-mice, with Leather Wings!
The ſcaly Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the Stocks of Trees, white Faies do dwell,
And ſpan-long Elves, that dance about a Pool!
With each a little Changeling, in their Arms!
The airy Spirits play with falling Stars!
And mount the Sphere of Fire, to kiſs the Moon!
While ſhe ſits reading by the Gloe-worms light,
Or rotten Wood (o'er which the Worm hath crept)
The baneful Scedule of her nocent Charms,
And binding Characters, through which ſhe wounds
Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her Witch-craft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And ſhew you her ſitting in her Fourm; I'll lay
My Hand upon her; make her throw her Skut
Along her Back, when ſhe doth ſtart before us.
But you muſt give her Law: and you ſhall ſee her
Make twenty leaps, and doubles; croſs the Paths,
And then ſquat down beſide us. *Jo.* Crafty Croan!
I long to be at the ſport, and to report it.
Scar. We'll make this hunting of the Witch as famous,
As any other blaſt of Venery.
Scat. Hang her foul Hag, ſhe'll be a ſtinking Chaſe!
I had rather ha' the hunting of her Heir.
Geo. If we could come to ſee her cry, ſo haw, once!
Alk. That I do promiſe, or I' am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument *of the Third* Act.

PUck-hairy *diſcovereth himſelf in the Foreſt, and diſcourſeth his Offices with their neceſſities, briefly; after which,* Douce *entring in the habit of* Earine, *is purſued by* Karol; *who miſtaking her at firſt to be his Siſter, queſtions her how ſhe came by thoſe Garments. She anſwers, by her Mothers gift. The ſad Shepherd coming in the while, ſhe runs away affrighted, and leaves* Karol *ſuddenly;* Æglamour *thinking it to be* Earine's *Ghoſt he ſaw, falls into a melancholick expreſſion of his phantſie to* Karol, *and queſtions him ſadly about that point, which moves compaſſion in* Karol *of his miſtake ſtill. When* Clarion *and* Lionel *enter to call* Karol *to* Amie, Karol *reports to them* Æglamour's *paſſion, with much regret.* Clarion *reſolves to ſeek him.* Karol *to return with* Lionel: *By the way* Douce *and her Mother (in the ſhape of* Marian) *meet them, and would divert them, affirming*

affirming Amie *to be recovered, which* Lionel *wondred at to be ſo ſoon.* Robin-hood *enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be* Marian; Robin *ſuſpecting her to be* Maudlin, *lays hold of her Girdle ſuddenly, but ſhe ſtriving to get free, they both run out, and he returns with the Belt broken. She following in her own ſhape, demanding it, but at a diſtance, as fearing to be ſeiz'd upon again; and ſeeing ſhe cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and curſing, reſolving to truſt to her old Arts, which ſhe calls her Daughter to aſſiſt in. The Shepherd's content with this diſcovery, go home triumphing, make the relation to* Marian. Amie *is gladded with the ſight of* Karol, *&c. In the mean time enters* Lorel, *with purpoſe to raviſh* Earine, *and calling her forth to that lewd end, be by the hearing of* Clarion's *footing, is ſtaid, and forced to commit her haſtily to the Tree again; where* Clarion *coming by, and hearing a Voice ſinging, draws near unto it, but* Æglamour *hearing it alſo, and knowing it to be* Earine's, *falls into a ſuperſtitious commendation of it, as being an Angels, and in the Air, when* Clarion *eſpies a Hand put forth from the Tree, and makes towards it, leaving* Æglamour *to his wild phantſie, who quitteth the place; and* Clarion *beginning to court the Hand, and make love to it, there ariſeth a miſt ſuddenly, which darkning all the place,* Clarion *loſeth himſelf, and the Tree where* Earine *is incloſed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown Nimphs miſery. The Air clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how ſhe had cauſed that late Darkneſs, to free* Lorel *from ſurpriſal, and his prey from being reſcued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to aſſiſt a work ſhe hath in hand, of recovering her loſt Girdle; which ſhe laments the loſs of, with curſings, execrations, wiſhing confuſion to their Feaſt, and Meeting: ſends her Son and Daughter to gather certain Simples for her purpoſe, and bring them to her Dell. This* Puck *hearing, prevents, and ſhews her error ſtill. The Huntſmen having found her footing, follow the track, and prick after her. She gets to her Dell, and takes her Form. Enter,* Alken *has ſpied her ſitting with her Spindle, Threads, and Images. They are eager to ſeize her preſently, but* Alken *perſwades them to let her begin her Charms, which they do. Her Son and Daughter come to her: the Huntſmen are affrighted as they ſee her work go forward. And over-haſty to apprehend her, ſhe eſcapeth them all, by the help and deluſions of* Puck.

Act III. Scene I.

Puck-hairy.

THE Fiend hath much to do, that keeps a School;
Or is the Father of a Family;
Or governs but a Country Academy:
His labours muſt be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turns, and caſt how to prevent 'em.
This Dame of mine here, *Maud*, grows high in evil,
And thinks ſhe do's all, when 'tis I, her Devil,
That both delude her, and muſt yet protect her:
She's confident in miſchief, and preſumes
The changing of her ſhape will ſtill ſecure her.
But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
Of other conſequence, which I muſt look to:
Not let her be ſurpriz'd on the firſt catch.
I muſt go dance about the Foreſt, now,
And firk it like a Goblin, till I find her.
Then will my ſervice come worth acceptation;
When not expected of her, when the help
Meets the neceſſity, and both do kiſs,
'Tis call'd the timing of a duty, this.

Act III. Scene II.

Karol, Douce, to them *Æglamour.*

Kar. SUre, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
You had been ſhe, ſeeing you run afore me:
For ſuch a ſuit ſhe made her 'gainſt this Feaſt;
In all reſemblance, or the very ſame;
I ſaw her in it; had ſhe liv'd t' enjoy it
She had been there an acceptable Gueſt
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,
Who are the Crown, and Garland of the Wood.
Dou. I cannot tell, my Mother gave it me,
And bad me wear it.
Kar. Who, the wiſe good Woman?
Old *Maud*, of *Pappelwick*? *Dou.* Yes, this ſullen Man.
I cannot like him, I muſt take my leave.
[Æglamour *enters, and* Douce *goes out.*
Æg. What ſaid ſhe to you? *Kar.* Who? *Æg. Earine.*
I ſaw her talking with you, or her Ghoſt;
For ſhe indeed is drown'd in old *Trent*'s bottom.
Did ſhe not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The Rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No Ground is Holy enough. (you know my meaning)
Luſt is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majeſties not violated! (gone?
No words! *Car.* How ſad and wild his thoughts are!
[Æglamour *goes out, but comes in again.*
Æg. But ſhe, as chaſte, as was her name, *Earine*,
Di'd undeflowr'd: and now her ſweet Soul hovers,
Here, in the Air, above us; and doth haſte
To get up to the *Moon*, and *Mercury*;
And whiſper *Venus* in her *Orb*; then ſpring
Up to old *Saturn*, and come down by *Mars*,
Conſulting *Jupiter*, and ſeat her ſelf
Juſt in the midſt with *Phœbus*, temp'ring all
The jarring Spheres, and giving to the World
Again, his firſt and tuneful planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new Concords!
Delightful harmony! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' ſpeculation,
And throw a ſilence upon all the Creatures!
[*He goes out again, but returns as ſoon as before.*
Kar. A Cogitation of the higheſt rapture!
Æg. The loudeſt Seas, and moſt enraged Winds
Shall loſe their clangor; Tempeſt ſhall grow hoarſe;
Loud Thunder dumb; and every ſpeece of Storm
Laid in the lap of liſt'ning Nature huſht,
To hear the changed chime of his eighth Sphere,
Take tent, and hearken for it, loſe it not.
[Æglamour *departs.*

Act III. Scene III.

Clarion, Lionel, Karol.

Cla. O', here is *Karol!* was not that the ſad
Shep'erd, ſlip'd from him?
Lio. Yes, I gueſs it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol?* *Kar.* The laſt Man!
Whom we ſhall never ſee himſelf again;
Or ours, I fear! He ſtarts away from hand ſo,
And all the touches, or ſoft ſtroke of reaſon!
Ye can apply. No Colt is ſo unbroken!
Or Hawk yet half ſo haggard, or unmann'd!
He takes all toies that his wild phantſie proffers,
And flies away with them. He now conceives
That my loſt Siſter, his *Earine*,
Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the Seven:
And reads a Muſick-Lecture to the Planets!
And with this thought he's run to call 'em hearers!

Cla. Alas,

Cla. Alas, this is a ſtrain'd, but innocent phant'ſie!
I'll follow him, and find him if I can:
Mean time, go you with *Lionel*, ſweet *Karol*;
He will acquaint you with an accident
Which much deſires your preſence, on the place!

Act III. Scene IV.

Karol, Lionel.

Kar. WHat is it, *Lionel*, wherein I may ſerve you?
Why do you ſo ſurvey, and circumſcribe me?
As if you ſtuck one Eye into my Breaſt,
And with the other took my whole dimenſions.
Lio. I wiſh you had a Window i' your Boſom,
Or i' your Back, I might look thorough you,
And ſee your in-parts, *Karol*, Liver, Heart;
For there the ſeat of Love is: whence the Boy
(The winged Archer) hath ſhot home a Shaft
Into my Siſters Breaſt, the innocent *Amie*,
Who now cries out, upon her Bed, on *Karol*,
Sweet ſinging *Karol!* the delicious *Karol!*
That kiſt her like a *Cupid!* In your Eyes,
She ſays, his ſtand is! and between your Lips
He runs forth his diviſions, to her Ears,
But will not bide there, 'leſs your ſelf do bring him.
Go with me *Karol*, and beſtow a viſit
In charity, upon the afflicted Maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your Love.
Mar. Whither intend you? *Amie* is recover'd,
Feels no ſuch grief as ſhe complain'd of, lately:
[*To them* Maud *and* Douce, *but* Maud *appearing like* Marian.
This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Maudlin, the cunning Woman, who hath ſent her
Herbs for her Head, and Simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
Settled her Brain, to all our wiſh, and wonder!
Lio. So inſtantly? you know, I now but left her,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a fit, almoſt to a phrenſie:
Your ſelf too fear'd her, *Marian*, and did urge
My haſte to ſeek out *Karol*, and to bring him.
Mar. I did ſo. But the skill of that wiſe Woman,
And her great charity of doing good,
Hath by the ready hand of this deft Laſs
Her Daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,
And to aſtoniſhment; we can but thank,
And praiſe, and be amazed, while we tell it.
[*They go out.*
Lio. 'Tis ſtrange, that any Art ſhould ſo help Nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then it appears moſt real
When th' other is deficient. [*Enter* Robinhood.
Rob. Wherefore ſtay you
Diſcourſing here, and haſte not with your ſuccours
To poor afflicted *Amie*, that ſo needs them?
Lio. She is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, ſhe is return'd to affirm it!
[*Enter* Maud. *like* Marian: Maud. *eſpying* Robinhood *would run out, but he ſtays her by the Girdle, and runs in with her: He returns with the Girdle broken, and ſhe in her own ſhape.*
Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar. Robin-hood*? Is he here!
Rob. Stay!
What was't you ha' told my Friend?
Mar. Help, murder, help.
You will not rob me, Out-law? Thief, reſtore
My Belt that ye have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come near.
Maud. Not i' your gripe.
Rob. Was this the charmed Circle?
The Copy that ſo cozen'd, and deceiv'd us?
I'll carry hence the Trophy of your ſpoils.
My Men ſhall hunt you too upon the ſtart,
And courſe you ſoundly. *Maud.* I ſhall make 'em ſport
And ſend ſome home without their Legs, or Arms.
I'll teach 'em to climb Stiles, leap Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i' the Waters, if they follow me.
Rob. Out murmuring Hag.
Maud. I muſt uſe all my powers,
Lay all my wits to piecing of this loſs.
Things run unluckily: Where's my *Puck-hairy*?

Act III. Scene V.

Maud, Puck.

HAth he forſook me?
Puck. At your beck, Madam.
Maud. O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have loſt my Belt,
The ſtrong Thief, *Robin Out-law*, forc'd it from me.
Puck. They are other Clouds and blacker threat you, Dame;
You muſt be wary, and pull in your Sails,
And yield unto the Weather of the Tempeſt.
You think your power 's infinite as your malice;
And would do all your anger prompts you to:
But you muſt wait occaſions, and obey them:
Sail in an Egg-ſhell, make a ſtraw your Maſt,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and paſs unſeen,
Till you have ſcap'd the Rocks that are about you.
Maud. What Rock's about me?
Puc. I do love, Madam,
To ſhew you all your dangers, when you are paſt 'em.
Come, follow me, I'll once more be your Pilot,
And you ſhall thank me.
Maud. Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!
Where are you gaang, now? [Lorel *meets her.*
Lor. Unto my Tree,
To ſee my Maiſtreſs. *Maud.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns, with better luck, or hang thy ſel'.

THE END.

UNDER-WOODS.

Conſiſting of divers

POEMS.

By Ben. Johnſon.

Cineri, gloria ſera venit. — Martial.

TO THE READER.

WIth the ſame leave the Ancients call'd that kind of Body Sylva, *or* ὕλη, *in which there were works of divers nature, and matter congeſted. As the multitude call Timber-trees, promiſcuouſly growing, a* Wood, *or* Foreſt: *ſo am I bold to entitle theſe leſſer Poems, of later growth, by this of* Under-wood, *out of the Analogy they hold to the* Foreſt, *in my former Book, and no otherwiſe.*

Ben. Johnson.

UNDER-WOODS.

POEMS

OF

DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinity.

1. O Holy, bleſſed, glorious *Trinity*
Of Perſons, ſtill one God, in *Unity*.
The faithful man's believed Myſtery,
Help, help to lift
2. My ſelf up to thee, harrow'd, torn, and bruis'd
By ſin, and Sathan; and my fleſh miſus'd,
As my Heart lies in pieces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
3. All-gracious God, the *Sinners Sacrifice*.
A broken Heart thou wert not wont deſpiſe,
But 'bove the fat of Rams, or Bulls, to prize
An off'ring meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compaſſion on my grievous plight.
What Odour can be, than a Heart contrite,
To thee more ſweet?
5. *Eternal Father*, God, who did'ſt create
This All of nothing, gaveſt it Form, and Fate,
And Breath'ſt into it, Life, and Light, with ſtate
To worſhip thee.
6. *Eternal God the Son*, who not deny'dſt
To take our Nature; becam'ſt Man, and dy'dſt,
To pay our Debts, upon thy Croſs, and cry'dſt
All's done in me.
7. *Eternal Spirit*, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in Man: with fiery Zeal them feeding
For acts of Grace.
8. Increaſe thoſe acts, O glorious *Trinity*
Of Perſons, ſtill one God in *Unity*;
Till I attain the long'd-for myſtery
of ſeeing your Face.
9. Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
A *Trinity*, to ſhine in *Unity*;
The gladdeſt Light, dark Man can think upon;
O grant it me!
10. Father, and Son, and Holy Ghoſt, you Three
All coeternal in your Majeſty,
Diſtinct in Perſons, yet in Unity
One God to ſee.
11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier:
To hear, to meditate, ſweeten my deſire,
With Grace, with Love, with Cheriſhing intire:
O, then how bleſt!
12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels placed, ſide by ſide,
But in thy preſence, truly glorified
Shall I there reſt!

A Hymn to God the Father.

Hear me, O God!
A broken Heart,
Is my beſt part:
Uſe ſtill thy Rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadſt not
Been ſtern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My ſelf and thee.

For, ſins ſo ſweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their puniſhment.

Who more can crave
Than thou haſt done?
That gav'ſt a Son,
To free a Slave:
Firſt made of nought;
Withall ſince bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebel,
And ſlight the ſame.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loſs,
Me farther toſs,
As ſure to win
Under his Croſs.

A Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour.

I Sing the Birth, was born to Night,
The Author both of Life, and Light;
The Angels ſo did ſound it,
And like the raviſh'd Shep'erds ſaid,
Who ſaw the Light, and were afraid,
Yet ſearch'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all Salvation bring,
And fre'd the Soul from danger;
He whom the whole World could not take,
The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Father's Wiſdom will'd it ſo,
The Sons obedience knew no No,
Both Wills were in one ſtature;
And as that Wiſdom had decre'd,
The Word was now made Fleſh indeed,
And took on him our Nature.

What comfort by him do we win.
Who made himſelf the price of Sin,
To make us Heirs of Glory,
To ſee this Babe, all Innocence;
A Martyr born in our Defence:
Can Man forget this Story?

A Celebration of CHARIS in Ten *Lyrick* Pieces.

I.

His Excuſe for Loving.

LEt it not your wonder move,
Leſs your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty Years,
I have had, and have my Peers;
Poets, though divine, are Men:
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not always Face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace;
Or the Feature, or the Youth:
But the Language, and the Truth,
With the Ardor, and the Paſſion,
Gives the Lover weight, and faſhion.
If you then will read the Story,
Firſt, prepare you to be ſorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as ſoon with me,
When you know that this is ſhe,
Of whoſe Beauty it was ſung,
She ſhall make the old Man young.
Keep the middle Age at ſtay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till ſhe be the reaſon why,
All the World for Love may die.

II.

How he ſaw her.

I Beheld her, on a Day,
When her look out-flouriſht May:
And her dreſſing did out-brave
All the Pride the Fields then have:
Far I was from being ſtupid,
For I ran and call'd on *Cupid*,
Love, if thou wilt ever ſee
Mark of glory, come with me;
Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
Here's a Shaft, thou art too ſlow!
And (withal) I did untie
Every Cloud about his Eye;
But, he had not gain'd his ſight
Sooner than he loſt his Might,
Or his Courage; for away
Strait he ran, and durſt not ſtay,
Letting Bow and Arrow fall:
Nor for any Threat, or Call,
Could be brought once back to look,
I fool-hardy, there up took
Both the Arrow he had quit,
And the Bow, which thought to hit
This my Object: But ſhe threw
Such a Lightning (as I drew)
At my Face, that took my Sight,
And my Motion from me quite;
So that there, I ſtood a Stone,
Mock'd of all; and call'd of one
(Which with grief and wrath I heard)
Cupid's Statue with a Beard;
Or elſe one that plaid his Ape,
In a *Hercules* his ſhape.

III.

What he ſuffered.

AFter many ſcorns like theſe,
Which the prouder Beauties pleaſe;
She content was to reſtore
Eyes and Limbs, to hurt me more,
And would on Conditions, be
Reconcil'd to Love, and me.
Firſt, that I muſt kneeling yield
Both the Bow, and ſhaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her Hand, with Oath, to make
Me, the ſcope of his next draught
Aimed, with that ſelf-ſame Shaft:
He no ſooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw,
And (to gain her by his Art)
Left it ſticking in my Heart:
Which when ſhe beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have chang'd the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Looſer-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to ſpeak.
And in either Proſe, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterouſly I do
Hear and make Example too.

IV.

Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at Hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Car Love guideth.
As ſhe goes, all Hearts do duty
Unto her Beauty,
And enamour'd, do wiſh, ſo they might
But enjoy ſuch a ſight;
That they ſtill were to run by her ſide,
Through Swords, through Seas, whither ſhe would ride.

Do but look on her Eyes, they do light
All that Loves World compriſeth!
Do but look on her Hair, it is bright
As Loves Star when it riſeth!
Do but mark, her Forehead's ſmoother
Than words that ſooth her!
And from her arched Brows, ſuch a Grace
Sheds it ſelf through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gain, all the Good of the Elements ſtrife.

Have you ſeen but a bright Lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the Soyl hath ſmutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the Wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Down ever?
Or have ſmelt o' the Bud o' the Briar?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have taſted the Bag of the Bee?
O ſo white! O ſo ſoft! O ſo ſweet is ſhe!

V

His Diſcourſe with Cupid.

NObleſt *Charis*, you that are
Both my Fortune, and my Star!
And do govern more my Blood,
Than the various Moon the Flood!
Hear, what late diſcourſe of you,
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongſt my Muſes finding me,
Where he chanc'd your Name to ſee
Set, and to this ſofter Strain;
Sure, ſaid he, if I have Brain,
This here ſung, can be no other,
By deſcription, but my Mother!
So hath *Homer* prais'd her Hair;
So *Anacreon* drawn the Air
Of her Face, and made to riſe
Juſt about her ſparkling Eyes,
Both her Brows bent like my Bow.
By her Looks I do her know,
Which you call my Shafts. And ſee!
Such my Mothers Bluſhes be,
As the Bath your Verſe diſcloſes
In her Cheeks of Milk and Roſes;
Such as oft I wanton in?
And, above her even Chin,
Have you plac'd the Bank of Kiſſes,
Where you ſay, Men gather Bliſſes,
Rip'ned with a breath more ſweet,
Than when Flowers, and Weſt-winds meet.
Nay, her white and poliſh'd Neck,
With the Lace that doth it deck,
Is my Mothers! Hearts of ſlain
Lovers, made into a Chain!
And between each riſing Breaſt,
Lies the Valley, call'd my Neſt,
Where I ſit and proyn my Wings
After flight; and put new ſtings
To my Shafts! Her very Name,
With my Mothers, is the ſame.
I confeſs all, I reply'd,
And the Glaſs hangs by her ſide,
And the Girdle 'bout her waſte,
All is *Venus*, ſave unchaſte.
But alas, thou ſeeſt the leaſt
Of her good, who is the beſt
Of her Sex: But could'ſt thou, *Love*,
Call to mind the Forms that ſtrove
For the Apple, and thoſe three
Make in one, the ſame were ſhe.
For this Beauty yet doth hide,
Something more than thou haſt ſpi'd.
Outward Grace weak Love beguiles:
She is *Venus*, when ſhe ſmiles;
But ſhe's *Juno*, when ſhe walks,
And *Minerva*, when ſhe talks.

VI.

Claiming a Second Kiſs by Deſert.

CHaris, gueſs, and do not miſs,
Since I drew a Morning Kiſs
From your Lips, and ſuck'd an air
Thence, as ſweet, as you are fair.
What my Muſe and I have done:
Whether we have loſt, or won,
If by us, the odds were laid,
That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
Look'd not half ſo freſh and fair,
With th' advantage of her Hair,
And her Jewels, to the view
Of th' Aſſembly, as did you!
Or, that did you ſit, or walk,
You were more the Eye, and talk
Of the Court, to day, than all
Elſe that gliſter'd in *White-hall*;
So, as thoſe that had your ſight,
Wiſht the Bride were chang'd to Night.
And did think ſuch Rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move to Night
In the Dances, with what ſpight
Of your Peers, you were beheld,
That at every Motion ſwell'd
So to ſee a Lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being ſo ſeen)
To be envi'd of the Queen.
Or if you would yet have ſtay'd,
Whether any would up-braid
To himſelf his loſs of Time;
Or have charg'd his ſight of Crime,
To have left all ſight for you.
Gueſs of theſe, which is the true;
And, if ſuch a Verſe as this,
May not claim another Kiſs.

VII.

Begging another, on colour of mending the former.

FOr *Loves*-ſake, kiſs me once again,
I long, and ſhould not beg in vain,
Here's none to ſpy, or ſee;
Why do you doubt, or ſtay?
I'll taſte as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his Flower, and flies away.
Once more, and (faith) I will be gone,
Can he that loves, ask leſs than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
and all your Bounty wrong:
This could be call'd but half a Kiſs.
What we 're but once to do, we ſhould do long,
I will but mend the laſt and tell
Where, how it would have reliſh'd well;
Joyn Lip to Lip, and try:
Each ſuck others breath,
And whilſt our Tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wiſh our death.

VIII.

Urging her of a Promiſe.

CHaris one day in diſcourſe
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd, ſhe would tell
What a Man ſhe could love well:
And that promiſe ſet on fire
All that heard her, with deſire.
With the reſt, I long expected,
When the work would be effected:
But we find that cold delay,
And Excuſe ſpun every day,
As, until ſhe tell her one,
We all fear, ſhe loveth none.
Therefore, *Charis*, you muſt do't,
For I will ſo urge you to't,
You ſhall neither eat, nor ſleep,
No, nor forth your Window peep,
With your Emiſſary Eye,
To fetch in the Forms go by:
And pronounce, which Band or Lace,
Better fits him than his Face;
Nay, I will not let you ſit
'Fore your Idol Glaſs a whit,
To ſay over every purl
There; or to reform a curl;
Or with Secretary *Sis*
To conſult, if *Fucus* this
Be as good, as was the laſt:
All your ſweet of Life is paſt,
Make accompt, unleſs you can,
(And that quickly) ſpeak your Man.

IX.

Her man deſcribed by her own Dictamen.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to eaſe me,
I will tell what Man would pleaſe me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſs, do take me;
And a Woman God did make me,
French to boot, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
Young I'ld have him too, and fair,
Yet a Man; with criſped Hair,
Caſt in thouſand Snares and Rings,
For *Love*'s Fingers, and his Wings:
Cheſnut Colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a Ground of Black.
Venus and *Minerva*'s Eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.
Eye-brows bent, like *Cupid*'s Bow,
Front, an ample Field of Snow;
Even Noſe, and Cheek, (withal)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin as woolly as the Peach;
And his Lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much Beard,
And make *Love* or me afeard.
He would have a Hand as ſoft
As the Down, and ſhew it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any Ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a Bluſh
Riſing through it, e're it came;
All his Blood ſhould be a Flame,
Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
In Loves School, and yet no ſinners.
'Twere too long to ſpeak of all,
What we Harmony do call,
In a body ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his Clothes to wear;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Dreſt, you ſtill for Man ſhould take him,
And not think h' had eat a Stake,
Or were ſet up in a Brake.
Valiant he ſhould be as fire,
Shewing danger more than Ire.
Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth,
And as honeſt as his Birth.
All his Actions to be ſuch,
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o'er-praiſe, nor yet condem;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do Wrongs, nor Wrongs receive;
Nor tie Knots, nor Knots unweave;
And from baſeneſs to be free,
As he durſt love Truth and Me.
Such a Man, with every part,
I could give my very Heart;
But of one, if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

X.

Another Ladies Exception, preſent at the hearing.

FOr his Mind, I do not care,
That's a Toy that I could ſpare:
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and Band ſit neat,
Himſelf young, and Face be good,
All I wiſh is underſtood.
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'ld lie withal.

The Muſical Strife: In a Paſtoral Dialogue.

She.

COme, with our Voices, let us war,
And challenge all the Sphears,
Till each of us be made a Star,
And all the World turn Ears.

He.

At ſuch a Call, what Beaſt or Fowl,
Of Reaſon empty is!
What Tree or Stone doth want a Soul?
What Man but muſt loſe his?

She.

Mix then your Notes, that we may prove
To ſtay the running Floods?
To make the Mountain Quarries move?
And call the walking Woods?

He.

What need of me? do you but ſing
Sleep, and the Grave will wake:
No Tunes are ſweet, nor Words have ſting,
But what thoſe Lips do make.

She.

They ſay, the Angels mark each Deed,
And exerciſe below,
And out of inward Pleaſure feed
On what they viewing know.

He.

O ſing not you then, leſt the beſt
Of Angels ſhould be driven
To fall again; at ſuch a Feaſt,
Miſtaking Earth for Heaven.

She.

She.

Nay, rather both our Souls be ſtrain'd
To meet their high Deſire;
So they in State of Grace retain'd,
May wiſh us of their Quire.

A SONG.

OH do not wanton with thoſe Eyes,
Leſt I be ſick with ſeeing;
Nor caſt them down, but let them riſe,
Leſt Shame deſtroy their being.
O, be not angry with thoſe fires;
For then their Threats will kill me:
Nor look too kind on my deſires,
For then my Hopes will ſpill me.
O, do not ſteep them in thy Tears;
For ſo will Sorrow ſlay me
Nor ſpread them as diſtract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

In the Perſon of Woman-kind.

A SONG Apologetick.

MEn, if you love us, play no more
The Fools, or Tyrants with your Friends,
To make us ſtill ſing o'er and o'er,
Our own falſe Praiſes, for your Ends:
We have both Wits, and Fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Find ſome one good, in ſome one Man;
So going thorow all your Strain,
We ſhall at laſt, of parcels make
One good enough for a Songs ſake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious Piece you ſee
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made, why, ſo will we.
And having pleas'd our Art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In Defence of their Inconſtancy.

A SONG.

HAng up thoſe dull, and envious Fools
That talk abroad of Womans change,
We were not bred to ſit on Stools,
Our proper Vertue is to range:
Take that away, you take our Lives,
We are no Women then, but Wives.

Such as in Valour would excel,
Do change, though Man, and often fight,
Which we in Love muſt do as well,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the Deed,
Is that which doth Perfection breed.

Nor is't Inconſtancy to change
For what is better, or to make
(By ſearching) what before was ſtrange,
Familiar, for the uſes ſake:
The good, from bad, is not deſcri'd,
But as 'tis often vext and tri'd.

And this Profeſſion of a Store
In Love, doth not alone help forth
Our Pleaſure; but preſerves us more
From being forſaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthieſt Woman curſt
To love one Man, he'd leave her firſt.

A Nymphs Paſſion.

I Love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the Nymphs ſhould know my Swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The Pleaſure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow Joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove Scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unleſs my heart would as my thought be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And freſh and fragrant too,
As Summers Sky, or purged Air,
And looks as Lilies do,
That are this Morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be ſhown.

But he hath Eyes ſo round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light,
Though Hate had put them out:
But then t'increaſe my fears,
What Nymph ſoe'er his Voice but hears,
Will be my Rival, though ſhe have but Ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either Heart, I know;
But ſo exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a Fame:
If Love, or Fear, would let me tell his Name.

The Hour-Glaſs.

DO but conſider this ſmall Duſt,
Here running in the Glaſs,
By Atomes mov'd;
Could you believe, that this
The Body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his Mrs. Flame, playing like a Fly,
Turn'd to Cinders by her Eye?
Yes; and in Death, as Life unbleſt,
To have't expreſt,
Even aſhes of Lovers find no reſt.

My Picture left in Scotland.

I Now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For elſe it could not be,
That ſhe,
Whom I adore ſo much, ſhould ſo ſlight me,
And caſt my Love behind:

I'm

I'm ſure my Language to her, was as ſweet,
And every cloſe did meet
In Sentence, of as ſubtil Feet,
As hath the youngeſt He,
That ſits in ſhadow of *Apollo*'s Tree.
Oh, but my conſcious Fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that ſhe hath ſeen
My Hundreds of Gray Hairs,
Told Seven and Forty Years.
Read ſo much waſte, as ſhe cannot embrace
My Mountain Belly, and my Rocky Face,
And all theſe through her Eyes, have ſtopt her Ears.

Againſt Jealouſie.

WRetched and fooliſh Jealouſie,
How cam'ſt thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind:
Nor have I yet the narrow Mind
To vent that poor deſire,
That others ſhould not warm them at my fire:
I wiſh the Sun ſhould ſhine
On all Mens Fruits and Flowers, as well as mine.

But under the Diſguiſe of Love,
Thou ſay'ſt, thou only cam'ſt to prove
What my affections were.
Think'ſt thou that Love is help'd by Fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth
Loves ſickneſs, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting Men to pleaſe,
I ne'er will owe my Health to a Diſeaſe.

The Dream.

OR Scorn, or pity on me take,
I muſt the true Relation make,
I am undone to Night:
Love in a ſubtil Dream diſguis'd,
Hath both my Heart and me ſurpris'd,
Whom never yet he durſt attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whoſe ſake
He did me the Delight,
Or Spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild deſire
Of ſleep again, who was his aid,
And ſleep ſo guilty and afraid,
As ſince he dares not come within my ſight.

An Epitaph on Maſter VINCENT CORBET.

IHave my Piety too, which could
It vent it ſelf, but as it would,
Would ſay as much, as both have done.
Before me here, the Friend and Son:
For I both loſt a Friend and Father,
Of him whoſe bones this Grave doth gather:
Dear *Vincent Corbet*, who ſo long
Had wreſtled with Diſeaſes ſtrong,
That though they did poſſeſs each Limb,
Yet he broke them, e're they could him:
With the juſt Canon of his Life,
A Life that knew nor Noiſe, nor Strife:
But was by ſweetning ſo his Will,
All Order and Diſpoſure, ſtill
His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his Nourceries, and ſwept
So of Uncleanneſs, or Offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his Actions unto theſe,
They were as ſpecious as his Trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very Manners, taught t' amend,
They were ſo even, grave, and holy;
No Stubbornneſs ſo ſtiff, nor Folly
To licenſe ever was ſo light,
As twice to treſpaſs in his ſight:
His Looks would ſo correct it, when
It chid the Vice, yet not the Men.
Much from him, I profeſs, I won,
And more, and more, I ſhould have done,
But that I underſtood him ſcant,
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who ſhall my ſorrows read,
That they for me their Tears will ſhed;
For truly, ſince he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whoſe Life, and Name, did e'er become
An *Epitaph*, deſerv'd a *Tomb*:
Nor wants it here through Penury, or Sloth,
Who makes the *one*, ſo 't be firſt, makes *both*.

An Epiſtle to Sir EDWARD SACKVILE, *now Earl of* DORSET.

IF *Sackvile*, all that have the power to do
Great and good Turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we ſhould have then
Leſs liſt of proud, hard, or ingrateful Men.
For benefits are ow'd with the ſame Mind
As they are done, and ſuch Returns they find:
You then whoſe Will not only, but Deſire
To ſuccour my Neceſſities, took fire,
Not at my Prayers, but your Senſe; which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid;
And in the Act did ſo my bluſh prevent,
As I did feel it done, as ſoon as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my Fortune humble me, to take
The ſmalleſt Courteſies with Thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would ſhame
To have ſuch do me good, I durſt not name:
They are the nobleſt benefits, and ſink
Deepeſt in Man, of which when he doth think,
The Memory delights him more, from whom
Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts ſtink from ſome;
They are ſo long a coming, and ſo hard,
Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is marr'd.
Can I owe Thanks for Courteſies receiv'd
Againſt his Will that does 'em? That hath weav'd
Excuſes, or Delays? or done 'em ſcant,
That they have more oppreſt me than my want?
Or if he did it not to ſuccour me,
But by meer Chance? for Intereſt? or to free
Himſelf of farther trouble, or the weight
Of preſſure, like one taken in a ſtreight?
All this corrupts the thanks, leſs hath he won,
That puts it in his Debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth ſound a Trumpet, and doth call
His Grooms to witneſs; or elſe lets it fall
In that proud manner; as a good ſo gain'd,
Muſt make me ſad for what I have obtain'd.
No! Gifts and Thanks ſhould have one cheerful Face,
So each that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.
He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
A Benefit: or that doth throw't away,
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave,
Leſt Air, or Print, but flies it: Such Men would
Run from the Conſcience of it, if they could.

As

As I have ſeen ſome Infants of the Sword
Well known, and practis'd Borrowers on their Word,
Give thanks by ſtealth, and whiſpering in the Ear,
For what they ſtraight would to the World forſwear;
And ſpeaking worſt of thoſe, from whom they went
But then, fiſt-fill'd, to put me off the ſcent.
Now dam' me, Sir, if you ſhall not command
My Sword ('tis but a poor Sword underſtand)
As far as any poor Sword i' the Land;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Dam's whom he damn'd too, is the verieſt Gull,
H'as Feathers, and will ſerve a Man to pull.
Are they not worthy to be anſwer'd ſo,
That to ſuch Natures let their full Hands flow,
And ſeek not wants to ſuccour: but enquire,
Like Money-brokers, after Names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that laſt was made,
Or ſtands to be'n Commiſſion o' the Blade?
Still, ſtill the Hunters of falſe Fame apply
Their Thoughts and Means to making loud the Cry:
But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
And hurt, ſeeks Cure; the Surgeon bids, take bread,
And Spunge-like, with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the Hound that did him bite:
Pardon, ſays he, that were a way to ſee
All the Town-Curs take each their ſnatch at me.
O, is it ſo? knows he ſo much? and will
Feed thoſe, at whom the Table points at ſtill?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a Great and Generous Deed:
Yea, of th' ingrateful: and he forth muſt tell
Many a Pound, and Piece will pace one well;
But theſe Men ever want: their very Trade
Is borrowing; that but ſtopt, they do invade
All as their Prize, turn Pyrates here at Land,
Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their *Streights* i' th' *Strand*:
Man out of their Boats to th' *Temple*, and not ſhift
Now, but command; make Tribute what was Gift;
And it is paid 'em with a trembling Zeal,
And Superſtition, I dare ſcarce reveal,
If it were clear; but being ſo in Cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am alow'd
My Wonder! Why? the taking a Clown's Purſe,
Or robbing the poor Market-folks, ſhould nurſe
Such a Religious Horror in the Breaſts
Of our Town-Gallantry! or why there reſts
Such Worſhip due to kicking of a Punck!
Or ſwaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunk;
Or feats of Darkneſs acted in Mid-Sun,
And told of with more Licenſe than th' were done!
Sure there is Myſtery in it, I not know
That Men ſuch Reverence to ſuch actions ſhow!
And almoſt Deifie the Authors! make
Loud Sacrifice of Drink, for their Healths-ſake:
Rear Suppers in their Names! and ſpend whole Nights
Unto their Praiſe, in certain ſwearing Rites:
Cannot a Man be reck'ned in the State
Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate?
I thought that Fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt Fear and Raſhneſs; not a Luſt obſcene,
Or appetite of offending, but a Skill,
Or Science of a diſcerning Good and Ill.
And you, Sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with theſe Mixtures we put out her Light,
Her Ends are Honeſty, and Publick Good!
And where they want, ſhe is not underſtood.
No more are theſe of us, let them then go,
I have the liſt of mine own Faults to know,
Look too and cure: He's not a Man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it: Elſe he tarries by the Beaſt:
Can I diſcern how Shadows are decreaſt,
Or grown; by height or lowneſs of the Sun?
And can I leſs of Subſtance? when I run,
Ride, ſail, am coach'd, know I how far I have gone.
And my Minds Motion not? or have I none:
No! he muſt feel and know, that I will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the ſudden. It were ſtrange, that he
Who was this Morning ſuch a one, ſhould be
Sydney ere Night? or that did go to bed
Coriat, ſhould riſe the moſt ſufficient Head
Of Chriſtendom? And neither of theſe know,
Were the Rack offer'd them, how they came ſo:
'Tis by degrees that Men arrive at glad
Profit, in ought each day ſome little add,
In time 'twill be a heap: This is not true
Alone in Money, but in Manners too.
Yet we muſt more than move ſtill, or go on,
We muſt accompliſh: 'Tis the laſt Key-ſtone
That makes the Arch; the reſt that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and ſhut.
Then ſtands it a triumphal Mark! then Men
Obſerve the ſtrength, the height, the why, and when,
It was erected; and ſtill walking under,
Meet ſome new Matter to look up and wonder!
Such Notes are Vertuous Men! they live as faſt
As they are high; are rooted, and will laſt.
They need no Stilts, nor riſe upon their Toes,
As if they would belie their ſtature; thoſe
Are Dwarfs of Honour, and have neither weight
Nor faſhion, if they chance aſpire to height,
'Tis like light Canes, that firſt riſe big and brave,
Shoot forth in ſmooth and comely ſpaces; have
But few and fair Diviſions: but being got
Aloft, grow leſs and ſtreightned; full of Knot.
And laſt, go out in nothing: You that ſee
Their difference, cannot chuſe which you will be.
You know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
For me to be your Indice. Keep you ſuch,
That I may love your Perſon (as I do)
Without your Gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the Courteſie to life,
Which you will bury, but therein, the ſtrife
May grow ſo great to be Example, when
(As their true Rule or Leſſon) either Men
Donnor's or *Donnee's* to their practice ſhall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epiſtle to Maſter JOHN SELDEN.

I Know to whom I write here, I am ſure,
Though I am ſhort, I cannot be obſcure:
Leſs ſhall I for the Art or Dreſſing care,
Truth, and the Graces beſt, when naked are.
Your Book, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was truſted, that you thought my Judgment ſuch
To ask it: Though in moſt of Works it be
A Penance, where a Man may not be free.
Rather than Office, when it doth, or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves allay
Unto the Cenſure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this ſo Vitious Humanity.
Than which there is not unto Study, a more
Pernicious Enemy, we ſee before
A many of Books, even good Judgments wound
Themſelves through favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours far otherwiſe ſhall do,
Not fly the Crime, but the Suſpicion too:
Though I confeſs (as every Muſe hath err'd,
And mine not leaſt) I have too oft preferr'd
Men paſt their terms, and prais'd ſome Names too much,
But 'twas with purpoſe to have made them ſuch,
Since being deceiv'd, I turn a ſharper Eye
Upon my ſelf, and ask to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before Men get a Verſe; much leſs a Praiſe:

So that my Reader is aſſur'd, I now
Mean what I ſpeak, and ſtill will keep that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then, you that have been
Ever at home; yet have all Countries ſeen:
And like a Compaſs, keeping one Foot ſtill
Upon your Center, do your Circle fill
Of general Knowledge; watch'd Men, Manners too,
Heard what times paſt have ſaid, ſeen what ours do:
Which Grace ſhall I make love to firſt? your Skill,
Or Faith in things? or is't your Wealth and Will
T' inſtruct and teach? or your unweary'd pain
Of Gathering? Bounty in pouring out again?
What Fables have you vext! what Truth redeem'd!
Antiquities ſearch'd! Opinions diſ-eſteem'd!
Impoſtures branded, and Authorities urg'd,
What Blots and Errors have you watch'd and purg'd
Records and Authors of! how rectified,
Times, Manners, Cuſtoms! Innovations ſpied!
Sought out the Fountains, Sources, Creeks, Paths, Ways,
And noted the Beginnings and Decays!
Where is that Nominal Mark, or Real Rite,
Form, Act or Enſign, that hath ſcap'd your ſight?
How are Traditions there examin'd! how
Conjectures retreiv'd! and a Story now
And then of Times (beſides the bare Conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd in to inſtruct.
I wonder'd at the Richneſs, but am loſt,
To ſee the Workmanſhip ſo 'xceed the Coſt!
To mark the excellent ſeas'ning of your Stile!
And Manly Elocution, not one while
With Horror rough, then rioting with Wit!
But to the Subject ſtill the Colours fit,
In ſharpneſs of all Search, wiſdom of Choice,
Newneſs of Senſe, Antiquity of Voice!
I yeild, I yeild, the matter of your Praiſe
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raiſe
A bank againſt it. Nothing but the round
Large claſp of Nature, ſuch a Wit can bound
Monarch in Letters! 'Mongſt thy Titles ſhown
Of others Honours, thus, enjoy their own,
I firſt ſalute thee ſo; and gratulate
With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State;
In offering this thy work to no great Name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the ſame,
But nought beyond. He thou haſt given it to,
Thy Learned Chamber-fellow, knows to do
It true reſpects. He will not only love
Embrace and cheriſh; but he can approve
And eſtimate thy Pains; as having wrought
In the ſame Mines of Knowledge; and thence brought
Humanity enough to be a Friend,
And ſtrength to be a Champion, and defend
Thy Gift 'gainſt envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and ſee it mount
The Grain of your Two Friendſhips! *Hayward* and
Selden! Two Names that ſo much underſtand!
On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuſe
The Credit, what would furniſh a tenth Muſe!
But here's no time, nor place, my Wealth to tell,
You both are modeſt. So am I. Farewel.

An Epiſtle to a Friend, to perſwade him to the Wars.

WAke, Friend, from forth thy Lethargy: the Drum
Beats brave, and loud in *Europe*, and bids come
All that dare rowſe: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious Eaſe, and be o'erwhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keep the Spirits alive
That gaſp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried Honour, in his ſleepy Life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her nobleſt ſtriſe.
All other acts of Worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in ſpoil.
Look on th' ambitious Man, and ſee him nurſe
His unjuſt hopes, with praiſes begg'd, or (worſe)
Bought Flatteries, the iſſue of his Purſe,
Till he become both their, and his own Curſe!
Look on the falſe, and cunning Man, that loves
No perſon, nor is lov'd: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and at laſt
Cruſh'd in the Snaky Brakes, that he had paſt!
See the grave, ſower, and ſupercilious Sir,
In outward Face, but inward, light as Fur,
Or Feathers: lay his Fortune out to ſhow,
Till Envy wound, or maim it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happieſt Man,
Honour'd at once, and envy'd (if it can
Be, Honour is ſo mixt) by ſuch as would
For all their ſpight, be like him, if they could:
No part or corner Man can look upon,
But there are Objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow Day,
Rather than here ſo bogg'd in Vices ſtay,
The whole World here leaven'd with Madneſs ſwells?
And being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Againſt his Maker; high alone with Weeds,
And impious Rankneſs of all Sects and Seeds:
Not to be check'd, or frighted now with Fate,
But more licentious made, and deſperate!
Our Delicacies are grown capital,
And even our Sports are Dangers! what we call
Friendſhip is now mask'd Hatred! Juſtice fled,
And Shamefac'dneſs together! All Laws dead
That kept Man living! Pleaſures only ſought!
Honour and Honeſty, as poor things thought
As they are made! Pride and ſtiff Clownage mixt
To make up Greatneſs! and Mans whole good fix'd
In Bravery, or Gluttony, or Coyn,
All which he makes the Servants of the Groin,
Thither it flaws, how much did *Stallion* ſpend
To have his Court-bred filly there commend
His Lace and Starch: And fall upon her back
In admiration, ſtretch'd upon the Rack
Of Luſt, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
I, that's a Charm and half! She muſt afford
That all Reſpect; She muſt lie down: Nay, more,
'Tis there Civility to be a Whore;
He's one of Blood and Faſhion! and with theſe
The Bravery makes, ſhe can no Honour leeſe
To do't with Cloth, or Stuffs, Luſts Name might merit
With Velvet, Pluſh, and Tiſſues, it is Spirit.
O, theſe ſo ignorant Monſters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their Manners, and not Clowd-
Like upon them lighten? If Nature could
Not make a Verſe, Anger or Laughter would,
To ſee 'em aye diſcourſing with their Glaſs,
How they may make ſome one that day an Aſs,
Planting their Purls, and Curls, ſpread forth like Net,
And every Dreſſing for a Pitfall ſet
To catch the Fleſh in, and to pound a Prick
Be at their Viſits, ſee 'em ſqueamiſh, ſick,
Ready to caſt at one, whoſe Band ſits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat Pickardill;
As if a Brize were gotten i' their Tail,
And firk, and jerk, and for the Coach man rail,
And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad, chanting ſome bawdy Song,
And laugh, and meaſure Thighs, then ſqueak, ſpring, itch,
Do all the Tricks of a ſaut Lady Bitch;
For t'other Pound of Sweet-meats, he ſhall feel
That pays, or what he will. The Dame is Steel;
For theſe with her young Company ſhe'll enter,
Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venter,
And comes by theſe Degrees the Stile t' inherit,
Of Woman of Faſhion, and a Lady of Spirit:

Nor

Nor is the Title queſtion'd with our proud,
Great, brave, and faſhion'd folk, theſe are allow'd
Adulteries now, are not ſo hid, or ſtrange,
They're grown Commodity upon Exchange;
He that will follow but another's Wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his own for life:
The Husband now's call'd churliſh, or a poor
Nature, that will not let his Wife be a Whore;
Or uſe all Arts, or haunt all Companies
That may corrupt her, even in his Eyes.
The Brother trades a Siſter; and the Friend
Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies End.
Leſs muſt not be thought on than Miſtris: or
If it be thought, kill'd like her Embrions; for
Whom no great Miſtris, hath as yet infam'd
A Fellow of courſe Letchery, is nam'd
The Servant of the Serving-Woman in ſcorn,
Ne'er came to taſte the plenteous Marriage-Horn.
Thus they do talk. And are theſe Objects fit
For Man to ſpend his Money on? his Wit?
His Time? Health? Soul? Will he for theſe go throw
Thoſe Thouſands on his Back, ſhall after blow
His Body to the *Counters*, or the *Fleet*?
Is it for theſe that fine Man meets the Street
Coach'd, or on Foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
To teach each Suit, he has the ready way
From *Hide-Park* to the Stage, where at the laſt
His dear and borrow'd Bravery he muſt caſt?
When not his Combs, his Curling-Irons, his Glaſs,
Sweet Bags, ſweet Powders, nor ſweet Words will paſs
For leſs Security? O for theſe
Is it that Man pulls on himſelf Diſeaſe?
Surfeit? and Quarrel? Drinks the tother Health?
Or by Damnation voids it? or by ſtealth?
What Fury of late is crept into our Feaſts?
What Honour given to the Drunkenneſt Gueſts?
What Reputation to bear one Glaſs more?
When oft the Bearer is borne out of Door?
This hath our ill-us'd Freedom, and ſoft Peace
Brought on us, and will every Hour increaſe
Our Vices, do not tarry in a place,
But being in Motion ſtill (or rather in Race)
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way, now that, as if their number were
More than themſelves, or than our Lives could take,
But both fell preſt under the load they make.
I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee Friend,
This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
Or ſide, but threatens Ruin. The whole Day
Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
And whilſt our States, Strength, Body, and Mind we waſte;
Go make our ſelves the Uſurers at a caſt.
He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palſies, can
Now uſe the Bones, we ſee doth hire a Man
To take the Box up for him; and purſues
The Dice with glaſſen Eyes, to the glad Viewers
Of what he throws: Like Letchers grown content
To be beholders, when their Powers are ſpent.
Can we not leave this Worm? or will we not?
Is that the truer Excuſe? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of Vanity,
That ſcratching now's our beſt Felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
To loſe the Forms, and Dignities of Men,
To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowl
Runs ſweetly, as it had his Lordſhip's Soul:
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may ſtand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarſe, with praiſing his each Caſt,
Give me but that again, that I muſt waſte
In Sugar Candid, or in butter'd Beer,
For the recovery of my Voice? No, there
Pardon his Lordſhip. Flatt'ry's grown ſo cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap,
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
As a poor ſingle Flatterer, without Bawd
Is nothing, ſuch ſcarce Meat and Drink he'll give,
But he that's both, and ſlave to both, ſhall live,
And be belov'd, while the Whores laſt. O Times,
Friend fly from hence, and let theſe kindled Rhimes,
Light thee from Hell on Earth; where Flatterers, Spies,
Informers, Maſters both of Arts and Lies;
Lewd Slanderers, ſoft Whiſperers, that let blood
The life, and Fame-Veins (yet not underſtood
Of the poor Sufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, ſuperſtitious, loud
Boaſters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prævaricators ſwarm: Of which the Store,
(Becauſe th'are every where amongſt Mankind
Spread through the World) is eaſier far to find,
Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert Muſter-Maſter of the Land.
Go quit 'em all. And take along with thee,
Thy true Friends Wiſhes, *Colby* which ſhall be,
That thine be juſt, and honeſt, that thy Deeds
Not wound thy Conſcience, when thy Body bleeds;
That thou doſt all things more for Truth than Glory,
And never but for doing Wrong be ſorry;
That by commanding firſt thy ſelf, thou mak'ſt
Thy Perſon fit for any Charge thou tak'ſt,
That Fortune never make thee to complain,
But what ſhe gives, thou dar'ſt give her again:
That whatſoever Face thy Fate puts on,
Thou ſhrink, or ſtart not; but be always one,
That thou think nothing great, but what is good;
And from that thought ſtrive to be underſtood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preſerve a Fame
Still precious, with the Odour of thy Name.
And laſt, blaſpheme not, we did never hear
Man thought the valianter, 'cauſe he durſt ſwear;
No more, than we ſhould think a Lord had had
More Honour in him, 'cauſe we've known him mad:
Theſe take, and now go ſeek thy peace in War,
Who falls for love of God, ſhall riſe a Star.

An Epitaph on Maſter PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lie till the laſt Day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if ſuch Men as he could die,
What ſurety of Life have thou and I.

Epiſtle to a Friend.

THey are not, Sir, worſt Owers, that do pay
Debts when they can: good men may break their day;
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a Crime, when the Uſurer is Judge,
And he is not in Friendſhip. Nothing there
Is done for Gain: If't be, 'tis not ſincere.
Nor ſhould I at this time proteſted be,
But that ſome greater Names have broke with me,
And their Words too; where I but break my Band,
I add that (but) becauſe I underſtand
That as the leſſer breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his truſt in me forſakes,
And looks unto the Forfeit. If you be
Now ſo much Friend, as you would truſt in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren Land doth fallow lie:
Some Grounds are made the richer for the Reſt;
And I will bring a Crop, if not the beſt.

An Elegy.

CAn Beauty that did prompt me firſt to write,
Now threaten, with thoſe means ſhe did invite:
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was ſhe gracious a-far off? but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?
That as the Water makes things, put in't, ſtreight,
Crooked appear; ſo that doth my conceit:
I can help that with boldneſs; and Love ſwear,
And Fortune once, t'aſſiſt the Spirits that dare.
But which ſhall lead me on? both theſe are blind:
Such Guides men uſe not, who their way would find.
Except the way be error to thoſe ends:
And then the beſt are ſtill, the blindeſt Friends!
Oh how a Lover may miſtake! to think,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but wink
To ſee men fear: or elſe for truth, and ſtate,
Becauſe they would free Juſtice imitate,
Vail their own Eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our Deſtiny.
If it be thus; Come Love, and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will ſo,
That I muſt ſend one firſt, my Choice aſſigns,
Love to my Heart, and Fortune to my Lines.

An Elegy.

BY thoſe bright Eyes, at whoſe immortal fires
Love lights his Torches to inflame deſires;
By that fair ſtand, your Forehead, whence he bends
His double Bow, and round his Arrows ſends;
By that tall Grove, your Hair, whoſe globy rings
He flying curles and criſpeth with his Wings.
By thoſe pure Bathes your either Cheek diſcloſes,
Where he doth ſteep himſelf in Milk and Roſes;
And laſtly by your Lips, the bank of kiſſes,
Where men at once may plant and gather bliſſes:
Tell me (my lov'd Friend) do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in Verſe, 'tis ſo?
You bluſh, but do not: Friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodies) or but one.
I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
And ſo that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live Patterns, how
Others, in time may love, as we do now.
Slip no occaſion; as time ſtands not ſtill,
I know no Beauty, nor no Youth that will.
To uſe the preſent, then, is not abuſe,
You have a Husband is the juſt excuſe
Of all that can be done him; ſuch a one
As would make ſhift, to make himſelf alone,
That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
His Iſſue, and all Circumſtance of life,
As in his place, becauſe he would not vary,
Is conſtant to be extraordinary.

A Satyrical Shrub.

A Womans friendſhip! God whom I truſt in,
Forgive me this one fooliſh deadly ſin;
Amongſt my many other, that I may
No more, I am ſorry for ſo fond cauſe, ſay
At fifty Years, almoſt, to value it,
That ne'er was known to laſt above a fit!
Or have the leaſt of Good, but what it muſt
Put on for faſhion, and take up on truſt:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
That their whole life was wickedneſs, though weav'd
Of many Colours; outward freſh, from ſpots,
But their whole inſide full of ends and knots.
Knew I that all their Dialogues and diſcourſe,
Were ſuch as I will now relate, or worſe.

Here ſomething is wanting.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Knew I this Woman? yes; and you do ſee,
How penitent I am, or I ſhould be.
Do not you ask to know her, ſhe is worſe
Than all Ingredients made into one curſe,
And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be!
Think but the Sin of all her Sex, 'tis ſhe!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if ſhe were no more—
But ſhe is ſuch, as ſhe might yet foreſtall
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

ASk not to know this Man. If fame ſhould ſpeak
His name in any Metal, it would break.
Two Letters were enough the Plague to tear
Out of his Grave, and poyſon every Ear.
A parcel of Court-dirt, a heap, and maſs
Of all Vice hurld together, there he was,
Proud, falſe, and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the Lay-ſtall
Of putrid Fleſh alive! of Blood, the ſink!
And ſo I leave to ſtir him, leſt he ſtink.

An Elegy.

THough Beauty be the mark of praiſe,
And yours of whom I ſing be ſuch
As not the World can praiſe too much,
Yet is't your Vertue now I raiſe.

A Vertue, like Allay, ſo gone
Throughout your form; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all mens love,
This ſubjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: becauſe
'Tis of your ſelf, and that you uſe
The nobleſt freedom, not to chuſe
Againſt, or Faith, or Honours Laws.

But who ſhould leſs expect from you,
In whom alone love lives agen?
By whom he is reſtor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have rear'd
The withered Garlands tane away;
His Altars kept from the Decay,
That Envy wiſh'd, and Nature fear'd.

And on them, burn ſo chaſte a flame,
With ſo much Loyalties expence
As Love t'aquit ſuch excellence.
Is gone himſelf into your Name.

And you are he: the Deity
To whom all Lovers are deſign'd;
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithful Troop am I.

Who

Who as an off-ſpring at your Shrine,
Have ſung this Hymn, and here intreat
One ſpark of your Diviner heat
To light upon a Love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but ſcant
Appear, and that to ſhorteſt view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himſelf.

WHere do'ſt thou careleſs lie
Buried in eaſe and ſloth?
Knowledge, that ſleeps, doth die;
And this Security,
It is the common Moath,
That eats on Wits, and Arts, and deſtroys them both.

Are all th' *Aonian* ſprings
Dri'd up? lies *Theſpia* waſte?
Doth *Clarius* Harp want Strings,
That not a Nymph now ſings!
Or droop they as diſgrac't,
To ſee their Seats and Bowers by chattring Pies defac't?

If hence thy ſilence be,
As 'tis too juſt a cauſe;
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on Fortune pauſe,
'Tis crown enough to Vertue ſtill, her own applauſe.

What though the greedy Fry
Be taken with falſe Baits
Of worded Balladry,
And think it Poeſie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious ſcorn, upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy Lyre,
Strike in thy proper ſtrain,
With *Japhet's* Line, aſpire
Sol's Chariot for new Fire
To give the World again:
Who aided him, will thee, the iſſue of *Jove's* Brain.

And ſince our dainty Age,
Cannot indure reproof.
Make not thy ſelf a Page,
To that Strumpet the Stage,
But ſing high and aloof,
Safe from the Wolves black Jaw, and the dull Aſſes Hoof.

The mind of the Frontiſpice to a Book.

FRom Death, and dark Oblivion, ne'er the ſame.
The Miſtriſs of man's life, grave Hiſtory
Raiſing the World to good and evil Fame
Doth vindicate it to Eternity.
Wiſe Providence would ſo; that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great ſecur'd,
But both might know their ways were underſtood,
When Vice alike in time with Vertue dur'd,
Which makes that (lighted by the beamy Hand
Of Truth that ſearcheth the moſt Springs,
And guided by Experience, whoſe ſtrait Wand
Doth meet, whoſe Line doth ſound the depth of things:)
She chearfully ſupporteth what ſhe rears,
Aſſiſted by no ſtrengths, but are her own,
Some note of which each varied Pillar bears,
By which as proper Titles, ſhe is known
Times Witneſs, Herald of Antiquity,
The Light of Truth, and Life of Memory.

An Ode to JAMES *Earl of* Deſmond, *writ in Queen* ELIZABETHS *time, ſince loſt, and recovered.*

WHere art thou *Genius*? I ſhould uſe
Thy preſent Aid: Ariſe Invention,
Wake, and put on the Wings of *Pindar's* Muſe,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright Head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envy
Cynthius, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden *Lyre*?
O, then inſpire
Thy Prieſt in this ſtrange rapture; heat my Brain
With *Delphick* fire,
That I may ſing my thoughts, in ſome unvulgar ſtrain.

Rich Beam of Honour, ſhed your Light
On theſe dark Rhimes; that my Affection
May ſhine (through every Chinck) to every ſight
graced by your Reflection!
Then ſhall my Verſes, like ſtrong Charms,
Break the knit Circle of her Stony Arms,
That hold your Spirit:
And keeps your merit
Lock't in her cold Embraces, from the view
Of Eyes more true,
Who would with judgment ſearch, ſearching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True Nobleſs. Palm grows ſtrait, though handled ne'er ſo rude.

Nor think your ſelf unfortunate,
If ſubject to the jealous errrors
Of politick pretext, that wries a State,
Sink not beneath theſe terrors:
But whiſper; O glad Innocence
Where only a Man's Birth is his offence;
Or the diſ-favour,
Of ſuch as ſavour
Nothing, but practiſe upon Honours thrall.
O Vertues fall,
When her dead Eſſence (like the Anatomy
in Surgeons Hall)
Is but a Statiſts Theam, to read Phlebotomy.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
Sweat at the Forge, their Hammers beating;
Pyracmon's Hour will come to give them eaſe,
Though but while Metal's heating:
And, after all the *Ætnean* Ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the Fire.
For Fury waſteth,
As Patience laſteth.
No Armour to the mind! he is ſhot-free
From injury,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So Fools we ſee,
Oft ſcape an Imputation, more through luck than wit.

But to your ſelf moſt Loyal Lord,
(Whoſe Heart in that bright Sphere flames cleareſt.
Though many Gems be in your Boſom ſtor'd,
Unknown which is the Deareſt.)

If I auſpiciouſly divine,
(As my hope tells) that our fair *Phœb's* Shine,
Shall light thoſe places,
With luſtrous Graces,
Where darkneſs with her gloomy Sceptred Hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my beſt-beſt lov'd) let me importune,
That you will ſtand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An Ode.

High ſpirited Friend,
I ſend nor Balms, nor Cor'ſives to your wound,
Your Fate hath found,
A gentler, and more agile Hand, to tend
The Cure of that, which is but corporal,
And doubtful Days (Which were nam'd *Critical,*)
Have made their faireſt flight,
And now are out of ſight.
Yet doth ſome wholſome Phyſick for the mind,
Wrapt in this Paper lie,
Which in the taking if you miſapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous Hand,
Happy in that fair Honour it hath gain'd,
Muſt now be rain'd.
True Valour doth her own Renown command
In one full Action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a Husband of that ſtore.
Think but how dear you bought,
This fame which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
'Tis Wiſdom, and that high,
For Men to uſe their Fortune reverently,
Even in Youth.

An Ode.

HEllen, did *Homer* never ſee
Thy Beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did *Sappho* on her ſeven-tongu'd Lute,
So ſpeak (as yet it is not mute)
Of *Phaos* form? or doth the Boy
In whom *Anacreon* once did joy,
Lie drawn to Life, in his ſoft Verſe,
As he whom *Maro* did rehearſe?
Was *Lesbia* ſung by learn'd *Catullus*?
Or *Delia's* Graces, by *Tibullus*?
Doth *Cynthia*, in *Propertius* ſong
Shine more, than ſhe the Stars among?
Is *Horace* his each Love ſo high
Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
With bright *Lycoris*, *Gallus* choice,
Whoſe Fame hath an Eternal Voice.
Or hath *Corynna*, by the name
Her *Ovid* gave her, dimn'd the fame
Of *Cæſar's* Daughter, and the Line
Which all the World then ſtil'd Divine?
Hath *Petrarch* ſince his *Laura* rais'd
Equal with her? or *Ronſart* prais'd
His new *Caſſandra*, 'bove the old,
Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* ſet,
Where never Star ſhone brighter yet?
Or *Conſtables* Ambroſiack Muſe,
Made *Dian*, not his Notes refuſe?
Have all theſe done (and yet I miſs
The Swan that ſo reliſh'd *Pancharis*)
And ſhall not I my *Celia* bring,
Where Men may ſee whom I do ſing,
Though I, in working of my Song
Come ſhort of all this learned throng,
Yet ſure my Tunes will be the beſt,
So much my ſubject drowns the reſt.

A SONNET,

To the Noble Lady, the Lady *MARY WORTH.*

I That have been a Lover, and could ſhew it,
Though not in theſe, in Rithmes not wholly dumb,
Since I exſcribe your Sonnets, am become
A better Lover, and much better Poet.
Nor is my Muſe or I aſham'd to owe it
To thoſe true numerous Graces; whereof ſome,
But charm the Senſes, others overcome
Both Brains and Hearts; and mine now beſt do know it:
For in your Verſe all Cupid's *Armory,*
His Flames, his Shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very Eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers ſweets you ſo apply,
Her Joys, her Smiles, her Loves, as Readers take
For Venus Ceſton, *every Line you make.*

A Fit of Rhime againſt Rhime.

RHime the rack of fineſt Wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits
True Conceit
Spoiling Senſes of their Treaſure,
Coſening Judgment with a Meaſure,
But falſe Weight.
Wreſting words, from their true calling;
Propping Verſe, for fear of falling
To the Ground.
Joynting Syllables, drowning Letters,
Faſt'ning Vowels, as with Fetters
They were bound!
Soon as lazie thou wert known,
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And are baniſh'd.
For a thouſand Years together,
All *Parnaſſus* Green did wither,
And Wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did fly away,
At the Wells no Muſe did ſtay,
But bewail'd.
So to ſee the Fountain dry,
And *Apollo's* Muſick die,
All Light failed!
Starveling Rhimes did fill the Stage,
Not a Poet in an Age,
Worth crowning.
Not a Work deſerving Bays,
Nor a Line deſerving praiſe,
Pallas frowning;
Greek was free from Rhimes infection,
Happy *Greek* by this protection!
Was not ſpoiled.
Whilſt the *Latin*, Queen of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rhimes wrongs,
But reſts foiled.
Scarce the Hill again doth flouriſh,
Scarce the World a Wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore,
Phœbus to his Crown again;
And the Muſes to their Brain;
As before.

Vulgar

Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſs, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyran Rhime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed,
Other ceaſure;
He that firſt invented thee,
May his Joynts tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may Syllables jar with time,
Still may Reaſon war with Rhime,
Reſting never.
May his Senſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his Feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his Title be long Fool,
That in rearing ſuch a School,
Was the founder.

An Epigram

On WILLIAM *Lord* BURL: *Lord High Treaſurer of* England.

Preſented upon a Plate of Gold to his Son Robert *Earl of* Salisbury, *when he was alſo Treaſurer.*

IF thou wouldſt know the Vertues of Mankind,
Read here in one, what thou in all canſt find,
And go no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Univerſe, though his *Epitome*.
Cecil, the Grave, the Wiſe, the Great, the Good,
What is there more that can ennoble Blood?
The *Orphan*'s Pillar, the true Subjects Shield,
The Poors full Store-houſe, and juſt Servants Field.
The only faithful Watchman for the Realm,
That in all Tempeſts, never quit the Helm,
But ſtood unſhaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the Work; not with the Fame:
That ſtill was good for goodneſs ſake, nor thought
Upon Reward, till the Reward him ſought.
Whoſe Offices, and Honours did ſurprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his Eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he ſaw his Branches ſhoot,
And in the Nobleſt Families took root,
Of all the Land, who now at ſuch a rate,
Of divine Bleſſing, would not ſerve a State.

For a poor Man.] *An* Epigram

To THOMAS *Lord* ELSMERE, *the laſt Term he ſate Chancellor.*

SO, juſteſt Lord, may all your Judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one Decree:
So, may the King proclaim your Conſcience is
Law, to his Law; and think your Enemies his:
So, from all Sickneſs, may you riſe to Health,
The care, and wiſh ſtill of the publick Wealth:
So may the gentler Muſes, and good Fame
Still fly about the Odour of your Name;
As with the ſafety, and honour of the Laws,
You favour Truth, and me, in this Man's Cauſe.

For the ſame.] *Another to him.*

THe Judge his Favour timely then extends,
When a good Cauſe is deſtitute of Friends,
Without the pomp of Counſel; or more aid,
Than to make Falſhood bluſh, and Fraud afraid:
When thoſe good few, that her Defenders be,
Are there for Charity, and not for Fee.
Such ſhall you hear to Day, and find great Foes
Both arm'd with Wealth, and ſlander to oppoſe,
Who thus long ſafe, would gain upon the times
A right by the proſperity of their Crimes;
Who, though their Guilt, and Perjury they know,
Think, yea and boaſt, that they have done it ſo,
As though the Court purſues them on the ſcent,
They will come off, and ſcape the Puniſhment;
When this appears, juſt Lord, to your ſharp ſight,
He do's you wrong, that craves you to do right.

An Epigram.

To the Counſellor that pleaded, and carried the Cauſe.

THat I hereafter, do not think the Bar,
The Seat made of a more than Civil War;
Or the great Hall at *Weſtminſter*, the Field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no ſide yield,
That henceforth, I believe nor Books, nor Men,
Who 'gainſt the Law, weave Calumnies my—
But when I read or hear the names ſo riſe,
Of Hirelings, Wranglers, Stitchers-to of ſtrife,
Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
Upon the reverend Pleaders; do now ſhut
All Mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
To the Wolves ſtudy, or Dogs eloquence;
Thou art my Cauſe: whoſe manners ſince I knew,
Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
So doſt thou ſtudy Matter, Men, and Times,
Mak'ſt it Religion to grow rich by Crimes!
Dar'ſt not abuſe thy Wiſdom, in the Laws,
Or Skill to carry out an evil Cauſe!
But firſt doſt vex, and ſearch it! If nor ſound,
Thou prov'ſt the gentler ways, to cleanſe the wound,
And make the Scar fair; If that will not be,
Thou haſt the brave ſcorn, to put back the fee!
But in a buſineſs, that will bide the touch,
What uſe, what ſtrength of reaſon! and how much
Of Books, of Preſidents, haſt thou at hand?
As if the general ſtore thou didſt command
Of Argument, ſtill drawing forth the beſt,
And not being borrowed by thee, but poſſeſt.
So com'ſt thou like a Chief into the Court
Arm'd at all Pieces, as to keep a Fort
Againſt a multitude; and (with thy Stile
So brightly brandiſh'd) wound'ſt, defend'ſt! the while
Thy Adverſaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.
Then com'ſt thou off with Victory and Palm,
Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balm,
The Courts juſt Honour, and thy Judges Love.
And (which doth all Atchievements get above)
Thy ſincere practiſe, breeds not thee a Fame
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend Name.

An Epigram.

To the ſmall Pox.

ENvious and foul Diſeaſe, could there not be
One beauty in an Age, and free from thee?
What did ſhe worth thy ſpight? were there not ſtore
Of thoſe that ſet by their falſe Faces more

Than

Than this did by her true? ſhe never ſought
Quarrel with Nature, or in balance brought
Art her falſe ſervant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
Was drawn to practiſe other hue, than that
Her own Blood gave her: She ne'er had, nor hath
Any belief, in Madam Baud-bees Bath,
Or Turners Oil of Talk. Nor ever got
Spaniſh Receipt, to make her Teeth to rot.
What was the cauſe then? Thought'ſt thou in diſgrace,
Of Beauty, ſo to nullifie a Face,
That Heaven ſhould make no more; or ſhould amiſs,
Make all hereafter, had'ſt thou ruin'd this?
I, that thy aim was; but her fate prevail'd:
And ſcorn'd, thou'aſt ſhown thy malice, but haſt fail'd.

An Epitaph.

WHat Beauty would have lovely ſtil'd,
What Manners pretty, Nature mild,
What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
Upon record in this bleſt Child.
And, till the coming of the Soul
To fetch the Fleſh, we keep the Roll.

A SONG.

Lover.

COme, let us here enjoy the ſhade,
For Love in ſhadow beſt is made.
Though Envy oft his ſhadow be,
None brooks the Sun-light worſe than he.

Miſtris.

Where Love doth ſhine, there needs no Sun,
All Lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the World were dark;
Yet he himſelf is but a ſpark.

Arbiter.

A Spark to ſet whole World a-fire,
Who more they burn, they more deſire,
And have their being, their waſte to ſee;
And waſte ſtill, that they ſtill might be.

Chorus.

Such are his powers, whom time hath ſtil'd,
Now ſwift, now ſlow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild.
The eldeſt God, yet ſtill a Child.

An Epiſtle to a Friend.

SIr, I am thankful, firſt, to Heaven, for you;
Next to your ſelf, for making your love true:
Then to your lôve, and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my Store added a Book,
On which with profit, I ſhall never look,
But muſt confeſs from whom what gift I took.

Not like your Country Neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Chriſtmas fit;
Which is indeed but friendſhip of the Spit:

But, as a Friend, which name your ſelf receive,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In Letters, that mix Spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how moſt ſacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful Vine my Temples ſteep,
And Fame wake for me, when I yield to ſleep.

Though you ſometimes proclaim me too ſevere,
Rigid, and harſh, which is a Drug auſtere
In friendſhip, I confeſs: But, dear Friend, hear.

Little know they, that profeſs Amity,
And ſeek to ſcant her comely Liberty,
How much they lame her in her Property.

And leſs they know, who being free to uſe
That friendſhip which no chance but love did chuſe,
Will unto Licenſe that fair leave abuſe.

It is an act of Tyranny, not Love
In practis'd friendſhip wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry with Friends humours ſtill to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers Vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no Man lives ſo out of Paſſions ſway,
But ſhall ſometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendſhip to betray.

An Elegy.

'TIs true, I am broke! Vows, and all I had
Of Credit loſt. And I am now run mad;
Or do upon my ſelf ſome deſperate ill;
This ſadneſs makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a Darkneſs hath blockt up my ſenſe,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to ſtarve it. Help O you that may
Alone lend ſuccours, and this fury ſtay.
Offended Miſtris, you are yet ſo fair,
As Light breaks from you, that affrights deſpair,
And fills my powers with perſwading joy,
That you ſhould be too noble to deſtroy.
There may ſome face or menace of a ſtorm
Look forth, but cannot laſt in ſuch a form.
If there be nothing worthy you can ſee
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,
Spare your own goodneſs yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and ſave.
The ignorant, and fools, no pity have.
I will not ſtand to juſtifie my fault,
Or lay the excuſe upon the Vintner's Vault;
Or in confeſſing of the Crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge Authority for ſin.
No, I will ſtand arraign'd, and caſt, to be
The ſubject of your Grace in pardoning me,
And (ſtil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, than your diſgrace before,
Think it was frailty, Miſtris, think me Man,
Think that your ſelf like Heaven forgive me can,
Where Weakneſs doth offend, and Vertue grieve,
There Greatneſs takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now;
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Errour and Folly in me may have croſt
Your juſt Commands; yet thoſe, not I be loſt.
I am regenerate now, become the Child
Of your Compaſſion; Parents ſhould be mild:
There is no Father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a Son will diſinherit;
That is the laſt of Puniſhments is meant;
No Man inflicts that Pain, till Hope be ſpent:
An ill-affected Limb (what e'er it ail)
We cut not off, till all Cures elſe do fail;

And

And then with pauſe; for ſever'd once, that's gone,
Would live his Glory that could keep it on.
Do not deſpair my mending; to diſtruſt
Before you prove a Med'cine, is unjuſt:
You may ſo place me, and in ſuch an Air,
As not alone the Cure, but Scar be fair.
That is, if ſtill your Favours you apply,
And not the Bounties you have done, deny.
Could you demand the Gifts you gave, again!
Why was't? Did o'er the Clouds ask back their Rain?
The Sun, his Heat and Light? the Air his Dew?
Or Winds the Spirit by which the Flower ſo grew?
That were to wither all, and make a Grave
Of that wiſe Nature would a Cradle have.
Her Order is to cheriſh, and preſerve;
Conſumption's, Nature to deſtroy and ſtarve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is Natures meer Obliquity; as Heaven
Should ask the Blood and Spirits he hath infus'd
In Man, becauſe Man hath the Fleſh abus'd.
O may your Wiſdom take example hence,
God lightens not at Man's each frail Offence:
He pardons Slips, goes by a World of Ills,
And then his Thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all muſt quake;
It ſhakes even him, that all things elſe doth ſhake.
And how more fair and lovely looks the World
In a calm Sky, than when the Heaven is hurl'd
About in Clouds, and wrapt in raging Weather,
As all with Storm and Tempeſt ran together?
O imitate that ſweet Serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die
In dark and ſullen Morns; do we not ſay,
This looketh like an Execution day?
And with the Vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of Cruel Weather, Storm, and Rain?
Be not affected with theſe Marks too much
Of Cruelty, leſt they do make you ſuch.
But view the mildneſs of your Makers State,
As I the Penitents here emulate.
He, when he ſees a Sorrow, ſuch as this,
Streight puts off all his Anger, and doth kiſs
The contrite Soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another Sin
Forgiven him: And in that Line ſtand I,
Rather than once diſpleaſe you more, to die,
To ſuffer Tortures, Scorn, and Infamy,
What Fools, and all their Paraſites can apply;
The Wit of Ale, and *Genius* of the Malt
Can pump for, or a Libel without Salt
Produce; though threatning with a Coal, or Chalk,
On every Wall, and ſung where-e'er I walk.
I number theſe, as being of the Chore
Of Contumely, and urge a good Man more
Than Sword, or Fire, or what is of the Race
To carry noble Danger in the Face:
There is not any puniſhment, or pain,
A Man ſhould fly from, as he would diſdain.
Then Maſters here, here let your Rigour end,
And let your Mercy make me aſham'd t' offend.
I will no more abuſe my Vows to you,
Than I will ſtudy Falſhood, to be true.
O, that you could but by diſſection ſee
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my Fibres by your Spirit do move,
And that there is no Life in me, but Love.
You would be then moſt confident, that tho
Publick Affairs command me now to go
Out of your Eyes, and be a while away;
Abſence, or Diſtance, ſhall not breed decay.
Your Form ſhines here, here fixed in my Heart:
I may dilate my ſelf, but not depart.
Others by common Stars their Courſes run,
When I ſee you, then I do ſee my Sun:
Till then 'tis all but Darkneſs, that I have;
Rather than want your Light, I wiſh a Grave.

An Elegy.

TO make the Doubt clear, that no Woman's true,
Was it my Fate to prove it full in you.
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's fair?
It is your Beauties Mark, or of your Youth,
Or your Perfection, not to ſtudy Truth;
Or think you Heaven is deaf, or hath no Eyes?
Or thoſe it has, wink at your Perjuries?
Are Vows ſo cheap with Women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in Water,
And blown away with Wind? or doth their Breath
Both hot and cold at once, threat Life and Death?
Who could have thought ſo many Accents ſweet
Tun'd to our Words, ſo many Sighs ſhould meet
Blown from our Hearts, ſo many Oaths and Tears
Sprinkled among? all ſweeter by our Fears,
And the divine Impreſſion of ſtoln Kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, could now prove empty Bliſſes?
Did you draw Bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the Truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O, I profane! Though moſt of Women be,
The common Monſter, Love, ſhall except thee,
My deareſt Love, however Jealouſie
With Circumſtance might urge the contrary,
Sooner I'll think the Sun would ceaſe to chear
The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that Rivers would run back, or *Thames*
With Ribs of Ice in *June* would bind his Streams:
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the World endures,
Would change her Courſe, before you alter yours.
But, O that treacherous Breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his Falſhood found too late! 'twas he
That made me caſt you Guilty, and you me.
Whilſt he, black Wretch, betray'd each ſimple VVord
VVe ſpake unto the coming of a third!
Curſt may he be that ſo our Love hath ſlain,
And wander wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*:
VVretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity:
In plaguing him, let Miſery be witty.
Let all Eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each Eye,
Till he be noiſom as his Infamy:
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his Soul's price:
And after all ſelf-torment, when he dies,
May Wolves tear out his Heart, Vultures his Eyes,
Swine eat his Bowels, and his falſer Tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven flung:
And let his Carrion Coarſe be a longer Feaſt
To the King's Dogs, than any other Beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our Love receive;
In me the Flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court, and praiſe,
And in that Pleaſure lengthen the ſhort days
Of my Lifes Leaſe; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made Works, but whilſt they make.
I could renew thoſe Times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your Eyes, that gave my Tongue the Law
To like what you lik'd, and at Maſques, or Plays,
Commend the ſelf-ſame Actors, the ſame Ways,
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were ſuch loſt Paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtly catch'd as a Diſeaſe.
But, being got, it is a Treaſure, ſweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;

And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by Chance, 'tis kept by Art.

An Elegy.

THat Love's a bitter-ſweet, I ne'er conceive,
Till the ſowr Minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taſte it. But as Men drink up
In haſte the bottom of a med'cin'd Cup,
And take ſome Sirrup after; ſo do I,
To put all relliſh from my memory
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our abſence ſweet.
This makes me, Miſtris, that ſometimes by ſtealth,
Under another Name, I take your Health,
And turn the Ceremonies of thoſe Nights
I give, or owe my Friends, into your Rites;
But ever without Blazon, or leaſt Shade
Of Vows ſo ſacred, and in ſilence made:
For though Love thrive, and may grow up with chear,
And free Society, he's born elſewhere,
And muſt be bred, ſo to conceal his Birth,
As neither Wine do rack it out, or Mirth.
Yet ſhould the Lover ſtill be airy and light
In all his Actions, rarified to Sprite;
Not, like a *Midas*, ſhut up in himſelf,
And turning all he toucheth into Pelf,
Keep in reſerv'd in his Dark-lantern Face,
As if that exc'lent Dulneſs were Loves Grace:
No, Maſters, no, the open merry Man
Moves like a ſpritely River, and yet can
Keep ſecret in his Channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your ſtanding Waters, choak'd with Weeds.
They look at beſt like Cream-bowls, and you ſoon
Shall find their depth, they're ſounded with a Spoon.
They may ſay Grace, and for Loves Chaplains paſs;
But the grave Lover ever was an Aſs,
Is fix'd upon one Leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's ſtill at home:
Like the dull wearied Crane, that (come on Land)
Doth while he keeps his Watch, betray his Stand;
Where he that knows, will like a Lapwing fly
Far from the Neſt, and ſo himſelf belie
To others, as he will deſerve the Truſt
Due to that one that doth believe him juſt.
And ſuch your Servant is, who vows to keep
The Jewel of your Name, as cloſe as Sleep
Can lock the Senſe up, or the Heart a Thought,
And never be by Time or Folly brought,
Weakneſs of Brain, or any Charm of Wine,
The Sin of Boaſt, or other Countermine,
(Made to blow up Loves Secrets) to diſcover
That Article may not become our Lover:
Which in aſſurance to your Breaſt I tell,
If I had writ no word, but Dear, farewel.

An Elegy.

SInce you muſt go, and I muſt bid Farewell,
Hear, Maſters, your departing Servant tell
What it is like: And do not think they can
Be idle Words, though of a parting Man;
It is as if a Night ſhould ſhade Noon-day,
Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
And we were left under that Hemiſphere,
Where we muſt feel it dark for half a Year.
What Fate is this, to change Mens Days and Hours,
To ſhift their Seaſons, and deſtroy their Powers!
Alas! I ha' loſt my Heat, my Blood, my Prime,
Winter is come a Quarter e'er his time,
My Health will leave me; and when you depart,
How ſhall I do, ſweet Miſtris, for my Heart?
You would reſtore it? No, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O, keep it ſtill; for it had rather be
Your Sacrifice, than here remain with me.
And ſo I ſpare it, Come what can become
Of me, I'll ſoftly tread unto my Tomb;
Or like a Ghoſt walk ſilent amongſt Men,
Till I may ſee both it and you agen.

An Elegy.

LEt me be what I am; as *Virgil*, cold;
As *Horace*, fat; or as *Anacreon*, old;
No Poets Verſes yet did ever move,
Whoſe Readers did not think he was in love.
Who ſhall forbid me then in Rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngeſt he
That from the Muſes Fountains doth indorſe
His Lines, and hourly ſits the Poets Horſe.
Put on my Ivy Garland, let me ſee
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me,
Fathers and Husbands, I do claim a Right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my ſight
Sooner than my affection from the Fair.
No Face, no Hand, Proportion, Line, or Air
Of Beauty, but the Muſe hath intereſt in:
There is not worn that Lace, Purl, Knot, or Pin,
But is the Poets Matter; and he muſt
When he is furious, love, although not luſt.
But then content, your Daughters and your Wives
(If they be fair and worth it) have their Lives
Made longer by our Praiſes: or, if not,
Wiſh, you had foul ones, and deformed got,
Curſt in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
So to be ſure you do enjoy your ſelves.
Yet keep thoſe up in Sackcloth too, or Leather,
For Silk will draw ſome ſneaking Songſter thither.
It is a Rhyming Age, and Verſes ſwarm
At every Stall; the City Cap's a Charm.
But I who live, and have liv'd twenty Year
Where I may handle Silk, as free, and near,
As any Mercer, or the Whalebone-man
That quilts thoſe Bodies I have leave to ſpan;
Have eaten with the Beauties, and the Wits,
And Braveries of Court, and felt their Fits
Of Love and Hate; and came ſo nigh to know
Whether their Faces were their own, or no.
It is not likely I ſhould now look down
Upon a Velvet Petticoat, or a Gown,
Whoſe like I have known the Taylor's Wife put on,
To do her Husband's Rites in, e'er 'twere gone
Home to the Cuſtomer: his Letchery
Being, the beſt Clothes ſtill to preoccupy.
Put a Coach-mare in Tiſſue, muſt I horſe
Her preſently? or leap thy Wife of force,
When by thy ſordid Bounty ſhe hath on
A Gown of that was the Capariſon?
So I might dote upon thy Chairs and Stools,
That are like cloth'd: Muſt I be of thoſe Fools
Of race accounted, that no Paſſion have,
But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'ſt) is brave?
Then ope thy Wardrobe, think me that poor Groom
That from the Foot-man, when he was become
An Officer there, did make moſt ſolemn Love
To ev'ry Petticoat he bruſh'd, and Glove
He did lay up, and would adore the Shooe
Or Slipper was left off, and kiſs it too;
Court every hanging Gown, and after that
Lift up ſome one, and do, I tell not what.
Thou didſt tell me, and wert o'er-joy'd to peep
In at a hole, and ſee theſe Actions creep
From the poor Wretch, which though he plaid in Proſe,
He would have done in Verſe, with any one of thoſe

Wrung

Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves deſpight,
Had he had the Faculty to read and write!
Such Songſters there are ſtore of; witneſs he
That chanc'd the Lace, laid on a Smock, to ſee,
And ſtreight-way ſpent a Sonnet; with that other
That (in pure Madrigal) unto his Mother
Commended the French-Hood, and Scarlet Gown
The Lady Mayreſs paſs'd in through the Town,
Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what ſtrange
Variety of Silks were on th' Exchange!
Or in *Moore-fields*! this other night, ſings one,
Another anſwers, Laſs thoſe Silks are none
In ſmiling *L'envoye*, as he wou'd deride
Any Compariſon had with his Cheap-ſide.
And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day,
When not the Shops, but Windows do diſplay
The Stuffs, the Velvets, Pluſhes, Fringes, Lace,
And all the original Riots of the Place:
Let the poor Fools enjoy their Follies, love
A Goat in Velvet; or ſome Block could move
Under that cover; an old Mid-wives Hat!
Or a Cloſe-ſtool ſo cas'd; or any fat
Bawd, in a Velvet Scabber'd! I envy
None of their Pleaſures! nor will ask thee, why
Thou art jealous of thy Wives, or Daughters Caſe:
More than of eithers Manners, Wit, or Face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

AND why to me this, thou lame Lord of Fire,
What had I done that might call on thine Ire?
Or urge thy greedy Flame, thus to devour
So many my Years-labours in an hour?
I ne're attempted *Vulcan* 'gainſt thy Life;
Nor made leaſt Line of Love to thy looſe Wife;
Or in remembrance of thy afront, and ſcorn
With Clowns, and Tradeſmen, kept thee clos'd in Horn.
'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong down,
And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorn for a Crown:
Was it becauſe thou wert of old denied
By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.
That ſince thou tak'ſt all envious care and pain,
To ruine any Iſſue of the Brain?
Had I wrote Treaſon there, or Hereſie,
Impoſture, Witchcraft, Charms, or Blaſphemy?
I had deſerv'd then, thy conſuming Looks,
Perhaps, to have been burned with my Books.
But, on thy Malice, tell me, didſt thou ſpy
Any, leaſt looſe, or ſurrile Paper, lye
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy own Vote, a Sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the Honours of the Crown?
Or tax the Glories of the Church and Gown?
Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
And my ſelf moſt, in ſome ſelf-boaſting Rhimes?
If none of theſe, then why this Fire? Or find
A Cauſe before; or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
Th' *Eſplandians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
The learned Library of *Don Quixote*;
And ſo ſome goodlier Monſter had begot,
Or ſpun out Riddles, and weav'd fifty Tomes
Of *Logogriphes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
Or pomp'd for thoſe hard Trifles *Anagrams*,
Or *Eteoſtichs*, or thoſe finer Flams
Of Eggs, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Hearſe,
A pair of Sciſars, and a Comb in Verſe;
Acroſtichs, and *Teleſtichs*, on jump Names,
Thou then hadſt had ſome colour for thy Flames,
On ſuch my ſerious Follies; But, thou'lt ſay,
There were ſome Pieces of as baſe allay,
And as falſe ſtamp there; parcels of a Play,
Fitter to ſee the Fire-light, than the day;
Adulterate Moneys, ſuch as might not go:
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, till publick Fame ſaid ſo.
She is the Judge, Thou Executioner,
Or if thou needs would'ſt trench upon her Power,
Thou mightſt have yet enjoy'd thy Cruelty
With ſome more thrift, and more variety:
Thou mightſt have had me periſh, piece by peice,
To light Tobacco, or ſave roaſted Geeſe.
Sindge Capons, or poor Piggs, droping their Eyes;
Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the Pies;
And ſo, have kept me dying a whole Age,
Not raviſh'd all hence in a Minutes rage.
But that's a mark, whereof thy Rights do boaſt,
To make Conſumption, ever where thou go'ſt;
Had I fore-known of this thy leaſt deſire
T' have held a Triumph, or a Feaſt of Fire,
Eſpecially in Paper; that, that ſteam
Had tickled your large Noſtril: many a Ream
To redeem mine, I had ſent in enough,
Thou ſhould'ſt have cry'd, and all been proper Stuff.
The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
With Pieces of the *Legend*; The whole ſum
Of Errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfs;
The charmed Boats, and the inchanted Wharfs,
The *Triſtram's*, *Lanc'lots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peer's*,
All the mad *Rolands*, and ſweet *Oliveer's*;
To *Merlins* Marvails, and his *Caballs* loſs,
With the Chimæra of the *Roſie-Croſs*,
Their Seals, their Characters, Hermetick Rings,
Their Jem of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
Inviſibility, and ſtrength, and Tongues:
The Art of kindling the true Coal, by Lungs,
With *Nicholas Paſquill's*, Medle with your match,
And the ſtrong Lines, that ſo the time do catch,
Or Captain *Pamphlets* Horſe, and Foot; that ſally
Upon th' Exchange, ſtill out of Popes-head-Alley.
The weekly Corrants, with *Poules* Seal; and all
The admir'd diſcourſes of the Prophet *Ball*:
Theſe, had'ſt thou pleas'd either to dine or ſup,
Had made a Meal for *Vulcan* to lick up.
But in my Desk, what was there to accite
So ravenous and vaſt an Appetite?
I dare not ſay a Body, but ſome Parts
There were of ſearch, and maſtry in the Arts.
All the old *Venuſine*, in *Poetry*,
And lighted by the *Stagerite*, could ſpy,
Was there mad *Engliſh*: with the Grammar too,
To teach ſome that their Nurſes could do.
The purity of Language; and among
The reſt, my Journey into *Scotland* Song,
With all th' Adventures; Three Books not afraid
To ſpeak the Fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
To our own Ladies; and in Story there
Of our Fifth *Henry*, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was Oil, beſide the Succour ſpent,
Which Noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
And twice-twelve-years ſtor'd up Humanity,
With humble Gleanings in Divinity;
After the Fathers, and thoſe wiſer Guides
Whom Faction had not drawn to ſtudy ſides.
How in theſe Ruins *Vulcan*, thou doſt lurk,
All Soot and Embers! odious, as thy work!
I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
Or Goddeſs, could be patient of thy Face.
Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aſpire!
'Cauſe thou canſt halt, with us in Arts and Fire!
Son of the Wind! for ſo thy Mother gone
With Luſt conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadſt none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'ſt at beſt,
She durſt not kiſs, but flung thee from her Breaſt.
And ſo did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
No marl the Clowns of *Lemnos* took thee up.
For none but Smiths would have made thee a God.
Some Alchimiſt there may be yet, or odd

Squire of the Squibs, againſt the Pageant day,
May to thy name a *Vulcanale* ſay;
And for it loſe his Eyes with Gun-powder,
As th'other may his Brains with Quick-ſilver.
Well-fare the Wiſe-man yet, on the *Banck-ſide*,
My Friends, the Water-men! They could provide
Againſt thy Fury, when to ſerve their needs,
They made a *Vulcan* of a Sheaf of Reeds,
Whom they durſt handle in their Holy-day Coats,
And ſafely truſt to dreſs, not burn their Boats.
But, O thoſe Reeds! thy meer diſdain of them,
Made thee beget that cruel Stratagem,
(Which, ſome are pleas'd to ſtile but thy mad Pranck)
Againſt the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Bank*.
Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Pariſh,
Flanck'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Mariſh,
I ſaw with two poor Chambers taken in
And raz'd'e're thought could urge, this might have been!
See the World's Ruines! nothing but the Piles
Left! and wit ſince to cover it with Tiles.
The Brethren, they ſtreight nois'd it out for News,
'Twas verily ſome Relick of the Stews.
And this a Sparkle of that Fire let looſe,
That was lock'd up in the *Wincheſtrian* Gooſe,
Bred on the *Banck*, in time of Popery,
When *Venus* there maintain'd in Myſtery.
But, others fell, with that conceit by the Ears,
And cry'd, it was a threatning to the Bears,
And that accurſed Ground, the *Pariſh Garden*:
Nay, ſigh'd, ah Siſter 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*
Kindled the Fire! But, then did one return,
No Fool would his own harveſt ſpoil, or burn!
If that were ſo, thou rather would'ſt advance
The Place, that was thy Wives Inheritance.
O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a Whore,
Scap'd not his Juſtice any Jot the more:
He burnt that Idol of the *Revels* too:
Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to do,
Though but in Dances, it ſhall know his Power;
There was a Judgment ſhew'n too in an Hour.
He is true *Vulcan* ſtill! He did not ſpare
Troy, though it were ſo much his *Venus* care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in Example come?
Did not ſhe ſave from thence, to build a *Rome*?
And what haſt thou done in theſe petty Spights,
More then advanc'd the Houſes, and their Rights?
I will not argue thee, from thoſe of guilt,
For they were burnt, but to be better built.
'Tis true, that in thy wiſh they were deſtroy'd,
Which thou haſt only vented, not enjoy'd.
So would'ſt th' have run upon the *Rolls* by ſtealth,
And didſt invade part of the Common-wealth,
In thoſe Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
Will be remembred by *Six Clerks*, to one.
But, ſay all Six, Good Men, what anſwer ye?
Lyes there no Writ, out of the *Chancery*,
Againſt this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
No Order? no Decree? Though we be gone
At *Common Law*, Methinks in his deſpight
A Court of *Equity* ſhould do us right.
But to confine him to the Brew-houſes,
The Glaſs-houſe, Dye-fats, and their Furnaces;
To live in Sea-coal, and go forth in Smoke;
Or leſt that Vapour might the City choak,
Condemn him to the Brick-kills, or ſome Hill-
Foot (out in *Suſſex*) to an Iron Mill;
Or in ſmall Fagots have him blaze about
Vile Taverns, and the Drunkards piſs him out;
Or in the *Bell-Mans* Lanthorn like a Spy,
Burn to a Snuff, and then ſtink out and dye:
I could invent a Sentence, yet were worſe;
But I'll conclude all in a civil Curſe.
Pox on your Flameſhip, *Vulcan*; if it be
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,
And to *Pauls-Steeple*; which was unto us
'Bove all your Fire-works, had at *Epheſus*,
Or *Alexandria*; and though a Divine
Loſs remains yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your Forge, at *Ætna* ſtill,
And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Arms your fill.
Maintain'd the Trade at *Bilbo*; or elſe-where;
Struck in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
Or ſtay'd but where the Fryar, and you firſt met,
Who from the Divels-Arſe did Guns beget,
Or fixt in the *Low-Country*'s, where you might
On both ſides do your miſchiefs with delight;
Blow up, and ruine, mine, and countermine,
Make your Petards, and Granats, all your fine
Engines of Murder, and receive the Praiſe
Of maſſacring Man-kind ſo many ways.
We ask your abſence here, we all love Peace,
And pray the Fruits thereof, and the Increaſe;
So doth the *King*, and moſt of the *Kings-men*
That have good Places: therefore once agen,
Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* Pox,
And all the Evils that flew out of her Box
Light on thee: Or if thoſe Plagues will not do,
Thy Wives Pox on thee, and *B. Bs.* too.

A Speech according to Horace.

WHy yet my noble Hearts they cannot ſay,
But we have Powder ſtill for the Kings Day,
And Ord'nance too: ſo much as from the Tower
T' have wak'd, if ſleeping, *Spain*'s Ambaſſadour,
Old *Æſope Gundomar*: the *French* can tell,
For they did ſee it the laſt tilting well,
That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horſe,
Launces, and Men, and ſome a breaking force.
They ſaw too ſtore of Feathers, and more may,
If they ſtay here, but till Saint *George*'s Day.
All Enſigns of a War, are not yet dead,
Nor Marks of Wealth ſo from our Nation fled,
But they may ſee Gold-Chains, and Pearl worn then,
Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords Men;
Withal, the dirty pains thoſe Citizens take,
To ſee the Pride at Court, their Wives do make;
And the return thoſe thankful Courtiers yield,
To have their Husbands drawn forth to the Field,
And coming home, to tell what Acts were done
Under the Auſpice of young *Swynnerton*.
What a ſtrong Fort old *Pimblicoe* had been!
How it held out! how (laſt) 'twas taken in!
Well, I ſay thrive, thrive brave Artillery-yard,
Thou Seed-plot of the War, that haſt not ſpar'd
Powder, or Paper, to bring up the Youth
Of *London*, in the Military Truth,
Theſe ten years day; As all may ſwear that look
But on thy Practiſe, and the Poſture-book:
He that but ſaw thy curious Captains drill,
Would think no more of *Vluſhing*, or the *Brill*:
But give them over to the common Ear
For that unneceſſary Charge they were.
Well did thy crafty Clerk, and Knight, Sir *Hugh*,
Supplant bold *Panton*; and brought there to view
Tranſlated *Ælian* Tacticks to be read,
And the Greek Diſcipline (with the modern) ſhed
So, in that ground, as ſoon it grew to be
The City-Queſtion, whether *Tilly*, or he,
Were now the greater Captain? for they ſaw
The *Bergben* Siege, and taking in *Breda*,
So acted to the Life, as *Maurice* might,
And *Spinola* have bluſhed at the ſight.
O happy Art! and wiſe Epitome
Of bearing Arms! moſt civil Soldiery!
Thou canſt draw forth thy Forces, and fight dry
The Battels of thy Aldermanity;

Without

Without the hazard of a drop of Blood:
More then the Surfets, in thee, that day ſtood.
Go on, increaſt in Vertue; and in fame:
And keep the Glory of the *Engliſh* Name,
Up among Nations. In the ſtead of bold
Beauchamps, and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audley's* old;
Inſert thy *Hodges*, and thoſe newer Men. [*Waller.*
As *Stiles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Crips*, and *Fen*:
That keep the War, though now't be grown more tame
Alive yet, in the noiſe; and ſtill the ſame,
And could (if our great Men would let their Sons
Come to their Schools,) ſhow 'em the uſe of Guns.
And there inſtruct the noble *Engliſh* Heirs
In Politick, and Militar Affairs;
But he that ſhould perſwade, to have this done
For Education of our Lordings; Soon
Should he hear of Billow, Wind, and Storm,
From the Tempeſtuous Grandlings, who'll inform
Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?
Are we by Book-worms to be aw'd? muſt we
Live by their Scale, that dare do nothing free?
Why are we Rich, or Great, except to ſhow
All licence in our Lives? What need we know?
More then to praiſe a Dog? or Horſe? or ſpeak
The Hawking Language? or our Day to break
With Citizens? let Clowns, and Tradeſmen breed
Their Sons to ſtudy Arts, the Laws, the Creed:
We will believe like Men of our own Rank,
In ſo much Land a year, or ſuch a Bank,
That turns us ſo much Monies, at which rate
Our Anceſtors impos'd on Prince and State.
Let poor Nobility be vertuous: We,
Deſcended in a Rope of Titles, be
From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
The Herald will. Our Blood is now become,
Paſt any need of Vertue. Let them care,
That in the Cradle of their Gentry are;
To ſerve the State by Councels, and by Arms:
We neither love the Troubles, nor the harms.
What love you then? your Whore? what ſtudy? Gate,
Carriage, and Dreſſing. There is up of late
The Academy, where the Gallants meet——
What to make Legs? yes, and to ſmell moſt ſweet,
All that they do at Plays. O, but firſt here
They learn and ſtudy; and then practiſe there.
But why are all theſe Irons i' the Fire
Of ſeveral makings? helps, helps, t' attire
His Lordſhip. That is for his Band, his Hair
This, and that Box his Beauty to repair;
This other for his Eye-brows; hence, away,
I may no longer on theſe Pictures ſtay,
Theſe Carkaſſes of Honour; Taylors blocks,
Cover'd with Tiſſue, whoſe proſperity mocks
The fate of things: whilſt totter'd Vertue holds
Her broken Arms up, to their empty Moulds.

An Epiſtle to Maſter Arth. Squib.

WHat I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilſt I inform my ſelf, I would teach thee,
My gentle *Arthur*; that it might be ſaid
One leſſon we have both learn'd, and well read;
I neither am, nor art thou one of thoſe
That hearkens to a Jacks-pulſe, when it goes.
Nor ever truſted to that friendſhip yet
Was iſſue of the Tavern, or the Spit:
Much leſs a Name would we bring up, or nurſe,
That could but claim a Kindred from the Purſe.
Thoſe are poor Ties, depend on thoſe falſe Ends,
'Tis Vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends.
And as within your Office, you do take
No Piece of Money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth: So muſt we do,
Firſt weigh a Friend, then touch and try him too:
For there are many Slips, and Counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitful. Men have Masks and Nets,
But theſe with wearing will themſelves unfold:
They cannot laſt. No Lye grew ever old.
Turn him, and ſee his Threds: look, if he be
Friend to himſelf, that would be friend to thee.
For that is firſt requir'd. A man be his own.
But he that's too much that, is Friend of none.
Then reſt, and a Friends value underſtand
It is a richer Purchaſe then of Land.

An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, *when he was Lord Chief Juſtice of* England.

HE that ſhould ſearch all Glories of the Gown,
And ſteps of all rais'd Servants of the Crown
He could not find, then thee of all that ſtore
Whom Fortune aided leſs, or Vertue more,
Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evil beſt was underſtood:
When, being the Strangers help, the poor mans aid,
Thy juſt defences made th' Oppreſſor afraid.
Such was thy Proceſs, when Integrity,
And skill in thee, now, grew Authority;
That Clients ſtrove, in Queſtion of the Laws,
More for thy Patronage, then for their Cauſe,
And that thy ſtrong and manly Eloquence
Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crowns defence,
And now ſuch is thy ſtand; while thou doſt deal
Deſired Juſtice to the publick Weal,
Like *Solons* ſelf; explat'ſt the knotty Laws
With endleſs Labours, whilſt thy Learning draws
No leſs of Praiſe, then Readers in all kinds
Of worthieſt knowledge, that can take Mens minds.
Such is thy All; that (as I ſung before)
None Fortune aided leſs, or Vertue more.
Or if Chance muſt, to each Man that doth riſe
Needs lend an Aid, to thine ſhe had her Eyes.

An Epiſtle anſwering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.

MEn that are ſafe, and ſure, in all they do,
Care not what Trials they are put unto;
They meet the Fire, the Teſt, as Martyrs would;
And though Opinion ſtamp them not, are Gold,
I could ſay more of ſuch, but that I fly
To ſpeak my ſelf out too ambitiouſly,
And ſhewing ſo weak an Act to vulgar Eyes;
Put Conſcience and my right to comprimiſe.
Let thoſe that meerly talk, and never think,
That live in the wild Anarchy of Drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or elſe ſuch
As make it their Proficiency, how much
They'ave glutted in, and letcher'd out that Week,
That never yet did friend or friendſhip ſeek
But for a Sealing: let theſe Men proteſt.
Or th'other on their Borders, that will jeaſt
On all Souls that are abſent; even the dead
Like Flies or Worms, which Mans corrupt Parts fed:
That to ſpeak well, think it above all Sin,
Of any Company but that they are in,
Call every night to Supper in theſe fits,
And are receiv'd for the Covey of Wits;
That cenſure all the Town, and all th' Affairs,
And know whoſe Ignorance is more then theirs;
Let theſe Men have their ways, and take their times
To vent their Libels, and to iſſue Rhimes,
I have no Portion in them, nor their deal
Of News they get, to ſtrew out the long Meal,

I ſtudy other friendſhips, and more one,
Then theſe can ever be; or elſe wiſh none.
What is't to me whether the *French* Deſign
Be, or be not, to get the *Vall-telline?*
Or the States Ships ſent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of *Spain* in their Weſt-Indian Fleet?
Whether the Diſpenſation yet be ſent,
Or that the Match from *Spain* was ever meant?
I wiſh all well, and pray high Heaven conſpire
My Princes ſafety, and my Kings deſire;
But if for Honour, we muſt draw the Sword,
And force back that, which will not be reſtor'd,
I have a Body, yet, that Spirit draws
To live, or fall, a Carkaſs in the Cauſe.
So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunſfield, and *Mansfield* do this year, my Fates
Shall carry me at Call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear theſe news, nor tell
Of *Spain* or *France*; or were not prick'd down one
Of the late Myſtery of Reception,
Although my Fame, to his, not under-hears,
That guides the Motions, and directs the Bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Loſe all my Credit with my Chriſtmas Clay,
And animated *Porc'lane* of the Court,
I, and for this neglect, the courſer ſort
Of earthen Jars, there may moleſt me too:
Well, with mine own frail Pitcher, what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and preſs;
Leſt it be juſtled, crack'd made nought, or leſs:
Live to that Point I will, for which I am Man,
And dwell as in my Center, as I can,
Still looking too, and ever loving Heaven;
With reverence uſing all the Gifts then given.
'Mongſt which, if I have any friendſhips ſent
Such as are ſquare, well-tag'd, and permanent,
Not built with Canvaſs, Paper, and falſe lights,
As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great ſights;
And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
Oily Expanſions, or ſhrunk dirty Folds,
But all ſo clear, and led by Reaſons Flame,
As but to ſtumble in her ſight were ſhame.
Theſe I will honour, love, embrace, and ſerve;
And free it from all queſtion to preſerve.
So ſhort you read my Character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many Stairs
Are asked to climb. Firſt give me faith, who know
My ſelf a little. I will take you ſo,
As you have writ your ſelf. Now ſtand, and then
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben.*

The Dedication of the Kings new Cellar to Bacchus.

SInce, *Bacchus*, thou art father
Of Wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where new, thou art made Dweller;
And Seal thee thy Commiſſion:
But 'tis with a Condition,
That thou remain here Taſter
Of all to the great Maſter.
And look unto their Faces,
Their Qualities and Races,
That both, their Odour take him,
And reliſh merry make him.
For *Bacchus* thou art freer
Of Cares, and Over-ſeer,
Of feaſt, and merry meeting,
And ſtill begin'ſt the greting:
See then thou doſt attend him
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the Arts of Gladneſs
From any thought like ſadneſs.
So mayſt thou ſtill be younger
Than *Phœbus*; and much ſtronger,
To give Mankind their eaſes,
And cure the Worlds Diſeaſes:
So may the Muſes follow
Thee ſtill, and leave *Apollo*,
And think thy Stream more quicker
Then *Hippocrenes* Liquor:
And thou make many a Poet,
Before his Brain do know it;
So may there never Quarrel
Have iſſue from the Barrel;
But *Venus* and the Graces
Purſue thee in all Places,
And not a Song be other
Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.
That when King *James*, above here
Shall feaſt it, thou maiſt love there
The Cauſes and the Gueſts too,
And have thy Tales and Jeſts too,
Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As ſhall the Feaſts fair Grounds be.
Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint *Georges* Union;
Or gratulates the Paſſage
Of ſome well-wrought Embaſſage:
Whereby he may knit ſure up
The wiſhed Peace of *Europe:*
Or elſe a Health advances,
To put his Court in Dances,
And ſet us all on skipping,
When with his Royal ſhipping
The narrow Seas are ſhady,
And *Charles* brings home the Lady.

Acceſſit fervor Capiti, Numeruſq; Lucernis.

An Epigram on the Court Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then ſo cenſure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the World ſee.
What though her Chamber be the very Pit,
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for Wit?
And that as any are ſtroke, her Breath creates
New in their ſtead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade luſt ſhe force a Muſe,
And in an Epicæne fury can write News
Equal with that, which for the beſt News goes
As airy Light, and as like Wit as thoſe?
What though ſhe talk, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdry, all a Theam.
And as Lip-thirſty, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phraſe more than the Senſe?
What though ſhe ride two Mile on Holy-days
To Church, as others do to Feaſts and Plays,
To ſhew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though ſhe be with Velvet Gowns indu'd,
And ſpangled Petticotes brought forth to Eye,
As new Rewards of her old ſecreſie?
What though ſhe hath won on Truſt, as many do,
And that her truſter fears her? Muſt I too?
I never ſtood for any Place: my Wit
Thinks it ſelf nought, though ſhe ſhould value it.
I am no States-man, and much leſs Divine
For Bawdry, 'tis her Language, and not mine.
Fartheſt I am from the Idolatry
To Stuffs and Laces, thoſe my man can buy.
And truſt her I would leaſt, that hath forſwore
In Contract twice, what can ſhe perjure more?
Indeed, her Dreſſing ſome Man might delight,
Her Face there's none can like by Candle-light.
Not he, that ſhould the Body have, for Caſe
To his poor Inſtrument, now out of grace.

Shall

Shall I adviſe thee *Pucell*? ſteal away
From Court, while yet thy Fame hath ſome ſmall day;
The Wits will leave you, if they once perceive
You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
For Sermoneers: of which now one, now other,
They ſay you weekly invite with Fits o' th' Mother,
And practiſe for a Miracle; take heed
This Age would lend no Faith to *Dorrel*'s Deed;
Or if it would, the Court is the worſt Place,
Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
For there the Wicked in the Chair of ſcorn,
Will call't a Baſtard, when a Prophet's born.

An Epigram.
To the Honour'd----Counteſs of----

THe Wiſdom Madam of your private Life,
Where with this while you live a widowed Wife,
And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer Rumour, and triumph on Spight;
Not only ſhunning by your act, to do
Ought that is ill, but the ſuſpicion too,
Is of ſo brave Example, as he were
No Friend to Vertue, could be ſilent here.
The rather when the Vices of the Time
Are grown ſo Fruitful, and falſe Pleaſures climb
By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, caſt down with their own weight.
And though all Praiſe bring nothing to your Name,
Who (herein ſtudying Conſcience, and not Fame)
Are in your ſelf rewarded; yet 'twill be
A chearful Work to all good Eyes, to ſee
Among the daily Ruins that fall foul,
Of State, of Fame, of Body, and of Soul,
So great a Vertue ſtand upright to view,
As makes *Penelope*'s old Fable true,
Whilſt your *Ulyſſes* hath ta'ne leave to go,
Countries, and climes Manners and Men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great *Homer*'s Wit, for her, could fain;
For you admit no Company, but good,
And when you want thoſe Friends, or near in Blood,
Or your Allies, you make your Books your Friends,
And ſtudy them unto the nobleſt Ends,
Searching for Knowledge, and to keep your Mind
The ſame it was inſpir'd, rich, and refin'd.
Theſe Graces, when the reſt of Ladies view
Not boaſted in your Life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard, for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find ſo many meet in one,
It will be ſhame for them, if they have none.

Lord Bacon's *Birth-day.*

HAil happy *Genius* of this ancient Pile!
How comes it all things ſo about thee ſmile?
The Fire, the Wine, the Men! and in the midſt,
Thou ſtand'ſt as if ſome Myſtery thou did'ſt!
Pardon, I read it in thy Face, the day
For whoſe returns, and many, all theſe pray;
And ſo do I. This is the Sixtieth year
Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave wiſe Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and Foundation of the *Engliſh* Weal.
What then his Father was, that ſince is he,
Now with a Title more to the Degree;
England's High-Chancellor: the deſtin'd Heir
In his ſoft Cradle to his Father's Chair,
Whoſe even Thred the Fates ſpin round and full,
Out of their choiceſt and their whiteſt Wooll.
'Tis a brave Cauſe of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladneſs, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowl, that I may ſing
In raiſing him the Wiſdom of my King.

A Poem ſent me by Sir William Burlaſe.
The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but Painter half like thee, a Poet;
Ben, I would ſhow it:
But in this skill, m' unskilful Pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will ſtill be found far higher;
And I a Lier.
Then, what a Painter's here? or what an eater
Of great Attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
And he a Cheater?
Then what a Poet's here! whom, by Confeſſion
Of all with me, to paint without Digreſſion
There's no Expreſſion.

My Anſwer.
The Poet to the Painter.

WHy? though I ſeem of a prodigious waſt,
I am not ſo voluminous, and vaſt,
But there are Lines, wherewith I might b' embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my Womb ſwells, ſo my Back ſtoops,
And the whole Lump grows round, deform'd, and droops,
But yet the Tun at *Heidelberg* had Hoops.

You were not tied, by any Painter's Law
To ſquare my Circle, I confeſs, but draw
My Superficies: that was all you ſaw.

Which if in compaſs of no Art it came
To be deſcribed by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilſt you curious were to have it be
An *Archetype*, for all the World to ſee,
You made it a brave Piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maſtry, might,
Your Power of handling, Shadow, Air, and Spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

But, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flatt'ring Colours, or falſe Light.

Yet when of Friendſhip I would draw the Face
A letter'd Mind, and a large Heart would place
To all Poſterity; I will write *Burlaſe*.

An Epigram.
To William *Earl of* Newcaſtle.

WHen firſt, my Lord, I ſaw you back your Horſe,
Provoke his Metal, and command his Force
To all the uſes of the Field and Race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And ſaw a Centaure, paſt thoſe Tales of *Greece*,
So ſeem'd your Horſe; and you both of a Piece!
You ſhew'd like *Perſeus* upon *Pegaſus*;
Or *Caſtor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*:
Or what we hear our home-born Legend tell,
Of bold Sir *Bevis* and his *Arundell*:
Nay, ſo your Seat his Beauties did endorſe,
As I began to wiſh my ſelf a Horſe:

And ſurely had I but your Stable ſeen
Before: I think my Wiſh abſolv'd had been.
For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
Nor any of their Houſhold half ſo well.
So well! as when I ſaw the Floor and Room,
I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groom:
And cri'd, away, with the *Cæſarian* Bread,
At theſe Immortal Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epiſtle to Mr. Arthur Squib.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
For a juſt Wager, and that Wager paid
If I do loſe it: And, without a Tale
A Merchant's Wife is Regent of the Scale.
Who when ſhe heard the Match, concluded ſtreight,
An ill Commodity! 'T muſt make good weight:
So that upon the Point, my Corporal fear
Is, ſhe will Play Dame Juſtice, too ſevere;
And hold me to it cloſe; to ſtand upright
Within the Balance; and not want a Mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twenty ſtone; of which I lack two Pound:
That's ſix in Silver; now within the Socket
Stinketh my Credit, if into the Pocket
It do not come: One Piece I have in ſtore,
Lend me, dear *Arthur*, for a Week five more,
And you ſhall make me good, in Weight, and Faſhion,
And then to be return'd; or Proteſtation
To go out after— till when take this Letter
For your ſecurity. I can no better.

To Mr. John Burges.

WOuld God, my *Burges*, I could think
Thoughts worthy of thy Gift, this Ink,
Then would I promiſe here to give
Verſe, that ſhould thee, and me out-live.
But ſince the Wine hath ſteep'd my Brain,
I only can the Paper ſtain;
Yet with a Dye, that fears no Moth,
But Scarlet-like out-laſts the Cloth.

Epiſtle to my Lady Covell.

YOu won not Verſes, Madam, you won me,
When you would play ſo nobly, and ſo free.
A Book to a few Lines: but, it was fit
You won them too, your odds did merit it,
So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muſe:
The firſt of which I fear, you will refuſe;
And you may juſtly, being a tardy cold,
Unprofitable Chattel, fat and old,
Laden with Belly, and doth hardly approach
His Friends, but to break Chairs, or crack a Coach.
His weight is twenty Stone within two Pound;
And that's made up as doth th' Purſe abound.
Marry the Muſe is one, can tread the Air,
And ſtroke the Water, nimble, chaſt, and fair;
Sleep in a Virgins Boſom without fear,
Run all the Rounds in a ſoft Ladies Ear,
Widow or Wife, without the jealouſie
Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
Such, (if her Manners like you) I do ſend:
And can for other Graces her commend,
To make you merry on the Dreſſing-ſtool
A Mornings, and at Afternoons to Fool
Away ill Company, and help in Rhime,
Your *Joan* to paſs her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the Man
Accept his Muſe; and tell, I know you can:
How many Verſes, Madam, are your due!
I can loſe none in tendring theſe to you.
I gain, in having leave to keep my Day,
And ſhould grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Maſter John Burges.

FAther *John Burges*,
Neceſſity urges
My woful Cry,
To Sir *Robert Pie*:
And that he will venter
To ſend my *Debenter*.
Tell him his *Ben*
Knew the time, when
He lov'd the Muſes;
Though now he refuſes,
To take Apprehenſion
Of a years Penſion,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Chriſtmas is near;
And neither good Chear,
Mirth, Fooling, nor Wit,
Nor any leaſt Fit
Of Gambol or Sport
Will come at the Court,
If there be no Money,
No Plover, or Coney
Will come to the Table,
Or Wine to enable
The Muſe, or the Poet,
The Pariſh will know it.
Nor any quick-warming-pan help him to Bed,
If the Checker be empty, ſo will be his Head.

Epigram, *to my Bookſeller.*

THou, Friend, wilt hear all Cenſures; unto thee
All Mouths are open, and all Stomachs free:
Be thou my Books Intelligencer, note
What each Man ſays of it, and of what Coat
His Judgment is; If he be wiſe, and praiſe,
Thank him: if other, he can give no Bays.
If his Wit reach no higher, but to ſpring
Thy Wife a fit of laughter; a Cramp-ring
Will be reward enough: to wear like thoſe,
That hang their richeſt Jewels i' their Noſe;
Like a rung Bear, or Swine: grunting out Wit,
As if that Part lay for a [ ] moſt fit!
If they go on, and that thou lov'ſt a-life
Their perfum'd Judgments, let them kiſs thy Wife.

An Epigram.
To William *Earl of* Newcaſtle.

THey talk of Fencing, and the uſe of Arms,
The Art of urging, and avoiding harms,
The Noble Science, and the maſtring skill
Of making juſt Approaches how to kill:
To hit in Angels, and to claſh with time:
As all defence, or offence were a chime!
I hate ſuch meaſur'd, give me metall'd Fire
That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
A quick, and dazling motion! when a Pair
Of Bodies, meet like rarified Air!
Their Weapons ſhot out, with that flame and force,
As they out-did the Lightning in the Courſe;
This were a Spectacle! A ſight to draw
Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law

Of

Of daring, not to do a Wrong, is true
Valour! to ſlight it, being done to you!
To know the Heads of Danger! where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or ſuffer it!
All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
And was your Fathers! All your Anceſtors!
Who durſt live great, 'mongſt all the Colds and Heats
Of Humane Life! as all the Froſts and Sweats
Of Fortune! when, or Death appear'd, or Bands!
And valiant were, with, or without their Hands.

An Epitaph on HENRY *L.* LA-WARE.

To the Paſſer-by.

IF, Paſſenger, thou canſt but read:
Stay, drop a Tear for him that's dead,
Henry, the brave young Lord *La-ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muſes* Care!
What could their Care do 'gainſt the Spight
Of a Diſeaſe, that lov'd no light
Of Honour, nor no air of Good?
But crept like Darkneſs through his Blood?
Offended with the dazling flame
Of Vertue, got above his Name?
No noble Furniture of Parts,
No love of Action, and high Arts.
No aim at Glory, or in War,
Ambition to become a Star,
Could ſtop the Malice of this ill,
That ſpread his Body o'er, to kill:
And only his great Soul envy'd,
Becauſe it durſt have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THat you have ſeen the Pride, beheld the Sport,
And all the Games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
View'd there the Market, read the wretched rate
At which there are, would ſell the Prince and State:
That ſcarce you hear a publick Voice alive,
But whiſper'd Counſels, and thoſe only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with clear Mind and Hands
To lift to Heaven: who is't not underſtands
Your Happineſs, and doth not ſpeak you bleſt,
To ſee you ſet apart, thus, from the reſt,
T' obtain of God, what all the Land ſhould ask?
A Nation's Sin got pardon'd! 'twere a Task
Fit for a Biſhops Knees! O bow them oft,
My Lord, till felt grief make our ſtone-hearts ſoft,
And we do weep, to water, for our ſin.
He, that in ſuch a flood, as we are in
Of Riot, and Conſumption knows the way,
To teach the people how to faſt, and pray,
And do their Penance, to avert God's Rod,
He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram

To K. CHARLES, *for an Hundred Pounds He ſent me in my Sickneſs,* 1629.

GReat *CHARLES*, among the holy Gifts of Grace
Annexed to thy Perſon, and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy Piety is ſuch)
To cure the call'd *Kings Evil* with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a Kinglier Maſtry try,
To cure the *Poets Evil*, Poverty:
And, in theſe Cures, do'ſt ſo thy ſelf enlarge,
As thou doſt cure our *Evil* at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou ſhow'ſt to value more
One *Poet*, than of other folk Ten Score.
O Piety! ſo to weigh the Poors Eſtates!
O Bounty! ſo to difference the rates!
What can the *Poet* wiſh his *King* may do,
But that he cure the Peoples Evil too?

To King CHARLES, *and Queen* MARY, *For the Loſs of their Firſt-born,*

An Epigram Conſolatory, 1629.

WHo dares deny, that all firſt-Fruits are due
To God, denies the God-head to be true:
Who doubts, thoſe Fruits God can with Gain reſtore,
Doth by his doubt, diſtruſt his Promiſe more.
He can, he will, and with large Int'reſt pay,
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then Royal *CHARLES* and *MARY*, do not grutch
That the Almighty's Will to you is ſuch:
But thank his Greatneſs, and his Goodneſs too;
And think all ſtill the beſt that he will do.
That thought ſhall make, he will this loſs ſupply
With a long, large, and bleſt Poſterity!
For God, whoſe Eſſence is ſo infinite,
Cannot but heap that Grace he will requite.

An Epigram,

To our Great and Good King CHARLES, *On his Anniverſary-Day,* 1629.

HOw happy were the Subject! if he knew,
Moſt pious King, but his own good in you!
How many times, Live long, *CHARLES*, would he ſay,
If he but weigh'd the Bleſſings of this Day?
And as it turns our joyful Year about,
For Safety of ſuch Majeſty cry out?
Indeed, when had *Great Britain* greater Cauſe
Than now, to love the Soveraign and the Laws?
When you that reign, are her Example grown,
And what are Bounds to her, you make your own?
When your aſſiduous practice doth ſecure
That Faith, which ſhe profeſſeth to be pure?
When all your Life's a Preſident of Days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways?
How is ſhe barren grown of Love! or broke!
That nothing can her Gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfeit bred of Eaſe,
The truly Epidemical Diſeaſe!
'Tis not alone the Merchant, but the Clown,
Is Bank-rupt turn'd! the Caſſock, Cloak, and Gown,
Are loſt upon accompt, and none will know,
How much to Heaven for thee, great *CHARLES*, they owe!

An Epigram on the Prince's Birth, 1630.

ANd art thou born, brave Babe? Bleſt be thy Birth,
That ſo hath Crown'd our Hopes, our Spring, and Earth,
The Bed of the chaſte *Lily*, and the *Roſe!*
Wat Month than *May* was fitter to diſcloſe
This Prince of Flowers? Soon ſhoot thou up, and grow
The ſame that thou art promis'd, but be ſlow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephews ſee
Thee, quickly the Gardens Eye to be,

And there to ſtand ſo. Haſte, now envious Moon,
And interpoſe thy ſelf, ('care not how ſoon.)
And threat' the great Eclipſe. Two Hours but run,
Sol will re-ſhine. If not, CHARLES hath a Son.

——Non diſplicuiſſe meretur
Feſtinat Cæſar qui placuiſſe tibi.

An Epigram to the Queen, then lying in. 1630.

HAil *Mary*, full of Grace, it once was ſaid,
And by an Angel, to the bleſſed'ſt Maid,
The Mother of our Lord: Why may not I
(Without profaneneſs) yet, a Poet, cry,
Hail *Mary*, full of Honours, to my Queen,
The Mother of our Prince? When was there ſeen
(Except the Joy that the firſt *Mary* brought,
Whereby the Safety of Mankind was wrought)
So general a Gladneſs to an Iſle!
To make the Hearts of a whole Nation ſmile,
As in this Prince? Let it be lawful, ſo
To compare ſmall with great, as ſtill we owe
Glory to God. Then, Hail to *Mary!* Spring
Of ſo much Safety to the Realm, and King.

An Ode, or Song, by all the Muſes.

In Celebration of her [Majeſties Birth-day. 1630.

1. *Clio.* UP, *Publick Joy, remember*
This Sixteenth of November,
Some brave un common way:
And though the Pariſh-Steeple
Be ſilent, to the People
Ring thou it Holy-day.
2. *Mel. What though the thrifty Tower,*
And Guns there, ſpare to pour
Their Noiſes forth in Thunder:
As fearful to awake
This City, or to ſhake
Their guarded Gates aſunder?
3. Thal. *Yet, let our Trumpets ſound;*
And cleave both Air and Ground,
With beating of our Drums:
Let every Lyre be ſtrong,
Harp, Lute, Theorbo ſprung,
With touch of dainty Thums!
4. Eut. *That when the Quire is full,*
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Sphears:
And each Intelligence
May wiſh it ſelf a Senſe;
Whilſt it the Ditty hears.
5. Terp. *Behold the Royal* Mary,
The Daughter of Great Harry!
And Siſter to Juſt Lewis!
Comes in the Pomp and Glory
Of all her Brother's Story,
And of her Father's Proweſs!
6. Erat. *She ſhows ſo far above*
The feigned Queen of Love,
This Sea-girt Iſle upon:
As here no Venus *were;*
But that ſhe reigning here.
Had got the Ceſtion *on!*
7. Call. *See, ſee our active* King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilſt all the raviſh'd Rout
Do mingle in a Shout,
Hey! for the Flower of France!
8. Ura. *This day the Court doth meaſure*
Her Joy in State and Pleaſure;
And with a Reverend Fear,
The Revels, and the Play,
Sum up this Crowned Day,
Her two and twenti'th Year!
9. Poly. *Sweet! happy* Mary! *All*
The People her do call!
And this the Womb Divine!
So fruitful, and ſo fair,
Hath brought the Land an Heir!
And CHARLES *a* Caroline.

An Epigram.

To the Houſhold. 1630.

WHat can the Cauſe be, when the *K.* hath given
His *Poet* Sack, the *Houſhold* will not pay?
Are they ſo ſcanted in their ſtore? or driven
For want of knowing the *Poet*, to ſay him nay?
Well, they ſhould know him, would the *K.* but grant
His *Poet* leave to ſing his *Houſhold* true;
He'ld frame ſuch Ditties of their Store, and Want,
Would make the very *Green-Cloth* to look blue:
And rather wiſh, in their Expence of Sack,
So, the allowance from the King to uſe,
As the old *Bard*, ſhould no Canary lack,
'T were better ſpare a But, than ſpill his *Muſe*.
For in the *Genius* of a *Poet's* Verſe,
The King's Fame lives. Go now, deny his *Tierce*.

Epigram.

To a Friend, and Son.

SOn, and my Friend, I had not call'd you ſo
To me; or been the ſame to you, if Show,
Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
What, by that Name, we each to other owe,
Freedom and Truth; with love from thoſe begot.
Wiſe-crafts, on which the Flatterer ventures not.
His is more ſafe Commodity, or none:
Nor dares he come in the compariſon.
But as the wretched Painter, who ſo ill
Painted a Dog, that now his ſubtler Skill
Was, t' have a Boy ſtand with a Club, and fright
All live Dogs from the Lane, and his Shop's ſight,
Till he had ſold his Piece, drawn ſo unlike:
So doth the Flatt'rer with fair Cunning ſtrike
At a Friend's Freedom, proves all circling means
To keep him off; and howſoe'er he gleams
Some of his Forms, he lets him not come near
Where he would fix, for the Diſtinctions fear,
For as at diſtance, few have Faculty
To judge: So all Men coming near, can ſpy,
Though now of Flattery, as of Picture are
More ſubtle Works, and finer Pieces far,
Than knew the former Ages: yet to Life
All is but Web, and Painting; be the ſtriſe
Never ſo great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boaſt rich Hangings, than rare Friends.

To the Immortal Memory, and Friendſhip of that Noble Pair, Sir LUCIUS CARY, *and Sir* H. MORISON.

The Turn.

BRave Infant of *Saguntum*, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious *Hannibal* did Crown
His Rage, with razing your Immortal Town.
Thou, looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wiſe Child, did'ſt haſtily return,
And mad'ſt thy Mothers Womb thine Urn.
How ſumm'd a Circle didſt thou leave Mankind
Of deepeſt Lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-Turn.

Did wiſer Nature draw thee back,
From out the Horror of that Sack;
Where Shame, Faith, Honour, and regard of Right
Lay trampled on; the Deeds of Death, and Night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horl'd
Upon th' affrighted World:
Sword, Fire, and Famine, with fell Fury met;
And all on utmoſt Ruin ſet:
As, could they but Lifes Miſeries fore-ſee,
No doubt all Infants would return like thee?

The Stand.

For, what is Life, if meaſur'd by the ſpace,
Not by the act?
Or masked Man, if valu'd by his Face,
Above his Fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peers,
And told forth fourſcore years:
He vexed time, and buſied the whole State;
Troubled both Foes and Friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at Twenty had he faln, or ſtood!
For three of his fourſcore, he did no good.

The Turn.

He entred well by Vertuous Parts,
Got up and thriv'd with Honeſt Arts:
He purchas'd Friends, and Fame, and Honours then,
And had his noble Name advanc'd with Men:
But weary of that flight,
He ſtoop'd in all Mens ſight
To ſordid flatteries, acts of Strife,
And ſunk in that dead Sea of Life
So deep, as he did then Death's Waters ſup:
But that the Cork of Title buoy'd him up.

The Counter-Turn.

Alas, but *Moriſon* fell young:
He never fell, thou fall'ſt, my Tongue.
He ſtood a Soldier to the laſt right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble Friend;
But moſt a vertuous Son.
All Offices were done
By him, ſo ample, full, and round,
In weight, in meaſure, number, ſound,
As though his age imperfect might appear,
His Life was of Humanity the Sphere.

The Stand.

Go now, and tell our Days ſumm'd up with Fears,
And make them Years:
Produce thy Maſs of Miſeries on the Stage,
To ſwell thine Age:
Repeat of things a throng,
To ſhew thou haſt been long
Not liv'd; for Life doth her great actions ſpell,
By what was done and wrought
In ſeaſon, and ſo brought
To light: her meaſures are, how well
Each Syllable anſwer'd, and was form'd; how fair
Theſe make the Lines of Life, and that's her air.

The Turn.

It is not growing like a Tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or ſtanding long an Oak, three hundred year
To fall a log, at laſt, dry, bold, and ſear:
A Lily of a Day,
Is fairer far, in *May*,
Although it fall, and die that Night;
It was the Plant, and Fower of Light.
In ſmall proportions, we juſt Beauties ſee:
And in ſhort meaſures, Life may perfect be.

The Counter-Turn.

Call, Noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
And let thy Looks with gladneſs ſhine:
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy Head,
And think, nay know, thy *Moriſon*'s not dead.
He leap'd the preſent age,
Poſſeſt with Holy Rage,
To ſee that bright Eternal Day:
Of which we *Prieſts*, and *Poets* ſay
Such truths, as we expect for happy Men,
And there he lives with Memory; and *Ben.*

The Stand.

Johnſon, who ſung this of him, ere he went
Himſelf to reſt,
Or taſte a part of that full Joy he meant
To have expreſt,
In this bright *Aſteriſm!*
Where it were Friendſhip's Schiſm,
(Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry)
To ſeparate theſe Twi-
Lights, the *Dioſcuri*;
And keep the one half from his *Harry.*
But Fate doth ſo alternate the Deſign,
Whilſt that in Heaven, this Light on Earth muſt ſhine.

The Turn.

And ſhine as you exalted are;
Two Names of Friendſhip, but one Star:
Of Hearts the Union. And thoſe not by chance
Made, or Indenture, or Leas'd out t'advance
The Profits for a time.
No Pleaſures vain did chime,
Of Rhimes, or Riots, at your Feaſts,
Orgies of Drink, or feign'd Proteſts:
But ſimple love of Greatneſs, and of Good;
That knits brave Minds, and Manners, more than Blood.

The Counter-Turn.

This made you firſt to know the Why
You lik'd, then after, to apply

That liking; and approach ſo one the tother,
Till either grew a Portion of the other:
Each ſtiled by his end,
The Copy of his Friend.
You liv'd to be the great Surnames,
And Titles, by which all made Claims
Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a CARY, or a MORISON.

The Stand.

And ſuch a force the fair Example had,
As they that ſaw
The good, and durſt not practice it, were glad
That ſuch a Law
Was left yet to Mankind;
Where they might read, and find
Friendſhip, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the Heart, not Pen,
Of Two ſo early Men,
Whoſe Lines her Rolls were, and Records.
Who, ere the firſt down-bloomed on the Chin,
Had ſow'd theſe Fruits, and got the Harveſt in.

To the Right Honourable the Lord High Treaſurer of England.

An Epiſtle Mendicant. 1631.

MY LORD,

POor wretched States, preſt by Extremities,
Are fain to ſeek for Succours and Supplies
Of *Princes* Aids, or *good Mens* Charities.

Diſeaſe, the Enemy, and his Ingineers,
Want, with the reſt of his conceal'd Compeers,
Have caſt a Trench about me, now five years;

And made thoſe ſtrong approaches by *Falſe Braies*,
Reduicts, *Half-Moons*, *Horn-Works*, and ſuch cloſe ways,
The *Muſe* not peeps out, one of Hundred Days.

But lies block'd up, and ſtreightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the Bed, and Boards, unlike to win
Health, or ſcarce Breath, as ſhe had never bin.

Unleſs ſome ſaving *Honour* of the *Crown*,
Dare think it, to relieve, no leſs Renown,
A *Bed-rid* Wit, than a *beſieged* Town.

To the King. On his Birth-day, Nov. 19. 1632.

An Epigram Anniverſary.

THis is King *Charles* his Day. Speak it, thou *Tower*,
Unto the *Ships*, and they from *Tier* to *Tier*,
Diſcharge it 'bout the *Iſland*, in an Hour,
As loud as Thunder, and as ſwift as Fire.
Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea, half way,
Repeating all *Great Britain's* Joy, and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this *Day*,
Like *Echo* playing from the other Shore.
What *Drums*, or *Trumpets*, or great *Ord'nance* can,
The *Poetry* of *Steeples*, with the *Bells*,
Three Kingdoms Mirth, in Light, and aëry Man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All Noiſes elſe,
At *Bonefires*, *Rockets*, *Fire-Works*, with the *Shouts*
That cry that gladneſs, which their Hearts would pray,
Had they but Grace, of thinking, at theſe Routs,
On th' often coming of this *Holy-day*:
And ever cloſe the Burden of the Song,
Still to have ſuch a *Charles*, but this *Charles* long.

The Wiſh is great; but where the Prince is ſuch,
What Prayers (*People*) can you think too much!

On the Right Honourable and Vertuous Lord WESTON, *Lord High Treaſurer of* England, *upon the Day He was made Earl of* Portland, *Feb.* 17. 1632.

To the Envious.

LOok up, thou Seed of Envy, and ſtill bring
Thy faint, and narrow Eyes, to read the *King*
In his great Actions: view whom his large Hand,
Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land!*
WESTON! that waking Man! that Eye of State!
Who ſeldom ſleeps! whom bad Men only hate!
Why do I irritate, or ſtir up thee,
Thou ſluggiſh Spawn, that canſt, but wilt not ſee!
Feed on thy ſelf for ſpight, and ſhew thy *Kind*:
To Vertue and true Worth, be ever blind.
Dream thou could'ſt hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it: Feel, thou 'aſt made thine own Heart ake.

To the Right Honourable Hierome, *Lord* Weſton,

An Ode Gratulatory,

For his Return from his Embaſſy, 1632.

SUch Pleaſure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in eaſie Natures *Birth*,
When ſhe puts forth the Life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of ſweeteſt Rain,
She lies delivered without pain,
Of the prime Beauty of the Year, the Spring.
The Rivers in their Shores do run,
The Clouds rack clear before the Sun,
The rudeſt Winds obey the calmeſt Air:
Rare Plants from ev'ry Bank do riſe,
And ev'ry Plant the Senſe ſurprize,
Becauſe the Order of the whole *is fair!*
The very Verdure of her Neſt,
Wherein ſhe ſits ſo richly dreſt,
As all the Wealth of Seaſon, *there was ſpread;*
Doth ſhow, the Graces, *and the* Hours
Have multipli'd their Arts and Powers,
In making ſoft her Aromatick Bed.
Such Joys, ſuch Sweets doth your Return
Bring all your Friends, (fair Lord) that burn
With love, to hear your Modeſty relate
The buſ'neſs of your blooming Wit,
With all the Fruit ſhall follow it,
Both to the Honour of the King *and* State.
O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
To ſee great Charles *of Travail eas'd,*
When he beholds a Graft of his own Hand,
Shoot up an Olive *fruitful, fair,*
To be a Shadow to his Heir,
And both a Strength, and Beauty to his Land!

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMION:

OR, A

SONG,

CELEBRATING

The NUPTIALS of that Noble Gentleman, Mr. HIEROME WESTON, Son and Heir of the Lord WESTON, Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, with the Lady FRANCES STUART, Daughter of ESME, D. of LENOX, deceaſed, and Siſter of the Surviving Duke of the ſame Name.

EPITHALAMION.

THough thou haſt paſt thy Summer ſtanding, ſtay
A while with us, bright Sun, and help our Light:
Thou canſt not meet more Glory on the way,
Between thy Tropicks, to arreſt thy ſight,
Than thou ſhalt ſee to day:
We woo thee, ſtay,
And ſee, what can be ſeen,
The Bounty of a King, and Beauty of his Queen!

See, the Proceſſion! what a Holy Day
(Bearing the promiſe of ſome better Fate)
Hath filled, with *Cacoches*, all the way,
From *Greenwich*, hither, to *Row-hampton*-Gate!
When look'd the Year, at beſt,
So like a Feaſt?
Or were Affairs in tune,
By all the Sphears conſent, ſo in the Heart of *June*?

What Beauty of Beauties, and bright Youth's at charge
Of Summers Liveries, and gladding Green;
Do boaſt their Loves, and Brav'ries ſo at large,
As they came all to ſee, and to be ſeen!
When look'd the Earth ſo fine,
Or ſo did ſhine,
In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a Pair, and deck the Nuptial Bower?

It is the kindly Seaſon of the time,
The Month of Youth, which calls all Creatures forth
To do their Offices in Natures Chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy ſtrife,
And the allowed War:
Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are.

Hark how the Bells upon the Waters play
Their Siſter-tunes, from *Thames* his either ſide,
As they had learn'd new Changes for the day,
And all did ring th' approaches of the Bride;
The Lady *Frances*, dreſt
Above the reſt
Of all the Maidens fair;
In graceful Ornament of Garland, Gems, and Hair.

See how ſhe paceth forth in Virgin-white,
Like what ſhe is, the Daughter of a Duke,
And Siſter: darting forth a dazling light
On all that come her Simpleſs to rebuke!
Her treſſes trim her back,
As ſhe did lack
Nought of a Maiden Queen,
With Modeſty ſo crown'd, and Adoration ſeen.

Stay, thou wilt ſee what Rites the Virgins do!
The choiceſt Virgin-Troop of all the Land!
Porting the Enſigns of united Two,
Both Crowns and Kingdoms in their either hand;
Whoſe Majeſties appear,
To make more clear
This Feaſt, than can the Day,
Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty ſtay!

See how with Roſes, and with Lilies ſhine,
(Lillies and Roſes, Flowers of either Sex)
The bright Brides paths, embelliſh'd more than thine
With light of Love, this Pair doth intertex!
Stay, ſee! the Virgins ſow,
(Where ſhe ſhall go)
The Emblems of their way. (ſtay!
O, now thou ſmil'ſt, fair Sun, and ſhin'ſt, as thou would'ſt

With what full hands, and in how plenteous ſhowers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where ſhe doth tread,
As if her airy ſteps did ſpring the Flowers,
And all the Ground were Garden where ſhe led!
See, at another door,
On the ſame floor,
The Bridegroom meets the Bride
With all the Pomp of Youth, and all our Court beſide.

Our

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, look,
And looking with thy beſt Inquiry, tell,
In all thy age of Journals thou haſt took,
Saw'ſt thou that Pair, became theſe Rites ſo well,
Save the preceeding Two?
Who, in all they do,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Pair, and Mirror of their Kind.

Force from the Phœnix then, no Rarity
Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
The King of Creatures; take his Parity
With Angels, Muſe, to ſpeak theſe: Nothing can
Illuſtrate theſe, but they
Themſelves to day,
Who the whole Act expreſs;
All elſe we ſee beſide, are Shadows, and go leſs.

It is their Grace, and Favour, that makes ſeen,
And wonder'd at the Bounties of this day:
All is a Story of the King and Queen!
And what of Dignity, and Honour may
Be duly done to thoſe
Whom they have choſe,
And ſet the Mark upon,
To give a greater Name, and Title to! their own!

Weſton, their Treaſure, as their Treaſurer,
That Mine of Wiſdom, and of Counſels deep,
Great Say-Maſter of State, who cannot err,
But doth his Carract, and juſt Standard keep
In all the prov'd aſſays,
And legal ways
Of Tryals, to work down
Mens Loves unto the Laws, and Laws to love the Crown.

And this well mov'd the Judgment of the King
To pay with Honours, to his noble Son
To day, the Father's Service; who could bring
Him up, to do the ſame himſelf had done:
That far-all-ſeeing Eye
Could ſoon eſpy
What kind of waking Man
He had ſo highly ſet; and in what *Barbican*.

Stand there; for when a noble Nature's rais'd,
It brings Friends Joy, Foes Grief, Poſterity Fame;
In him the times, no leſs than Prince, are prais'd,
And by his Riſe, in active Men, his Name
Doth Emulation ſtir;
To th' dull, a Spur
It is: to th' envious meant,
A meer upbraiding Grief, and tort'ring puniſhment.

See now the Chapel opens; where the King
And Biſhop ſtay, to conſummate the Rites:
The holy Prelate prays, then takes the Ring,
Aſks firſt, Who gives her (I *Charles*); then he plights
One in the others Hand,
Whilſt they both ſtand
Hearing their Charge, and then
The ſolemn Quire cries, *Joy*; and they return, *Amen*.

O happy Bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this uſe, wer't built and conſecrate!
To have thy God to bleſs, thy King to grace,
And this their choſen Biſhop celebrate;
And knit the Nuptial Knot,
Which Time ſhall not,
Or canker'd Jealouſie,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The Chapel empties, and thou may'ſt be gone
Now, Sun, and poſt away the reſt of day:
Theſe two, now Holy Church hath made them one,
Do long to make themſelves ſo, another way:
There is a Feaſt behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad Parents taught
One to the other, long ere theſe to light were brought.

Haſte, haſte, officious Sun, and ſend them Night
Some Hours before it ſhould, that theſe may know
All that their Fathers, and their Mothers might
Of Nuptial Sweets, at ſuch a Seaſon, owe,
To propagate their Names,
And keep their Fames
Alive, which elſe would die;
For Fame keeps Vertue up, and it Poſterity.

Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like Swine, or other Cattel here on Earth:
Their Names are not recorded on the File
Of Life, that fall ſo; Chriſtians know their Birth.
Alone, and ſuch a Race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitful ſpreading Vine,
But dare not ask our Wiſh in Language *feſcennine*:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaſte deſires,
(The Holy Perfumes of the Marriage-Bed)
Be kept alive, thoſe Sweet and Sacred Fires
Of Love between you, and your Lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but renewed, ſay,
(After the laſt Child born:) This is our Wedding-day.

Till you behold a Race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their Names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'tween their Grandſires thighs,
Like pretty Spies,
Peep forth a Gem; to ſee
How each one plays his part, of the large Pedigree.

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchful Servant for this State;
But like an Arm of Eminence 'mongſt them,
Extend a reaching Vertue, early and late:
Whilſt the main Tree ſtill found
Upright and ſound,
By this Sun's Noonſted's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the ſhade.

They both are ſlipp'd to Bed; ſhut faſt the Door,
And let him freely gather Loves Firſt-Fruits,
He's Maſter of the Office; yet no more
Exacts than ſhe is pleas'd to pay: no Suits,
Striſes, Murmurs, or Delay,
Will laſt till Day:
Night, and the Sheets will ſhow,
The longing Couple, all that Elder Lovers know.

The Humble Petition of Poor Ben.

To th' beſt of Monarchs, Maſters, Men, King CHARLES.

——Doth moſt humbly ſhow it,
To your Majeſty, your Poet:

THat whereas your Royal *Father*
JAMES *the bleſſed*, pleas'd the rather,
Of his ſpecial Grace to *Letters*,
To make all the MUSES Debtors
To his Bounty, by Extenſion
Of a free Poetick Penſion,
A large Hundred Marks Annuity,
To be given me in Gratuity
For done Service, and to come:
And that this ſo accepted Sum,
Or diſpens'd in Books, or Bread,
(For with both the MUSE was fed)
Hath drawn on me, from the times,
All the Envy of the *Rhimes*,
And the ratling Pit-pat-noiſe
Of the leſs *Poetick* Boys,
When their Pot-Guns aim to hit,
With their Pellets of ſmall Wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we laſt out, ſtill unlay'd.
Pleaſe your Majeſty to make
Of your Grace, for Goodneſs ſake,
Thoſe your *Fathers Marks*, your *Pounds*;
Let their Spite (which now abounds)
Then go on, and do its worſt;
This would all their Envy burſt:
And ſo warm the *Poets* Tongue
You'ld read a Snake, in his next Song.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Treaſurer of England.

An Epigram.

IF to my Mind, great Lord, I had a State,
I would preſent you now with curious Plate
Of *Noremberg*, or *Turky*: Hang your Rooms
Not with the Arras, but the *Perſian* Looms:
I would, if Price, or Prayer could them get,
Send in, what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,
Titian, or *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*
Have left in Fame to equal, or out-go
The Old *Greek* Hands in Picture, or in Stone.
This I would do, could I know *Weſton*, one
Catch'd with theſe Arts, wherein the Judge is wiſe,
As far as Senſe, and only by the Eyes.
But you, I know, my Lord; and know you can
Diſcern between a Statue and a Man:
Can do the things that Statues do deſerve,
And act the buſineſs, which they paint, or carve.
What you have ſtudied, are the arts of Life;
To compoſe Men, and Manners; ſtint the ſtrife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What Worlds of Bleſſings to good Kings they owe:
And mightieſt Monarchs feel what large increaſe
Of Sweets, and Safeties, they poſſeſs by Peace.
Theſe I look up at with a reverend Eye,
And ſtrike Religion in the ſtanders-by:
Which though I cannot, as an Architect,
In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
Unto your Honour: I can tune in Song
Aloud: and (happ'ly) it may laſt as long.

An Epigram.

To my MUSE, *the Lady* DIGBY, *on her Husband, Sir* KENELME DIGBY.

THo', happy *Muſe*, thou know my *Digby* well,
Yet read him in theſe lines: He doth excel
In Honour, Courteſie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
He's Prudent, Valiant, Juſt, and Temperate:
In him all Vertue is beheld in State:
And he is built like ſome Imperial Room
For that to dwell in, and be ſtill at home.
His Breaſt is a brave Palace, a broad Street,
Where all Heroick ample Thoughts do meet:
Where Nature ſuch a large Survey hath ta'en,
As other Souls, to his, dwelt in a Lane:
Witneſs his Action done at *Scanderone*;
Upon my Birth-day, the Eleventh of *June*;
When the Apoſtle *Barnaby* the Bright
Unto our year doth give the longeſt light,
In ſign the Subject, and the Song will live,
Which I have vow'd Poſterity to give.
Go, *Muſe*, in, and ſalute him. Say he be
Buſie, or frown at firſt; when he ſees thee,
He will clear up his Forehead: think thou bringſt
Good *Omen* to him, in the Note thou ſing'ſt;
For he doth love my Verſes, and will look
Upon them, (next to *Spencer*'s noble Book)
And praiſe them too. O! what a Fame 't will be?
What Reputation to my Lines, and me,
When he ſhall read them at the Treaſurer's Board?
The knowing *Weſton*, and that Learned Lord
Allows them? Then, what Copies ſhall be had,
What Tranſcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad,
Wilt thou be, *Muſe*, when this ſhall them befall?
Being ſent to one, they will be read of all.

NEw *Years, expect New Gifts: Siſter, your Harp,*
Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
Your Change of Notes, the Flat, *the* Mean, *the* Sharp,
To ſhew the Rites, and t' uſher forth the way
Of the New Year, *in a new Silken Warpe.*
To fit the Softneſs of our Years-Gift: *When*
We ſing the beſt of Monarchs, Maſters, Men:
For had we here ſaid leſs, we had ſung nothing then.

A New-Years-Gift ſung to King CHARLES, 1635.

TO *day old* Janus *opens the New Year,* [Rector Chori.
And ſhuts the old. Haſte, haſte, all Loyal Swains,
That know the Times and Seaſons when t' appear,
And offer your juſt Service on theſe Plains;
Beſt Kings expect Firſt-Fruits of your glad Gains.

1. PAN *is the great Preſerver of our bounds.*
2. *To him we owe all Profits of our Grounds,*
3. *Our Milk.* 4. *Our Fells.* 5. *Our Fleeces.* 6. *And firſt Lambs.*
7. *Our teeming Ewes.* 8. *And luſty mounting Rams.*
9. *See where he walks with* MIRA *by his ſide.*
Sound, ſound his Praiſes loud, and with his, hers divide.

[Chor.
Of

Of PAN *we ſing, the beſt of Hunters,* PAN,
That drives the Hart to ſeek unuſed ways,
And in the Chaſe, more than SYLVANUS *can,* [Shep.
Hear, O you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his Praiſe. Chor.

Of brighteſt MIRA, *do we raiſe our Song,*
Siſter of PAN, *and Glory of the Spring:*
Who walks on Earth, as May *ſtill went along,*
Rivers and Valleys Echo *what we ſing.* [Nym. Chor.

Of PAN *we ſing, the Chief of Leaders,* PAN,
That leads our Flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better Paſtures than great PALES *can:* [Shep. Chor.
Hear, O you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his Worth.

Of brighteſt MIRA, *is our Song; the Grace*
Of all that Nature, yet, to Life did bring; [Nym. Chor.
And were ſhe loſt, could beſt ſupply her place,
Rivers and Valleys Echo *what we ſing.*

1. *Where'er they tread th' enamour'd Ground,*
The faireſt Flowers are always found:
2. *As if the Beauties of the Year,*
Still waited on 'em where they were.
1. *He is the Father of our Peace;*
2. *She, to the Crown, hath brought Increaſe.*
1. *We know no other Power than his,*
PAN *only our great Shep'erd is,*
Our great, our good. Where one's ſo dreſt [Chorus.
In truth of Colours, both are beſt.

Haſte, haſte you hither, all you gentler Swains,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon theſe Plains:
This is the great Preſerver of our Bounds,
To whom you owe all Duties of your Grounds;
Your Milks, your Fells, your Fleeces, and firſt Lambs,
Your teeming Ewes, as well as mounting Rams.
Whoſe Praiſes let 's report unto the Woods,
That they may take it echo'd by the Floods.
'Tis he, 'tis he, in ſinging he,
And hunting, PAN, *exceedeth thee.*
He gives all Plenty, and Increaſe,
He is the Author of our Peace.

Where'er he goes upon the Ground,
The better Graſs, and Flowers are found.
To ſweeter Paſtures lead he can,
Than ever PALES *could, or* PAN:
He drives Diſeaſes from our Folds,
The Thief from Spoil his Preſence holds:
PAN *knows no other Power than his,*
This only the great Shep'erd is.
'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

Fair Friend, 'tis true, your Beauties move
My Heart to a Reſpect:
Too little to be paid with Love,
Too great for your Neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the Flame I find
Be not Intenſe in the Degree,
'Tis of the pureſt kind.

It little wants of Love, but Pain,
Your Beauty takes my Senſe,
And leſt you ſhould that Price diſdain,
My Thoughts too feel the Influence.

'Tis not a Paſſions firſt Acceſs
Ready to multiply,
But like Love's calmeſt State it is
Poſſeſt with Victory.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the falſe Value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond Imagination.

'Tis either Fancy, or 'tis Fate,
To love you more than I:
I love you at your Beauties rate,
Leſs were an Injury.

Like unſtamp'd Gold, I weigh each Grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinſick Value of your Face,
Safely from my Reſpect.

And this Reſpect would merit Love,
Were not ſo fair a ſight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his Delight?

On the King's Birth-day.

ROuſe up thy ſelf, *my gentle Muſe,*
Though now our Green Conceits be Gray,
And yet once more do not refuſe
To take thy Phrygian *Harp, and play,*
In honour of this cheerful Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That beſt of Crowns is ſuch a love.

Make firſt a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chaſtly flames in Royal Eyes,
Then tune it to the Spheres above,
When the benigneſt Stars do riſe,
And ſweet Conjunctions grace the Skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good Hearts reſound,
Whilſt Diadems inveſt his Head;
Long may he live, whoſe Life doth bound
More than his Laws, and better led
By high Example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him ſee
His Roſes, and his Lilies bloom:
Long may his only Dear, and He
Joy in Idæas *of their own,*
And Kingdoms Hopes ſo timely ſown.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That beſt of Crowns is ſuch a love.

To my L. the KING.

On the Chriſtening His Second Son JAMES.

THat thou art lov'd of God, this Work is done,
Great King, thy having of a Second Son:
And by thy bleſſing, may thy *People* ſee
How much they are belov'd of God in thee;
Would they would underſtand it! Princes are
Great aids to Empire, as they are great care
To pious Parents, who would have their Blood
Should take firſt Seiſin of the publick good,
As hath thy *JAMES*; cleans'd from Original Droſs,
This day, by Baptiſm, and his Saviour's Croſs:
Grow up, ſweet Babe, as bleſſed, in thy Name,
As in renewing thy good Grandfires Fame;

Me

Me thought *Great Britain* in her Sea, before,
Sate ſafe enough, but now ſecured more.
At Land ſhe triumphs in the triple ſhade,
Her Roſe, and Lily, intertwin'd, have made.

Oceano ſecura meo, ſecurior umbris.

An Elegy on the Lady Ann Pawlet, *Marchioneſs of* Winton.

WHat gentle Ghoſt, beſprent with *April* Dew,
Hails me, ſo ſolemnly, to yonder Yew?
And beck'ning wooes me, from the fatal Tree
To pluck a Garland, for her ſelf or me?
I do obey you, Beauty! for in death,
You ſeem a fair one! O that you had breath,
To give your ſhade a name! Stay, ſtay, I feel
A horror in me! all my Blood is Steel!
Stiff! ſtark! my Joints 'gainſt one another knock!
Whoſe Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
He's good, as great. I am almoſt a Stone!
And e'er I can ask more of her ſhe's gone!
Alas, I am all Marble! write the reſt
Thou wouldſt have written, Fame, upon my Breaſt:
It is a large fair Table, and a true,
And the diſpoſure will be ſomething new,
When I, who would the Poet have become,
At leaſt may bear th' Inſcription to her Tomb.
She was the Lady *Jane*, and *Marchioneſs*
Of *Wincheſter*; the Heralds can tell this.
Earl *River*'s Grand-Child— ſerve not forms, good Fame,
Sound thou her Vertues, give her Soul a Name,
Had I a thouſand Mouths, as many Tongues,
And Voice to raiſe them from my brazen Lungs,
I durſt not aim at that: The dotes were ſuch
Thereof, no notion can expreſs how much
Their Carract was! I, or my Trump muſt break,
But rather I, ſhould I of that part ſpeak!
It is too near of kin to Heaven, the Soul,
To be deſcrib'd! Fames Fingers are too foul
To touch theſe Myſteries! We may admire
The blaze, and ſplendor, but not handle fire!
What ſhe did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive Poſterity, her Fame may tell!
And, calling truth to witneſs, make that good
From the inherent Graces in her Blood!
Elſe, who doth praiſe a Perſon by a new,
But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her Sweetneſs, Softneſs, her fair Courteſie,
Her wary Guards, her wiſe Simplicity,
Were like a Ring of Vertues, 'bout her ſet,
And Piety the Center, where all met.
A reverend State ſhe had, an awful Eye;
A dazling, yet inviting Majeſty:
What Nature, Fortune, Inſtitution, Fact
Could ſumm to a perfection, was her Act!
How did ſhe leave the World? with what contempt?
Juſt as ſhe in it liv'd! and ſo exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
Of her Diſeaſe, how did her Soul aſſure
Her ſuff'rings, as the Body had been away!
And to the Torturers (her Doctors) ſay,
Stick on your Cupping-glaſſes, fear not, put
Your hotteſt Cauſticks to, burn, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a Body which you can torment,
And I, into the World, all Soul was ſent!
Then comforted her Lord! and bleſt her Son!
Chear'd her fair Siſters in her Race to run!
With gladneſs temper'd her ſad Parents Tears!
Made her Friends Joys, to get above their Fears!
And, in her laſt act, taught the Standers-by,
With admiration, and applauſe to die!
Let Angels ſing her glories, who did call
Her Spirit home, to her Original!
Who ſaw the way was made it! and were ſent
To carry, and conduct the Complement
'Twixt death and life! Where her Mortality
Became her Birth-day to Eternity!
And now, through circumfuſed light, ſhe looks
On Natures Secrets, there, as her own Books:
Speaks Heavens Language! and diſcovereth free
To every *Order*, ev'ry *Hierarchy!*
Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth ſee
What the beginnings of all Beauties be;
And all Beatitudes, that thence do flow:
Which they that have the Crown are ſure to know!
Go now, her happy Parents, and be ſad,
If you not underſtand, what Child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a Bleſſing was but lent,
And truſted ſo, as it depoſited lay
At pleaſure, to be call'd for, every day!
If you can envy your own Daughters bliſs,
And wiſh her ſtate leſs happy than it is!
If you can caſt about your either Eye,
And ſee all dead here, or about to die!
The Stars, that are the Jewels of the Night,
And Day, deceaſing! with the Prince of Light,
The Sun! great Kings! and mightieſt Kingdoms fall!
Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
That ever had beginning there, to 'ave end!
With what injuſtice ſhould one Soul pretend
T' eſcape this common known neceſſity,
When we were all born, we began to die;
And, but for that contention, and brave ſtrife,
The Chriſtian hath t' enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'ſt of the Race of Men:
But as he ſoars at that, he bruiſeth then
The Serpents Head: Gets above Death, and Sin,
And, ſure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME:

OR, THE

FAIR FAME

Left to Poſterity, of that truly Noble Lady, the Lady *Venetia Digby*, late Wife of Sir *Kenelm Digby*, Knight: A Gentleman abſolute in all Numbers.

Conſiſting of theſe Ten Pieces.

The Dedication of her CRADLE,
The Song of her DESCENT.
The Picture of her BODY.
Her MIND.
Her being choſen a MUSE.
Her fair OFFICES.
Her happy MATCH.
Her hopeful ISSUE.
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints.*
Her Inſcription, or CROWN.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctam Religio. *Stat.*

I.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

FAir FAME, who art ordain'd to crown
With ever-green, and great renown,
TheirHeads, that ENVY would hold down
With her, in ſhade

Of Death, and Darkneſs; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By THEE, and CONSCIENCE, both who thrive
By the juſt trade

Of Goodneſs ſtill: Vouchſafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodneſs ſake,
A dedicated Enſign make
Thereof, to TIME:

That all Poſterity, as we,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA be,
May ſomething by that twi-light ſee
'Bove rattling Rhime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toys,
Take little Infants with their noiſe,
As prop'reſt gifts, to Girls, and Boys
Of light expence;

Their Corals, Whiſtles, and prime Coats,
Their painted Masks, their paper Boats,
With Sails of Silk, as the firſt notes
Surprize their ſenſe:

Yet, here are no ſuch Trifles brought,
No Cobweb Call's; no Surcoats wrought
With Gold, or Claſps, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here's a Song of her DESCENT;
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven; where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an ancient BARD,
Who claims (of reverence) to be heard,
As coming with his Harp, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is ſung: as als' her getting up
By JACOB's Ladder, to the top
Of that eternal Port, kept ope'
For ſuch as SHE.

II.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I *Sing the juſt, and uncontrol'd Deſcent*
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, *ſtil'd The Fair:*
For Mind, and Body, the moſt excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Air
Gave two ſuch Houſes as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, *to the which ſhe was Co-heir.*

Speak

Speak it, you bold PENATES, *you that ſtand*
At either Stem, and know the Veins of good
Run from your Roots; Tell, teſtifie the grand
Meeting of Graces, that ſo ſwell'd the Flood
Of Vertues in her, as, in ſhort, ſhe grew
The wonder of her Sex, and of your Blood.
And tell thou, ALDE-LEGH, *None can tell more true*
Thy Nieces Line, than thou that gav'ſt thy Name
Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam *drew*
Meſchines *honour with the* Ceſtrian *fame*
Of the firſt Lupus, *to the Family*
By Ranulph ———

The reſt of this Song is loſt.

III.

The Picture of the BODY.

SItting, and ready to be drawn,
What makes theſe Velvets, Silks, and Lawn,
Embroideries, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
Where every Limb takes like a Face?

Send theſe ſuſpected helps to aid
Some Form defective, or decay'd;
This Beauty, without falſhood fair,
Needs nought to cloath it but the Air.

Yet ſomething to the Painters view,
Were fitly interpos'd; ſo new:
He ſhall, if he can underſtand,
Work with my fancy, his own Hand.

Draw firſt a Cloud, all ſave her Neck,
And, out of that, make Day to break;
Till, like her Face, it do appear,
And Men may think, all Light roſe there.

Then let the Beams of that diſperſe
The Cloud, and ſhow the Univerſe;
But at ſuch diſtance, as the Eye
May rather yet adore, than ſpy.

The Heaven deſign'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that Youth, or it can bring:
Four Rivers branching forth like Seas,
And Paradiſe confining theſe.

Laſt, draw the circles of this Globe,
And let there be a ſtarry Robe
Of Conſtellations 'bout her horld;
And thou haſt painted Beauties World.

But, Painter, ſee thou do not ſell
A Copy of this Piece; nor tell
Whoſe 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next ſitting we will draw her Mind.

IV.

The MIND.

PAinter yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reaſons more than one.

Not, that your Art I do refuſe:
But here I may no Colours uſe.
Beſide, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot ſit.

You could make ſhift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle tow'ring in the Sky,
The Sun, a Sea, or ſoundleſs Pit;
But theſe are like a Mind, not It.

No, to expreſs a Mind to ſenſe,
Would ask a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then ſpeak your ſelf, and ſay,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our ſenſe you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder ſtill.

I call you *Muſe*; now make it true:
Hence-forth may every Line be you;
That all may ſay, that ſee the Frame,
This is no Picture, but the ſame.

A Mind ſo pure, ſo perfect fine,
As 'tis not Radiant, but Divine:
And ſo diſdaining any trier;
'Tis got where it can try the Fire.

There, high exalted in the Sphere,
As it another Nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whoſe Notions when it will expreſs
In ſpeech; it is with that exceſs
Of Grace, and Muſick to the Ear,
As what it ſpoke, it planted there.

The Voice ſo ſweet, the Words ſo fair,
As ſome ſoft chime had ſtrok'd the Air;
And, though the ſound were parted thence,
Still left an Echo in the ſenſe.

But, that a Mind ſo rapt, ſo high,
So ſwift, ſo pure, ſhould yet apply
It ſelf to us, and come ſo nigh
Earths groſsneſs; there's the how, and why.

Is it becauſe it ſees us dull,
And ſtuck in Clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by ſome Celeſtial ſlight,
Up to her own ſublimed hight?

Or hath ſhe here, upon the Ground,
Some Paradiſe, or Palace found,
In all the bounds of Beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy Houſe, that haſt receipt
For this ſo lofty form, ſo ſtreight,
So poliſht, perfect, round, and even,
As it ſlid moulded off from Heaven.

Not ſwelling like the Ocean proud,
But ſtooping Gently, as a Cloud,
As ſmooth as Oil pour'd forth, and calm
As ſhowers; and ſweet as drops of Balm.

Smooth, ſoft, and ſweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it ſtays, it there becomes
A neſt of odorous Spice, and Gums.

In action, winged as the Wind,
In reſt, like Spirits left behind
Upon a Bank, or Field of Flowers,
Begotten by that Wind, and Showers.

In thee, fair Manſion, let it reſt,
Yet know, with what thou art poſſeſt,
Thou entertaining in thy Breaſt,
But ſuch a Mind, mak'ſt God thy Gueſt.

A whole quaternion in the midſt of this Poem is loſt, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus,

BUt, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy Branches of two ſo illuſtrious Houſes as theſe, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both Lines deſcended; let me leave you this laſt Legacy of Counſel; which ſo ſoon as you arrive at years of mature Underſtanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldeſt, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful Servant, and Client of your Family, with his lateſt Breath expiring it,

B. J.

To Kenelm, John, George.

BOaſt not theſe Titles of your Anceſtors;
(Brave Youths) th' are their poſſeſſions, none of yours:
When your own Vertues, equall'd have their Names,
'Twill be but fair, to lean upon their *Fames*;
For they are ſtrong Supporters: But, till then,
The greateſt are but growing Gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to truſt to Reeds;
Which all Men do, that urge not their own deeds
Up to their Anceſtors; the Rivers ſide,
By which yo' are planted, ſhew's your Fruit ſhall bide:
Hang all your Rooms, with one large Pedigree:
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobility.
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illuſtrious Him, and you have all.

IX.

Elegy on my Muſe.

THe truly honoured Lady, the Lady *Venetia Digby*; who living, gave me leave to call her ſo.
Being
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints,*

Sera quidem tanto ſtruitur medicina dolori.

An Elegy on my Muſe.

'TWere time that I dy'd too, now ſhe is dead,
Who was my *Muſe*, and life of all I did.
The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great in me ſhe weav'd,
And ſet it forth; the reſt were Cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of ſome of the old *Nine!*
To hang a Window, or make dark the Room,
Till ſwept away, th' were cancell'd with a Broom!
Nothing, that could remain, or yet can ſtir
A ſorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I ſeen her laid out a fair Courſe,
By *Death*, on Earth, I ſhould have had remorſe
On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
And ſaw that portion of her ſelf to die.
Sleepy, or ſtupid Nature, couldſt thou part
With ſuch a *Rarity*, and not rouſe *Art*
With all her aids, to ſave her from the ſeize
Of *Vulture Death*, and thoſe relentleſs Cleys?
Thou wouldſt have loſt the *Phœnix*, had the kind
Been truſted to thee: not to 't ſelf aſſign'd.
Look on thy ſloth, and give thy ſelf undone,
(For ſo thou art with me) now ſhe is gone,
My wounded mind cannot ſuſtain this ſtroke,
It rages, runs, flies, ſtands, and would provoke
The World to ruine with it; in her *Fall*,
I ſumm up mine own breaking, and wiſh all.
Thou haſt no more blows, *Fate*, to drive at one,
What's left a *Poet*, when his *Muſe* is gone?
Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but, like a heavy Wheel,
Am turned with anothers powers. My Paſſion
Whirls me about, and to blaſpheme in faſhion!
I murmur againſt *God*, for having ta'en
Her bleſſed Soul, hence, forth this Valley vane
Of Tears, and Dungeon of Calamity!
I envy it the Angels amity!
The joy of Saints! the *Crown* for which it lives,
The glory, and gain of reſt, which the place gives!
Dare I prophane, ſo irreligious be
To 'greet, or grieve her ſoft Euthanaſee!
So ſweetly taken to the Court of bliſs,
As Spirits had ſtol'n her *Spirit*, in a kiſs,
From off her Pillow, and deluded Bed;
And left her lovely Body unthought dead!
Indeed, ſhe is not dead! but laid to ſleep
In Earth, till the laſt *Trump* awake the *Sheep*
And *Goats* together, whither they muſt come
To hear their Judge, and his eternal doom.
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the Fleſhes reſtitution.
For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolmen* call
One *Corporal*, only; th' other *Spiritual*,
Like ſingle; ſo, there is a third, commixt,
Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
Thoſe other two; which muſt be judg'd, or crown'd:
This as it guilty is, or guiltleſs found,
Muſt come to take a ſentence, by the ſenſe
Of that great Evidence, the *Conſcience!*
Who will be there, againſt that day prepar'd,
T' accuſe, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
O *Day* of joy, and ſurety to the juſt!
Who in that Feaſt of *Reſurrection* truſt!
That great eternal *Holy-day* of reſt,
To Body, and Soul! where *Love* is all the gueſt!
And the whole *Banquet* is full ſight of *God!*
Of joy the *Circle*, and ſole *Period!*
All other gladneſs, with the thought is barr'd;
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
This being thus: why ſhould my Tongue, or Pen
Preſume to interpel that fulneſs, when
Nothing can more adorn it, than the Seat
That ſhe is in, or, make it more compleat?
Better be dumb, than ſuperſtitious!
Who violates the God-head, is moſt vicious
Againſt the Nature he would worſhip. *He*
Will honour'd be in all ſimplicity!
Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
With ſilence, and amazement! not with rude,
Dull, and prophane, weak, and imperfect Eyes,
Have buſie ſearch made in his myſteries!
He knows, what work h' hath done, to call this *Gueſt*,
Out of her noble Body, to this *Feaſt:*
And give her place, according to her Blood
Amongſt her *Peers*, thoſe Princes of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with thoſe *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
The *Dominations*, *Vertues*, and the *Powers*,
The *Thrones*, the *Cherub*, and *Seraphick* Bowers,
That, planted round, there ſing before the *Lamb*,
A new Song to his praiſe, and great *I Am:*
And ſhe doth know, out of the ſhade of Death,
What 't is t' enjoy, an everlaſting Breath!
To have her captiv'd Spirit freed from Fleſh,
And on her Innocence, a Garment freſh

And white, as that: put on, and in her hand
With Boughs of Palm, a crowned *Victrice* ſtand!
And will you, worthy Son, Sir, knowing this,
Put Black, and Mourning on? and ſay you miſs
A *Wife*, a *Friend*, a *Lady*, or a *Love*;
Whom her *Redeemer*, honour'd hath above
Her Fellows, with the Oyl of Gladneſs, bright
In Heaven *Empire*, and with a Robe of Light?
Thither, you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that pretious, and exalted Mind
You once enjoy'd: A ſhort ſpace ſevers yee,
Compar'd unto that long Eternity,
That ſhall re-joyn ye. Was ſhe, then, ſo dear,
When ſhe departed? you will meet her there,
Much more deſir'd, and dearer then before,
By all the Wealth of Bleſſings, and the ſtore
Accumulated on her, by the *Lord*
Of Life, and Light, the Son of *God*, the *Word*!
There, all the happy Souls, that ever were,
Shall meet with gladneſs in one *Theatre*;
And each ſhall know, there, one anothers Face:
By beatifick Vertue of the Place.
There ſhall the Brother, with the Siſter walk,
And Sons, and Daughters, with their Parents talk;
But all of *God*; They ſtill ſhall have to ſay,
But make him *All in All*, their *Theme*, that *Day*:
That happy *Day*, that never ſhall ſee night!
Where *He* will be, all Beauty to the *Sight*;
Wine, or delicious Fruits, unto the *Taſte*;
A Muſick in the *Ears*, will ever laſt;
Unto the *Scent*, a Spicery, or Balm;
And to the *Touch*, a Flower, like ſoft as Palm.
He will all Glory, all Perfection be,
God, in the *Union*, and the *Trinity*!
That Holy, Great, and Glorious Myſtery,
Will there revealed be in Majeſty!
By light, and comfort of Spiritual *Grace*;
The Viſion of our *Saviour*, Face to Face
In his Humanity! To hear him preach
The price of our *Redemption*, and to teach
Through his inherent Righteouſneſs, in death,
The ſafety of our Souls, and forfeit Breath!
What fulneſs of Beatitude is here?
What Love with Mercy mixed doth appear?
To ſtile us Friends, who were, by Nature, Foes?
Adopt us Heirs, by Grace, who were of thoſe
Had loſt our ſelves? and prodigally ſpent
Our native Portions, and poſſeſſed Rent;
Yet have all Debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an Inheritance
In his Eternal Kingdom, where we ſit
Equal with Angels, and Co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under Blaſphemy conceive
He that ſhall be our Supreme Judge, ſhould leave
Himſelf ſo un-inform'd of his Elect,
Who knows the Hearts of all, and can diſſect
The ſmalleſt Fibre of our Fleſh; he can
Find all our Atoms from a Point t' a Span!
Our cloſeſt Creeks, and Corners, and can trace
Each Line, as it were graphick, in the Face.
And beſt he knew her noble Character,
For 'twas himſelf who form'd, and gave it her.
And to that Form, lent two ſuch Veins of Blood
As Nature could not more increaſe the Flood
Of Title in her! All Nobility
(But Pride, that Schiſm of incivility)
She had, and it became her! ſhe was fit
T' have known no Envy, but by ſuffring it!
She had a Mind as calm, as ſhe was fair;
Not toſt or troubled with light Lady-air;
But, kept an even Gate, as ſome ſtreight Tree
Mov'd by the Wind, ſo comely moved ſhe.
And by the awful manage of her Eye
She ſwaid all Bus'neſs in the Family!
To one ſhe ſaid, Do this, he did it; So
To another, Move; he went; To a third, Go,
He run; and all did ſtrive with diligence
T' obey, and ſerve her ſweet Commandments.
She was in one, a many parts of Life;
A tender *Mother*, a diſcreeter *Wife*,
A ſolemn *Miſtreſs*, and ſo good a *Friend*,
So Charitable, to religious End
In all her petite Actions, ſo devote,
As her whole Life was now become one Note
Of Piety, and private Holineſs.
She ſpent more time in Tears her ſelf to dreſs
For her Devotions, and thoſe ſad Eſſays
Of Sorrow, then all pomp of gaudy days:
And came forth ever cheered, with the Rod
Of divine Comfort, when ſh' had talk'd with *God*.
Her broken Sighs did never miſs whole Senſe:
Nor can the bruiſed Heart want Eloquence:
For, Prayer is the Incenſe moſt perfumes
The Holy Altars, when it leaſt preſumes.
And hers were all Humility! they beat
The Door of *Grace*, and found the *Mercy-Seat*.
In frequent ſpeaking by the pious Pſalms
Her ſolemn hours ſhe ſpent, or giving Alms,
Or doing other Deeds of Charity,
To clothe the Naked, feed the Hungry. She
Would ſit in an Infirmer, whole days
Poring, as on a Map, to find the Ways
To that eternal Reſt, where now ſh' hath Place
By ſure Election, and predeſtin'd Grace!
She ſaw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the Manger, ſhining bright
On all the World! She ſaw him on the Croſs
Suffring, and dying to redeem our loſs:
She ſaw him riſe, triumphing over Death
To juſtifie, and quicken us in Breath!
She ſaw him too, in Glory to aſcend
For his deſigned work the perfect end
Of raiſing, judging, and rewarding all
The kind of Man, on whom his Doom ſhould fall!
All this by *Faith* ſhe ſaw, and fram'd a Plea,
In manner of a daily *Apoſtrophe*,
To him ſhould be her Judge, true *God*, true *Man*,
Jeſus, the only gotten *Chriſt*! who can
As being Redeemer, and Repairer too
(Of lapſed Nature) beſt know what to do,
In that great Act of Judgment: Which the *Father*
Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
As being the Son of *Man*) to ſhew his *Power*,
His *Wiſdom*, and his *Juſtice*, in that hour,
The laſt of hours, and ſhutter up of all;
Where firſt his *Power* will appear, by call
Of all are dead to Life! His *Wiſdom* ſhow
In the diſcerning of each Conſcience, ſo!
And moſt his *Juſtice*, in the fitting Parts,
And giving dues to all Mankinds Deſerts!
In this ſweet *Extaſie*, ſhe was rapt hence.
Who reads, will pardon my Intelligence,
That thus have ventur'd theſe true Strains upon;
To publiſh her a *Saint*. My *Muſe* is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam preſtas
Venetiæ *tuæ illuſtriſſim:*
Marit: dign: Digbeie
Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuiſq; ſacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inſcription, or CROWN, is loſt.

Vitæ

Vitæ Ruſticæ Laudes.

BEatus *ille, qui procul negotiis,*
Ut priſca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet ſuis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Nec excitatur claſſico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare:
Forumq; vitat, & ſuperba Civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat Populos:
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Proſpectat errantes Greges:
Inutileiſque falce ramos amputans,
Fœliciores inſerit:
Aut preſſa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmis Oveis:
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit:
Ut gaudet inſitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam Purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, *& te, Pater*
Sylvane, *tutor finium!*
Libet jacere modò ſub antiqua Ilice:
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:
Queruntur in Sylvis aves,
Fonteſque Lymphis obſtrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leveis.
At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbreis niveiſque comparat;
Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ cane
Apros in obſtanteis plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;
Turdis edacibus dolos,
Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia:
Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviſcitur?
Quòd ſi pudica Mulier in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina *qualis, aut peruſta ſolibus*
Pernicis uxor Appuli
Sacrum vetuſtis extruit lignis focum
Laſſi ſub adventum viri)
Claudenſque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Diſtenta ſiccet ubera;
Et horna dulci Vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina *juverint Conchylia,*
Magiſve Rhombus, aut Scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hyems ad hoc vertat Mare:
Non Afra avis deſcendat in ventrem meum:
Non Attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguiſſimis
Oliva ramis arborum:
Aut herba Lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ ſalubres corpori:
Vel Agna feſtis cæſa Terminalibus:
Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat paſtas Oveis
Videre properanteis domum!
Videre feſſos vomerem inverſum Boves
Collo trahenteis languido;
Poſitoſque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidenteis Lareis!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus ruſticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.

The Praiſes of a Country-life.

HAppy is he, that from all Buſineſs clear,
As the old Race of Mankind were,
With his own Oxen tills his Sires left Lands,
And is not in the Uſurers Bands:
Nor Soldier-like ſtarted with rough Alarms,
Nor dreads the Seas inraged harms:
But flees the Bar and Courts, with the proud bords,
And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
With the grown iſſue of the Vine;
And with his Hook lops off the fruitleſs Race,
And ſets more happy in the Place:
Or in the bending Vale beholds a-far
The lowing Herds there grazing are:
Or the preſt Honey in pure Pots doth keep
Of Earth, and ſhears the tender Sheep:
Or when that Autumn, through the Fields lifts round
His Head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
How plucking Pears, his own hand grafted had,
And Purple-matching Grapes, he's glad!
With which, *Priapus*, he may thank thy Hands,
And, *Sylvane*, thine that keptſt his Lands!
Then now beneath ſome ancient Oak he may
Now in the rooted Graſs him lay,
Whilſt from the higher Banks do ſlide the Floods?
The ſoft Birds quarrel in the Woods,
The Fountains murmur as the Streams do creep,
And all invite to eaſie ſleep.
Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and Showers
Are gathering by the Wintry hours;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
Wild Boars into his Toils pitch'd round:
Or ſtrains on his ſmall Fork his ſubtil Nets
For th' eating Thruſh, or Pit-falls ſets:
And ſnares the fearful Hare, and new-come Crane,
And 'counts them ſweet Rewards ſo ta'en.
Who (amongſt theſe delights) would not forget
Loves cares ſo Evil, and ſo great?
But if, to boot with theſe, a chaſte Wife meet
For Houſhold aid, and Children ſweet;
Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowſe,
Some luſty quick *Apulians* Spouſe,
To deck the hallow'd Harth with old Wood fir'd
Againſt the Husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in Hurdles by
Their ſwelling Udders doth draw dry:
And from the ſweet Tub Wine of this year takes,
And unbought Viands ready makes:
Not *Lucrine* Oyſters I could then more prize,
Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden Eyes:
If with bright Floods, the Winter troubled much,
Into our Seas ſend any ſuch:
Th' *Ionian* God-wit, nor the Ginny-hen
Could not go down my Belly then
More ſweet than Olives, that new gather'd be
From fatteſt Branches of the Tree:
Or the Herb Sorrel, that loves Meadows ſtill,
Or Mallows looſing Bodies ill:
Or at the Feaſt of Bounds, the Lamb then ſlain,
Or Kid forc't from the Wolf again.
Among theſe Cates how glad the ſight doth come
Of the fed Flocks approaching home!
To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
And fainting Necks, the turned Share!
The wealthy Houſhold ſwarm of Bondmen met,
And 'bout the ſteeming Chimney ſet!
Theſe thoughts when Uſurer *Alphius*, now about
To turn more Farmer, had ſpoke out
'Gainſt th' Ides, his Moneys he gets in with pain,
At th' Calends puts all out again.

Ode

Ode 1. Lib. 4. Ad Venerem.

INtermiſſa Venus *diu,*
Rurſus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ *: deſine, dulcium*
Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere Mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ Juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli *purpureis ales oloribus,*
Comeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis.
Et centum puer Artium,
Latè Signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos *prope te lacus*
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe Cyprea.
Illic plurima Naribus
Duces tura, lyræque, & Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Miſtis carminibus non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die,
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In mortem Salium *ter quatient humum.*
Me nec fœmina, nec puer,
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu Ligurine, *cur*
Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego Somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor:
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubileis.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad *Lydiam.* Dialogus *Horatii & Lydiæ.*

Hor. *DOnec gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Perſarum vigui rege beatior.
Lyd. *Donec non alia magis*
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia *poſt* Chloën,
Multi Lydia *nominis*
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
Hor. *Me nunc* Threſſa Chloë *regit,*
Dulceis docta modos, & Citharæ ſciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.
Lyd. *Me torret face mutua*
Thurini Calais *filius* Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.
Hor. *Quid ſi priſca redit* Venus,
Diductoſque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
Lyd. *Quanquam ſidere pulchrior*
Ille eſt, tu levior Cortice, & improbo
iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Ode the firſt. The fourth Book. To Venus.

VEnus, again thou mov'ſt a War
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee ſpare:
I am not ſuch, as in the Reign
Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refrain
Sowre Mother of ſweet Loves, forbear
To bend a Man now at his fiftieth year,
Too ſtubborn for Commands, ſo ſlack:
Go where Youths ſoft Intreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the Houſe,
With thy bright Swans of *Paulus Maximus:*
There jeſt, and feaſt, make him thine Hoſt,
If a fit Liver thou doſt ſeek to toaſt;
For he's both Noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled Client fill's his Tongue,
Child of a hundred Arts, and far
Will he diſplay the Enſigns of thy War.
And when he ſmiling finds his Grace
With thee 'bove all his Rivals Gifts take place,
He will thee a Marble Statue make
Beneath a Sweet,wood Roof, neer *Alba Lake:*
There ſhall thy dainty Noſtril take
In many a Gum, and for thy ſoft Ears ſake
Shall Verſe be ſet to Harp and Lute,
And *Phrygian* Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
There twice a day in ſacred Lays,
The Youths and tender Maids ſhall ſing thy praiſe:
And in the *Salian* manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory Feet,
Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual Joy,
Nor care I now Healths to propound;
Or with freſh Flowers to girt my Temple round.
But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine,*
Flow my thin Tears, down theſe pale Cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
With an uncomely ſilence fails my Tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every Night
I hold thee faſt! but fled hence, with the Light,
Whether in *Mars* his Field thou be,
Or *Tybers* winding Streams, I follow thee.

Ode ix. 3 *Book, to* Lydia. *Dialogue of* Horace, *and* Lydia.

Hor. WHilſt, *Lydia,* I was lov'd of thee,
And('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did fling
His Arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the *Perſian* King.
Lyd. Whilſt *Horace* lov'd no Miſtris more,
Nor after *Chloe* did his *Lydia* ſound;
In name, I went all names before,
The *Roman Ilia* was not more renown'd.
Hor. 'Tis true, I' am *Thracian Chloe*'s, I
Who ſings ſo ſweet, and with ſuch cunning plays,
As, for her, I'ld not fear to die,
So Fate would give her life, and longer days.
Lyd. And, I am mutually on Fire
With gentle *Calais Thurine, Ornith*'s Son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.
Hor. But, ſay old Love return ſhould make,
And us diſ-join'd force to her brazen Yoke,
That I bright *Chloe* off ſhould ſhake;
And to left-*Lydia,* now the Gate ſtood ope.
Lyd. Though he be fairer than a Star;
Thou lighter than the Bark of any Tree,
And than rough *Adria* angrier far;
Yet would I wiſh to love, live, die with thee.

Fragmentum

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

FOeda eſt in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
Et tædet Veneris ſtatim peractæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinoſæ,
Cæci protinus irruamus illuc:
Nam langueſcit Amor peritq; Flamma.
Sed ſic, ſic, ſine fine feriati,
Et tecum jaceamus oſculantes:
Hic nullus labor eſt, ruborq; nullus;
Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit:
Hoc non deficit, incipitq; ſemper.

Epigramma Martialis. Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

LIber, amicorum dulciſſima cura tuorum,
Liber *in æterna vivere digne roſâ;*
Si ſapis Aſſyrio *ſemper tibi crinis amomo*
Splendeat, & cingant florea ſerta caput:
Candida nigreſcant vetulo chryſtalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui ſic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

The ſame tranſlated.

DOing, a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort;
And done, we ſtraight repent us of the ſport:
Let us not then ruſh blindly on unto it:
Like luſtful Beaſts, that only know to do it:
For Luſt will languiſh, and that Heat decay,
But thus, thus, keeping endleſs Holy-day,
Let us together cloſely lie, and kiſs,
There is no labour, nor no ſhame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth pleaſe, and long will pleaſe; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The ſame tranſlated.

LIber, of all thy Friends, thou ſweeteſt care,
Thou worthy in eternal Flower to fare,
If thou be'ſt wiſe, with *'Syrian* Oil let ſhine
Thy Locks, and roſie Garlands Crown thy Head;
Dark thy clear Glaſs with old *Falernian* Wine;
And heat, with ſofteſt Love, thy ſofter Bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies ſuch,
Makes his Life longer than 'twas given him, much.

THE

THE KING'S Entertainment AT WELBECK IN Nottingham-ſhire,

A Houſe of the Right Honourable *WILLIAM* Earl of *Newcaſtle*, Vicount *Mansfield*, Baron of *Botle* and *Bolſover*, *&c.*

At His going into SCOTLAND, 1633.

His MAJESTY *being ſet at Dinner, a Song was ſung.*

A DIALOGUE between the PASSIONS, *Doubt* and *Love*.

Doubt.

WHat ſofter Sounds are theſe ſalute the Ear,
From the large Circle *of the* Hemiſphere,
As if the Center of all Sweets met here!

Love.

It is the Breath and Soul of every thing,
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To ſpeak the Welcome, Welcome *of the* King.

Chorus, of Affections, Joy, Delight, *&c.*

The Joy of Plants, the Spirit of Flowers
The Smell and Verdure of the Bowers,
The Waters Murmur, with the Showers
Diſtilling on the new freſh Houers;
The whiſtling Winds, and Birds, that ſing
The Welcom *of our Great, Good* King.
Welcome, O Welcome, *is the general Voice,*
Wherein all Creatures practiſe to rejoice.

The Second Strain.

Love.

WHen was old Sherewood's *Head more quaintly curl'd?*
Or look'd the Earth more green upon the World?
Or Natures Cradle more inchas'd, and purl'd?
When did the Air ſo ſmile, the Winds ſo chime?
As Quiriſters of Seaſon, *and the* Prime!

Doubt.

If what they do, be done in their due time.

Chorus.

He makes the time for whom 'tis done,
From whom the Warmth, Heat, Life, begun;
Into whoſe foſtring Arms do run
All that have Being from the Sun.
Such is the Fount of Light, the King,
The Heart, that quickens every thing,
And makes the Creatures Language all one Voice,
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, *to rejoice:*
Welcome *is all our Song, is all our Sound,*
The Treble *Part, the* Tenor, *and the* Ground.

After Dinner.

THe King and the Lords being come down, and ready to take Horſe, in the Crowd were diſcover'd two notorious Perſons, and Men of Buſineſs, as by their eminent Dreſſing and Habits did ſoon appear.

One in a coſtly Caſſock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted *Party-per-pale:*

On the one ſide,		On the other ſide,	
Noun,	} *declined.*	*Adverb,*	} *undeclined.*
Pronoun,		*Conjunction,*	
Verb,		*Preposition,*	
Participle,		*Interjection,*	

VVith his Hat, Hatband, Stocking, and Sandals, ſuited, and marked *A*, *B*, *C*, *&c.*

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat, of *Azure* and *Gules* quarterly chang'd, of Buckram; Limn'd with Yellow, in ſtead of Gold, and paſted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certain Fragments of the Foreſt, as a Coat of *Antiquity*, and *Preſident*, willing to be ſeen, but hard to be read, and as loth to be underſtood, without the Interpreter, who wore it: For the wrong end of the Letters were turn'd upward, therefore was a Label fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, advertiſing*:

Look not ſo near, with hope to underſtand;
Out-cept, Sir, you can read with the Left-hand.

Their Names were,

Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. BY your fair leave, Gentlemen of Court; for Leave is ever fair being ask'd; and granted, is as light, according to our Engliſh Proverb, *Leave is light.* VVhich is the *King*, I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the *King*'s Lieutenant? For we have nothing to ſay to the *King*, till we have ſpoken with my *Lord* Lieutenant.

Acci. Of *Nottingham ſhire.*

Fitz. And *Darby-ſhire*, for he is both. And we have buſineſs to both ſides of him, from either of the Counties.

Acci. As far as his Command ſtretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acci. This is no Great Man by his *Timber* (as we ſay i' the Foreſt), by his *Thewes* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him, to ſee how he is declin'd. My Lord, pleaſeth your good Lordſhip, I am a poor Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i' the County.

Fitz. Mr. *A-B-Cee Accidence*, my good Lord, Schoolmaſter of *Mansfield*, the painful Inſtructer of our Youth in their Country-Elements, as appeareth by the Sign of Correction in his Hat, with the truſt of the Town-Pen-and-Inkhorn, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acci. This is the more remarkable Man, my very good Lord; Father *Fitz-Ale*, Herald of *Darby*, Light and Lanthorn of both Counties; the Learned *Antiquary* of the North; Conſerver of the Records of either Foreſt, as witneſſeth the brief Taberd, or Coat-Armour he carries, being an induſtrious Collection of all the written or reported *Wonders* of the *Peak*.

SAint *Anne* of *Buxſtons* boiling VVell,
Or *Elden*, bottomleſs, like Hell:
Pools-hole, or *Satan's* ſumptuous Arſe,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in *France.*
And by Lead-men, for the nonce,
That turn round like Grindleſtones;
VVhich they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairns bread, VVives, and ſell's:
VVhom the VVhetſtone ſharps to eat,
And cry, Milſtones are good Meat.
He can fly o'er Hills and Dales,
And report you more odd Tales
Of our Out-law *Robin Hood*,
That revell'd here in *Sherewood*,
And more Stories of him ſhow,
(Though he ne'er ſhot in his Bow)
Than au' Men or believe, or know.

Fitz. Stint, ſtint your Court,
Grow to be ſhort,
Throw by your Clatter,
And handle the matter:
We come with our Peers,
And crave your Ears,
To preſent a Wedding,
Intended a Bedding,
Of both the Shires.
Father *Fitz-ale*
Hath a Daughter ſtale
In *Darby* Town,
Known up and down
For a great Antiquity:
And *Pem* ſhe hight,
A ſolemn Wight
As you ſhould meet
In any Street,
In that Ubiquity.
Her he hath brought,
As having ſought
By many a Draught
Of Ale, and Craft,
With Skill, to Graft
In ſome old Stock
O' the Yeoman Block,
And Foreſt-blood
Of old *Sherewood.*
And he hath found
Within the Ground,
At laſt no Shrimp,
Whereon to imp
His jolly Club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right Wood,
Fitz. A Champion good;
Who here in place
Preſents himſelf,
Like doughty Elf
Of *Greenwood* Chace.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroom preſented himſelf, being apparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a green Jerkin and Hoſe, like a Ranger; a *Monmouth* Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and Shooes; for being to dance, he would not trouble himſelf with Boots.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,
Some do him call;
But moſt do ſay,
He's *Stub* will ſtay
To run his Race,
Not run away.
Acci. At *Quintin* he,
In honour of this Bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;
Come *Cut*, and *Long-tail.* For there be
Six Batchelors, as bold as he,
Adjuting to his Companee,
And each one hath his Liverie.
Fitz. Six *Hoods* they are, and of the Blood,
They tell, of ancient *Robin Hood.*

Here the Six *Hoods* preſented themſelves ſeverally, in their Livery Hoods, whilſt *Fitz-ale* ſpoke on.

Red-hood the firſt that doth appear [*Red-hood.*
In Stamel. *Acci.* Scarlet is too dear.
Fitz. Then *Green-hood* [*Green-hood.*
Acci. He's in *Kendal* Green,
As in the Foreſt-colour ſeen.
Fitz. Next *Blue-hood* is, and in that hue [*Blue-hood.*
Doth vaunt a Heart as pure and true

As

As is the Sky, (give him his due.)
Acci. Of old *England* the Yeoman Blue.
Fitz. Then *Tawney* fra' the Kirk that came. [*Tawney hood.*
Acci. And cleped was the Abbot's Man.
Fitz. With *Motley-hood*, the Man of Law. [*Motley-hood.*
Acci. And *Ruſſet-hood* keeps all in awe. [*Ruſſet-hood.*
Bold Batchelors they are, and large,
And come in at the Country Charge;
Horſe, Bridles, Saddles, Stirrups, Girts,
All reckon'd o' the *County* Skirts!
And all their Courſes, miſs or hit,
Intended are for the *Shire* Wit,
And ſo to be receiv'd. Their Game
Is Country-ſport, and hath a Name
From the Place that bears the Coſt,
Elſe all the *Fat i' the Fire* were loſt.
Go, Captain *Stub*, lead on, and ſhow
What Houſe you come on, by the Blow
You give Sir *Quintin*, and the Cuff
You ſcape o' th' Sand-bags Counterbuff.

A Flouriſh. [Stub's *Courſe.* 1.

Acci. O well run, Yeoman *Stub!*
Thou haſt knock'd it, like a Club,
And made Sir *Quintin* know,
By this his Race ſo good,
He himſelf is alſo Wood,
As by his furious Blow.

Flouriſh. [Red-hood's *Courſe.* 2.

Fitz. Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a ſhock,
To have buff'd out the Blood
From ought but a Block.

Flouriſh. [Green-hood's *Courſe.* 3.

Acci. Well run *Green-hood*, got between,
Under the Sand-bag he was ſeen,
Lowting low, like a For'ſter Green:
Fitz. He knows his Tackle, and his Treen.

Flouriſh. [Blue-hood's *Courſe.* 4.

Acci. Gi' the old *England* Yeoman his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quin.* juſt i' the *Qu.*
Though that be black, yet he is blue.
It is a brave Patch, and a new!

Flouriſh. [Tawney-hood's *Courſe.* 5.

Fitz. Well run *Tawney*, the Abbots Churl
His Jade gave him a jerk,
As he woul' have his Rider hurl
His Hood after the Kirk.
But he was wiſer, and well beheſt,
For this is all that he hath leſt.

Flouriſh. [Motley-hood's *Courſe.* 6.

Fitz. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girths brake;
For low on the Ground (wo for his ſake)
The Law is found.
Acci. Had his pair of Tongues, not ſo much good,
To keep his Head in his *Motley* Hood?

Flouriſh. [Ruſſet-hood's *Courſe.* 7.

Fitz. *Ruſſet* ran faſt, though he be thrown.
Acci. He loſt no Stirrup, for he had none.
1. His Horſe it is the Herald's Weſt.
2. No, 'tis a Mare, and hath a Cleft.
3. She is Country-borrow'd, and no Vail,
But's Hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale.*

Here *Accidence* did break them off, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was dreſt like an old *May-Lady*, with Scarfs, and a great wrought Handkerchief, with Red, and Blue, and other Habiliments. Six Maids attending on her, attir'd with Buckram Bride-laces begilt, white Sleeves, and Stammel Petticoats, dreſt after the cleanlieſt Country guiſe; among whom Miſtris *Alphabet*, Maſter *Accidence*'s Daughter, did bear a prime ſway.

The two Bride-Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Bowl-bearer*, were in two yellow Leather Doublets, and Ruſſet Hoſe, like two Twin-Clowns preſt out for that Office, with Livery-Hats, and Ribbands.

Acci. Come to the Bride; another Fit
Yet ſhow, Sirs, o' your Country-wit,
But o' your beſt. Let all the Steel
Of Back and Brains fall to the Heel;
And all the Quick-ſilver i' the Mine
Run i' the Foot-veins, and refine
Your *Firk-hum Jerk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*,
To wonder at the Horn-pipes here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darby-ſhire.*
Fitz. With the Phant'ſies of *Hey-troll*,
Troll about the Bridal Bowl,
And divide the broad Bride-cake,
Round about the Brides-ſtake.
Acci. With, Here is to the Fruit of *Pem*,
Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,
Acci. With the *Peakiſh* Nicety,
Fitz. And old *Sherewoods* Vicety.

The laſt of which Words were ſet to a Tune, and ſung to the Bagpipe, and Meaſure of their Dance; the Clowns and Company of Spectators drinking and eating the while.

The Song.

Let's ſing about, and ſay, Hey-troll,
Troll to me the Bridal Bowl,
And divide the broad Bride-cake,
Round about the Brides-ſtake.
With, Here is to the Fruit of Pem,
Grafted upon Stub *his Stem,*
With the Peakiſh *Nicety,*
And old Sherewoods *Vicety.*
But well danc'd Pem *upon Record,*
Above thy Yeoman, *or* May-Lord.

Here it was thought neceſſary they ſhould be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer, or Servant of the *Lord Lieutenant*'s, whoſe Face had put on, with his Clothes, an equal Authority for the Buſineſs.

Gentleman.

GIve end unto your Rudeneſs: Know at length
Whoſe Time and Patience you have urg'd, the *King*'s.
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,

'Twould ſtrike a Reverence in you, even to bluſhing.
That *King* whoſe Love it is to be your Parent!
Whoſe Office, and whoſe Charge, to be your Paſtor!
Whoſe ſingle Watch defendeth all your Sleeps!
Whoſe Labours are your Reſts! whoſe Thoughts and Cares
Breed your Delights! whoſe Buſineſs, all your Leiſures!
And you to interrupt his ſerious Hours
With light, impertinent, unworthy Objects,
Sights for your ſelves, and fav'ring your own Taſtes;
You are to blame. Know your Diſeaſe, and cure it.
Sports ſhould not be obtruded on Great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as Servants,
And meaneſt of their Servants, ſince their Price is
At higheſt, to be ſtyl'd, but of their Pleaſures!
Our *King* is going now to a great Work,
Of higheſt Love, Affection, and Example,
To ſee his Native *Country*, and his Cradle,
And find thoſe Manners there, which he ſuck'd in
With Nurſes Milk, and Parents Piety!
O Siſter *Scotland!* what haſt thou deſerv'd
Of joyful *England*, giving us this *King!*
What Union (if thou lik'ſt) haſt thou not made?
In knitting for *Great Britain* ſuch a Garland,
And letting him to wear it? Such a *King!*
As Men would wiſh, that knew not how to hope
His Like, but ſeeing him! A Prince that's Law
Unto himſelf; is good for Goodneſs ſake,
And ſo becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That ſtudies not to ſeem, or to ſhew Great,
But be! Not dreſt for others Eyes and Ears,
With Vizors and falſe Rumors, but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence ſpeak his Name!
O bleſs his Goings-out, and Comings-in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet ſcarcely know him,
Yet are moſt happy by his Government.
Bleſs his fair *Bed-mate*, and their certain *Pledges*,
And never may he want thoſe Nerves in Fate;
For ſure Succeſſion fortifies a State.
Whilſt he himſelf is mortal, let him feel
Nothing about him mortal, in his Houſe;
Let him approve his young increaſing *Charles*,
A loyal Son; and teach him long to be
An Aid, before he be a Succeſſor.
Late come that day that Heaven will ask him from us:
Let our Grand-child, and their Iſſue, long
Expect it, and not ſee it. Let us pray,
That Fortune never know to exerciſe
More Power upon him, than as *Charles* his Servant,
And his *Great Britain*'s Slave: ever to wait
Bond-woman to the *GENIUS* of this State.

Performed the xxi. of May, 1633.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S WELCOME.

THE KING and QUEEN'S Entertainment at Bolſover:

AT

The Earl of *NEWCASTLE*'s, the Thirtieth of *July*, 1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two *Tenors* and a *Baſe*.

IF Love *be call'd a lifting of the* Senſe
To knowledge of that pure Intelligence, [Chorus.
Wherein the Soul *hath Reſt and Reſidence.*

1. Ten. *When were the* Senſes *in ſuch order plac'd?*
2. Ten. *The* Sight, *the* Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taſte,
All at one Banquet? Baſ. *'Would it ever laſt!*

1. *We wiſh the ſame: who ſet it forth thus?* Baſ. Love!
2. *But to what End, or to what Object?* Baſ. Love!
1. *Doth* Love *then feaſt it ſelf?* Baſ. Love *will feaſt* Love!

2. *You make of* Love, *a Riddle, or a Chain,*
A Circle, a meer Knot, untie't again.

Baſ. Love *is a Circle, both the firſt and laſt*
Of all our Actions, and his Knots too faſt.

1. *A True-Love-Knot, will hardly be unti'd:*
And if it could, who would this Pair divide.

Baſ. *God made them ſuch, and* Love. 2. Ten. *Who is a Ring,*
The likeſt to the Year of any thing,
2. *And runs into it ſelf.* Baſ. *Then let us ſing,*
And run into one ſound.

Chorus. { *Let* Welcome *fill*
Our Thoughts, Hearts, Voices, and that one word trill
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome *ſtill.*

Complement,

1. *Could we put on the Beauty of all Creatures,*
2. *Sing in the Air, and Notes of Nightingales,*
1. *Exhale the Sweets of Earth, and all her Features.*
2. *And tell you, ſofter than in Silk, theſe Tales,*
Baſ. Welcome *ſhould Seaſon all for* Taſte.

Chorus. { *And hence,*
At every real Banquet to the Senſe,
Welcome, *true* Welcome *fill the* Complements.

After the Banquet, the King and Queen retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronel Vitruvius *his Oration to his Dance of Mechanicks.*

Vit. COme forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy day Clothes, every Mothers Son of you. This is the *King* and *Queens* Majeſtical Holy day. My Lord has it granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord: and do give it unto you *gratis*, that is, *bonâ fide*, with the Faith of a Surveyor, your Coronel *Vitruvius*. Do you know what a Surveyor is now? I tell you a Superviſor! A hard word, that; but it may be ſoftned, and brought in, to ſignifie ſomething. An Overſeer! one that overſee-eth you. A buſie Man! And yet I muſt ſeem buſier than I am, (as the Poet ſings, but which of them, I will not now trouble my ſelf to tell you.) O Captain *Smith!* or Hammer-armed *Vulcan!* with your Three Sledges, you are our Muſick, you come a little too tardy; but we remit that, to your Polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant your ſelves there, and beat your time out at the Anvil. *Time* and *Meaſure* are the Father and Mother of Muſick, you know, and your Coronel *Vitruvius* knows a little. O *Cheſil!* our curious Carver! and Maſter *Maul*, our Free-Maſon; *Squire Summer*, our Carpenter, and *Twybil* his Man; ſtand you four there, i' the ſecond Rank, work upon that Ground. And you, *Dreſſer*, the Plumber; *Quarrel*, the Glaſier; *Fret*, the Plaſterer; and *Beater*, the Mortar-man: put all you on i' the Reer, as Finiſhers in true Footing, with Tune and Meaſure. *Measure* is the Soul of a Dance, and *Tune* the Tickle-foot thereof. Uſe Holy-day Legs, and have'em: Spring, Leap, Caper, and Gingle: Pumps and Ribbands ſhall be your Reward, till the Soles of your Feet ſwell with the ſurfeit of your light and nimble Motion. [*They begun to dance.*

The firſt Quaternio. *Captain* Smith, *or* Vulcan, *with three* Cyclops.

The ſecond Quatern. Cheſil, *the Carver*; Maul, *the Free-Maſon*; *Squire* Summer, *the Carpenter*; Twybil, *his Man.*

The Third Quaternio. Dreſſer, *the Plumber*; Quarrel, *the Glaſier*; Fret, *the* Plaſterer; Beater, *the Mortar-man.*

Well

Well done, my Muſical, Arithmetical, Geometrical Gameſters! or rather my true Mathematical Boys! It is carried, in Number, Weight and Meaſure, as if the Airs were all Harmony, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry ſtill, Deſerve Holy-days, and have 'em. I'll have a whole Quarter of the Year cut out for you in Holy-days, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes and Dances, fitted to the activity of your Treſſels, to which you ſhall truſt, Lads, in the Name of your *Iniquo Vitruvius*. Hey for the Lily, for, and the blended Roſe.

The Dance ended.

And the King and Queen, having a ſecond Banquet ſet down before them from the Clouds by two Loves: One as the King's, the other as the Queen's; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White and Red Roſes; the other of Lilies inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, *&c.* with a Bough of Palm, (in his Hand) cleft a little at the top, They were both arm'd and wing'd; with Bows and Quivers, Caſſocks, Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They ſtood ſilent a while, wondring at one another, till at laſt the leſſer of them began to ſpeak.

Eros, Anteros.

Er. ANother *Cupid*? *An.* Yes, your ſecond ſelf,
A Son of *Venus*, and as meer an Elf
And Wag as you. *Er.* *Eros*? *An.* No, *Anteros*:
Your Brother, *Cupid*, yet not ſent to croſs,
Or ſpy into your Favours, here, at Court.
Er. What then? *An.* To ſerve you, Brother, and report
Your Graces from the Queen's ſide to the King's,
In whoſe Name I ſalute you. *Er.* Break my Wings
I fear you will. *An.* O be not jealous, Brother!
What Bough is this? *Er.* A Palm. *An.* Give me't. *Er.* Another [Anteros *ſnatch'd at the Palm,*
but Eros *divided it.*
You may have. *An.* I will this. *Er.* Divide it. *An.* So,
This was right Brother-like! The World will know
By this one Act, both Natures. You are *Love*,
I *Love*, again. In theſe two Spheres we move,
Eros, and *Anteros*. *Er.* We ha' cleft the Bough,
And ſtruck a Tallie of our Loves too now.
An. I call to mind the Wiſdom of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother——
Er. To look upon, and thrive. Me ſeems I grew
Three Inches higher ſin'I met with you.
It was the Counſel that the *Oracle* gave
Your Nurſes the glad *Graces*, ſent to crave
Themis advice. You do not know (quoth ſhe)
The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
But ne'er will proſper, if he have not one
Sent after him to play with. *Er.* Such another
As you are, *Anteros*, our loving brother.
An. Who would be always planted in your Eye;
For Love, by Love increaſeth mutually.
Er. We either, looking on each other, thrive.
An. Shoot up, grow galliard—*Er.* Yes, and more alive!
An. When one's away, it ſeems we both are leſs.
Er. I was a Dwarf, an Urchin, I confeſs,
Till you were preſent. *An.* But a bird of wing,
Now fit to fly before a Queen or King.
Er. I ha' not one ſick Feather ſin' you came,
But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. *An.* Than I am.
Er. I love my Mothers brain, could thus provide
For both in Court, and give us each our ſide,
Where we might meet. *An.* Embrace. *Er.* Circle each other.
An. Confer, and whiſper. *Er.* Brother with a Brother.
An. And by this ſweet Contention for the *Palm*,
Unite our appetites, and make them calm.
Er. To will, and nill one thing. *An.* And ſo to move
Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.
Er. It is the place ſure breeds it, where we are.
An. The King and Queens Court, which is circular,
And perfect. *Er.* The pure School that we live in,
And is of purer Love, a Diſcipline.

Philalethes.

NO more of your Poetry (pretty *Cupids*), leſt preſuming on your little Wits, you profane the intention of your ſervice. The Place, I confeſs, wherein (by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*) you are now planted, is the Divine School of Love: An Academy, or Court, where all the true Leſſons of Love are throughly read and taught. The Reaſons, the Proportions, and Harmony, drawn forth in Analytick Tables, and made demonſtrable to the *Senſes*. Which if you (Brethren) ſhould report, and ſwear to, would hardly get Credit above a Fable, here, in the Edge of *Darbyſhire* (the Region of Ale) becauſe you relate in Rhime. O, that Rhime is a ſhrewd Diſeaſe, and makes all ſuſpected it would perſwade. Leave it, pretty *Cupids*, leave it. Rhime will undo you, and hinder your Growth, and Reputation in Court, more than any thing beſide, you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dabble in Poetry once, it is done of your being believ'd, or underſtood here. No Man will truſt you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meer Caſe of Canters, or a pair of wandring Gipſies.

Return to your ſelves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you ſerve, this excellent *King*, and his unparallell'd *Queen*, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole School-Divinity of Love. Contemplate, and ſtudy them. Here ſhall you read *Hymen*, having lighted Two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waſte not. One Love by the others Aſpect increaſing, and both in the right Lines of aſpiring. The Fates ſpinning them round and even Threads, and of their whiteſt Wooll, without brack or purl. Fortune and Time fetterr'd at their Feet with Adamantine Chains, their Wings deplum'd, for ſtarting from them. All amiableneſs in the richeſt dreſs of Delight and Colours, courting the Seaſon to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicity perfect; together with the Love, Knowledge, and Duty of their Subjects perpetual. So wiſheth the glad, and grateful Client, ſeated here, the over-joy'd Maſter of the Houſe; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could ſpeak but his Language. Which is, that firſt the Peoples Love would let that People know their own Happineſs, and that knowledge could confirm their Duties, to an admiration of your Sacred Perſons; deſcended, one from the moſt peaceful, the other the moſt warlike, both your pious and juſt Progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace, came Strength, and out of the Strong came Sweetneſs, alluding to the holy Riddle, ſo in you joyn'd by holy Marriage, in the Flower and Ripeneſs of Years, live the promiſe of a numerous Succeſſion to your Scepters, and a Strength to ſecure your own Iſlands, with their own Ocean, but more your own Palm-branches, the Types of perpetual Victory. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded with a Crown of *Welcome*. Welcome, Welcome.

MORTIMER
HIS
FALL.
A TRAGEDY.

Written by *BEN. JOHNSON.*

Hor. in Art. Poetic.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitiq; cothurno.

The PERSONS Names.

MORTIMER,	Earl of *March.*
ISABEL,	Queen Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON,	B. of *Worc'ter.*
CHORUS,	Of Ladies, Knights, and Squires.
EDWARD III.	K. of *England.*
JOHH, the K's. Brother,	Earl of *Cornwall.*
HEN. the K's. Couſin,	Earl of *Lancaſter.*
W. MOUNTACUTE,	K's. Servant.
RO. D'ELAND,	Conſt. of *Nott.* Caſtle.
NUNCIUS,	Or a Herald.

Arguments.

ARGUMENTS.

THE *First Act comprehends* Mortimer's *Pride and Security, raiſed to the Degree of an Earl, by the Queen's Favour, and Love; with the Counſels of* Adam d' Orlton, *the Politick Biſhop of* Worceſter, *againſt* Lancaſter.

The Chorus of Ladies, celebrating the Worthineſs of the Queen, in rewarding *Mortimer*'s Services, and the Biſhop's.

The Second Act ſhews the King's Love and Reſpect to his Mother, that will hear nothing againſt Mortimer's *Greatneſs, or believe any Report of her extraordinary Favours to him; but imputes all to his Couſin* Lancaſter's *Envy, and commands thereafter an utter Silence of thoſe Matters.*

The *Chorus* of Courtiers, celebrating the King's Worthineſs of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will hear nothing that may trench upon her Honour, though deliver'd by his Kinſman, of ſuch nearneſs; and thereby take occaſion to extol the King's Piety, and their own Happineſs under ſuch a King.

The Third Act relates (by the occaſion of a Viſion the blind Earl of L. *had) to the King's Brother, Earl of* Cornwal, *the Horrour of their Father's Death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earl of* K. *by* Mortimer's *hired Practice.*

The *Chorus* of Country-Juſtices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made believe the Old King liv'd, by the Shew of him in *Corf*-Caſtle; and how they ſaw him eat, and uſe his Knife, like the Old King, *&c.* with the Deſcription of the feigned Lights, and Maſques there, that deceiv'd 'em, all which came from the Court.

The Fourth Act expreſſeth, by Conference between the King and his Brother, a Change, and intention to explore the Truth of thoſe Reports, and a Charge of employing W. Mountacute *to get the Keys of the Caſtle of* Nottingham *into the King's Power, and draw the Conſtable, Sir* Rob. d' Eland, *to their Party.*

Mortimer's Security, Scorn of the Nobility, too much Familiarity with the Queen, related by the *Chorus.* The Report of the King's ſurpriſing him in his Mothers Bed-chamber: A general Gladneſs: His being ſent to Execution.

The Fifth Act, The Earl of Lancaſter's *following the Cry, and meeting the Report. The Celebration of the King's Juſtice.*

MORTIMER HIS FALL.

Act I.

MORTIMER.

THis Riſe is made yet! and we now ſtand rank'd,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our proſpect, all are even,
We walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing!— [*A Prince, an Earl, and Couſin to the King.*
At what a divers price, do divers Men
Act the ſame things! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at leaſt the Ax,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Wax.
There is a Fate, that flies with towring Spirits
Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conſcience.
Poor plodding Prieſts, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
Of Churches ring with that round word: But we
That draw the ſubtile, and more piercing Air,
In that ſublimed Region of Court,
Know all is good, we make ſo, and go on
Secur'd by the proſperity of our Crimes.
To day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen ſtart! ſome politick Tradeſman
Curl with the Caution of a Conſtable!
But I, who am no Common-Council Man,
Knew, Injuries of that dark Nature done
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To fear of a Revenge. They are light Offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurſe a deadlier piece of Folly
To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
Of fancying Goodneſs, and a Seal to live by
So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lyons,
Bears, Tygers, Woolves, and all thoſe Beaſts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
Neglect what is, ſo, to attain what ſhould be,
As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
Than work t'aſſure his ſafety? I ſhould think
When 'mongſt a World of bad, none can be good,
(I mean ſo abſolutely good, and perfect,
As our Religious Confeſſors would have us)
It is enough, we do decline the Rumour
Of doing monſtrous things: And yet, if thoſe
Were of Emolument, unto our Ends,
Even of thoſe, the Wiſe Man will make Friends
For all the Brand, and ſafely do the ill.
As Uſurers rob, or our Phyſicians kill.

ISABEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord! ſweet *Mortimer!* *Mor.* My Q. my Miſtris!]
My Soveraign! nay, my Goddeſs! and my *Juno*!
What Name, or Title, as a Mark of Power
Upon me, ſhould I give you? *Iſa. Iſabel,*
Your *Iſabel*, and you my *Mortimer:*
Which are the Marks of Parity, not Power,
And theſe are Titles beſt become our Love.
Mor. Can you fall under thoſe? *Iſa.* Yes, and be happy.
Walk forth, my lov'd, and gentle *Mortimer*,
And let my longing Eyes enjoy their Feaſt,
And fill of thee, my fair-ſhap'd, God like Man:
Thou art a Banquet unto all my Senſes;
Thy Form doth feaſt mine Eye, thy Voice mine Ear,
Thy Breath my Smell, thy every Kiſs my Taſte,
And ſoftneſs of thy Skin, my very Touch:
As if I felt it dactile through my Blood.
I ne'er was reconciled to theſe Robes,
This Garb of *England*, till I ſaw thee in them.
Thou mak'ſt, they ſeem not boiſterous, nor rude,
Like my rough haughty Lords *de Engleterre*,
With whom I have ſo many Years been troubled.
Mor. But now redeem'd, and ſet at liberty,
Queen of your ſelf, and them.

He dy'd, and left it unfiniſhed.

CHRISTMAS His MASQUE.

As it was Preſented at Court, 1616.

Enter *Chriſtmas* with Two or Three of the Guard.

He is attir'd in round Hoſe, long Stockings, a cloſe Doublet, a high Crown'd Hat, with a Broach, a long thin Beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffs, white Shooes, his Scarffs, and Garters tied croſs, and his Drum beaten before him.

WHY, Gentlemen, do you know what you do? ha! would you ha' kept me out? *Chriſtmas*, Old *Chriſtmas*? *Chriſtmas* of *London*, and Captain *Chriſtmas*? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlain, I'll not be anſwer'd elſe: 'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all: I ha' ſeen the time you ha' wiſh'd for me, for a merry *Chriſtmas*, and now you ha' me; they would not let me in: I muſt come another time! a good Jeſt, as if I could come more than once a year; why, I am no dangerous Perſon, and ſo I told my Friends, o' the Guard. I am Old *Gregory Chriſtmas* ſtill, and though I come out of *Popes-Head-Alley*, as good a Proteſtant as any i' my Pariſh, The troth is, I ha' brought a Maſque here, out o' the City, o' my own making, and do preſent it by a Set of my Sons, that come out of the Lanes of *London*, good dancing Boys all: It was intended, I confeſs, for *Curriers Hall*; but becauſe the Weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leiſure to ſee it till a Froſt come, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with ſome little alterations, and the Groom of the *Revels* Hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done; and though I ſay it, another manner of Device than your New-Years Night. Bones o' bread, the King! Son *Rowland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice: quick, Boys.

Enter his Sons and Daughters, being Ten in Number, led in, in a String, by Cupid, *who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentices Coat, with Wings at his Shoulders.*

The Names of his Children, with their Attires.

Miſ-rule,

In a Velvet Cap, with a Sprig, a ſhort Cloak, great Yellow Ruff, like a Reveller, his Torch-bearer bearing a Rope, a Cheeſe and a Basket.

Caroll,

A long tawny Coat, with a Red Cap, and a Flute at his Girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song-book open.

Minc'd-Pie,

Like a fine Cook's Wife, dreſt neat; her Man carrying a Pie, Diſh, and Spoons.

Gamboll,

Like a Tumbler, with a Hoop and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Cole-ſtaff, and a blinding Cloth.

Poſt and Pair,

With a Pair-Royal of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Pairs and Purs; his Squire carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.

New-Years-Gift,

In a blue Coat, Serving-man like, with an Orange, and a Sprig of Roſemary gilt on his Head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a Collar of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-Pain, with a Bottle of Wine on either Arm.

Mumming,

In a Maſquing Pied Suit, with a Viſor, his Torch-bearer carrying the Box, *and ringing it.*

Waſſall,

Like a neat Sempſter, and Songſter; her Page bearing a brown Bowl, dreſt with Ribbands, and Roſemary before her.

Offering,

In a ſhort Gown, with a Porter's Staff in his Hand, a Wyth born before him, and a Baſon by his Torch-bearer.

Babie-Cocke,

Dreſt like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Uſher bearing a great Cake, with a Bean, and a Peaſe.

They enter ſinging.

NOw God preſerve, as you well do deſerve,
Your Majeſties all, two there;
Your Highneſs ſmall, with my good Lords all,
And Ladies, how do you do there?
Gi' me leave to ask, for I bring you a Maſque
from little, little, little, little London;
Which ſay the King likes, I ha' paſſed the Pikes,
if not, old Chriſtmas *is undone.*

Chr. A' peace, what's the matter there?

Gamb. Here's one, o' *Friday-ſtreet* would come in.

Chr. By no means, nor out of neither of the *Fiſh-ſtreets*, admit not a Man; they are not *Chriſtmas* Creatures: Fiſh, and faſting days, foh! Sons, ſaid I well! look to't.

Gamb. No body out o' *Friday-ſtreet*, nor the two *Fiſh-ſtreets* there; do you hear?

Carol. Shall *John Butter* o' *Milk-ſtreet* come in? ask him.

Gamb.

Gamb. Yes, he may ſlip in for a Torch-bearer, ſo he melt not too faſt, that he will laſt till the Maſque be done.

Cbr. Right, Son.

Sing agen.

OUr Dances freight, is a matter of Eight,
and Two, the which are Wenches:
In all they be Ten, Four Cocks to a Hen,
and will ſwim to the Tune like Tenches.
Each hath his Knight for to carry his Light,
which ſome would ſay are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home again to their own Perches.
Now their intent——

Enter Venus, *a deaf Tyre woman.*

Ven. Now, all the Lords bleſs me, where am I tro? where is *Cupid?* ſerve the King? they may ſerve the Cobler well enough, ſome of 'em, for any Courteſie they have y' wiſſe; they ha' need o' mending: unrude People they are, your Courtiers, here was thruſt upon thruſt indeed! was it ever ſo hard to get in before, tro?

Cbr. How now? what's the matter?

Ven. A Place, forſooth, I do want a Place; I would have a good Place, to ſee my Child act in before the King and Queens Majeſties (God bleſs 'em) to Night.

Cbr. Why, here is Place for you.

Ven. Right, forſooth, I am *Cupid*'s Mother, *Cupid*'s own Mother, forſooth; yes, forſooth: I dwell in *Pudding-lane:* I, forſooth, he is Prentice in *Love-lane*, with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bird-bolts for Ladies.

Cbr. Good Lady *Venus*, of *Pudding-lane*, you muſt go out for all this.

Ven. Yes, forſooth, I can ſit any where, ſo I may ſee *Cupid* act: He is a pretty Child, though I ſay it that perhaps ſhould not, you will ſay: I had him by my firſt Husband; he was a Smith, forſooth, we dwelt in *De-little-lane* then: He came a Month before his time, and that may make him ſomewhat imperfect: But I was a *Fiſhmonger*'s Daughter.

Cbr. No matter for your Pedigree, your Houſe; good *Venus*, will you depart?

Ven. I forſooth, he'il ſay his Part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a Play-boy of 'em all: I could ha' had Money enough for him, an' I would ha'been tempted, and ha'let him out by the Week, to the King's Players: Maſter *Burbadge* has been about and about with me; and ſo has old Mr. *Hemings* too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would fain ſee him, pray God they have given him ſome Drink ſince he came.

Chriſt. Are you ready, Boys? Strike up, nothing will drown this Noiſe but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done.

Sing—*Now their Intent, is above to preſent*—

Carol. Why? here be half of the Properties forgotten, Father.

Offering. Poſt and Pair wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs.

Carol. Ha' you ne'er a Son at the Groom-Porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of Cards quickly?

Gamb. It ſhall not need, here's your Son *Cbrater* without, has Cards in his Pocket.

Offering. Odds ſo; ſpeak to the Guard to let him in, under the Name of a Property.

Gamb. And here's *New-years-gift* h'as an Orange, and Roſemary, but not a Clove to ſtick in't.

New year. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

Cbr. Fie, fie, fie; it's naught, it's naught, boys.

Ven. Why, I have Cloves, if it be Cloves you want, I have Cloves in my Purſe, I never go without one in my Mouth.

Carol. And *Mumming* has not his Vizard neither.

Cbr. No matter, his own Face ſhall ſerve for a puniſhment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Waſſel* her Bowl, and *Mince-Pie* her Spoons?

Offer. I, I; but *Miſ-rule* doth not like his Suit: he ſays, the Players have lent him one too little, on purpoſe to diſgrace him.

Cbr. Let him hold his peace, and his diſgrace will be the leſs: What? ſhall we proclaim where we were furniſht? *Mum! Mum!* a peace, be ready, good Boys.

Sings agen.

NOw their intent, is above to preſent
with all the Appurtenances,
A right Chriſtmas, *as of old it was,*
to be gathered out of the Dances.

Which they do bring, and afore the King,
the Queen, and Prince, as it were now
Drawn here by Love; who, over and above,
doth draw himſelf i' the geer too.

Here the Drum, and Fife ſounds, and they march about once: at the ſecond coming up he proceeds in his Song.

Hum drum, ſauce for a Coney;
no more of your Martial Muſick:
Even for the ſake, o' the next new Stake,
For there I do mean to uſe it.

And now to ye, who in place are to ſee,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his Bow
by the Wings, that this is Cupid.

He might go back, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not ſo witty:
His Cap and Coat, are enough to note,
that he is the Love o' the City.

And he leads on, though he now be gone,
for that was only his Rule:
But now comes in, Tom *of* Boſoms-Inn,
and he preſenteth Miſrule.

Which you may know, by the very ſhow,
albeit you never ask it:
For there you may ſee what his Enſigns be,
the Rope, the Cheeſe, and the Basket.

This Carol *plays, and has been in his days*
a chirping Boy, and a kill Pot:
Kit *Cobler it is, I'm a Father of his,*
and he dwells in the Lane call'd Fil pot.

But who is this? O' my Daughter Sis
Mince-Pie, *with her do not dally*
On pain o' your life: She's an honeſt Cook's Wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol *in place,*
and to make my Tale the ſhorter:
My Son Hercules, *tane, out of* Diſtaff-lane,
but an active Man, and a Porter.

Now Poſt *and* Pair, *old* Chriſtmas's *Heir*
doth make, and a gingling Sally:
And wot you who, 'tis one of my Two
Sons, Card-Makers in Pur-Alley.

Next in a trice, with his Box and his Dice,
Mac-pippin, *my Son, but younger,*
Brings Mumming *in; and the Knave will win,*
for a' is a Coſtermonger.

But New-years-gift, *of himſelf makes ſhift*
to tell you what his Name is;
With Orange *on Head, and his Ginger bread,*
Clem Waſpe *of* Honey-lane *'tis.*

This, I you tell, is our jolly Waſſel,
and for Twelfth night more meet too':
She works by the Ell, and her Name is Nell,
and ſhe dwells in Thread-needle-ſtreet *too.*

Then Offering, *he, with his Diſh, and his Tree,*
that in every great Houſe keepeth,
Is by my Son, young Little-worth, *done,*
and in Penny-rich-ſtreet *he ſleepeth.*

Laſt, Baby-cake, *that an end doth make*
of Chriſtmas *merry, merry vain a*
Is Child Rowlan, *and a ſtraight Young Man,*
though he come out of Crooked-lane' *a.*

There ſhould have been, and a dozen I wene,
but I could find but one more
Child of Chriſtmas, *and a* Log *it was,*
when I them all had gone o'er.

I pray'd him, in a time ſo trim,
that he would make one to prounce it:
And I my ſelf, would have been the Twelfth,
o' but Log *was too heavy to dance it.*

Now, *Cupid,* come you on.

Cupid. *You Worthy Wights, King, Lords, and Knights,*
or Queen, and Ladies bright:
Cupid *invites, you to the ſights*
he ſhall preſent to Night.

Ven. 'Tis a good Child, ſpeak out; hold up your Head, Love.

Cupid. And which *Cupid*—and which *Cupid*, &c.

Ven. Do not ſhake ſo, *Robin*, if thou beeſt a' cold, I ha' ſome warm Waters for thee here.

Chr. Come, you put *Robin Cupid* out with your Waters, and your fiſſling; will you be gone?

Ven. I, forſooth; he's a Child, you muſt conceive, and muſt be us'd tenderly; he was never in ſuch an Aſſembly before, forſooth, but once at the *Warmoll Queſt*, forſooth, where he ſaid Grace as prettily as any of the Sheriff's Hinch-boys, forſooth.

Chr. Will you peace, forſooth?

Cupid. And which *Cupid*, and which *Cupid*, &c.

Ven. I that's a good boy, ſpeak plain, *Robin*: how does his Majeſty like him, I pray? will he give Eight Pence a day, think you? Speak out, *Robin.*

Chr. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your Dance: This it is to have Speeches.

Ven. You wrong the Child, you do wrong the Infant; I 'peal to his Majeſty.

Here they Dance.

Chr. Well done, Boys, my fine Boys, my bully Boys.

Sings agen.

The EPILOGUE.

NOr *do you think that their Legs is all*
the Commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery Garden they ſhall
as well (forſooth) uſe their Guns.

And march as fine, as the Muſes Nine,
along the Streets of London:
And i' their brave Tires, to gi' their falſe fires,
eſpecially Tom *my Son.*

Now if the Lanes and the Allies afford,
ſuch an Ac-ativity as this:
At Chriſtmas *next, if they keep their Word,*
Can the Children of Cheapſide *miſs?*

Though, put the Caſe, when they come in place,
they ſhould not dance, but hop:
Their very Gold Lace, with their Silk would'em grace,
having ſo many Knights o' the Shop!

But were I ſo wiſe, I might ſeem to adviſe
ſo great a Potentate as your ſelf:
They ſhould, Sir, I tell ye, ſpare't out o' their belly,
and this way ſpend ſome of their Pelf.

I, and come to the Court, for to make you ſome ſport,
at the leaſt once every Tear:
As Chriſtmas *hath done, with his Seventh or Eighth Son,*
and his Couple of Daughters dear.

THE END.

A

MASQUE,

Preſented in the Houſe of the Right Honourable the

LORD HAY.

By divers of Noble QUALITY, his Friends.

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT of Monſieur *Le BARON de TOUR*, Extraordinary Ambaſſador for the *French* KING.

On Saturday the 22. of *February*, 1617.

Quid titulum poſcis? Verſus duo tréſve legantur. Mart.

The FRONT before the SCENE, was an ARCH-TRIUMPHAL.

On the top of which, Humanity, *placed in Figure, ſate with her Lap full of Flowers, ſcattering them with her Right-hand; and holding a golden Chain in her Left-hand: to ſhew both the Freedom, and the Bond of Courteſie, with this Inſcription:*

Super Omnia Vultus.

On the two ſides of the Arch,

Chearfulneſs, and *Readineſs*, her Servants.

Chearfulneſs, *in a looſe flowing Garment, filling out Wine from an Antique piece of Plate; with this word,*

Adſit lætitiæ dator.

Readineſs, *a winged Maid, with two flaming bright Lights in her Hands; and her word.*

Amor addidit alas.

The

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a Boat, and in it Charon *putting off from the shore, having landed certain imagined Ghosts, whom* Mercury *there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the River* Lethe, *who appears lying in the Person of an old Man. The* Fates *sitting by him on his Bank; a Grove of Myrtles behind them, presented in Perspective, and growing thicker to the outer-side of the Scene.* Mercury, *perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden Rod. And the whole Masque was sung (after the* Italian *manner)* Stylo recitativo, *by Master* Nicholas Lanier; *who ordered and made both the Scene and the Musick.*

Mercury.

NAy, faint not now, so near the Fields of rest.
Here no more Furies, no more Torments dwell,
Then each hath felt already in his Breast;
Who hath been once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden Rod,
That points you next to aged *Lethe*'s shore,
Who pours his Waters from his Urn abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

Lethe.

Stay, who, or what phantastick shades are these
That *Hermes* leads?

Mercury.

They are the gentle forms
Of *Lovers*, tost upon those frantick Seas,
Whence *Venus* sprung.

Lethe.

And have rid out her storms?

Mercury.

No.

Lethe.

Did they perish?

Mercury.

Yes.

Lethe.

How?

Mercury.

Drown'd by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th' unfaithful Waters he desir'd them prove.

Lethe.

And turn'd a tempest, when he had them there?

Mercury.

He did, and on the Billow would he roul,
A And laugh to see one *throw his Heart away*;
Another sighing, *vapour forth his Soul*;
A third, to *melt himself in Tears, and say*,

O *Love, I now to salter Water turn*
Than that I die in; then a fourth, to cry
Amid the surges, *oh! I burn, I burn*;
A fifth, laugh out, *it is my Ghost, not I.*

And thus in pairs I found 'em. Only one
There is, that walks, and stops, and shakes his Head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

Fates.

No more are all the rest.

Mercury.

No?

1. *Fate.*

No.

Mercury.

But, why
Proceeds this doubtful Voice from destiny?

Fates.

It is too sure.

Mercury.

Sure?

2. *Fate.*

I. Thinks *Mercury*,
That any things, or names on Earth do die,
That are obscur'd from knowledge of the *Fates.*
Who keep all Rolls?

3. *Fate.*

And know all Natures dates?

Mercury.

They say themselves, *th' are dead.*

1. *Fate.*

It not appears,
Or, by our Rock,

2. *Fate.*

Our Spindle,

3. *Fate.*

Or our Shears.

Fates.

Here all their Threads are growing, yet none cut.

Mercury.

I'gin to doubt, that *Love* with Charms hath put
This phant'sie in 'em; and they only think
That they are Ghosts.

Fate.

If so, then let 'em drink
Of *Lethes* stream.

Fate.

'Twill make 'em to forget
Loves name.

Fate.

And so, they may recover yet!

Mercury.

Do, bow unto the reverend Lake:
And having touch'd there; up, and shake
The Shadows off, which yet do make
Us you, and you your selves mistake.

Here

Here they all ſtoop to the Water, and dance forth their Antimaſque in ſeveral geſtures, as they liv'd in love: And retiring into the Grove, before the laſt Perſon be off the Stage; the firſt couple appear in their poſture between the Trees, ready to come forth, changed.

Mercury.

See! ſee! they are themſelves agen!

1. *Fate.*

Yes, now the' are ſubſtances, and Men.

2. *Fate.*

Love, at the name of *Lethe* flies.

Lethe.

For, in Oblivion drown'd, he dies.

3. *Fate.*

He muſt not hope, though other States
He oft ſubdue, he can the *Fates*.

Fates.

'Twere inſolence, to think his powers
Can work on us, or equal ours.

CHORUS.

RETurn, Return,
Like Lights to burn
On Earth,
For others good:
Your ſecond birth
Will fame old *Lethe*'s Flood,
And warn a World,
That now are horld
About in tempeſt, how they prove
Shadows for *Love*.
Leap forth: your Light it is the nobler made,
By being ſtruck out of a Shade.

Here they dance forth their entry, or firſt dance: after which Cupid— *appearing, meets them.*

WHy, now you take me! theſe are rites
That grace *Loves* days, and crown his nights!
Theſe are the motions, I would ſee,
And praiſe, in them that follow me!
Not Sighs, nor Tears, nor wounded Hearts,
Nor Flames, nor Ghoſts: but airy parts
Tri'd, and refin'd as yours have bin,
And ſuch they are, I glory in!

Mercury.

Look, look unto this ſnaky Rod,
And ſtop your Ears, againſt the charming God;
His every word, falls from him, is a ſnare:
Who have ſo lately known him, ſhould beware.

Here they dance their main Dance, which ended,

Cupid.

Come, do not call it *Cupid*'s crime,
You were thought dead before your time,
If thus you move to *Hermes* will
Alone; you will be thought ſo ſtill.
Go, take the Ladies forth, and talk,
And touch, and taſte too: Ghoſts can walk.
'Twixt Eyes, Tongues, Hands, the mutual ſtrife
Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
They do, indeed, like dead Men move,
That think they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladies, and the Revels follow: after which, Mercury.

Nay, you ſhould never have left off:
But ſtay'd, and heard your *Cupid* ſcoff,
To find you in the Line you were.

Cupid.

Your too much wit, breeds too much fear.

Mercury.

Good Fly, good night.

Cupid.

But will you go?
Can you leave *Love*, and he intreat you ſo?
Here, take my Quiver, and my Bow,
My Torches too; that you, by all, may know
I mean no danger to your ſtay:
This night, I will create my Holiday,
And be yours naked, and entire.

Mercury.

As if that *Love*, diſarm'd, were leſs a fire?
Away, away.

They dance their going out: which done,

Mercury.

Yet leſt that *Venus* wanton Son,
Should with the World, be quite undone,
For your fair ſakes (you brighter Stars,
Who have beheld theſe civil Wars.)
Fate is content, theſe Lovers here
Remain ſtill ſuch: ſo *Love* will ſwear
Never to force them act to do,
But what he will call *Hermes* to.

Cupid.

I ſwear: and with like cauſe thank *Mercury*,
As theſe have, to thank him, and deſtiny.

CHORUS.

All then take cauſe of joy: for who hath not?
Old *Lethe*, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit:
They, that they ſtill ſhall love, and love with wit.

THE END.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT:

Preſented at

COURT in *CHRISTMAS*, 1617.

The SCENE.

A Street in perſpective of fair Building diſcovered.

Delight is ſeen to come as afar off, accompanied with *Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, Laughter.*

Wonder following.

Delight ſpake in Song (*ſtilo recitativo.*)

LEt us play, and dance, and ſing,
Let us now turn every ſort;
O' the pleaſures of the Spring,
To the Graces of a Court.

From Air, from Cloud, from Dreams, from Toys,
To Sounds, to Sence, to Love, to Joys;
Let your ſhews be new, as ſtrange,
Let them oft and ſweetly vary;
Let them haſte ſo to their change,
As the Seers may not tarry;
Too long t' expect the pleaſing ſight
Doth take away from the delight.

Here the firſt Anti-maſque *enter'd.*

A ſhe Monſter delivered of ſix Burratines, *that dance with ſix* Pantaloons: *which done,*

Delight ſpoke again.

Yet hear what your delight doth pray
All ſowre and ſullen looks away,
That are the ſervants of the day,
Our Sports are of the humorous night,
Who feeds the Stars that give her light,
And uſeth (then her wont) more bright,
To help the Viſion of *Delight.*

Here the Night riſes, and took her Chariot beſpangled with Stars.

Delight proceeds.

See, ſee her Scepter, and her Crown
Are all of flame, and from her Gown
A train of light comes waving down.
This night in Dew ſhe will not ſteep
The Brain, nor lock the Sence in ſleep;
But all awake, with *Phantomes* keep,
And thoſe to make *Delight* more deep.

By this time the Night, *and* Moon *being riſen*; Night *hovering over the place, Sung.*

Break *Phant'ſie* from thy cave of Cloud,
And ſpread thy purple Wings;
Now all thy Figures are allow'd,
And various ſhapes of things;
Create of airy forms, a ſtream;
It muſt have Blood, and naught of Fleam,
And though it be a waking Dream
The Choire { Yet let it like an Odour riſe
To all the Sences here,
And fall like ſleep upon their Eyes,
Or muſick in their Ear.

The Scene *here changed to Cloud, and* Phant'ſie *breaking forth, ſpake.*

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,
But it is no one Dream that can pleaſe theſe all;
Wherefore I would know what Dreams would delight 'em:
For never was Phant'ſie more loth to affright 'em.
And Phant'ſie I tell you has Dreams that have Wings,
And Dreams that have Honey, and Dreams that have Stings;
Dreams of the maker, and Dreams of the teller,
Dreams of the Kitchin, and Dreams of the Cellar:
Some that are tall, and ſome that are Dwarfs,
Some that were Halter'd, and ſome that wear Scarfs;

Some

Some that are proper, and ſignifie o' thing,
And ſome another, and ſome that are nothing:
For ſay the *French* Verdingale, and the *French* Hood
Were here to diſpute; muſt it be underſtood
A Feather for a Wiſp were a fit Moderator?
Your Oſtritch believe it's no faithful Tranſlator.
Of perfect *Utopian*; And then it were an odd Piece
To ſee the Concluſion peep forth at a Cod-piece.
The politick Pudding hath ſtill his two ends,
Tho' the Bellows and the Bag-pipe were ne'er ſo good Friends:
And who can report what Offence it would be
For the Squirrel to ſee a Dog clime a Tree?
If a Dream ſhould come in now to make you a feard,
With a Windmil on his Head, and Bells at his Beard;
Would you ſtreight wear your Spectacles, here, at your Toes,
And your Boots o' your Brows, and your Spurs o' your Noſe?
Your Whale he will ſwallow, a Hogſhead for a Pill;
But the maker o' the Mouſe-trap, is he that hath skill.
And the Nature of the Onion, is to draw Tears,
As well as the Muſtard: peace, Pitchers have Ears,
And Shittle-cocks Wings, theſe things do not mind 'em,
If the Bell have any Sides, the Clapper will find 'em:
There's twice ſo much Muſick in beating the Tabor,
As i' the Stock-fiſh, and ſomewhat leſs labour.
Yet all this while, no proportion is boaſted
'Twixt an Egg and an Ox, though both have been roſted,
For grant the moſt Barbers can play o' the Cittern,
Is it requiſite a Lawyer ſhould plead to a Ghittern?
You will ſay now, the Morris Bells were but Bribes
To make the Heel forget that e'er it had Kibes;
I ſay let the Wine make ne'er ſo good Jelly,
The Conſcience of the Bottle, is much i' the Belly:
For why? do but take Common Council i' your way,
And tell me who'll then ſet a Bottle of Hay
Before the old Uſurer, and to his Horſe
A ſlice of Salt-butter, perverting the Courſe
Of civil Society? open that Gap,
And out skip your Fleas, Four and twenty at a clap,
With a Chain and a Trundle-bed following at th' Heels,
And will they not cry then, the World runs a Wheels:
As for Example, a Belly, and no Face,
With the Bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;
The haunches of a Drum, with the Feet of a Pot,
And the Tail of a *Kentiſhman* to it: why not?
Yet would I take the Stars to be cruel,
If the Crab, and the Rope-maker ever fight Duel,
On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong,
But mum; a Thread may be drawn out too long.

Here the ſecond Anti-maſque *of* Phantaſms *came forth, which danced.*

Phant'ſie *proceeded.*

Why? this you will ſay was phantaſtical now,
As the Cock, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;
But vaniſh away, I have change to preſent you,
And ſuch as I hope will more truly content you:
Behold the Gold-hair'd *Hour* deſcending here,
That keeps the Gate of Heaven, and turns the year,
Already with her ſight, how ſhe doth chear,
And makes another Face of things appear.

Here one of the Hours *deſcending, the whole Scene changed to the Bower of* Zephyrus, *whilſt* Peace *ſung as followeth.*

Why look you ſo, and all turn dumb!
to ſee the opener of the New-year come?
My Preſence rather ſhould invite,
and aid, and urge, and call to your delight,
The many Pleaſures that I bring
are all of Youth, of Heat, of Life, and Spring,
And were prepar'd to warm your Blood,
not fix it thus as if your Statues ſtood.

The Quire { we ſee, we hear, we feel, we taſte,
we ſmell the change in every Flower,
we only wiſh that all could laſt,
and be as new ſtill as the Hour.

The Song ended.

Wonder *ſpake.*

Wonder muſt ſpeak, or break; what is this? grows
The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it ſhows
As if *Favonius*, Father of the Spring,
Who, in the verdant Meads doth Reign ſole King,
Had rows'd him here, and ſhook his Feathers, wet
With Purple ſwelling Nectar? and had let
The ſweet and fruitful Dew fall on the Ground
To force out all the Flowers that might be found?
Or a *Minerva* with her Needle had
Th' enamour'd Earth with all her Riches clad,
And made the downy *Zephyre* as he flew
Still to be follow'd with the Springs beſt hue?
The gaudy Peacock boaſts not in his Train,
So many Lights and Shadows, nor the Rain,
Reſolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor Purple Pheaſant while his Aunt doth ſport her
To hear him crow; and with a pearched Pride
Wave his dif-colour'd Neck, and Purple Side?
I have not ſeen the Place could more ſurprize,
It looks (me thinks) like one of Natures Eyes,
Or her whole Body ſet in Art? behold!
How the Blue-bind Weed doth it ſelf infold
With Honey-ſuckle, and both theſe intwine
Themſelves with Bryony, and Jeſſamine,
To caſt a kind and odoriferous Shade?

Phant'ſie.

How better then they are, are all things made
By *Wonder*? But a while refreſh thine Eye,
I'll put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

Here (to a loud Muſick) the Bower opens, and the Maskers diſcovered, as the Glories of the Spring.

Wonder *again ſpake.*

Thou wilt indeed? what better change appears?
Whence is it that the Air ſo ſudden clears,
And all things in a moment turn ſo mild,
Whoſe Breath or Beams, have got proud Earth with Child,
Of all the Treaſure that great Natures worth,
And makes her every Minute to bring forth!
How comes it Winter is ſo quite forc't hence,
And lockt up under Ground? that every Sence
Hath ſeveral Objects? Trees have got their Heads,
The Fields their Coats? that now the ſhining Meads
Do boaſt the *Paunce*, the *Lily*, and the *Roſe*:
And every Flower doth laugh as *Zephyre* blows?
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers run as ſmoothed by his Hand;
Only their Heads are criſped by his ſtroke:
How plays the Yearling with his Brow ſcarce broke
Now in the open Graſs? and friſking Lambs
Make wanton Salts about their dry-ſuckt Dams;
Who to repair their Bags do rob the Fields?
How is't each Bough a ſeveral Muſick yields?
The luſty *Throſtle*, early *Nightingale*
Accord in Tune, though vary in their Tale?
The chirping *Swallow* call'd forth by the Sun,
And creſted *Lark* doth his diviſion run?
The yellow *Bees*, the Air with murmur fill?
The *Finches* Carol, and the *Turtles* Bill?
Whoſe Power is this? what God?

Phant'ſie.

Behold a King
Whoſe Preſence maketh this perpetual *Spring*,
The Glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the Marks and Beauties of his power.

To which the Quire anſwered.

'Tis he, 'tis he, and no Power els,
That makes all this what *Phant'ſie* tells;
The Founts, the Flowers, the Birds, the Bees,
The Herds, the Flocks, the Graſs, the Trees,
Do all confeſs him; but moſt *Theſe*
Who call him Lord of the four Seas,
King of the leſs and greater Iſles,
And all thoſe happy when he ſmiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your (this nights) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they ſung again.

Again, again; you cannot be
Of ſuch a true delight too free,
Which who once ſaw would ever ſee;
And if they could the Object prize,
Would while it lafts not think to riſe,
But wiſh their Bodies all were Eyes.

They Danc'd their main Dance, after which they ſung.

In curious knots and mazes ſo
The Spring at firſt was taught to go;
And *Zephire*, when he came to wooe
His *Flora*, had their Motions too,
And thence did *Venus* learn to lead
Th' *Idalian* Brawls, and ſo tread
As if the Wind, not ſhe did walk;
Nor preſt a Flower, nor bow'd a Stalk.

They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revels followed; after which Aurora *appeared* (*the* Night *and* Moon) *deſcended, and this* Epilogue *followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen *Tython*'s ſide to night;
Than I am willing now to ſtay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Againſt my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yield to Time, and ſo muſt all.
As Night to Sport, Day doth to Action call,
Which they the rather do obey,
Becauſe the Morn, with Roſes ſtrews the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

PLEASURE

PLEASURE

Reconciled to

VERTUE.

A MASQUE.

As it was Preſented at Court before King *James*, 1619.

The SCENE was the Mountain *ATLAS.*

WHo had his top ending in the Figure of an old Man, his Head and Beard all Hoary, and Froſt, as if his Shoulders were covered with Snow; the reſt Wood and Rock. *A* Grove *of* Ivie *at his Feet; out of which, to a wild* Muſick *of* Cymbals, Flutes, *and* Tabers *is brought forth.* COMUS *the* God *of* Cheer, *or the* Belly, *riding in Triumph, his Head Crown'd with* Roſes, *and other Flowers, his Hair curled: They that wait upon him, Crown'd with* Ivie, *their Javelins done about with it; one of them going with* Hercules *his* Bowl *bare before him, while the reſt preſented him with this* Hymn.

ROom, room, make room for the bouncing Belly,
Firſt Father of Sauce, and Deviſer of Jelly;
Prime Maſter of Arts, and the giver of Wit,
That found out the excellent Engine, the Spit;
The Plough, and the Flail, the Mill, and the Hopper,
The Hutch, and the Boulter, the Furnace and Copper,
The Oven, the Baven, the Mawkin, the Peel,
The Harth, and the Range, the Dog and the Wheel,
He, he firſt invented the Hogſhead and Tun,
The Gimlet and Vice too, and taught 'em to run,
And ſince with the Funnel, and *Hippocras* Bag,
H'as made of himſelf, that now he cries ſwag;
Which ſhows though the Pleaſure be but of four Inches,
Yet he is a Weeſel, the Gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not ſpares from his Back,
Whatever to make of the Belly a Sack!
Hail, hail plump Paunch, O the Founder of Taſte,
For Freſh-meats, or Powder'd, or Pickle, or Paſte,
Devourer of broil'd, bak'd, roaſted, or ſod;
And emptier of Cups, be they even or odd;
All which have now made thee ſo wide i' the waſte,
As ſcarce with no pudding thou art to be lac'd,
But eating and drinking until thou doſt nod,
Thou break'ſt all thy Girdles, and breakſt forth a God.

To this the Bowl-bearer.

DO you hear my Friends? to whom did you ſing all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you, for I do not look for an Anſwer; I'll anſwer my ſelf, I know it is now ſuch a time as the *Saturnals* for all the World, that every Man ſtands under the Eves of his own Hat, and ſings what pleaſe him; that's the Right and the Liberty of it. Now you ſing of God *Comus* here the Belly-god; I ſay it is well, and I ſay it is not well: It is well as it is a Ballad, and the Belly worthy of it; I muſt needs ſay, and 'twere forty Yards of Ballad more, as much Ballad as Tripe. But when the Belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear, that the Belly had any Ears? Come never pump for an anſwer, for you are defeated; Our Fellow *Hunger* there that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turned away for being unſeaſonable, not unreaſonable, but unſeaſonable; and now is he poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of *Starlings*, *Mag-pies*, *Parrots*, and *Jac-daws*, thoſe things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talk'd to, eſpecially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon *Venter*, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed-la: Some in deriſion call him the Father of Farts; but I ſay he was the firſt Inventor of great Ordnance, and taught us to diſcharge them on Feſtival days, would we had a fit Feaſt for him i' faith, to ſhew his activity; I would have ſomething now fetcht in to pleaſe his Five Sences, the Throat, or the two Sances the Eyes: Pardon me for my Two Sences, for I that carry *Hercules*'s Bowl i' the Service, may ſee double by my Place; for I have drunk like a Frog to day: I would have a Tun now brought into dance, and ſo many Bottles about him. Ha! you look as if you would make a Problem of this; do you ſee? do you ſee? a Problem: why Bottles? and why a Tun? and why a Tun? and why Bottles to dance? I ſay that Men that drink hard, and ſerve the Belly in any place of Quality (as the *jovial*

Tinkers, or the *lusty kindred*) are living Measures of Drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day to Bottles, or Tuns when they please: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I say again, (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving Measures of Drink, and there is a Piece i' the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it please our new God but to give a nod, for the Belly do's all by Signs; and I am all for the Belly, the truest Clock i' the World to go by.

Here the first Anti-mask, *after which*
HERCULES.

WHat Rites are these? breeds Earth more Monsters yet?
Antæus scarce is cold: what can beget
This Store: (and stay) such contraries upon her,
Is Earth so fruitful of her own dishonour?
Or 'cause his Vice was Inhumanity,
Hopes she by vicious Hospitality
To work an expiation first? and then
(Help Vertue) these are Sponges, and not Men:
Bottles? meer Vessels? half a Tun of Paunch?
How? and the other half thrust forth in Haunch?
Whose Feast? the Bellies? *Comus*? and my Cup
Brought in to fill the drunken Orges up?
And here abus'd; that was the crownd Reward,
Of thirsty *Heroes*, after labour hard?
Burdens, and shames of Nature, perish, dye;
(For yet you never liv'd) but in the Sty
Of Vice have wallow'd, and in that Swines strife
Been buried under the Offence of Life:
Go reel and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen Bowels burst with what you take.
Can this be Pleasure, to extinguish Man?
Or so quite change him in his Figure? can
The Belly love his pain? and be content
With no delight but what's a Punishment?
These Monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
For they do suffer; what, and all the do,
But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd
For such: Sink *Grove*, or vanish into Cloud.

At this the whole Grove *vanished, and the whole* Musick *was discovered, sitting at the Foot of the* Mountain, *with* Pleasure, *and* Vertue *seated above them. The* Quire *invited* Hercules *to rest with this* SONG.

GReat Friend and servant of the Good,
Let cool a while thy heated Blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease.
Lye down, lye down,
And give thy troubled Spirits Peace,
Whilst Vertue, for whose sake
Thou dost this God-like travail take,
May of the choisest Herbage make
(Here on this Mountain bred,)
A Crown, a Crown
For thy Immortal Head.

Here Hercules *being laid down at their Feet, the second* Anti-mask *which was of* Pigmies, *appeared.*

1. PIGMIE.

ANtæus dead! and *Hercules* yet live!
Where is this *Hercules*? what would I give
To meet him now? meet him? nay, three such other,
If they had hand in murther of our Brother?
With three? with four? with ten? nay with as many
As the name yields? pray anger there be any
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soon:
How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the Moon,
And break him in small Portions? give to *Greece*
His Brain? and every Tract of Earth a Piece.

2 *Pig.* He is yonder.
1 Where?
3 At the Hill foot, asleep.
1 Let one go steal his Club.
2 My charge, I'll creep.
4 He's ours.
1 Yes, Peace.
3 Triumph, we have him Boy.
4 Sure, sure, he is sure.
1 Come, let us dance for joy.

At the end of their Dance, they thought to surprise him, when suddenly being awak'd by the Musick, he rowsed himself, they all run into holes.

SONG.

Wake *Hercules*, awake; but heave up thy black Eye,
'Tis only ask'd from thee to look, and these will die,
Or fly:
Already they are fled,
Whom scorn had else left dead.

At which Mercury *descended from the Hill, with a Garland of* Poplar *to Crown him.*

MERCURY.

REst still thou active Friend of Vertue, These
Should not disturb the Peace of *Hercules*.
Earths Worms, and Honours Dwarfs (at too great odds)
Prove, or provoke the Issue of the Gods.
See, here a *Crown* the aged *Hill* hath sent thee,
My Grand-sire *Atlas*, he that did present thee
With the best Sheep that in his Fold were found,
Or Golden Fruit in the *Hesperian* Ground,
For rescuing his fair Daughters, then the Prey
Of a rude Pirate, as thou cam'st this way;
And taught thee all the Learning of the Sphere,
And how like him thou might'st the Heavens up-bear;
As that thy Labours vertuous Recompence
He, though a Mountain now, hath yet the sence
Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
Constant to Goodness, Guardian of the Hill;
Antæus by thee suffocated here,
And the Voluptuous *Comus* God of Chear
Beat from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
B' unalter'd Law, and working of the Stars,
There should be a cessation of all jars,
'Twixt *Vertue* and her noted opposite
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight
Of *Hesperus*, the Glory of the *West*,
The brightest Star that from his burning Crest
Lights all on this side the *Atlantick-Seas*,
As far as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*,
See where he shines, *Justice*, and *Wisdom* plac'd
About his Throne, and those with Honour grac'd
Beauty, and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
Bearing the World, but ruling such another
Is his Renown, *Pleasure*, for his delight
Is reconcil'd to *Vertue*, and this night
Vertue brings forth, Twelve Princes have been bred
In this rough Mountain, and near *Atlas* Head
The Hill of Knowledge; one, and chief of whom
Of the bright Race of *Hesperus* is come,
Who shall in time, the fame that he is be,
And now is only a less Light then he;
These now she trusts with *Pleasure*, and to these
She gives an entrance to the *Hesperides*
Fair Beauties Garden; neither can she fear
They should grow soft, or wax Effeminate here;

Since

Since in her ſight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleaſure the Servant, *Vertue* looking on.

Here the whole *Quire* of *Muſick* call'd the Twelve Maskers forth from the top of the *Mountain*, which then opened with this SONG.

OPe aged Atlas, *open then thy Lap,*
And from thy beamy Boſom ſtrike a Light,
That Men may read in the myſterious Map
All Lines,
And ſigns
Of Royal Education, and the right,
See how they come and ſhow,
That are but born to know.
Deſcend
Deſcend
Though pleaſure lead,
Fear not to follow:
They who are bred
Within the Hill
Of skill,
May ſafely tread
What Path they will,
No ground of good is hollow.

In their deſcent from the Hill, Dædalus *came down before them, of whom* Hercules *queſtioned* Mercury.

HERCULES.

BUt *Hermes* ſtay, a little let me pauſe,
Who' this that leads?
Mer. A Guide that gives them Laws
To all their Motions, *Dædalus* the Wiſe;
Her. And doth in ſacred harmony compriſe
His Precepts? *Mer.* Yes. *Her.* They may ſecurely prove
Then any Labyrinth, though it be of love.

Here while they put themſelves in Form, Dædalus *had his firſt*

SONG.

COme on, come on? and where you go,
ſo interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n th' obſerver ſcarce may know
which Lines are Pleaſures, and which not:
Firſt Figure out the doubtful way,
at which a while all youth ſhould ſtay,
Where ſhe and Vertue did contend,
which ſhould have Hercules *to friend.*
Then as all Actions of Mankind,
are but a labyrinth, or maze:
So let your Dances be entwin'd,
yet not perplex Men unto gaze;
But meaſur'd, and ſo numerous too,
as Men may read each act they do;
And when they ſee the Graces meet,
admire the Wiſdom of your Feet:
For dancing is an exerciſe,
not only ſhows the movers Wit,
But maketh the Beholders wiſe,
as he hath power to riſe to it.

The firſt Dance. After which *Dædalus* again.

Song 2.

OMore, and more, thu was ſo well,
As Praiſe wants half his Voyce to tell,
again your ſelves compoſe,
And now put all the aptneſs on,
Of Figure, that proportion,
or Colour can diſcloſe:
That if thoſe ſilent Arts were loſt,
Deſign, and Picture, they might boaſt,
from you a newer Ground,
Inſtructed by the heightning ſence
Of Dignity and Reverence,
in their true Motions found.
Begin, begin; for look, the fair
Do longing, liſten to what Air
you form your ſecond touch;
That they may vent their murmuring Hymns,
Juſt to the—— you move your Limbs,
and wiſh their own were ſuch.
Make haſt, make haſt, for this
The labyrinth of Beauty is.

The ſecond Dance. That ended. *Dædalus*

Song. 3.

IT follows now you are to prove
The ſubt'leſt maze of all, that's Love,
and if you ſtay too long,
The fair will think you do 'em wrong:
Go chooſe among— But with a mind
as gentle as the ſtroaking Wind
runs o're the gentler Flowers.
And ſo let all your Actions ſmile,
As if they meant not to beguile,
the Ladies but the hours.
Grace, laughter, and diſcourſe may meet,
and yet the Beauty not go leſs:
For what is noble ſhould be ſweet,
But not diſſolv'd in wantonneſs.
Will you that I give the Law
to all your ſport and ſome-it,
It ſhould be ſuch ſhould envy draw,
but—-overcome it.

Here they danced with the Ladies, and the whole Revels followed; which ended, *Mercury* call'd to him in this following Speech: which was after repeated in Song by two *Trebles*, two *Tennors*, a *Baſe*, and the whole *Chorus*.

Song 4.

AN Eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were ſent,
and went
To walk with Pleaſure, not to dwell.
Theſe, theſe are hours by vertue ſpar'd
Her ſelf, ſhe being her own Reward:
But ſhe will have you know,
that though
Her Sports be ſoft, her Life is hard:
You muſt return unto the Hill
and their advance
With labour, and inhabit ſtill
that heighth and Crown,
From whence you ever may look down
upon triumphed chance.
She, ſhe it is in darkneſs ſhines,
'Tis ſhe that ſtill her ſelf refines,
by her own light to every Eye:
More ſeen, more known when Vice ſtands by.
And though a ſtranger here on Earth,
In Heaven ſhe hath her right of birth:
There, there is Vertues Seat,
Strive to keep her your own,
'Tis only ſhe can make you great,
Though place here make you known.

After which, they danced their laſt Dance, returned into the *Scene*, which cloſed, and was a *Mountain* again as before.

The END.

This pleas'd the KING *ſo well, as he would ſee it again, when it was preſented with theſe Additions.*

FOR

FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.

The SCENE *ſtanding as before, a* MOUNTAIN; *but now the Name changed from* ATLAS *to* CRAIG-ERIRI.

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Jenkin, Evan, a Welſh Atturney.

Grif. COſſin, I know what belongs to this Place ſymwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to adviſe you. 'Is not a ſmall matter to offer your ſelf into preſence of a King, and aull his Court? Be not too byſſie and forward, till you be caull'd; I tauke Reaſon to you.

Jen. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of *Gread Prittaine* keep it Aſſizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, do you ſee now, and pleaſe Got.

Gri. Taw, d yn ynbhyd, y, dhwyti-n abl i anabby, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlac.

Jen. Gad vyn l Lonyth. I ſay, I will appear in Court.

Ev. Appear as yow s'ud do then, *Dab Jenkyn*, in good ſort; do not diſcredit the Nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your raſſnes.

Jen. What do yow caull raſſneſs, *Evan y Gymrn?* is not aull the Cyntrie, and aull Welſe, and the Prince of *Wales* too, abus'd in him? By this Hand, I will tell it the King's own Ears every 'oord, do you ſee him now? Bleſs your Urſip, pray God is in Heaven bleſs every Ince of your Urſip; and *Wales* is commend it to your Urſip, from top to toe, with aull his Hearts aull over, by got'utch me, and would be glad as a Silling to ſee yow in him. Come it down once a day, and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there, as where yow were in your own Cyntries laſt two Symmers, and perſhance we'll made yow as good S'eere too; we'll promiſe your Urſip as good a piece of Seeze, as yow need pyt in your Head, and pleas' yow s'all be toaſted too. Go to, ſee him once upon a time your own ſellive, is more good mean yow, than is aware of: By Got' is very hard, but s'all make yow a Sheſtice of Peace the firſt daies yow come; and perſhance (ſay nothing) Knight o' the S'ire too: 'Is not *Worſter's*, nor *Pembroke's*, nor *Mongymeries*, s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a ſiddell now? 'Is a great huge deal of anger upon yow, from aull *Wales* and the Nation; that your Urſip would ſuffer our young Maſter *Sar'es*, your Urſips Son and Heir, and Prince of *Wales*, the firſt time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Mountain (Got knows where) by a palterly *Poet*, how do you ſay him, *Evan?*

Evan. Libia.

Jen. Vellby! Libia. And how do yow caull him the Mountain? his name is

Evan. Adlas.

Jen. Hynno, hynno. Adlas? I pleaſe your Urſip is a Welſe Atturney, and a preddilie Schollers, a wear him his long Coat, lined with Seepes-skin, as yow ſee every daies o' the week. A very ſufficient litigious Fellows in the Terms, and a finely Poets out o' the Terms; he has a Sprig of Lawrel already towards his Girlonds. He was get in here at *Twelf-night* and ſee aull; what do you call it, your Matters, and ſays is naught, naught, ſtark naught.

Evan. I do ſay, and't pleaſe his Madeſtee, I do not like him with aull his heart; h'is plug'd in by the Ears, without aull piddies, or mercies of propriedies or decorums. I will do Injuries to no Man before his Madeſtee; but 'is a very vile and abſurd as a Man would wiſs, that I do ſay, to pyt the Prince of *Wales* in an outlandis Mountain; when he is known, his Highneſs has as goodly Mountains, and as tawll a Hills of his own, (look yow, do yow ſee now) and of as good ſtanding, and as good diſcent, as the prowdeſt *Adlas* chriſtned.

Jen. I good *Evan*, I pray you reckon his Madeſtee ſome of the Welſe Hills, the Mountains.

Evan. Why there is *Talgar.*

Jen. Well ſayd.

Evan. Eliennieth.

Jen. Well ſaid *Evan.*

Evan. Cadier Arthur.

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Evan. Pen-maen-maur.

Jen. Is good Boys, *Evan.*

Evan. And *Craig-eriri.*

Jen. Aw? Vellby? Why law you now? 'Is not *Penmaen-maur*, and *Craig-Eriri*, as good ſound as *Adlas* every whit of him?

Evan. 'Is caull'd the *Britiſh Aulpes, Craig-Eriri*, a very ſufficient Hills.

Jen. By Got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for ſixteen and forty s'illings when he dares.

Evan. I pray you let it alone your Wachers a liddle while, Coſſin *Davy ap Jenkin*, and give it leave I may give his Madeſtee and the Court Informations toudging now the Reformations.

Jen. Why

Jen. Why? cannot yow and I tauke too Coffin? the Haull (God bleſs it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why, tauke it aull then, if you think is Reaſon in you?

Jen. No; I know is no Reaſon, *Evan*, I confeſs him; but every Man would ſhew himſelve a good Subject as he can to his Means; I am a ſubject by my Place, and two Heads is better than one I imagine under correction.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no corrections man; imagine what yow pleaſe, do in Got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe you not imagine? here is no Pennyrths of Corrections.

Grif. *Awdgwin Tawſon.*

Ev. 'Is ſo invincibles, ſo in mercifullys ignorant, a Man knows not upo what Inces of Ground to ſtand to him; doe's conceive it no more, as I am a true Welſe Chriſtian, then (ſirreverence o' the Cympany) the Hilts of his Dagger.

Jen. Go too, I will make the Hilts conceive a knock upon your Pate, and perſhance a bump too if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my Pate?

Jen. Yes upon your Pate; your Poetlie Pate, and your Law Pate too.

Gr. Tawſon, Tawſon. For'got yow will go nere to hazard a Thumb, and a ſowre Finger of your beſt hand; if you knock him here, you may knock him better s'eap at *Ludlow* a great deal: do you know the Place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I truſt, I truſt, it is in a Preſence I preſume that loves no Quarrels, nor Replies, nor the Lyes, nor the Shallenge, nor the Duels: but—I will do my byſſineſs now, and make this a byſſineſs for another days hereafter: Pleas' your Madeſtee— By Got I am out of my Tempers terribly well, Got forgive me, and pyt me in my ſelve again. How dos your Highneſs— I know not a 'oord or a ſyllable what I ſay; 'is do me that Vexations.

Gr. O *Evan*? for the honour of *Wales*.

Ev. I remember him now 'tis enough, bleſſings upon me' is out o' my Head again; loſt, quite loſt: this knock, o' my Pate, has knock aull my Wits out o' my Brains I think, and turn my Reaſons out of doors. Believe it I will rub, and break your S'ins for this, I will not come ſo high as your Head, but I will take your Noſe in my way, very ſufficiently.

Jen. Hang your ſufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well; 'tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and *Rheeſe* to them.

How. What?—— you mean (hough) to make us ſo long tarry here, ha?

Gr. Marry, here is aull undone with Diſtempers me thinks, and Angers, and Paſſions.

Rhe. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flint-ſeer Face now, offer to knock my Pate in the hearing of aull theſe, and more too? well, before his Madeſtee I do yet forgive him now with aull my Heart, and will be reveng'd another time.

How. Why that is good, *Evan*, honeſt brave *Evan*.

Rhe. Ha' yow told the King's Madeſtee of the Alterations.

Ev. I am now once again about him: peace; pleaſe your Madeſtee, the Welſe Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills again, afore your Madeſtee have a deſire of his Highneſs for the Honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welſe Hills, which is done without any manner of ſharſheſe to your Madeſtee, only ſhanging his Name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountain in *Carnarvan-Seere*: has as gray Beard, and as much Snow upon his Head aull the year long.

Jen. As *Adlas* for his Guts.

Ev. He tells your Madeſtee true, for aull he is a liddle out of Seaſon: but cym every Man tell as much as he can now, my Quality is I hope ſufficiently known to his Madeſtee, that I am *Rector Chori* is aull my Ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welſe; that is the s'ort, and the long of the Requeſts. The Prince of *Wales* we know is aull over Welſe.

Jen. And then my Lord Marquiſe.

Ev. Both my Lord Marquiſe is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any ever is come out of *Wales*.

Jen, My Lord *Mongimery* is as ſound Welſe too, as Fleſe and Blood can make him.

Ho. And the *Howard*'s by Got, is Welſe as ſtrait as any Arrow.

Ev. Houghton is a Town bear his Name there by *Pipidiauke*.

Ho. And *Erwin*, his Name is *Wyn*; but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

Rh. Then *Car* is plain Welſe, *Caerlton*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

Jen. And *Palmer*, his Anceſtors was call him *Pen-maure*.

Rh. And *Acmooty*, is *Ap mouth-wye* of *Llanmouthwye*.

Jen. And *Abercromy*, is aull one as *Abermarlys*.

Ev. Or *Abertau*.

Ho. Or *Aberdugled haw*.

Rh. Or *Abes hodney*.

Jen. Or *Abegeveny*.

Ho. Or *Aber conway*.

Ev. Aberconway is very like *Abercromy*, a liddle hard s'ift has pit'em aull into *Wales*; but our Deſires and Petitions is, that the Muſiques be aull Welſe, and the Dances, and no *'Ercules* brought in now with a gread Staff, and a Pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw; was his Diſtaff, was not his Club.

Ev. What need of *'Ercules*, when *Cadwallader*——

Jen. Or *Lluellin*, or *Rheeſe ap Gripbin*, or *Cradock*, or *Owen Glendower*, with a Welſe Hook, and a Goats Skin on his Back, had done very better, and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt Apparel on a Pottle of Hay, and caull him *Lantæus*.

Gr. The Belly-gods too, was as proper a Monſter as the beſt of 'em.

Ev. I, ſtand to it, there was neither Poetries, nor Architectures, nor Deſigns in that Belly-god; nor a Note of Muſicks about him. Come, bring forth our Muſicks, yow s'all hear the true *Pritan* ſtrains now, the ancient Welſe Harp— yow tauke of their *Pigmees* too, here is a *Pigmees* of *Wales* now; ſet forth another *Pigmees* by him!

Two Women, and Muſick to them.

1 *Wo. Aw Dieſus*! what a bravely Company is here? This's a finely Haull indeed!

2 What a deal of fine Candle it is?

Jen. I, peace; let his Madeſtee hear the Muſick.

2 *Ble mae yr Brenin.*

Jen. Docko ve.

1 *Dieſus* bleſs'him; Saint *Davy* bleſs'him. I bring my Boy o'my back ten Mile here to loog upon him: Loog *Hullin*, loog *Hullin*, *ſpeweh hummaven nayd Dumma braveris*: yow s'all hear him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin ſet him down.

Song

SONG.

Evan. 1. SONG.

I'Is not come here to tauk of Brut,
from whence the Welſe do's take his Root ;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince Camber,
whoſe Linage would fill aull this Chamber ;
Nor ſing the Deeds of old Saint Davy,
the urſip of which would fill a Navy.
But hark yow me now, for a liddel Tales
s'all make a gread deal to the Credit of Wales ;
Chorus { *In which we'll toudg your Ears,*
with the praiſe of her Thirteen S'eeres ;
And make yow as glad, and merry
as fourteen Pot of Perry.
Still, ſtill we'll toudg your Ears with the Praiſe, &c.

Howel. 2. SONG.

TIs true, was wear him Sherkin freize,
but what is that ? we have ſtore of s'eize,
And Got his plenty of Goats Milk
that ſell him well, will buy him Silk
Enough to make him fine to quarrel
At Hereford-*ſizes in new Apparel ;*
And get him as much green Mulmet perhap,
s'all give it a face to his Mhnmouth *cap.*
But then the ore of Lempſter,
By Got is never a Sempſter ;
That when he is ſpun, ore did,
Yet match him with his thrid
Still, ſtill, &c.

Rheeſe. 3. SONG.

AUll this's the Backs now, let us tell ye,
of ſome Proviſions for the Belly :
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
and Runt, and Cow, and good Cows Uther.
And once but taſte o' the Welſe-mutton,
your Englis-s'eep's not worth a Button.
And then for your Fiſs, s'all ſhooſe it your diſs.
look but about, and there is a Trout.
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you ſix, or ſeven,
As taull Man as ever ſwagger,
With Welſe-hook, or long Dagger.
Still, ſtill, &c.

Evan. 4. SONG.

BUt aull this while was never think
a word in praiſe of our Welſe drink,
Yet for aull that, is a Cup of Bragat,
all England *S'eere, may caſt his Cab-at.*
And what you ſay to Ale of Webley,
toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or Sider, or Meath,
S'all S'ake it your Dagger quite out o' the ſeath.
And Oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly Leek, or Onion,
To give as ſweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis,
Still, ſtill, &c.

Howell. 5. SONG.

ANd yet, is nothing now all this,
if of our Muſiques we do miſs ;
Both Harps, and Pipes too ; and the Crowd,
muſt aull come in and tauk alowd,
As lowd as Bangu, Davies *Bell,*
of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham, *Organ,*
and rumbling Rocks in S'eere Glamorgan ;
Where look but in the Ground there,
And you s'all ſee a ſound there,
That put him aull togedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure Pedder.
Still, ſtill, &c.

Rheeſe. 6. SONG.

AU, but what ſay yow ſhould it ſhance too,
that we ſhould leap it in a Dance too,
And make it you as great a pleaſure,
if but your Eyes be now at leaſure ;
As in your Ears s'all leave a laughter,
to laſt upon you ſix days after ?
Ha ! wella-go too, let us try to do
as your old Britton, *things to be writ on.*
Come put on other Looks now,
And lay away your Hooks too ;
And though yet yow ha' no pump, ſirs,
Let 'em hear that yow can jump, ſirs.
Still, ſtill, &c.

Jen. SPeak it your Conſcience now ; did your Urſip ever ſee ſuch a Song in your days ; 'is not as finely a Tunes as a Man would wiſh to put in his Ears.

Eva. Come, his Madeſtee s'all hear better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of Men.

Ev. Haw, well danc'd, very well danc'd.

Jen. Well plaid, *Howell*, well plaid *Rheeſe : Da wharry vellbee* ; well danc'd i' faith.

Ev. Good Boys, good Boys ; pold, and *Prittan*, pold, and *Prittan.*

After the Dance.

Jen. Is not better this now than *Pigmies ?* this is Men, this is no Monſters, and you mark him : Well caull forth you Goats now, your Urſip s'all ſee a properly natural Deviſe come from the Welſe Mountains ; Is no Tuns, nor no Bottils : Stand by there, s'ow his 'Urſip the Hills, was dronkenry in his Eyes, that make that Deviſe in my Mind. But now, marg, marg your Urſip I pray yow now, and yow s'all ſee Natures, and Propriedies ; the very Beaſts of *Wales* s'all do more than your Men pyt in Bottils and Barrils, there was a Tale of a Tub i' faith. Is the Goat-herd and his Dog, and his Son, and his Wife make Muſiques to the Goats as they come from the Hills ; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms, now the cym : The elderly Goats is indifferently grave at firſt, becauſe of his Beard, and only tread it the meaſures; byt yow will ſee him pyt off his Gravities by and by well enough. and friſk it as fine as ere a Kid on 'em aull. The Welſe Goat is an excellent dancer by Birth, that is written of him, and of as wiſely Carriage, and comely Behaviours a Beaſt (for his footing eſpecially) as ſome one or two Man, God bleſs him.

Ev. A Haull, a haull ; come a haull, *Au vellbee.*

Here the Dance of Goats.

After the Dance.

1 *Wo.* Nay, and your Madeſtee bid the Welſe Goats welcom : The Welſe Wen-ces s'all ſing your Praiſes, and dance your Healths too.

Song

Song.

1 *AW, God bleſs is our good King S'ames,*
His Wife, and his Sildren, and aull his Reams,
2 *And aull his 'urſipful S'iſtice of peace about him,*
1 *And ſend that his Court be never without him.*
2 *Ow, that her would come down into* Wales,
1 *Her s'ud be very welcom to Welſe* Ales.
2 *I have a Cow,*
1 *And I have a Hen;*
2 *S'all give it Milk,*
1 *And Eggs for aull his Men.*

CHORUS.

'It ſelf s'all have Veniſon, and other Seere,
And may it be ſtarved, that ſteal him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.

Jen. Cym dance now, let us hear your dance, dance.
Ev. Ha! well plaid *Ales.*
Ho. For the *Honour of Wales.*

Here was the Dance of Men and Women.
After the Dance.

Jen. D'ggon, Enough, enough, *Diggon.* Well now aull the Abſurdities is remov'd and clear'd; the reſt and 'pleaſe your Grace s'all tarry ſtill, and go on as it was; *Vertue and Pleaſure* was well enough, indifferently well enough: Only we will intreat *Pleaſure* to cym out of *Driſſimdore*, that is the *Gilden Valley*, or *Gelthleedore*, that is the *Golden Grove*, and is in *Care Marden* the *Welſe Garden.* 'Is a thouſand Place in *Wales* as finely Places as the *Eſperides* every Crum of him: *Merlin* was born there too, put we would not make him riſe now and wake him, becauſe we have his Prophecies already of your Madeſtee's Name to as good Purpoſe, as if he were here in Preſence, *Po d by geller Evan?*

Ev. You will ſtill pyt your ſelve to theſe plunſes, you mean his Madeſtees Anagrams of *Charles James Stuart.*

Jen. I that is *Claimes Arthurs Seate*, which is as much as to ſay, your Madeſtee s'ud be the firſt King of gread *Prittan*, and ſit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is *Arthur's Chair*, as by Gods Bleſſing you do: And then your Son Maſter *S'harles* his, how do you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, cals true hearts*, that is us, he calls us the Welſe Nation to be ever at your Service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you underſtand it his meaning. And that the Muſicians yonder, are ſo many *Britis bards* that ſing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his Welſe Friends to you, and all is done.

Gr. Very homely done it is I am well aſſur'd, if not very rudely: But it is hop'd your Madeſtee will not interpret the Honour, Merits, Love, and Affection of ſo noble a Portion of your People, by the poverty of theſe who have ſo imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their ſakes, who are to come in the Name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the others, pardon what is paſt, and remember the Cvntry has always been fruitful of Loyal Hearts to your Majeſty; a very Garden and Seed-plot of honeſt Minds and Men: What Lights of Learning hath *Wales* ſent forth for your Schools? What induſtrious Studients of your Laws? What able Miniſters of your Juſtice? whence hath the Crown in all times better Servitors, more liberal of their Lives and Fortunes? where hath your Court or Councel (for the preſent) more noble Ornaments or better Aids? I am glad to ſee it, and to ſpeak it, and though the Nation be ſaid to be unconquer'd, and moſt loving Liberty, yet it was never Mutinous (and pleaſe your Majeſty;) but Stout, Valiant, Courteous, Hoſpitable, Temperate, Ingenious, capable of all good Arts, moſt lovingly Conſtant, Charitable, great Antiquaries, Religious preſervers of their Gentry, and Genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion.

In a word, It is a Nation better'd by Proſperity ſo far, as to the preſent happineſs it enjoys under your Moſt Sacred Majeſty, it wiſhes nothing to be added, but to ſee it perpetual in You and your Iſſue.

God of his great goodneſs grant it, and ſhow he is an errant Knave, and no true Brittain *does not ſay* Amen *too with his Heart.*

NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD Diſcover'd in the MOON. A MASQUE.

As it was Preſented at Court before King *JAMES*, 1620.

Naſcitur è tenebris: & ſe ſibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 *Herald*, 2 *Herald*, *Printer*, *Chronicler*, *Factor*.

1 *Her.* NEws, news, news.

2 *Her.* Bold, and brave new!

1 *Her.* New as the Night they are born in;

2 *Her.* Or the Phant'ſie that begot 'em.

1 *Her.* Excellent news!

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news?

Print. Yes, and thank you too, Sir; what's the price of 'em?

1 *Her.* Price, Cocks-comb! what price, but the price o' your Ears? As if any Man uſed to pay for any thing here.

2 *Her.* Come forward, you ſhould be ſome dull Tradeſman, by your Pig-headed Sconce now, that think there's nothing good any where; but what's to be ſold.

Print. Indeed I am all for ſale, Gentlemen, you ſay true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of News; and I do hearken after 'em, where-ever they be at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good Copy now, be 't true or falſe, ſo 't be News.

1 *Her.* A fine Youth!

Chro. And I am for matter of State, Gentlemen, by conſequence, ſtory, my Chronicle, to fill up my great Book, which muſt be three Ream of Paper at leaſt; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it ſo big, and I want for ten Quire yet. I ha' been here ever ſince ſeven a Clock i' the Morning to get matter for one Page, and I think I have it compleat; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the Degrees here; and told twice over how many Candles there are i' th' Room lighted, which I will ſet you down to a Snuff preciſely, becauſe I love to give Light to Poſterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer Youth!

Fact. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwiſe take pleaſure i' my Pen: A Factor of News for all the Shires of *England*; I do write my thouſand Letters a Week ordinary, ſometime twelve hundred, and maintain the buſineſs at ſome charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine own Miniſters in Town, and my Friends of correſpondence in the Country; I have Friends of all Ranks, and of all Religions, for which I keep an anſwering Catalogue of diſpatch; wherein I have my Puritan News, my Proteſtant News, and my Pontificial News.

2 *Her.* A Superlative this!

Fact. And I have hope to erect a Staple for News e'er long, whither all ſhall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news; and not truſted to your printed Conundrums of the Serpent in *Suſſex*, or the Witches bidding the Devil to dinner at *Derby*: News, that when a Man ſends them down to the Shires where they are ſaid to be done, were never there to be found.

Print. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common People; and why ſhould not they ha' their pleaſure in believing of Lyes are made for them, as you have in *Pauls* that make 'em for your ſelves.

1 *Her.* There he ſpeaks reaſon to you, Sir.

Fact. I confeſs it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no News printed; for when they are printed they leave to be News; while they are written, though they be falſe, they remain News ſtill.

Print.

Print. See Mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of 'em makes 'em News to a great many, who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For thoſe I do keep my Preſſes, and ſo many Pens going to bring forth wholſome relations, which once in half a ſcore Years (as the Age grows forgetful) I print over again with a new Date, and they are of excellent uſe.

Chro. Excellent abuſe rather.

Print. Mr. Chronicler do not you talk, I ſhall——

1 *Her.* Nay, Gentlemen, be at peace one with another; we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon truſt.

Print. I dare, I aſſure you.

Fact. And I, as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing ſo much as I ha' done; I have been ſo cheated with falſe relations i' my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my Book, than collect it.

Fact. Like enough; but to your News Gentlemen, whence come they?

1 *Her.* From the Moon.

Fact. From the Moon! which way? by Sea? or by Land?

1 *Her.* By Moon-ſhine, a nearer way I take it.

Print. Oh by a Trunk! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-caſe; A Neighbour of mine, a Spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moon through it at the bore of a Whiſtle, and made it as great as a Drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this Room to me, I know not how often.

Chro. Tut that's no News; your perplexive Glaſſes are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras* way I warrant you, by writing, and reading i' th' Moon.

Print. Right, and as well read of you, I' faith: for *Cornelius Agrippa* has it, *In diſco Lunæ*, there 'tis found.

1 *Her.* Sir, you are loſt I aſſure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor *Cornelius Drible*.

2 *Her.* Nor any Glaſs of——

1 *Her.* No Philoſophers phantaſie.

2 *Her.* Mathematicians Perſpicil.

1 *Her.* Or brother of the Roſie croſſes Intelligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and clean power of Poetry.

2 *Her.* The Miſtris of all diſcovery.

1 *Her.* Who after a World of theſe curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a ſervant of hers in ſearch of truth: who has been there——

2 *Her.* In the Moon.

1 *Her.* In Perſon.

2 *Her.* And is this Night return'd.

Fact. Where? which is he? I muſt ſee his Dog at his Girdle, and the Buſh of Thorns at his Back, e'er I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that Buſh of Thorns ſhould prove a goodly Grove of Okes; in what caſe were you, and your expectation.

2 *Her.* Thoſe are ſtale Enſigns o' the Stages, Man i' th' Moon, deliver'd down to you by muſty Antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the makers.

Chro. Sir, nothing again Antiquity I pray you, I muſt not hear ill of Antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable Jerkin there, make much of 'em: Our relation I tell you ſtill is News.

2 *Her.* Certain, and ſure News.

1 *Her.* Of a new World.

2 *Her.* And new Creatures in that World.

1 *Her.* In the Orb of the Moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 *Her.* With navigable Seas, and Rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of Nations, Polities, Laws.

1 *Her.* With Havens in't, Caſtles, and Port-Towns!

2 *Her.* In-land Cities, Boroughs, Hamlets, Fairs, and Markets!

1 *Her.* Hundreds, and Weapontakes! Foreſts, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-paſture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

Fact. And has your Poet brought all this?

Chro. Troth, here was enough; 'tis a pretty piece of Poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on, though.

2 *Her.* Gi' your minds to't a little.

Fact. What Inns, or Ale-houſes are there there? does he tell you?

1 *Her.* Truly I have not askt him that.

2 *Her.* Nor were you beſt, I believe.

Fact. Why, in travel a Man knows theſe things without offence; I am ſure if he be a good Poet, he has diſcover'd a good Tavern in his time.

1 *Her.* That he has, I ſhould think the worſe of his Verſe elſe.

Print. And his Proſe too i' faith.

Chro. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet I pray you?

2 *Her.* Is there any ſuch difference?

Fact. Many, as betwixt your Mans Taylor, and your Womans Taylor.

1 *Her.* How? may we beſeech you?

Fact. I'll ſhew you; your Mans Poet may break out ſtrong and deep i' th' Mouth, as he ſaid of *Pindar*, *Monte decurrens velut amnis.* But your Womans Poet muſt flow, and ſtroke the Ear, and (as one of them ſaid of himſelf ſweetly)

Muſt write a Verſe as ſmooth, and calm as Cream,
In which there is no Torrent, nor ſcarce Stream.

2 *Her.* Ha' you any more on't?

Fact. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 *Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole Piece for a Pattern to all Poetry.

Print. How might we do to ſee your Poet? did he undertake this journey (I pray you) to the Moon o' foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

Print. Becauſe one of our greateſt Poets (I know not how good a one) went to *Edinburgh* o' foot, and came back; marry he has been reſtive they ſay ever ſince, for we have had nothing from him; he has ſet out nothing I am ſure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he will ſet out (I warrant you) at leaſt thoſe from whom he had it, it is the very ſame Party that has been i' th' Moon now.

Print. Indeed! has he been there ſince? belike he rid thither then.

Fact. Yes Poſt, upon the Poets Horſe for a wager.

1 *Her.* No, I aſſure you, he rather flew upon the Wings of his Muſe. There are in all but three ways of going thither; one is *Endymion*'s way, by rapture in Sleep, or a Dream. The other *Minipus* his way, by Wing, which the Poet took. The third, old *Empedocles* way; who when he leapt into *Ætna*, having a dry ſear Body, and light, the ſmoke took him and whilſt him up into the Moon, where he lives yet waving up and down like a Feather, all Soot and Embers coming out of that Coal-pit: our Poet met him, and talkt with him.

Chro. In what Language, good Sir?

2 *Her.* Only by ſigns and geſtures, for they have no articulate Voices there, but certain motions to Muſick: all the diſcourſe there is Harmony.

Fact. A fine Lunatick Language i' faith; how do their Lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are *Pythagoreans*, all dumb as Fiſhes, for they have no controverſies to exerciſe themſelves in.

Fact. How do they live then?

1 *Her.* O' th' Dew o' th' Moon like Graſhoppers, and confer with the Doppers.

Fact. Ha' you Doppers?

2 *Her.* A world of Doppers! but they are there as lunatick Perſons, walkers only; that have leave only to hum, and ha, not daring to propheſie, or ſtart up upon Stools to raiſe doctrine.

1 *Her.* The Brethren of the *Roſie-Croſs* have their Colledge within a Mile o' the Moon; a Caſtle i' th' Air that runs upon Wheels with a wing'd Lanthorn——

Print. I ha' ſeen't in print.

2 *Her.* All the phantaſtical Creatures you can think of, are there.

Fact. 'Tis to be hop'd there are Women there then?

1 *Her.* And zealous Women, that will out-groan the groaning Wives of *Edinburgh*.

Fact. And Lovers as phantaſtick as ours?

2 *Her.* But none that will hang themſelves for Love, or eat Candles ends, or drink to their Miſtris's Eyes, till their own bid 'em good night, as the *Sublunary Lovers do.*

Fact. No, Sir?

2 *Her.* No, ſome few you ſhall have, that ſigh or whiſtle themſelves away; and thoſe are preſently hung up by the Heels like Meteors, with Squibs i' their Tails, to give the wiſer ſort warning.

Print. Excellent!

Fact. Are there no ſelf-Lovers there?

2 *Her.* There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

Fact. 'Slight what luck is that? we could have ſpar'd them a Colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think ſome two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd *Moon-Calves* by this.

Print. O, I, *Moon-Calves!* what Monſter is that I pray you?

2 *Her.* Monſter? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our Fool here on Earth.

1 *Her.* The Ladies there, play with them inſtead of little Dogs.

Fact. Then there are Ladies?

2 *Her.* And Knights, and Squires.

Fact. And Servants, and Coaches?

1 *Her.* Yes, but the Coaches are much o' the nature of the Ladies, for they go only with Wind.

Chro. Pritty, like *China Waggons.*

Fact. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and taking the freſh open Air, and then covert when they pleaſe, as in our *Hide-Park*, or ſo?

2 *Her.* Above all the *Hide-Parks* in Chriſtendom, far more hiding and private, they do all in Clouds there; they walk i' the Clouds, they ſit i' the Clouds, they lie i' the Clouds, they ride and tumble i' the Clouds, their very Coaches are Clouds.

Print. But ha' they no Car-men to meet and break their Coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas! Carmen, they will over a Car-man there, as he will do a Child here; you ſhall have a Coachman with Cheeks like a Trumpeter, and a Wind in his Mouth blow him afore him as far as he can ſee him; or skir over him with his Bats Wings a Mile and a half, e'er he can ſteer his wry Neck to look where he is.

Fact. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phyſical Waters I hope to viſit all time of Year?

1 *Her.* Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it ſelf are meer Puddle to 'em: When the pleaſant Months o' the Year come, they all flock to certain broken Iſlands which are called there, the *Iſles of Delight.*

Fact. By Clouds ſtill?

1 *Her.* What elſe? Their Boars are Clouds too.

2 *Her.* Or in a Miſt; the Miſts are ordinary i' the Moon, a Man that owes Money there, needs no other protection; only buy a Miſt and walk in't, he's never diſcern'd; a matter of a *Baubee* do's it.

1 *Her.* Only one Iſland they have, is call'd the Iſle of the *Epicænes*, becauſe there under one Article both kinds are ſignified, for they are faſhioned alike, Male and Female the ſame; not Heads and broad Hats, ſhort Doublets, and long Points; neither do they ever untruſs for diſtinction, but laugh and lie down in Moon-ſhine, and ſtab with their Poniards; you do not know the delight of the *Epicænes* in Moon-ſhine.

2 *Her.* And when they ha' taſted the Springs of Pleaſure enough, and bill'd, and kiſt, and are ready to come away; the She's only lay certain Eggs (for they are never with Child there,) and of thoſe Eggs are diſcloſed a Race of Creatures like Men, but are indeed a ſort of Fowl, in part covered with Feathers (they call 'em *Volatees*,) that hop from Iſland to Iſland; you ſhall ſee a Covey of 'em, if you pleaſe, preſently.

1 *Her.* Yes faith, 'tis time to exerciſe their Eyes, for their Ears begin to be weary.

2 Her. *Then know, we do not move theſe Wings ſo ſoon,*
On which our Poet mounted to the Moon
Menippus-*like*; *but all twixt it and us,*
Thus clears and helps to the preſentment, thus.

The Antimaſque of Volatees.

2 *Her.* WE have all this while (though the *Muſes Heralds*) adventured to tell your Majeſty no News; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your belief. But now be pleaſed to expect a more noble diſcovery worthy of your Ear, as the object will be your Eye; A Race of your own, form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moon far in ſpeculation of your Vertues, have remain'd there intranc'd certain Hours, with wonder of the Piety, Wiſdom, Majeſty reflected by you, on them, from the Divine Light, to which only you are leſs. Theſe, by how much higher they have been carried from earth to contemplate your greatneſs, have now conceiv'd the more haſte and hope in this their return home to approach your goodneſs; and led by that excellent likeneſs of your ſelf, the truth, imitating *Procritus* endeavour, that all their motions be form'd to the Muſick of your Peace, and have their ends in your Favour, which alone is able to reſolve and thaw the cold they have preſently contracted in coming through the colder Region.

They deſcend and ſhake off their *Iſicles.*

I. SONG.

HOw e'er the brightneſs may amaze,
Move you, and ſtand not ſtill at gaze,
As dazeled with the light;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulneſs win your Grace,
Till you collect your ſight.
So while the warmth you do confeſs,
And temper of theſe Rays no leſs,
To quicken than refine:
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And ſo more able to behold
The Body whence they ſhine.

The firſt Dance follows.

II. SONG.

II. SONG.

NOw look and ſee in yonder Throne,
How all thoſe Beams are caſt from one.
This is that Orb ſo bright,
Has kept your wonder ſo awake;
Whence you as from a mirrour take
The Suns reflected light.
Read him as you would do the Book
Of all perfection, and but look
What his proportions be;
No meaſure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmony.

Main Dance, and Revels.

III. SONG.

NOt that we think you weary be,
for he
That did this motion give,
And made it ſo long live,
Could likewiſe give it perpetuity.
Nor that we doubt you have not more,
and ſtore
Of changes to delight,
For they are infinite,
As is the power that brought forth thoſe before.
But ſince the Earth is of his name,
and fame
So full you cannot add,
Be both the firſt, and glad
To ſpeak him to the Region whence you came.

The laſt Dance.

IV. SONG.

LOok, look already where I am,
bright fame,
Got up unto the Sky,
thus high,
Upon my better wing,
to ſing
The knowing King,
And make the Muſick here,
With yours on Earth the ſame.
Chorus. *Join then to tell his name,*
and ſay but James *is he;*
All Ears will take the Voice,
And in the Tune rejoyce,
Or truth hath left to breathe, and fame hath left to be.

1 Her. *See, what is that this Muſick brings,*
And is ſo carried in the Air about?
2 Her. *Fame that doth nouriſh the renown of Kings,*
And keeps that fair, which Envy would blot out.

THE END.

A

MASQUE

OF THE

Metamorphos'd Gypſies.

As it was Thrice Preſented to

KING JAMES.

First, at BURLEIGH on the Hill: Next, at BELVOIR: And laſtly, at WINDSOR. *Auguſt* 1621.

THE PROLOGUE At *WINDSOR.*

AS many Bleſſings as there be Bones
In Ptolomy's *Fingers, and all at ones,*
Held up in Andrew's *Croſs for the nones.*
Light on you, good Maſter,
I dare be no waſter
Of time, or of ſpeech,
Where you are in place:
I only beſeech
You take in good Grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your ſport,
To have you ſtill merry,
And not make you weary.
We may ſtrive to pleaſe,
So long (ſome will ſay) till we grow a Diſeaſe.
But you, Sir, that twice
Have grac't us already, encourage to thrice;
Wherein if our boldneſs your patience invade,
Forgive us the Fault that your Favour hath made.

The SPEECH at the KING's Entrance at *BURLEIGH.*

IF for our thoughts there could but ſpeech be found,
And all that ſpeech be uttered in one ſound,
So that ſome Power above us would afford
The means to make a Language of a Word,
It ſhould be welcome: In that only voice
We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice;
And all Effects of Love, and Life diſpence,
Till it were call'd a Copious Eloquence:
For ſhould we vent our Spirits (now you are come),
In other Syllables, were as to be dumb.
VVelcome, O welcome *then, and enter here,*
The Houſe your Bounty hath built, and ſtill doth rear
With thoſe high Favours, and thoſe heapt Increaſes,
Which ſhews a Hand not griev'd, but when it ceaſes.
The Maſter is your Creature, as the Place;
And every Good about him is your Grace:
Whom though he ſtand by ſilent, think not rude,
But as a Man turn'd all to Gratitude.
For what he never can hope, how to reſtore,
Since while he meditates one, you heap on more.
Vouchſafe to think, he only is oppreſt
With their abundance, not that in his Breaſt
His Pow'rs are ſtupid grown: for pleaſe you enter
Him, and his Houſe, and ſearch them to the Center:
You'll find within no Thanks, or Vows there ſhorter,
For having truſted thus much to his Porter.

THE

THE GYPSIES METAMORPHOS'D.

Enter a Gypſie, *leading a Horſe laden with Five little Children bound in a Trace of Scarffs upon him. A Second, leading another Horſe laden with ſtol'n Poultrey: The Firſt leading* Gypſie *ſpeaks, being the*

Jackman.

ROom for the Five Princes of *Ægypt*, mounted all upon the Horſe, like the Four Sons of *Aymon*, to make the Miracle the more, by a head, if it may be: Gaze upon them, as on the Offſpring of *Ptolomy*, begotten upon ſeveral *Cleopatra*'s, in their ſeveral Countries; eſpecially on this brave Spark ſtruck out of *Flint-ſhire*, upon Juſtice *Jug*'s Daughter, then Sheriff of the County; who running away with a Kinſman of our Captain's; and her Father purſuing her to the Marſhes, he great with Juſtice, ſhe great with Juggling, they were both, for the time, 'turn'd Stone, upon the ſight each of other, in *Cheſter*: Till at laſt (ſee the Wonder) a Jug of the Town-Ale reconciling them, the Memorial of both their Gravities, his in Beard, and hers in Belly, hath remain'd ever ſince preſerv'd in Picture upon the moſt Stone Jugs of the Kingdom. The famous Imp yet grew a Wretchcock; and though for Seven Years together, he were very carefully carried at his Mothers Back, rock'd in a Cradle of Welch-Cheeſe, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken Beer, and blown Wine o' the beſt daily; yet looks he, as if he never ſaw his *Quinquennium*. 'Tis true, he can thread Needles o' Horſe-back, to draw a Yard of Inckle through his Noſe: But what's that to a grown *Gypſie*, one of the Blood, and of his Time, if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with his painful Progenitors, he be able to beat it on the hard Hoof, or the *bene Bawſe*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to nip a *Jan*, and *Cly* the *Jack*; 'tis thought fit he march in the Infant's Equipage.

With the Convey, Cheats, and Peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackman's,
Or ſome Skipper of the Blackman's.

2 *Gypſie.*

WHere the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*,
Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*;
Thoſe we ſtill muſt keep alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parks, and in the Chaſes,
And the finer walled places;
As Saint *James*'s, *Greenwich*, *Tibbals*,
Where the Acorns plump as *Chibbals*,
Soon ſhall change both Kind and Name,
And proclaim 'em the King's Game.
So the Act no harm may be
Unto their Keeper *Barnabee*;
It will prove as good a Service,
As did ever Gypſie *Jervice*,
To our Captain *Charles*, the tall Man,
And a part too of our Salmon.

Jackman.

IF we here be a little obſcure, it is our pleaſure; for rather than we will offer to be our own Interpreters, we are reſolv'd not to be underſtood: yet if any 'Man doubt of the Significancy of the Language, we refer him to the Third Volume of Reports, ſet forth by the Learned in the Laws of *Canting*, and publiſhed in the Gypſies Tongue: Give me my *Guittarra*, and room for our Chief.

Dance.

Which is the Entrance of the Captain, with ſix more attendant: After which the *Jackman* ſings.

SONG.

FRom *the Famous* Peak *of* Darby,
And the Devil's Arſe *there hard by*,
Where we yearly keep our Muſters,
Thus the Ægyptians *throng in cluſters.*
Be not frighted with our faſhion,
Though we ſeem a tattered Nation;
We account our Rags our Riches,
So our Tricks exceed our Stiches.
Give us Bacon, Rindes of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, and of Small Nuts;
Ribbands, Bells, and Saffron'd Linen,
All the World is ours to win in.
Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slight of Hand that will invite you
To endure our Tawny Faces.
Wo. *Quit your places, and not cauſe you cut your Laces.*
All your Fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the Back or Belly:
In the Moods too, and the Tenſes,
That may fit your fine Five Senſes.

Draw but then your Gloves, we pray you,
And ſit ſtill, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burley,
We'd be loth to make a burly.

Patrico.

STay, my ſweet Singer,
The touch of thy Finger,
A little, and finger;
For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The Rule and Recorder,
And Mouth of the Order,
As Prieſt of the Game,
And Prelate of the ſame.

THere's a *Gentry Cove* here,
Is the top of the Shire,
Of the *Bever Ken*,
A Man among Men;
You need not to fear,
I have an Eye, and an Ear
That turns here and there,
To look to our Gear.
Some ſay, that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

AND for the *Room-Morts*,
I know by their Ports,
And their jolly Reſorts,
They are of the ſorts
That love the true Sports
Of King *Ptolomæus*,
Or Great *Coriphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The *Gypſies* grand *Matra*.
Then if we ſhall ſhark it,
Here Fair is, and Market.
Leave Pig by, and Gooſe,
And play faſt and looſe,
A ſhort Cut, and long,
Some Inch of a Song,
Pythagoras Lot,
Drawn out of a Pot;
With what ſays *Alchindus*?
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de *Indagine*,
With all their *Pagine*
Of Faces and *Palmeſtry*,
And this is *Almiſtry*.
Lay by your Wimbles,
Your boring for Thimbles,
Or uſing your Nimbles,
In diving the Pockets,
And ſounding the Sockets
Of Simper-the *Cockets*;
Or angling the Purſes
Of ſuch as will curſe us:
But in the ſtrict Duel,
Be merry, and cruel,
Strike fair at ſome Jewel,
That mine may accrue well,
For that is the Fuel,
To make the Town brew well,
And the Pot wring well,
And the Brain ſing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a String well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a Strain
Of true *Legerdemain*,
Once, twice, and again.
Or what will you ſay now,
If with our fine Play now,
Our Feats, and our fingring,
Here, without lingring;
Cozening the ſights
Of the Lords, and the Knights.
Some one of their *Georges*
Come off to ſave Charges.
Or what will you ſay now,
If with our fine play now,
Our Knacks, and our Dances,
We work on the Fancies
Of ſome of theſe Nancies,
Theſe Trinkets and Tripſies,
And make 'em turn Gypſies.
Here's no Juſtice *Lippus*
Will ſeek for to nip us,
In *Cramp-ring*, or *Cippus*,
And then for to ſtrip us,
And after to whip us.
His Juſtice to vary,
While here we do tarry,
But be wiſe, and wary,
And we may both carry
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
And all the bright airy,
Away to the Quarry.
The *George* and the *Garter*,
Into our own Quarter:
Or durſt I go further
In Method and Order:
There's a Purſe and a Seal,
I have a great mind to ſteal.
That when our Tricks are done,
We might ſeal our own Pardon:
All this we may do,
And a great deal more too,
If our brave *Ptolome*
Will but ſay, Follow me.

3. *Gypſie.*

CAptain, if ever at the *Boxing Ken*,
You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your Men;
And we have ſerv'd there armed all in Ale,
With the brown Bowl, and charg'd in Bragget ſtale:
If muſter'd thus, and diſciplin'd in Drink,
In our long Watches we did never ſhrink,
But ſo commanded by you, kept our ſtation,
As we preſerv'd our ſelves a Royal Nation;
And never yet did Branch of Stature break,
Made in your famous Palace of the *Peak*.
If we have deem'd that Mutton, Lamb, or Veal,
Chick, Capon, Turkey, ſweeteſt we did ſteal;
As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
To judge no Viands wholeſome that are bought.
If for our Linen we ſtill us'd the lift,
And with the Hedge (our Trades increaſe) made ſhift;
And ever at your ſolemn Feaſt, and Calls,
We have been ready with the *Ægyptian* bralls;
To ſet *Kit Callot* forth in Proſe or Rhime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
If we have done this, that, more, ſuch, or ſo;
Now lend your Ear but to the *Patrico*.

Captain.

Captain.

Well, dance another Strain, and we'll think how.

Dance 2.

1 Strain. Song 2.

THe faery Beam upon you,
The Stars to gliſter on you;
A Moon of Light,
In the Noon of Night,
Till the Fire-drake hath o'ergone you.
The Wheel of Fortune guide you,
The Boy with the Bow beſide you;
Run aye in the way,
Till the Bird of Day,
And the luckier lot betide you.

Captain.

BLeſs my ſweet Maſters, the Old, and the Young,
From the Gall of the Heart, and the Stroke of the Tongue.
With you, lucky Bird, I begin, let me ſee,
I aim at the beſt, and I trow you are he:
Here's ſome Luck already, if I underſtand
The Grounds of mine Art; here's a Gentleman's Hand.
I'll kiſs it for Luck's ſake; you ſhall by this Line,
Love a Horſe and a Hound, but no part of a Swine.
To hunt the brave Stag, not ſo much for the Food,
As the Weal of your Body, and the Health o' your Blood.
You're a Man of good Means, and have Territories ſtore,
Both by Sea, and by Land; and were born, Sir, to more,
Which you, like a Lord, and the Prince of your Peace,
Content with your havings, deſpiſe to increaſe:
You are no great Wencher, I ſee by your Table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* ſays you are able:
You live chaſte, and ſingle, and have buried your Wife,
And mean not to marry, by the Line of your Life.
Whence he that conjectures, your Quality learns,
You are an honeſt good Man, and care of your Barns.
Your *Mercuries Hill* too, a Wit doth betoken,
Some Book-Craft you have, and are pretty well-ſpoken.
But ſtay, in your *Jupiter's Mount*, what's here?
A *King*, a *Monarch!* What Wonders appear!
High, Bountiful, Juſt; a *Jove* for your Parts,
A Maſter of Men, and that Reign in their Hearts.

I'll tell it my Train,
And come to you again.

Song 3.

TO the Old, long Life and Treaſure,
To the Young, all Health and Pleaſure;
To the Fair, their Face
With Eternal Grace,
And the Foul to be lov'd at leiſure.

To the Witty, all clear Mirrors,
To the Fooliſh, their dark Errors:
To the loving Sprite,
A ſecure Delight:
To the Jealous his own Falſe Terrors.

After which, the *King's* Fortune is purſued by the

Captain.

COuld any doubt that ſaw this Hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the Fate of things,
Or would not ſay, you were let down,
From Heaven, on Earth, to be the Crown,
And top of all your Neighbour-*Kings?*
To ſee the ways of truth you take,
To ſallance buſineſs, and to make
All Chriſtian Differences ceaſe.
Or till the quarrel, and the cauſe
You can compoſe, to give them Laws,
As Arbitor of War and Peace.
For this, of all the World, you ſhall
Be ſtiled *James* the Juſt, and all
Their States diſpoſe, their Sons and Daughters,
And for your Fortune, you alone,
Among them all, ſhall work your own,
By peace, not by Humane Slaughters.
But why do I preſume, though true,
To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,
Who are the Maker here of all;
VVhere none do ſtand, or ſit in view,
But owe their Fortune unto you,
At leaſt what they Good Fortunes call?
My ſelf a *Gypſie* here do ſhine,
Yet are you Maker, Sir, of mine.
Oh that Confeſſion could content
So high a Bounty, that doth know
No part of Motion, but to flow,
and giving never to repent.
May ſtill the Matter wait your Hand,
That it not feel, or ſtay, or ſtand;
But all deſert ſtill over-charge.
And may your Goodneſs ever find
In me whom you have made, a Mind,
As thankful as your own is large.

2. *Dance.* 2. *Strain.*

After which, the *Prince's* Fortune is offered at by the

2 *Gypſie.*

AS my Captain hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Son,
Your Hand, Sir,
Of your Fortune be ſecure,
Love, and ſhe, are both at your
Command, Sir!
See what States are here at ſtrife,
Who ſhall tender you a Wife,
A brave one;
And a fitter for a Man,
Than is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.
She is Siſter of a Star,
One the nobleſt now that are,
Bright *Heſper.*
Whom the *Indians* in the Eaſt,
Phoſphore call, and in the Weſt,
Hight *Veſper.*
Courſes even with the Sun,
Doth her mighty Brother run,
For Splendor.
What can to the Marriage-Night,
More than Morn, and Evening Light,
Attend her?

Save the promiſe before Day,
Of a little *James* to play
Hereafter
'Twixt his Granſires Knees, and move
All the pretty ways of Love,
And Laughter.
Whilſt with care you ſtrive to pleaſe,
In your giving his Cares Eaſe,
And Labours:
And by being long the aid
Of the *Empire*, make afraid
Ill Neighbours.
Till your ſelf ſhall come to ſee
What we wiſh, yet far to be
Attending:
For it skills not when, or where
That begins, which cannot fear
An ending.
Since your Name in Peace, or Wars,
Nought ſhall bound until the Stars
Up take you.

'2 *Dance.* *Strain* 3.

After which the Lady Marqueſs *Buckingham*'s by the

3 *Gypſie.*

HUrl after an old Shooe,
I'll be merry, whatever I do,
Though I keep no time,
My words ſhall chime,
I'll over-take the Senſe with a Rhime,
Face of a Roſe,
I pray thee depoſe
Some ſmall piece of Silver: It ſhall be no loſs,
But only to make the Sign of the Croſs:
If your Hand you hallow,
Good Fortune will follow.
I ſwear by theſe Ten,
You ſhall have it agen,
I do not ſay when.
But, Lady, either I am tipſie,
Or you are to fall in love with a *Gypſie*;
Bluſh not, Dame *Kate*,
For early, or late,
I do aſſure you, it will be your Fate:
Nor need you be once aſham'd of it, Madam,
He's as handſome a Man as ever was *Adam*.
A Man out of Wax,
As a Lady would ask:
Yet he's not to wed ye:
H' has enjoy'd you already,
And I hope he has ſped ye.
A dainty young Fellow,
And though he look yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you moſt zealous.
There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.
And you are a Soul, ſo white, and ſo chaſte,
A Table ſo ſmooth, and ſo newly ra'ſte,
As nothing call'd foul,
Dare approach with a blot,
Or any leaſt ſpot;
But ſtill you controul,
Or make your own lot,
Preſerving Love pure, as it firſt was begot:
But, Dame, I muſt tell ye,
The Fruit of your Belly,
Is that you muſt tender,
And care ſo to render;
That as your ſelf came
In Blood, and in Name,
From one houſe of fame,
So that may remain
The glory of twain.

2 *Dance.* 4 *Strain.*

After which, the Counteſs of *Rutland*'s by the

3 *Gypſie.*

YOu, ſweet Lady, have a Hand too,
And a Fortune you may ſtand too;
Both your Brav'ry, and your Bounty,
Stile you Miſtris of the County:
You will find it from this Night,
Fortune ſhall forget her Spight,
And heap all the Bleſſings on you,
That ſhe can pour out upon you;
To be lov'd, where moſt you love,
Is the worſt that you ſhall prove;
And by him to be embrac'd,
Who ſo long hath known you chaſte,
Wiſe, and fair; whilſt you renew
Joys to him, and he to you:
And when both your Years are told,
Neither think the other old.

And the Counteſs of Exeter's *by the*

Patrico.

MAdam, we know of your coming ſo late,
We could not well fit you a nobler Fate
Than what you have ready made:
An Old Man's Wife,
Is the light of his Life,
A young one is but his ſhade.
You will not importune,
The change of your Fortune:
For if you dare truſt to my fore-caſting,
'Tis preſently good, and will be laſting.

Dance 2. 5 *Strain.*

After which, the Counteſs of *Buckingham*'s by the

4 *Gypſie.*

YOur pardon, Lady, here you ſtand,
If ſome ſhould judge you by your Hand,
The greateſt Felon in the Land
Detected:
I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But your have ſtoln ſo many Hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suſpected.
Your very Face firſt, ſuch a one
As being view'd, it was alone,
Too ſlippery to be look't upon;
And threw Men.
But then your Graces they were ſuch,
As none could e'er behold too much;
Both ev'ry taſte, and ev'ry touch
So drew Men.
Still bleſt in all you think, or do,
Two of your Sons are *Gypſies* too,
You ſhall our *Queen* be, and ſee who
Importunes
The Heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not wiſh both *George and Sue*,
And every Bairn beſides, all new
Good Fortunes.

The

The Lady Purbeck's *by the*

2 *Gypſie.*

HElp me, wonder, here's a Book,
Where I would for ever look:
Never yet did *Gypſie* trace
Smoother Lines in Hands, or Face:
Venus here doth *Saturn* move,
That you ſhould be *Queen* of Love:
And the other Stars conſent,
Only *Cupid* not content:
For though you the Theft diſguiſe,
You have told him of his Eyes:
And to ſhew his Envy further,
Here he chargeth you with Murther:
Says, although that at your ſight,
He muſt all his Torches light;
Though your either Cheeks diſcloſes,
Mingled Baths of Milk and Roſes:
Though your Lips be banks of Bliſſes,
Where he plants, and gathers Kiſſes;
And your ſelf the Reaſon why,
Wiſeſt Men for Love may die,

You will turn all Hearts to Tinder,
And ſhall make the World one Cinder.

And the Lady Elizabeth Hatton's, *by the*

5 *Gypſie.*

MIſtris, of a fairer Table
Hath not Hiſtory, nor Fable;
Others Fortunes may be ſhown,
You are builder of your own.
And whatever Heav'n hath given you,
You preſerve the State ſtill in you,
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the help of Art,
You do keep ſtill, and the Glory
Of your Sex, is but your Story.

The Lord Chamberlain, *by the*

Jackman.

THough you, Sir, be Chamberlain, I have a Key
To open your Fortune a little by the way:
You are a good Man,
Deny it that can:
And faithful you are,
Deny it that dare.
You know how to uſe your Sword and your Pen,
And you love not alone the Arts, but the Men;
The Graces and Muſes ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their ſecond *Apollo*;
Only your Hand here tells you to your Face,
You have wanted one Grace,
To perform, what has been a right of your Place:
For by this Line, which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Maſter to a Wench.

'Tis well for your Honour he's pious and chaſte,
Or you had moſt certainly been diſplac't.

Dance 2. *Strain* 3.

The Lord Keeper's *Fortune, by the*

Patrico.

AS happy a Palm, Sir, as moſt i' the Land,
It ſhould be a pure, and an innocent Hand;
And worthy the truſt,
For it ſays you'll be juſt,
And carry that Purſe,
Without any Curſe
Of the Publick-Weal,
When you take out the Seal.
You do not appear,
A Judge of a Year.
I'll venture my Life,
You never had Wife,
But I'll venture my Skill,
You may when you will.
You have the King's Conſcience too in your Breaſt
And that's a good Gueſt;
Which you will have true touch of,
And yet not make much of,
More than by truth your ſelf forth to bring,
The Man that you are, for *God*, and the *King*.

The Lord Treaſurer's *Fortune, by the*

3 *Gypſie.*

I Come to borrow, and you'll grant my demand, Sir,
Since 'tis for no Money, pray lend me your Hand, Sir;
And yet this good Hand, if you pleaſe to ſtretch it,
Had the Errant been Money, could eaſily fetch it:
You command the King's Treaſure, and yet on my Soul
You handle not much, for your Palm is not foul:
Your Fortune is good, and will be to ſet
The Office upright, and the King out of Debt:
To put all that have Penſions ſoon out of their Pain,
By bringing th' Exchequer in credit again.

The Lord Privy-Seals,

2 *Gypſie.*

HOneſt, and Old,
In thoſe the good part of a Fortune is told;
God ſend you your Health,
The reſt is provided, Honour and Wealth:
All which you poſſeſs,
Without the making of any Man leſs,
Nor need you my Warrant, enjoy it you ſhall,
For you have a good Privy-Seal for it all.

The Earl Marſhal's,

3 *Gypſie.*

NExt, the great Maſter, who is the Donor,
I read you here the Preſerver of Honour,
And ſpy it in all your ſingular parts,
What a Father you are, and a Nurſe of the Arts:
By cheriſhing which, a way you have found,
How the free to all, to one may be bound,
And they again love their Bonds; for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free:
But this is their Fortune; Hark to your own,
Yours ſhall be to make true Gentry known

From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatneſs, as by the good:
To ſhew, and to open clear Vertue the way,
Both whether ſhe ſhould, and how far ſhe may:
And whilſt you do judge 'twixt Valour, and Noiſe
To extinguiſh the Race of the roaring Boys.

The Lord Steward's, *by the*

4 *Gypſie.*

I Find by this Hand,
You have the Command
Of the very beſt Man's Houſe i' the Land:
Our Captain, and we,
Ere long will ſee
If you keep a good Table:
Your Maſter's able.
And here be bountiful Lines, that ſay
You'll keep no part of his Bounty away.
Thus written to *Frank*
On your *Venus* bank:
To prove a Falſe Steward, you'll find much ado,
Being a true one by Blood, and by Office too.

Lord Marquiſs Hamilton's, *by the*

3 *Gypſie.*

ONly your Hand, and welcome to Court,
Here is a Man both for Earneſt, and Sport.
You were lately employ'd,
And your Maſter is joy'd
To have ſuch in his Train
So well can ſuſtain
His Perſon abroad,
And not ſhrink for the load.
But had you been here,
You ſhould have been a *Gypſie*, I ſwear,
Our Captain had ſummon'd you by a Doxy,
To whom you would not have anſwer'd by Proxy,
One, had ſhe come in the way of your Scepter,
'Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt her.

The Earl of Buckcloug's, *by the*

Patrico.

A Hunter you have been heretofore,
And had Game good ſtore:
But ever you went
Upon a New Scent,
And ſhifted your Loves
As often as they did their Smocks, or their Gloves:
But ſince that your brave Intendments are
Now bent for the War,
The World ſhall ſee
You can conſtant be,
One Miſtris to prove,
And court her for your Love.
Pallas, ſhall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, bear your *Shield*, and Fortune your *Page*.

Patr. WHy, this is a Sport,
See it *North*, ſee it *South*;
For the taſte of the *Court*,
Jack. For the *Courts* own Mouth.
Come, *Windſor*, the Town,
With the *Mayor*, and oppoſe,
We'll put them all down,
Patr. *Do-do-down*, like my Hoſe.
A *Gypſie* in his ſhape,
More calls the Beholder,
Than the Fellow with the Ape,
Jack. Or the Ape on his Shoulder.
H' is a ſight that will take
An Old Judge from his Wench,
I, and keep him awake.
Pat. Yes, awake on the Bench.
And has ſo much worth,
Though he ſit i' the Stocks,
He will draw the Girls forth,
Jack. I, forth i' their Smocks.
Tut, a Man's a Man;
Let the Clowns with their Sluts
Come mend us, if they can,
Patr. If they can, for their Guts.
Come, mend us, come, lend us, their Shouts, and their Noiſe,
Both. Like Thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomy's* Boys.

2 *Dance.* 6 *Strain,* which leads into *Dance* 3.

During which, Enter the Clowns,

Cockrel, Clod, Townſhead, Puppy.

Cock. OH the Lord! what be theſe? *Tom*, doſt thou know? Come hither, come hither, *Dick*, didſt thou ever ſee ſuch? the fineſt Olive-colour'd Spirits, they have ſo danc'd, and gingled here, as if they had been a Set of over-grown Faries.

Clo. They ſhould be Morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no Napkins.

Co. No, nor a Hobby-Horſe.

Cl. Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no Rule; but there is no *Mayd-marian*, nor *Friar* amongſt them, which is the ſurer Mark.

Co. Nor a Fool that I ſee.

Cl. Unleſs they be all Fools.

Tow. Well ſaid, *Tom Fool*; why thou ſimple piſh Aſs thou! didſt thou never ſee any *Gypſies*? Theſe are a Covy of *Gypſies*, and the braveſt new-come, that ever Conſtable flew at; goodly Game *Gypſies*, they are *Gypſies* o' this Year, o' this Moon in my Conſcience.

Cl. Oh, they are called the Moon-men, I remember now!

Coc. One ſhall hardly ſee ſuch Gentleman-like *Gypſies*, though under a Hedge, in a whole Summers-day, if they be *Gypſies*.

Tow. Male *Gypſies* all, not a *Mort* among them.

Pup. Where? where? I could never endure the ſight of theſe *Rogue-Gypſies*: which be they? I would fain ſee 'em.

Cl. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they *Cant*, or *Mill*? are they Maſters of their Arts?

To. No Batchellors theſe, they cannot have proceeded ſo far; they have ſcarce had their time to be louſie yet.

Pu. All the better: I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean Life, they'll do their Tricks the cleanlier.

Coc. We muſt have ſome Muſick then, and take out the Wenches.

Pup. Muſick, we'll have a whole Poverty of Pipers, call Cheeks upon the Bag-Pipe, and *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; ſee where he comes!

Co. I, and all the good Wenches of *Windſor*; after him, yonder is *Prue* o' the Park.

Tow. And *Frances* o' the Caſtle.

Pup. And *Long Meg* of *Eaton*.

Clo. And *Chriſtian* o' *Dorny*.

Tow.

Tow. See the Miracle of a Minſtrel.

Co. He's able to muſter up the Smocks of the Two Shires.

Pu. And ſet the *Codpieces* and they by th' ears at pleaſure.

To. I cannot hold now, there's my Groat, let's have a fit for mirth ſake.

Co. Yes, and they'll come about us for luck ſake.

Pu. But look to our Pockets, and Purſes, for our own ſake.

Cl. I, I have the greateſt charge; gather the Money.

Co. Come, Girls, here be *Gypſies* come to Town, let's dance 'em down.

The Clowns *take out their Wenches.*

Prudence, Frances, Meg, Chriſtian.

Countrey-Dance.

During which, the *Gypſies* come about them prying, and after the

Patrico.

SWeet Doxies, and Dells,
My Roſes *and* Knells,
Scarce out of the Shells,
Your Hands nothing Ells,
We ring you no Knells
With our Ptolomy's Bells,
Though we come from the Fells,
But bring you good Spells,
And tell you ſome Chances,
In midſt of your Dances,
That Fortune advances,
To Prudence, *or* Frances;
To Siſly, *or* Harry,
To Roger, *or* Mary,
Or Peg *of the* Dary;
To Maudlin, *or* Thomas,
Then do not run from us,
Although we look tawny,
We are healthy, and brawny;
Whate'er your Demand is,
We'll give you no Jaundis.

Pup. Say you ſo, Old *Gypſie*? 'Slid, theſe go to't in Rhimes; this is better than Canting, by t'one half.

To. Nay, you ſhall hear 'em; peace, they begin with *Prudence*: mark that.

Pu. The wiſer *Gypſie's* the Marry.

To. Are you adviſ'd?

Pu. Yes, and I'll ſtand to't, that a wiſe *Gypſie* (take him at time o' year) is as pollique a piece of fleſh, as moſt Juſtices in the County where he ſtalks.

3 *Gyp.* To love a Keeper, your Fortune will be;
But the *Doucets* better than him, or his Fee.

To. Ha, *Prue*, has he hit you i' th' teeth with a ſweet bit?

Pu. Let her alone, ſhe'll ſwallow well enough; a learned *Gypſie*.

To. You'll hear more hereafter.

Pu. Marry, and I'll liſten: who ſtands next? *Jack Cockrel?*

You'll ha' good luck to Horſe-fleſh, o' my Life,
You plough'd ſo late with the Vicar's Wife.

Pu. A Prophet, a Prophet, no *Gypſie*; or if he be a *Gypſie*, a Divine *Gypſie*.

To. Mark *Frances*, now ſhe's going to't, the Virginity o' the Pariſh.

Pat. Fear not, in Hell you'll never lead Apes;
A mortifi'd Maiden, of five ſcapes.

Pu. Birlady he toucht the Virgin-ſtring there a little too hard, they are arrant Learned Men all, I ſee; what ſay they upon *Tom*, *Clod*, *Liſt*.

1 *Gyp. Clod*'s Feet will in *Chriſtmas* go near to be bare,
When he has loſt all his Honayls at Poſt and Pair.

Pu. Has hit the right Nail o' th' Head, his own Game.

To. And the very Metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

Pu. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg?*

To. Long, and foul *Meg*, if ſhe be a *Meg*, as ever I ſaw of her Inches: pray God they fit her with a fair Fortune.

Pu. They ſlip her, and treat upon *Tickle-foot*.

1 *Gyp.* On *Sundays* you rob the Poors Box with your Tabor,
The Collectors would do it, you ſave them a labour.

Pup. Faith, but a little, they'll do it *non upſtant*.

To. Here's my little *Chriſtian*, forget, ha' you any Fortune left for her? a ſtraight-lac'd *Chriſtian* of ſixteen.

Pat. Chriſtian ſhall get her a looſe body'd Gown,
In tri'mage, how a Gentleman differs from a Clown.

Pup. Is that a Fortune for a *Chriſtian*? a *Turk*, or a *Gypſie* could not have told her a worſe.

To. Come, I'll ſtand my ſelf, and once venture the poor Head o' the Town, do your worſt, my Name's *Townſhead*, and here's my Hand, I'll not be angry.

3 *Gyp.* A *Cuckold* you muſt be, and that for three Lives;
Your own, the Parſon's, and your Wives.

To. I ſwear I'll never marry for that, an't be but to give Fortune my Foe the Lye: *Com Pan Puppy*, you muſt in too.

Pup. No, I'm well enough, I would ha' no good Fortune an I might.

Pat. Yet look to your ſelf, you'll ha' ſome ill luck,
And ſhortly, for I have his Purſe at a pluck.

Away birds Mum,
I hear by the Hum,
If Beck-harman come,
He'll ſtrike us all dumb,
With a noiſe like a Drum,
Let's give him our room,
Here, this way ſome,
And that way others,
We are not all Brothers;
Leave me to the Cheats,
I'll ſhew 'em ſome Feats.

Pup. What! are they gone? flown all of a ſudden? This is fine i' faith: A Covy call y'em? they are a Covy ſoon ſcatter'd methink: who ſprung 'em I marl?

To. Marry your ſelf, *Puppy*, for ought I know, you queſted laſt.

Clo. Would he had queſted firſt, and ſprung y'em an 'our ago, for me.

To. Why! what's the matter, Man?

Clo. 'Slid, they ha' ſprung my Purſe, and all I had about me.

To. They ha' not, ha' they?

Clo. As I am true *Clod*, ha' they, and ranſacled me of every penny, outcept I were with Child with an Owl, (as they ſay) I never ſaw ſuch luck, it's enough to make a Man a Whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talk'ſt as if thou had'ſt a Licenſe to loſe thy Purſe alone in this Company: 'ſlid here be thoſe can loſe a Purſe in Honour of the *Gypſies*, as well as thou for thy Heart, and never make word of it: I ha' loſt my Purſe too.

Coc. What was there i' thy Purſe, thou keep'ſt ſuch a whining? was the Leaſe of thy Houſe in it?

Pu. Or thy *Grannams* Silver Ring.

Cl. No, but a *Mill* Six Pence I lov'd as dearly, and a Two Pence I had to ſpend over and above; beſides, the Harper that was gathered amongſt us, to pay the *Piper*.

Tom. Our whole Stock, is that gone? How will *Tom Tickle-foot* do to wet his whiſtle then?

Pup.

Pup. Marry, a new Collection, there's no Musick else, Masters; he can ill pipe that wants his upper Lip; Money.

Pru. They have robb'd me too of a dainty Race of Ginger, and a Jet-Ring I had, to draw *Jack Straw* hither a Holy-days.

Tom. Is't possible? Fine finger'd *Gypsies* i' faith.

Me. And I have lost an inchanted Nutmeg, all gilded over, was inchanted at *Oxford* for me, to put i' my Sweet-Hearts Ale a Mornings; with a Row of White-Pins, that prick me to the very Heart, the loss of them.

Clo. And I have lost, besides my Purse, my best Bride-Lace I had at *Joan Turner*'s Wedding, and a halpworth of Hobnails: *Francis Addlebreech* has lost somewhat too, besides her Maiden-Head.

Fra. I have lost my Thimble, and a Skein of *Coventry*-Blue I had to work *Gregory Litchfield* a Handkerchief.

Chr. And I, unhappy *Christian* as I am, have lost my *Practice of Piety*, with a bowed Groat; and the Ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

Clo. And *Tickle-foot* has lost his Clout, he says, with a Three Pence, and Four Tokens in't; besides his Taboring-stick ev'n now.

Co. And I my Knife and Sheath, and my fine Dogs-Leather Gloves.

To. Ha' we lost never a Dog amongst us? Where's *Puppy?*

Pup. Here, Goodman *Townshead*, you have nothing to lose it seems, but the *Town-Brains* you are trusted with.

OH my dear Marrows!
No shooting of Arrows,
Or Shafts of your Wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit!
Your Store is but small,
Then venture not all.
Remember each mock,
Doth spend o' the Stock;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moon,
And at Afternoon,
Will prove right soon
Disceptio vilus,
Done Gratia risus.
There's no such thing
As the loss of a Ring,
Or what you count worse,
The miss of a Purse.
But hey for the main,
And pass of the strain,
Here's both come again.
And there's an old twinger
Can show ye the Ginger;
The Pins and the Nutmeg
Are safe here with Slut Meg:
Then strike up your Tabor,
And there's for your labour;
The Sheath and the Knife,
I'll venture my Life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like Man and Wife,
Or Sister and Brother,
Keep one with another,
And light as a Feather,
Make haste to come hither.

THE Coventry-Blue
Hangs there upon Prue,
And here's one opens
The Clout, and the Tokens;
Deny the bow'd Groat,
And you lie i' your throat.
Or the Taborer's Nine Pence,
Or the Six fine Pence.
As for the Ballad,
Or the Book what you call it;
Alas our Society
Mell's not with Piety,
Himself hath forsook it,
That first undertook it;
For Thimble or Bride-Lace,
Search yonder Side-Lass.
All's to be found,
If you look your selves round:
We scorn to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any Man wrong ye,
The Thief's *among ye.*

Tow. EXcellent i' faith, a most Restorative *Gypsie*, all's here agen; and yet by his learning of *Legier-demaine*, he would make us believe we had robb'd our selves.

Co. A *Gypsie* of Quality, believe it, and one of the King's *Gypsies*; this a *Drink-alian*, or a *Drink-braggatan?*
Ask him.
The *King* has his Noise of *Gypsies*, as well as of *Bear-wards*, and other Minstrels.

Pu. What Sort or Order of *Gypsies*, I pray, Sir.

A *Flagon-sekian*,
A *Devils-arse-a-Pekian*;
Born first at *Niglington*,
Bred up at *Filchington*,
Boarded at *Tappington*,
Bedded at *Wappington.*

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd *Gypsie.*

Pu. But I pray, Sir, if a Man might ask on you, how came your *Captains* Place first to be call'd
The Devil's Arse?

Pat. For that take my Word,
We have a Record,
That doth it afford,
And says our first Lord,
Cocklorrel he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devil to a Feast;
The tail of the Jest,
Though since it be long,
Lives yet in a Song;
Which if you would hear,
Shall plainly appear.
I'll call in my Clerk,
Shall sing like a Lark:
Come in my long Shark,
With thy Face brown and dark;
With thy Tricks, and thy Toys,
Make a merry, merry noise,
To those mad Country Boys,
And chant out the Fart of the *Grand Devil's arse.*

SONG.

COck-lorrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bad him once into the Peak to Dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His Stomach was queasie (for coming there Coacht),
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise;
To help it, he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And

And ſo recover'd unto his wiſh,
He ſate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter *in Plum-broth was the firſt diſh,*
His own privy Kitchin had no ſuch Meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a ſudden he ſhifted his Trencher
As ſoon as he ſpi'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
By which you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six *pickl'd Taylors ſliced and cut,*
Sempſters, Tyrewomen, fit for his pallat;
With Feathermen, and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

A rich *fat Uſurer ſtu'd in his Marrow,*
And by him a Lawyers Head and Green-ſawce;
Both which his belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never ſeen Sawce.

Then *Carbonadoed, and Cook't with pains,*
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants Face;
The Sawce was made of his Teamans Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two *roaſted Sheriffs came whole to the Board;*
(The Feaſt had nothing been without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fur'd,
Their Chains like Sawſages hung about 'em.

The *very next diſh, was the Mayor of a Town,*
With a Pudding of maintenance thruſt in his Belly;
Like a Gooſe in the Feathers dreſt in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A London *Cuckold, hot from the Spit,*
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit,
But the Horns were very near like to have chookt him.

The *Chine of a Lecher too there was roaſted,*
With a plump Harlots Haunch and Garlick;
A Panders Pettitoes that had boaſted
Himſelf for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large *fat Paſty of a Mid-wife hot;*
And for a cold bak't Meat in to the ſtory,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in Cruſt, till now ſhe was hoary.

To theſe, *an over grown Juſtice of Peace,*
With a Clerk like a Gizzard thruſt under each Arm;
And Warrants for Sippets, laid in his own Greaſe,
Set o'er a Chaffing-diſh to be kept warm.

The Joul *of a Jaylor, ſerv'd for a fiſh,*
A Conſtable ſauc'd with Vinegar by;
Two Aldermen Lobſters aſleep in a diſh,
A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

All *which devour'd; He then for a cloſe,*
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge Veſſel up to his Noſe,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then *from the Table he gave a ſtart,*
Where Banquet, and Wine were nothing ſcarce,
All which he ſtirted away with a Fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arſe.

And *there he made ſuch a breach with the Wind,*
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the Vapour, before, and behind,
Hath foully perfumed moſt part of the Iſle.

And *this was* Tobacco, *the learned ſuppoſe;*
Which ſince in Country, Court, and Town,
In the Devils Gliſter-pipe ſmoaks at the Noſe
Of Pollcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From *which wicked Weed, with Swines-fleſh, and Ling;*
Or any thing elſe that's feaſt for the Fiend:
Our Captain, *and we, cry God ſave the* King,
And ſend him good Meat, and Mirth without end.

Pup. AN excellent Song, and a ſweet Songſter, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a diſh of Water, and Hempſeed; a fine Breaſt of his own: Sir, you are a Prelate of the Order, I underſtand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company; will your Captain take a Prentice, Sir? I would bind my ſelf to him body and Soul, either for one and twenty Years, or as many Lives as he would.

Clo. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too, I am ſorry I had no more Money i' my Purſe when you came firſt upon us, Sir; If I had known you would have pickt my Pocket ſo like a Gentleman, I would have been better provided; I ſhall be glad to venture a Purſe with your worſhip at any time you'l appoint, ſo you would prefer me to your Captain; I'll put in ſecurity for my truth, and ſerve out my time, though I die to morrow.

Coc. I, upon thoſe terms, Sir, and in hope your Captain keeps better Cheer than he made the Devil, for my Stomach will ne'er agree with that Diet, we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little Money, Sir, all I have, and you ſhall pick my Pocket to my Face, and I'll avouch it; A Man would not deſire to have his Pocket pickt in better company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts than picking of Pockets, or telling Fortunes; if they would but pleaſe to ſhew 'em, or thought us poor Country mortals worthy of them; what might a Man do to be a Gentleman of your company, Sir?

I, a *Gipſie* in ord'nary, or nothing.

Pat. FRiends not to reſel ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to ſell ye,
I only muſt tell ye;
Ye aim at a myſtery,
Worthy a Hiſtory;
There's much to be done,
E'er you can be a Son,
Or Brother of the Moon.
'Tis not ſo ſoon
Acquir'd, as deſir'd.
You muſt be *Ben-bowſie*,
And ſleepy, and drowſie,
And laſie, and lowſie,
Before ye can rouſe ye,
In ſhape that arouſe ye.
And then you may ſtalk
The *Gipſies* walk;
To the *Coops*, and the *Pens*,
And bring in the *Hens*,
Though the Cock be ſullen
For loſs of the Pullen:
Take Turky, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forſaken;
We'll let you go looſe,
Like a Fox to a Gooſe,
And ſhew you the Sty
Where the little Pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The ſow in her Dreams,
But by the Moon-beams;

So

So warily hie,
As neither do cry.
You ſhall the next day
Have licenſe to play
At the Hedge a flirt,
For a Sheet, or a Shirt;
If your Hand be light,
I'll ſhew you the ſlight
Of our *Ptolomie*'s knot,
It is, and 'tis not,
To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of *Wall-nuts*, and *Hogs-greaſe*,
Better than *Dogs-greaſe:*
And to milk the Kine,
E'er the Milk-maid fine
Hath open'd her Eine.
Or if you deſire
To ſpit, or fart fire,
I'll teach you the knacks,
Of earing of Flax;
And out of their Noſes,
Draw Ribbands, and Poſies.
As for example,
Mine own is as ample,
And fruitful a Noſe,
As a wit can ſuppoſe;
Yet it ſhall go hard,
But there will be ſpar'd,
Each of you a Yard,
And worth your regard.
When they collour, and ſize
Arrive at your Eyes.
And if you encline
To a cup of good Wine,
When you ſup, or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it Claret, or Sack;
I'll make this Snout,
To deal it about,
Or this to run out,
As it were from a Spout.

Tow. ADmirable Tricks, and he does 'm all *ſe defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the Trap of Authority, by a frail fleſhly Conſtable.

Pup. Without the aid of a Cheeſe,

Clo. Or help of a flitch of Bacon.

Co. Oh, he would chirp in a pair of Stocks ſumptuouſly; I'd give any thing to ſee him play looſe with his Hands, when his Feet were faſt.

Pup. O' my conſcience he fears not that, and the Marſhal himſelf were here; I proteſt I admire him.

Pat. IS this worth your wonder
INay then you ſhall under-
Stand more of my skill.
I can (for I will)
Here at *Burley* o' th' Hill,
Give you all your fill,
Each Jack with his Gill,
And ſhew you the *King*,
The *Prince* too and bring;
The *Gipſies* were here,
Like *Lords* to appear,
With ſuch there attenders,
As you thought offenders,
Who now become *new men*,
You'll know them for *true men*;
For he we call Chief,
I'll tell't ye in brief,
Is ſo far from a Thief,
As he gives ye relief
With his Bread, Beer, and Beef.
And 'tis not long ſince
Ye drank of his Wine,
And it made you fine;
Both Clarret, and Sherry,
Then let us be merry;
And help with your call,
For a *Hall*, a *Hall*.
Stand up to the Wall,
Both good Men, and tall,
We are one Mans all.

Bever. THe fift of *Auguſt*,
Will not let Saw-duſt
Lie in your Throats,
Or Cobwebs, or Oats;
But help to ſcour ye.
This is no *Gowry*,
Has drawn *James* hither,
But the goodman of *Bever*,
Our *Buckingham*'s Father;
Then ſo much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For 'tis a holy night,
Spight of the Conſtable,
Or *Mas Dean* of *Dunſtable*.

All. A *Hall*, a *Hall*, a *Hall*.

The Gipſies chang'd dance.

Patrico.

WHy now ye behold,
'Twas truth that I told,
And no device;
They are chang'd in a trice,
And ſo will I,
Be my ſelf, by and by.
I only now
Muſt ſtudy how
To come off with a grace,
With my *Patrico's* place:
Some ſhort kind of bleſſing,
It ſelf addreſſing
Unto my good Maſter,
Which light on him faſter,
Than wiſhes can fly.
And you that ſtand by
Be as jocund as I;
Each Man with his Voice,
Give his heart to rejoice,
Which I'll requite,
If my Art hit right,
Though late now at night,
Each *Clown* here in ſight,
Before day-light,
Shall prove a good *Knight*;
And your *Laſſes* Pages
Worthy their wages,
Where fancy engages
Girls to their ages.

Clo. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what is't? what is't?

Pat. Nothing, but bear the bob of the cloſe,
It will be no burthen you may well ſuppoſe.
But bleſs the Sov'rain, and his ſenſes,
And to wiſh away offences,

Clo. Let us alone, bleſs the Sov'rain, and his ſences.

Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have being,
And firſt of ſeeing.

I.

Pat. FRom a *Gipſie*, in the morning,
Or a pair of ſquint-Eyes turning:
From the *Goblin*, and the Spectre,
Or a *Drunkard*, though with *Nectar*;
From a Woman true to no Man,
Which is ugly, beſides common;
A Smock rampant, and the itches,
To be putting on the Breeches:
Whereſo'er they ha' their being,
Bleſs the *Sov'rain*, and his ſeeing.

II.

FRom a Fool, and ſerious Toys;
From a *Lawyer*, three parts noiſe;
From impertinence, like a Drum
Beat at dinner in his Room;
From a Tongue without a File,
Heaps of *Phraſes*, and no ſtile.
From a Fiddle out of tune,
As the *Cuckoe* is in *June*.
From the Candleſticks of *Lothbury*,
And the loud pure Wives of *Banbury*:
Or a long pretended fit;
Meant for mirth, but is not it:
Only time, and Ears out-wearing,
Bleſs the *Sov'rain*, and his hearing.

III.

FRom a ſtrolling Tinkers Sheet,
Or a pair of Carriers Feet:
From a Lady that doth breathe,
Worſe above, than underneath:
From the *Diet*, and the knowledge
Of the Students in Bears-colledge.
From *Tobacco*, with the tipe
Of the *Devils* Gliſter-pipe;
Or a ſtink all ſtinks excelling,
A *Fiſhmongers* dwelling.
Bleſs the *Sov'raign*, and his ſmelling.

IV.

FRom an *Oyſter*, and friy'd Fiſh,
A *Sowes* Baby in a Diſh:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Veniſon, and worſe Wine.
Ling, what *Cook* ſo'er it boil,
Though with Muſtard ſawc'd and Oil,
Or what elſe would keep Man faſting,
Bleſs the *Sov'raign*, and his taſting.

V.

BOth from Birdlime, and from Pitch,
From a Doxy, and her itch,
From the Briſles of a Hog,
Or the Ring-worm in a Dog.
From the courtſhip of a Brier,
Or St. *Anthony*'s old Fier.
From a Needle, or a Thorn;
I' the Bed at ev'en, or morn:
Or from any *Gouts* leaſt grutching.
Bleſs the *Sov'raign*, and his touching.

BLeſs him too from all offences,
In his Sports, as in his Sences.
From a Boy to croſs his way,
From a fall, or a foul day.

BLeſs him, O bleſs him Heav'n, and lend him long
To be the ſacred burthen of all ſong;
The Acts, and Years, of all our *Kings* t' out-go;
And while he's mortal, we not think him ſo.

After which, aſcending up, the Jackman *ſings.*

SONG. 1.

THe Sports are done, yet do not let
Your Joys in ſudden ſilence ſet;
Delight, and dumbneſs never met
In one ſelf-ſubject yet.
If things oppos'd muſt mixt appear,
Then add a boldneſs to your fear,
And ſpeak a Hymn to him,
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will ſweeten with an under-ſong.

Captain.

GLory of orus, and grace of all the Earth;
How well your Figure doth become your Birth,
As if your Form, and Fortune equal ſtood,
And only Vertue got above your Blood.

SONG. 2.

VErtue; *his* Kingly *vertue which did merit*
This Iſle *entire, and you are to inherit.*

4 *Gypſie.*

HOw right he doth confeſs him in his Face,
His Brow, his Eye, and ev'ry mark of State;
As if he were the iſſue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his Fame, and Fate.

SONG. 3.

LOok, look, is he not fair,
And freſh, fragrant too
As Summer Sky, or purged Air,
And looks as Lillies do,
That were this morning blown.

4 *Gypſie.*

Oh more! that more of him were known.

3 *Gypſie.*

LOok how the Winds upon the Waves grown tame,
Take up Land ſounds upon their purple Wings;
And catching each from other, bear the ſame
To ev'ry angle of their ſacred ſprings.
So will we take his praiſe, and hurl his name
About the *Globe*, in thouſand airy Rings,
If his great vertue be in lore with fame,
For that contemn'd, both are neglected things.

SONG. 4.

GOod Princes ſoar above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Than in their name.
Such, ſuch the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title ſtrives to kiſs;
Who on his Royal grounds unto himſelf doth raiſe,
The work to trouble Fame, and to aſtoniſh Praiſe.

4 *Gypſie.*

INdeed he's not Lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of Men, and of the Empires fate.
The *Muſes* Arts, the *Schools* commerce, our honours Laws,
And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cauſe.

2 *Gyp.* His Hand-maid *Juſtice* is.
3 *Gyp.* *Wiſdom*, his Wife.
4 *Gyp.* His Miſtris, *Mercy*.
5 *Gyp.* *Temperance*, his life.
2 *Gyp.* His Pages bounty, and grace which many prove.
3 *Gyp.* His Guards are *Magnanimity*, and love.
4 *Gyp.* His Uſhers, *Councel*, *Truth*, and *Piety*.
5 *Gyp.* And all that follows him, *Felicity*.

SONG. 5.

OH that we underſtood
Our good;
There's happineſs indeed in Blood,
And ſtore,
But how much more,
When Vertue's flood
In the ſame Stream doth hit?
As that grows high with Years, ſo Happineſs with it.

Captain.

LOve, love his Fortune then, and Vertues known,
Who is the top of Men,
But makes the happineſs our own;
Since where the *Prince*, for goodneſs is renown'd,
The ſubject with *Felicity* is crown'd.

The EPILOGUE.

AT Burley, Bever, *and now laſt at* Windſor,
Which ſhews we are Gypſies *of no common kind, Sir:*
You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transform'd, may think it ſtrange.
It being a thing not touch't at by our Poet,
Good Ben *ſlept there, or elſe forgot to ſhew it;*
But leſt it prove like wonder to the ſight,
To ſee a Gypſie, *as an* Æthiope, *white.*
Know, that what dy'd our Faces, was an Oyntment
Made, and laid on by Mr. Woolfe's *appointment,*
The Court Lycanthropos; *yet without Spells,*
By a meer Barber, *and no* Magick *ells:*
It was fetcht off with Water, and a Ball,
And to our transformation, this is all,
Save what the Maſter Faſhioner *calls his,*
For to Gypſies Metamorphoſis;
Who doth diſguiſe his habit, and his Face,
And takes on a falſe Perſon by his place:
The power of Poetry *can never fail her,*
Aſſiſted by a Barber, *and a* Taylor.

THE END.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURES.

With the ſeveral

ANTI-MASQUES

Preſented on *TWELFTH-NIGHT*, 1622.

The firſt ANTI-MASQUE *had for the* SCENE, The Court Buttery-hatch.

The Preſenters were from St. *Katharine's*.

Notch *a Brewers Clark*, Slug *a Lighterman*, Van-gooſe *a rare Artiſt*; *Lady* Alewife, *her two Women, three dancing* Bears, Urſon *the Bear-ward*, Groom *of the* Revels.

Notch. COme, now my Head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I ha' ſeen the Lyons e'er now, and he that hath ſeen them may ſee the King.

Slug. I think he may; but have a care you go not too high (Neighbour *Notch*) leaſt you chance to have a Tally made of your Pate, and be clawed with a Cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the King, as the Lyons.

Groom. Whither? whither now Gameſters? what is the Buſineſs? the Affair? ſtop I beſeech you.

Notch. This muſt be an Officer, or nothing, he is ſo peart and brief in his demands! a pretty Man! and a pretty Man is a little o' this ſide nothing; howſoever we muſt not be daunted now, I am ſure I am a greater Man than he out of the Court, and I have loſt nothing of my Sire ſince I came to it.

Groom. Hey-da! what's this? A Hogſhead of Beer broak out of the King's Buttery, or ſome Dutch Hulk! whither are you bound? The Wind is againſt you, you muſt back; do you know where you are?

Notch. Yes, Sir, if we be not miſtaken, we are at the Court, and would be glad to ſpeak with ſomething of leſs Authority, and more Wit, that knows a little in the place.

Groom. Sir, I know as little as any Man in the place. Speak, what is your buſineſs, I am an Officer, Groom of the Revels, that is my place.

Notch. To fetch Bonge of Court a parcel of inviſible Bread, and Beer for the Players (for they never ſee it) or to miſtake ſix Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

Groom. How, Sir?

Notch. Come, this is not the firſt time you have carried Coals to your own Houſe, I mean that ſhould have warm'd them.

Groom. Sir, I may do it by my place, and I muſt queſtion you farther.

Notch. Be not ſo muſty, Sir, our deſire is only to know whether the King's Majeſty, and the Court expect any diſguiſe here to Night.

Groom. Diſguiſe! what mean you by that? do you think that his Majeſty ſits here to expect Drunkards?

Notch. No, if he did, I believe you would ſupply that place better than you do this: Diſguiſe was the old *Engliſh* word for a Maſque, Sir, before you were an implement belonging to the *Revels*.

Groom. There is no ſuch word in the Office now I aſſure you, Sir, I have ſerv'd here, Man and Boy, a 'Prentiſhip or twain, and I ſhould know. But, by what name ſo-ever you call it, here will be a Maſque, and ſhall be a Maſque, when you and the reſt of your Comrogues ſhall ſit diſguis'd in the Stocks.

Notch. Sure by your Language you were never meant for a Courtier, howſoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken out of the Neſt young; you are ſome Conſtables Egg, ſome ſuch Widgin of Authority, you are

ſo eaſily offended! Our coming was to ſhew our Loves, Sir, and to make a little merry with his Majeſty to night, and we have brought a Maſque with us, if His Majeſty had not been better provided.

Groome, Who you? you a Maſque? why you ſtink like ſo many Bloat-herrings newly taken out of the Chimny! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have been hang'd in the Smoak ſufficiently, that is ſmelt out already.

Notch. Sir, we do come from among the Brew-houſes in Saint *Katharines*, that's true, there you have ſmoak'd us (the Dock comfort your Noſtrils,) and we may have lived in a Miſt there, and ſo miſt our Purpoſe; but for mine own part I have brought my Properties with me to expreſs what I am; the Keys of my Calling hang here at my Girdle, and this the Regiſter Book of my Function ſhews me no leſs than a Clerk at all Points, and a Brewers Clerk, and a Brewers head Clerk.

Gro. A Man of accompt, Sir! I cry you mercy.

Slug. I, Sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a Merchant of Hops, till all hopt into the Water.

Notch. No more of that, what I have been, I have been: what I am, I am: I *Peter Notch*, Clerk, hearing the Chriſtmas Invention was drawn dry at Court; and that neither the *King*'s Poet, nor his Architect had wherewithal left to entertain ſo much as a Baboon of Quality, nor ſcarce the *Welſh* Embaſſadour, if he ſhould come there: Out of my Allegiance, to wit, drew in ſome other Friends that have as it were preſumed out of their own Naturals, to fill up the *vacuum* with ſome pretty Preſentation, which we have addreſſed, and conveighed hither in a Lighter at the general Charge, and landed at the back Door of the Buttery, through my Neighbour *Slug*'s Credit there.

Slug. A poor Lighter-man, ſir, one that hath had the Honour ſometimes to lay in the Kings Beer there; and I aſſure you I heard it in no worſe Place than the very Buttery, or a certain, there would be no Maſque, and from ſuch as could command a Jack of Beer, two or three.

Van. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, loſt, two, dze, bour mile, I know that from my ſelven; dey have no ting, no ting van deir own, but vat dey take vrom de earb, or de ſea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de reſt van de veir Elementen, de place a, dat be ſo common as de bench in de Burdello. Now me would bring in ſome dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never ſall be in de rebus natura; dat has never van de materia, nor de forma, nor de boſſen, nor de boot, but a mera deviſa of de Brain.

Groom. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? What *Dutchman* does build or frame Caſtles in the Air?

Not. He is no *Dutchman*, Sir, he is a *Britain* born, but hath learn'd to miſuſe his own Tongue in Travel, and now ſpeaks all Languages in ill *Engliſh*; a rare Artiſt he is, Sir, and a Projector of Maſques. His Project in ours is, that we ſhould all come from the three dancing Bears in Saint *Katharines* (you may hap know it, Sir) hard by where the Prieſt fell in, which Alehouſe is kept by a diſtreſſed Lady; whoſe Name (for the Honour of Knighthood) will not be known; yet ſhe is come in Perſon here Errant, to fill up the Adventure with her two Women that draw drink under her; Gentlewomen born all three, I aſſure you.

Slug. And were three of thoſe Gentlewomen that ſhould have acted in that famous matter of *England*'s Joy in Six hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of *England*'s Joy, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand I wis, *England*'s Sport and Delight, if you can manage it. The poor Cattel yonder are paſſing away the time, with a cheat Loaf, and a bumbard of broken Beer, how will ye diſpoſe of them?

Gro. Cattel! what Cattel does ſhe mean?

Lady. No worſe than the King's Game I aſſure you; The Bears, Bears both of Quality and Faſhion, right Bears, true Bears.

Not. A device only to expreſs the Place from whence we come, my Ladies houſe (for which we have borrowed three very Bears that (as her Ladiſhip aforeſaid ſays) are well bred, and can dance to preſent the Sign, and the Bearward to ſtand for the Sign-poſt.

Gro. That is pretty; but are you ſure you have ſufficient Bears for the Purpoſe.

Slug. Very ſufficient Bears as any are in the Ground, the *Pariſh Garden*, and can dance at firſt ſight, and play their own Tunes if need be. *John Urſon* the Bearward, offers to play them with any City-dancers chriſtned for a ground Meaſure.

Not. Marry, for lofty Tricks, or dancing on the Ropes, he will not undertake, it is out of their Element he ſays. Sir, all our requeſt is, ſince we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Maſque, for an *Antick-mask*; and as we ſhall deſerve therein, we deſire to be returned with Credit to the Buttery from whence we came, for Reward, or to the Porters Lodge with Diſcredit, for our Puniſhment.

Gro. To be whipt with your Bears? Well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the Game, if I were aſſured the aforeſaid Game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

Not. For that, Sir, the Bear-ward hath put in ſecurity, by warranting my Lady and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in ſafety; and for their abuſing the Place you ſhall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of Dyet-bread to bind them to their good Behaviour.

Gro. Well, let them come; if you need one, I'll help you my ſelf.

Enter John Urſon *with his Bears ſinging.*

BALLAD.

THough it may ſeem rude
For me to intrude,
With theſe my Bears by chance-a;
'Twere ſport for a King,
If they could ſing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
We came from St. Katharin-a;
Theſe dancing three,
By the help of me,
Who am the Poſt of the ſign-a.

We ſell good Ware,
And we need not care
Though Court and Country knew it.
Our Ale's o' the beſt,
And each good gueſt
Prays for their Souls that brew it.

For any Ale-houſe,
We care not a Louſe,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. Clement's Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes thither agen,
The Liquor is ſo mighty;
Beer ſtrong and ſtale,
And ſo is our Ale,
And it burns like Aqua vitæ.

To

To a ſtranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has bin:
We ſhew th' Iron Gate,
The Wheel of St. Kate,
And the Place where the Prieſt fell in.

The Wives of Wapping
They trudge to our tapping,
And ſtill our Ale deſire;
And there ſit and drink,
Till they ſpue, and ſtink,
And often piſs out our Fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives join
Their ſingle Coyn,
And the Tinker pawns his Budget.

If their Brains be not well,
Or their Bladders do ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Lady will come
With a Bowl and a Broom,
And her Hand-maid with a Jorden.

From Court we invite
Lord, Lady, and Knight;
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman and Groom.
And all our ſtiff drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggars ſhall give ye room.

Van. How like you? how like you?

Gro. Excellent! The Bears have done learnedly, and ſweetly.

Van. Tis noting, tis noting; vill you ſee ſometing? Ick ſall bring in de Turkſchen, met all zin Baſhaws, and zin dirty towland Yaniſſaries met all zin Whoozen, Eunuken, all met an auder, de Sofie van Perſia, de Tartar Cham met de groat King of Mogull, and mave deir men, and deir hoꝛſe, and deir Elephanten be ſeen fight in de ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and no ſuch ting. And all dis met de Ars van de Catropricks, by de reflexhie van de glaſſen.

Not. Oh, he is an admirable Artiſt.

Slug. And a half, Sir.

Gro. But where will he place his Glaſſes?

Van. Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dꝛee, veir, vife towland Mile off: Ick ſall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander ſecret dat Ick heb: Spꝛeck, vat vil you haven?

Gro. Good, Sir, put him to't, bid him do ſomething that is impoſſible; he will undertake it I warrant you.

Not. I do not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turk*, nor the *Tartar*, their Names are ſomewhat too big for the Room; marry if he could ſhew us ſome Country Players, ſtrolling about in ſeveral Shires, without Licence from the Office, that would pleaſe I know whom, or ſome Welſh Pilgrims.

Van. Pilgzim? now yow talk of de Pilgzim, it come in my head. Ick vill ſhow yow all de whole bzave Pilgzim o' de Uoꝛld: de Pilgzim dat go now, now at de inſtant, two, dꝛe towland Mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, oꝛ here, dere, every where, make de fine Labyrints, and ſhew all de bzave erroꝛ in de Uoꝛld.

Slug. And ſhall we ſee it here?

Van. Pau, here, here, here in dis Room, tis very Room: vel dat is dat to yow if Ick do de ting? vat an devil, vera boten Devil?

Gro. Nay, good Sir, be not angry.

Not. 'Tis a Diſeaſe that follows all excellent Men, they cannot govern their Paſſions; but let him alone, try him one 'bout.

Gro. I would try him, but what has all this to do with our Mask?

Van. O Sir, all de better voꝛ an Antick-mask, de moꝛe abſurd it be, and bꝛom de purpoſe, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de moꝛe Art: foꝛ dear is Art, and dear is Nature, yow ſall ſee. Hochos, pochos, Paucos, Palabros.

The Second *Antimask.*

Which was a perplex'd Dance of ſtraying and deform'd Pilgrims taking ſeveral Paths, till with the opening of the Light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, *they were all frighted away, and the Main* Maſque *begun.*

(a) *Apollo* deſcending, ſung.

IT is no dream, you all do wake, and ſee;
Behold, who comes! (b) far ſhooting Phœbus *he*
That can both hurt and (c)heal; and with his(d)voyce
Rear Towns, and make Societies rejoyce;
That taught the Muſes all their harmony,
(e) And men the tuneful of Art Augury.
Apollo *ſtoops, and when a God deſcends,*
May Mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

(a) Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas. (b) Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton ἑκηβόλος, longe jaculans. (c) Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus. (d) Muſicam, unde μουσηγέτης appellatus. (e) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. & Horat. Car. lib. 1. Ode 2. *Nube cadentes humeros amictus Augur Apollo.* Et Car. ſæcul ult. ubi doctiſſimus Poeta has artes totidem verſibus complectitur. *Augur & fulgente decorus arcu Phœbus, acceptuque novem camœnis, Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos corporis artus.*

Being near the Earth, he call'd theſe Perſons following, who came forth as from their Tombs.

(f) *LInus*, and (g) *Orpheus*, (h) *Branchus*, (i) *Idmon*, all
My Sacred Sons, riſe at your Fathers call
From your immortal Graves; where ſleep, not death,
Yet binds your Powers.
Linus. Here.
Orpheus. Here.
Branchus. What ſacred Breath
Doth re-inſpire us?
Idmon. Who is this we feel?
(k) *Phœmonæ.*
What heat creeps through me, as when burning Steel
Is dipt in Water?
Apollo. I, Phœmonœ,
Thy Father *Phœbus*'s fury filleth thee;
Confeſs my Godhead; once again I call,
Let whole *Apollo* enter in you all,
And follow me.

CHORUS.

We fly, we do not tread,
The Gods do uſe to raviſh whom they lead.

(f) Linus Apollinis & Terpſichores filius. Pauſ. (g) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inſcript. *Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus. Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adſit Orphei Calliopea Lino formoſus Apollo.* (h) Branchus Apollinis & Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. & Statium Thebaid. lib. 3---patrioque æqualis honori Branchus. (i) Idmon, Apollinis & Aſteries filius. De illo vid. Valer. Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic.—— *Contra Phœbius Idmon non pallore viris non ullo honore comarum terribilis plenus fatis, Phœboque quieto, cui genitor tribuit præſcire Divum Omina, ſeu Flammas, ſeu lubrica cominus exta, ſeu plenum certis interroget aëra pennis.* (k) Phœmonæ filia Phœbi quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit. Heſiod. in Theog.

Apollo

Apollo *descended, shewed them where the* King *sate, and sung forward.*

BEhold the Love and Care of all the Gods
Of the Ocean, and the happy Isles;
That whilst the World about him is at odds,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himself, and smiles.

CHORUS.

To see the erring mazes of Mankind;
Who seek for that, doth punish them to find.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

Apollo.

PRince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above!
Jove *hath commanded me*
To visit thee;
And in thine Honour with my (l) *Musique rear,*
(m) *a College here,*
Of tuneful Augures, *whose divining skill,*
Shall wait thee still,
And be the Heralds *of his highest Will.*
The Work is done,
And I have made their President *thy Son;*
Great Mars *too, on these nights,*
(n) *hath added* Salian *Rites.*
Yond, yond afar,
They closed in their (o) *Temple are,*
And each one guided by a Star.

CHORUS.

Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they advance
'twixt every Dance,
Let us interpret their Prophetick Trance.

(l) *Allusio ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist. Paris. Ilion aspicies, firmataq; turribus altis Mœnia Apollineæ structa cavore lyræ.* (m) *Augurandi scientia nobilis erat & antiqua, apud Gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat Collegium & Domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit Authoritas & Dignitas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romæ. Romulus, urbe condita, Collegium & Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. Lib.* 1. *& Tull. lib.* 1. *Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare, & ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumq; monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacer erat Romanis & res regia habita, dignitasq; penes patricios & principes viros mansit, etiam apud Imperatores obtinuit, unde ab Apolline nostro, tales Præses pulchrè designatus* (n) *Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes pene gentes: & a saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ. Salii dicti & Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum & tibiam ludebant Salii & Salisubsuli dicebantur. Salius,* ὑμνῳδὸς *vet. gloss. & Pacuv. Pro Imperio sic Salisubsulus vestro excubet Mars. & Virg. Æneid. lib.* 8. *Tum Salii ad Cantus incensa altaria circum Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.* (o) *Auguria captaturi cœlum eligebant purum & serenum, aëreq; nitido. Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus, Augurale Signum) manu tenebat Augur. Eo cœli regiones designabat, & metas intra quas contineri debebant Auguria: & hæ vocabantur Templa: unde Contemplatio dicta est Consideratio, & meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumq; latus observaret. In impetrito sibi ipso regiones definiebat; in oblato manum suam respexit lævam aut dextram. Regiones ab Oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, & cardine ex tranverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in Ortum vergebat. Postica regio à tergo ad occasum. Dextra ad meridiem. Sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant Augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici Augurali candida amicto, à mediâ nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neq; captabantur Auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod Aves redderentur imbeciliores & morbidæ, Pulliq; eorum essent imperfecti.*

Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with the *Torch-bearers* along the Stage, singing this full Song.

Apollo *and* Chorus.

WHich way, and whence the Lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright, and blue,
Design, and Figure by your Lights:
Then forth, and shew the several flights
Your (p) *Birds have made, or what the Wing*
Or Voyce in Augury doth bring.
Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
The Vulture, or the Hern did fly,
What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
The Stork, and which did get above:
Shew all the Birds of Food or Prey,
But pass by the unlucky Jay,
The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite
Let those have neither right, Chor. *Nor part,*
In this nights Art.

(p) *Augurandi scientia οἰωνοσκοπικὴ dicta. Divinatio per aves. Aves aut Oscines, aut Præpetes Oscines, quæ ore, Præpetes, quæ volatu Augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicatæ, & Præpetes, Aquila, Vultur, Sanqualis seu ossifraga, Triarches, sive Buteo, Immussulus, Accipiter, Cygnus, Columba, Oscines, Cornix, Corvus, Anser, Ciconia, Ardea, Noctua; inauspicatæ, Milvus, Parra, Nycticorax, Striges, Hirundo, Picus, &c.*

The Torch-bearers danced.

After which the *Augures* laid by their Staves, and Danced their Entry, which done, *Apollo* and the rest interpreted the *Augury.*

Apollo.

THe Signs are (q) *lucky all, and* (q) *right;*
There hath not been a voyce, or flight
Of ill Presage. Linus. *The* (r) *Bird that brings*
Her Augury alone to Kings,
The Dove, hath flown. Orpheus. *And to thy peace*
Fortunes *and the* Fates *increase.*

Branchus.

(s) Minerva's *Hernshaw, and her Owl,*
Do both proclaim, thou shalt controul
The course of things. Idmon. *As now they be*
With tumult carried. Apollo. *And live free*
From hatred, faction, or the fear,
To blast the Olive thou dost wear.

CHORUS.

More is behind, which these do long to show,
And what the Gods to so great Vertue owe.

(q) *Habebant dextra & læva omnia; antica & postica; Orientalia & Occidentalia. Græci cum se ad Septentrionem obverterent, Ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani Meridiem in auspicando cum tuerentur Ortum ad Lævam habuere. Itaq; sinistræ partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, Dextra pejora. Græcis contrà. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: Salutaria, qui ortus lucis index & auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum tristia.* (r) *Columbæ auguria non nisi regibus dant; quia nunquam singulæ volant: sicut Rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntiæ pacis.* (s) *Ardea, & Ardeola, rerum arduarum auspicium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. K.* δεξιὸν ἐρωδιόν.

The main Dance.

CHORUS.

Still, still the (t) *Auspice is so good,*
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his Strengths of Art, to follow
(u) *The flights, and to devine*
What's meant by every Sign.

Thou canst not less be, then the charge
of every Deitie.
That thus art left here to inlarge,
And shield their Pietie!
Thy Neighbours at thy Fortune long have gaz'd,
But at thy Wisdom, all do stand amaz'd
And wish to be,
O'ercome, or governed by thee!
Safety it self so sides thee, where thou goest,
And Fate *still offers what thou covet'st most!*

(t) *Auspicium, ab avis specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus* ASPICIO, *apud veteres sine præpositione* SPICIO *dicebatur.* (u) *Signa quæ sese offerent, erant multifaria: nam si objiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel supino motu Corporis, quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent Oscines, &c.*

The

The REVELS.

After which *Apollo* went up to the King and ſung.

Do not expect to hear of all
Your good at once, leſt it foreſtal
A ſweetneſs would be new:
Some things the Fates *would have conceal'd*
From us the Gods, leſt being reveal'd
Our Powers ſhall envy you.
It is enough your People learn
The reverence of your peace,
As well as Strangers do diſcern
The Glories, by th' increaſe;
And that the (x) *princely* Augur *here, your Son*
Do by his Fathers Lights his Courſes run.

CHORUS.

Him ſhall you ſee triumphing over all
Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
Nephews, his Sons grow up in your imbraces,
To give this Iſland Princes in long Races.

(x) *Romulus augur fuit, & Numa, & reliqui reges Romani ſicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnetes & alii. Lacedæmonii ſuis regibus Augurem Aſſeſſorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii, Cares, Arabes, in ſumma ventratione habuerunt Auguria.*

Here the Heaven opened, and *Jove*, with the Senate of the Gods, were diſcovered, while *Apollo* returned to his Seat, and aſcending ſung.

Apollo.

SEE Heaven expecteth my return,
The forked Fire begins to burn,
Beckons to me come.

Jove.

Though Phœbus *be the God of Arts,*
He muſt not take on him all parts:
But leave his Father ſome.

Apollo.

My Arts are only to obey. Jove. (y) *And mine to ſway*
Jove *is that one, whom firſt, midſt, laſt, you call*
The power that governs, and conſerveth all;
Earth, Sea, and Air, are ſubject to our check,
And Fate *with Heaven, moving at our beck.*
Till Jove *it ratifie,*
It is no Augury,
Though uttered by the Mouth of Deſtiny.

Apollo.

Dear Father, give the Sign, and ſeal it then.

The Earth riſeth.

It is the ſuit of Earth *and* Men.

Jove.

What do their Mortals crave without our wrong?

Earth with the reſt.

That Jove *will lend us this our Soveraign long;*
Let our Grand-children, and not we,
His want or Abſence ever ſee.

Jove.

Your wiſh is bleſt.
(z) Jove *knocks his Chin againſt his Breaſt,*
And firms it with the reſt.

CHORUS.

Sing then his Fame, through all the Orbs; in even
Proportions, riſing ſtill, from Earth to Heaven:
And of the laſting of it leave to doubt,
The Power of time ſhall never put that out.

(y) *Vide Orpheum in hymn. de omnip. Jovis.* (z) *Nos Jovis, annuendo votis & firmandis omnibus. Apud Homer. &c.*

This done, the whole Scene ſhut, and the Maskers danced their laſt Dance.

TIME

TIME VINDICATED

To HIMSELF and to his HONOURS.

In the Preſentation at Court on *Twelth-night*, 1623.

——*qui ſemirantur, in illos*
Virus habe : nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

TIME VINDICATED.

A Trumpet ſounded.

FAME *entreth, follow'd by the* Curious, *the* Ey'd, *the* Ear'd, *and the* Nos'd.

Fame. GIve ear, the Worthy, hear what *Fame* Proclaims.
Ears. What? what? I'ſt worth our Ears?
Eyes. Or Eyes?
Noſe. Or Noſes?
For we are curious, *Fame* : indeed, the *Curious*.
Eyes. We come to ſpy.
Ears. And harken.
Noſe. And ſmell out.
Fame. More than you underſtand, my hot Inquiſitors.
Noſe. We cannot tell.
Eyes. It may be.
Ears. However, go you on, let us alone.
Eyes. We may ſpy out, that, which you never meant.
Noſe. And noſe the thing you ſcent not. Firſt, whence come you?
Fame. I came from *Saturn*.
Ears. Saturn! what is he?
Noſe. Some Proteſtant I warrant you, a Time-ſerver, As *Fame* her ſelf is.
Fame. You are near the Right.
Indeed, he is *Time* it ſelf, and his Name *Kronos*.
Noſe. How! *Saturn! Chronos*! and the Time it ſelf!
You're found: enough. A notable old *Pagan*!
Ears. One of their Gods, and eats up his own Children.
Noſe. A Fencer, and do's travel with a Sithe
In ſtead of a long Sword.
Eyes. Hath been oft call'd from it,
To be their Lord of Miſrule.
Ears. As *Cincinnatus*
Was from the Plough, to be *Dictator*.
Eyes. Yes.
We need no Interpreter, on, what of *Time*?
Fame. The *Time* hath ſent me with my Trump to Summon.
All ſorts of Perſons worthy, to the view
Of ſome great Spectacle he means to night
T' exhibit, and with all ſolemnity.
Noſe. O, we ſhall have his *Saturnalia*.
Eyes. His days of Feaſt, and Liberty again.
Ears. Where Men might do, and talk all that they liſt.
Eyes. Slaves of their Lords.
Noſe. The Servants of their Maſters!
Ears. And Subjects of their Soveraign.
Fame. Not ſo laviſh.
Ears. It was a brave time that!
Eyes. This will be better:
I ſpy it coming, peace. All the Impoſtures,
The Prodigies, Diſeaſes, and Diſtempers,
The Knaveries of the *Time*, we ſhall ſee all now.
Ears. And hear the Paſſages, and ſeveral Humours
Of Men, as they are ſwaid by their Affections:
Some grumbling, and ſome mutining, ſome ſcoffing,
Some pleas'd, ſome pyning; at all theſe we laughing.
Noſe. I have it here, here, ſtrong, the ſweat of it,
And the Confuſion (which I love) I noſe it,
It tickles me.
Eyes. My four Eyes itch for it.
Ears. And my Ears tingle, would it would come forth:
This room will not receive it.
Noſe. That's the fear.

Enter Chrono Maſtix.

Chron. What? what? my Friends, will not this Room receive?

Eyes. That

Eyes. That which the *Time* is preſently to ſhew us.
Chro. The *Time*? Lo I the Man, that hate the time
That is, that love it not; and (though in Rhime,
I here do ſpeak it) with this Whip you ſee
Do laſh the *Time*, and am my ſelf Laſh-free.
Fame. Who's this?
Ears. 'Tis *Chronomaſtix*, the brave *Satyr*.
Noſe. The Gentleman-like *Satyr*, cares for no body,
His Fore-head tip't with Bays, do you not know him?
Eyes. Yes *Fame* muſt know him, all the Town admires him.
Chro. If you would ſee *Time* quake and ſhake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both belov'd and famous.
Eyes. We know, Sir. But the *Time*'s now come about.
Ears. And promiſeth all Liberty.
Noſe. Nay Licenſe.
Eyes. We ſhall do what we liſt.
Ears. Talk what we liſt.
Noſe. And cenſure whom we liſt, and how we liſt.
Chro. Then I will look on *Time*, and love the ſame,
And drop my whip: who's this! my Miſtris! *Fame!*
The Lady whom I honour, and adore!
What luck had I not to ſee her before!
Pardon me, Madam, more than moſt accurſt,
That did not ſpy your Ladiſhip at firſt,
I' have giv'n the ſtoop, and to ſalute the Skirts
Of her, to whom all Ladies elſe are Flirts!
It is for you, I revel ſo in Rhime,
Dear Miſtris, not for hope I have the *Time*
Will grow the better by it. To ſerve *Fame*
Is all my end, and get my ſelf a name.
Fame. Away, I know thee not, wretched Impoſtor,
Creature of Glory, Mountebank of Wit,
Self-loving Braggart, *Fame* doth ſound no Trumpet
No ſuch vain empty Fools: 'Tis Infamy
Thou ſerv'ſt, and follow'ſt, ſcorn of all the *Muſes*,
Go revel with thine ignorant Admirers,
Let worthy Names alone.
Chro. O, you the *Curious*,
Breath you to ſee a Paſſage ſo injurious,
Done with deſpight, and carried with ſuch Tumour
'Gainſt me, that am ſo much the Friend of Rumour?
(I would ſay *Fame*?) whoſe *Muſe* hath rid in Rapture,
On a ſoft ambling Verſe to every Capture,
From the ſtrong Guard, to the weak Child that reads me,
And wonder both of him that loves, or dreads me!
Who with the Laſh of my immortal Pen
Have ſcourg'd all ſorts of Vices, and of Men!
Am I rewarded, thus? have I, I ſay,
From *Envy*'s ſelf torn Praiſe, and Bays away,
With which my glorious front, and word at large,
Triumphs in print at my admirers charge.
Ears. Rare! how he talks in Verſe, juſt as he writes!
Chro. When have I walk't the Streets, but happy he
That had the Finger firſt to point at me,
Prentice, or Journy-man! The Shop doth know it!
The unletter'd Clerk! *Major* and *Minor* Poet!
The Sempſter hath ſate ſtill as I paſs'd by,
And dropt her Needle! Fiſh-wives ſtaid their Cry?
The Boy with Buttons, and the Basket-wench!
To vent their Wares into my works do trench!
A Pudding-wife that would deſpiſe the Times,
Hath utter'd frequent Pen'worths, through my Rhimes,
And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,
And ſhe unto her Lady hath convey'd
The ſeaſon'd Morſels, who hath ſent me Penſions,
To cheriſh, and to heighten my Inventions.
Well, *Fame* ſhall know it yet, I have my Faction,
And Friends about me, though it pleaſe detraction,
To do me this affront. Come forth that love me,
And now, or never, ſpight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Mutes come in.

The ANTIMASQUERS.

Fame. How now! what's here? Is Hell broke looſe?
Eyes. You'll ſee.
That he has favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too.
That unctuous Bounty, is the Boſs of *Belinſgate*,
Ears. Who feaſts his *Muſe* with Claret, Wine and Oyſters,
Noſe. Grows big with *Satyr*;
Ears. Goes as long as an Elephant:
Eyes. She labours, and lies in of his Inventions,
Noſe. Has a Male-*poem* in her Belly now,
Big as a Colt,
Ears. That kicks at *Time* already,
Eyes. And is no ſooner foald, but will neigh Sulphur:
Fame. The next?
Ears. A *quondam* Juſtice, that of late
Hath been diſcarded out o' the Pack o' the Peace,
For ſome leud levity he holds in *capite*,
But conſtantly loves him. In days of yore,
He us'd to give the Charge out of his *Poems*,
He carries him about him in his Pocket,
As *Philip*'s Son did *Homer*, in a Caſket,
And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong Party,
Meaning the *Poet*, where he meant the Subject:
Fame. What are this Pair?
Eyes. The ragged Raſcals?
Fame. Yes.
Eyes. Meer Rogues, you'ld think them Rogues, but they are Friends,
One is his Printer in diſguiſe, and keeps
His Preſs in a hollow Tree, where to conceal him,
He works by Glow-worm light, the Moon's too open.
The other zealous Ragg is the Compoſitor,
Who in an Angle, where the Ants inhabit,
(The *Emblem*'s of his Labours) will ſit curl'd
Whole days and nights, and work his Eyes out for him.
Noſe. Strange Arguments of Love! There is a School-maſter
Is turning all his Works too, into *Latin*,
To pure *Satyrick Latin*; makes his Boys
To learn him; calls him the times *Juvenal*;
Hangs all his School with his ſharp Sentences;
And o're the Execution Place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infantry.
Eyes. This Man of War, i' the Rear, He is both Trumpet
And Champion to his *Muſe*.
Ears. For the whole City.
Noſe. H'as him by rote, recites him at the Tables,
Where he doth govern; ſwears him into Name,
Upon his Word, and Sword; for the ſole Youth
Dares make Profeſſion of *Poetick* Truth,
Now militant amongſt us: To th' incredulous,
That Dagger is an Article he uſes,
To rivet his reſpect into their Pates,
And make them faithful, *Fame*, you'll find you 'ave wrong'd him.
Fame. What a Confederacy of *Folly* is here!

They all dance but Fame, *and make the firſt* Antimaſque, *In which they adore, and carry forth the* Satyr, *and the* Curious *come up again.*

Eyes. Now *Fame*, how like you this?
Ears. This falls upon you
For your neglect.
Noſe. He ſcorns you, and defies you,
Has got a *Fame* on's own, as well as a Faction.
Eyes. And theſe will defie him, to deſpite you.
Fame. I envy not the 'Αποθεωσις.
'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion.

Noſe. Well, what is that the *Time* will now exhibit?
Eyes. What Gambols? what Devices? what new Sports?
Ears. You promis'd us, we ſhould have any thing.
Noſe. That *Time* would give us all we could imagine.
Fame. You might imagine ſo, I never promis'd it.
Eyes. Pox, then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancy We might have talk'd o' the King.
Ears. Or State.
Noſe. Or all the World.
Eyes. Cenſur'd the Counſel, e'er they cenſure us.
Ears. We do it in *Pauls.*
Noſe. Yes, and in all the Taverns!
Fame. A comely licence. They that cenſure thoſe They ought to reverence, meet they that old curſe, To beg their Bread, and feel eternal Winter. There's difference 'twixt liberty, and licence.
Noſe. Why if it be not that, let it be this then (For ſince you grant us freedom, we will hold it,) Let's have the giddy World turn'd the Heels upward, And ſing a rare black *Sanctus*, on his Head, Of all things out of order.
Eyes. No, the Man I' the Moon dance a *Corranto*, his Buſh At's Back, a fire; and his Dog piping *Lachrimæ.*
Ears. Or let's have all the People in an uproar, None knowing, why, or to what end: and in The midſt of all, ſtart up an old mad Woman Preaching of Patience.
Noſe. No, no, I'ld ha' this.
Eyes. What?
Fame. Any thing.
Noſe. That could be monſtrous: Enough, I mean. A *Babel* of wild humours.
Ears. And all diſputing of all things they know not.
Eyes. And talking of all men they never heard of.
Ears. And all together by the Ears o'the ſudden.
Eyes. And, when the matter is at hotteſt, then All fall aſleep.
Fame. Agree among your ſelves, And what it is you'ld have, I'll anſwer you.
Eyes. O, that we ſhall never do.
Ears. No, never agree.
Noſe. Not upon what. Something that is unlawful.
Ears. Ill, or unreaſonable.
Eyes. Or impoſſible.
Noſe. Let 't be uncivil enough, you hit us right.
Ears. And a great noiſe.
Eyes. To little, or no purpoſe.
Noſe. And if there be ſome miſchief, 'twill become it.
Eyes. But ſee there be no cauſe, as you will anſwer it.
Fame. Theſe are meer Monſters.
Noſe. I, all the better.
Fame. You do abuſe the *Time.* Theſe are fit freedoms For lawleſs Prentices, on a *Shrovetueſday*, When they compel the *Time* to ſerve their Riot. For drunken Wakes, and ſtrutting Bear-baitings, That favour only of their own abuſes.
Eyes. Why, if not thoſe, then ſomething to make ſport.
Ears. We only hunt for novelty, not truth.
Fame. I'll fit you, though the *Time* faintly permit it.

The ſecond Anti-maſque *of Tumblers, and Juglers, brought in by the Cat and Fiddle, who make ſport with the Curious, and drive them away.*

Fame. Why now they are kindly us'd, like ſuch ſpectators, That know not what they would have. Commonly, The curious are ill natur'd, and like Flies, Seek *Times* corrupted parts to blow upon: But may the ſound ones live with fame, and honour, Free from the moleſtation of theſe Inſects: Who being fled, *Fame* now perſues her errand.

Loud MUSICK.

To which the whole Scene *opens; where* Saturn *ſitting with* Venus *is diſcover'd above, and certain* Votaries *coming forth below, which are the* Chorus.

Fame. For you, great King, to whom the *Time* doth owe All his reſpects, and reverence, behold How *Saturn*, urged at requeſt of *Love*, Prepares the Object to the place to night. Within yond' darkneſs, *Venus* hath found out That *Hecate* (as ſhe is Queen of ſhades) Keeps certain glories of the *Time* obſcur'd, There, for her ſelf alone to gaze upon, As ſhe did once the fair *Endimion.* Theſe, *Time* hath promis'd at *Loves* ſuit to free, As being fitter to adorn the Age, By you reſtor'd on Earth, moſt like his own: And fill this World of Beauty here, your Court: To which his Bounty, ſee, how Men prepare To fit their Votes below, and thronging come With longing Paſſion to enjoy th'effect! Hark, it is *Love* begins to *Time.* Expect.

Venus.

Beſide, that it is done for Love.
It is a work, great Time, *will prove*
Thy honour, as Mens hopes above.

Saturn.

If Love *be pleaſed, ſo am I:*
For Time *could never yet deny*
What Love *did ask, if* Love *knew why.*

Votaries.

She knew, and hath expreſt it now.
And ſo doth every publick vow
That heard her why, and waits thy how.

Saturn.

You ſhall not long expect: with eaſe
The things come forth, are born to pleaſe:
Look, have you ſeen ſuch Lights as theſe?

The *Maſquers* are diſcovered, and that which obſcur'd them, vaniſheth.

Votaries.

Theſe, theſe muſt ſure ſome wonders be;

CHORUS.

O, what a glory 'tis to ſee
Mens wiſhes, Time, *and* Love *agree.* [A Pauſe.

There *Saturn* and *Venus* paſs away, and the *Maſquers* deſcend.

CHORUS.

What grief, or envy had it been,
That theſe, and ſuch had not been ſeen,
But ſtill obſcur'd in ſhade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of Youth, and Feature too, the prime,
And for the Light were made!

Votaries.

1 *Their very number, how it takes!*
2 *What Harmony their preſence makes!*
3 *How they inflame the place!*

CHO-

CHORUS.

Now they are neerer ſeen, and view'd;
For whom could Love *have better ſue'd?*
Or Time *have done the grace?*

Hereto a loud Muſick, they march into their Figure, and dance their *Entry*, or firſt *Dance*.

After which Venus.

The night could not theſe glories miſs,
Good Time, *I hope, is ta'ne with this.*

Saturn.

If Time *were not, I am ſure* Love *is.*
Between us it ſhall be no ſtrife:
For now 'tis Love *gives* Time *his life.*

Votaries.

Let Time *then ſo with* Love *conſpire,*
As ſtraight be ſent into the Court
A little Cupid, *arm'd with fire,*
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a deſire
Of being delighted, in the nobler ſort.

Saturn.

The wiſh is crown'd, as ſoon as made.

Votaries.

And Cupid *conquers, e'er he doth invade.*
His Victories of lighteſt trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then follows the main *Dance*; which done, *Cupid*, with the *Sport*, goes out.

Cupid. [To the Maſquers.

Take breath awhile, young Bloods, to bring
Your Forces up, whilſt we go ſing
Freſh charges, to the Beauties here.

Sport.

Or, if they charge you, do not fear,
Though they be better arm'd than you:
It is but ſtanding the firſt view,
And then they yield.

Cupid.

Or quit the Field.

Sport.

Nay, that they'll never do.
They'll rather fall upon the place,
Than ſuffer ſuch diſgrace.
You are but Men at beſt, they ſay,
And they from thoſe ne'er ran away.

Pauſe.] Cupid. [To the King.

You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainſt Majeſty, that Love *and* Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

Sport.

Sir, doubt him more of ſome ſurpriſe
Upon your ſelf. He hath his Eyes.
You are the nobleſt Object here,
And 'tis for you alone I fear:
For here are Ladies, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love *live*
Well all his life, for ſuch a draught.
And therefore, look to every ſhaft,
The Wags a Deacon in his craft.

Pauſe.] Cupid. [To the Lords.

My Lords, the Honours of the Crown,
Put off your ſowreneſs, do not frown,
Bid cares depart, and buſineſs hence:
A little, for the Time *diſpence.*

Sport.

Truſt nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Penſioner unto your Wives,
To keep you inuxorious gives,
And ſo your ſenſe to faſcinate,
To make you quit all thought of ſtate,
His amorous queſtions to debate.
But, hear his Logick, he will prove
There is no buſineſs, but to be in love.

Cupid.

The words of Sport, *my Lords, and courſe.*
Pauſe.] *Your Ladies yet, will not think worſe* [To the Ladies.
Of Love *for this: they ſhall command*
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

Sport.

What, here to ſtand
And kill the Flies?
Alas, thy ſervice they deſpiſe.
One Beauty here, hath in her Eyes,
More Shafts than from thy Bow e'er flew,
Or that poor Quiver knew.
Theſe Dames,
They need not Love's, they have Natures flames.

Cupid.

I ſee the Beauty, that you ſo report.

Sport.

Cupid, *you muſt not point in Court,*
Where live ſo many of a ſort.
Of Harmony *theſe learn'd their ſpeech,*
The Graces *did them footing teach,*
And, at the old Idalian *Balls,*
They danc'd your mother down. She calls.

Cupid.

Arm, arm then all.

Sport.

Young Bloods come on,
And charge: Let every Man take one.

Cupid.

And try his fate.

Sport.

Theſe are fair Wars.
And will be carried without ſcars.

Cupid.

A joyning, but of feet, and Hands.
Is all the Time, *and* Love *commands.*

Sport.

Or if you do their Gloves off-ſtrip.
Or taſte the Nectar of the Lip:
See, ſo you temper your deſires,
For kiſſes, that yet ſuck not Fires.

The *Revels* follow; which ended, the *Chorus* appear again, and *Diana* deſcends to *Hippolitus*, the whole *Scene* being chang'd to a Wood, out of which he comes.

CHORUS.

The Courtly ſtrife is done, it ſhould appear,
Between the Youths, and Beauties of the Year,
We hope that now theſe Lights will know their Sphere,
And ſtrive hereafter to ſhine ever here:
Like brighteſt Planets, ſtill to move
In th' Eye of Time, *and Orbs of* Love.

Diana.

Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

Hippolitus.

Diana?

Diana.

She.
Be ready you, or Cephalus,
To wait on me.

Hippolitus.

We ever be.

Diana.

Your Goddeſs hath been wrong'd to night,
By Loves *report unto the* Time.

Hippolitus.

The injury, it ſelf will right,
Which only Fame *hath made a crime.*
For Time *is wiſe,*
And hath his Ears as perfect as his Eyes.

Saturn.

Who's that deſcends? Diana?

Votaries.

Yes.

Venus.

By like her Troop ſhe hath begun to miſs.

Saturn.

Let's meet, and queſtion what her Errand is.

Hippolitus.

She will prevent thee, Saturn, *not t'excuſe*
Her ſelf unto thee, rather to complain
That thou and Venus *both ſhould ſo abuſe*
The name of Dian, *as to entertain*
A thought, that ſhe had purpoſe to defraud
The Time, *of any glories that were his:*
To do Time *honour rather, and applaud*
His worth, hath been her ſtudy.

Diana.

And it is.
I call'd theſe Youth's forth, in their Blood, and prime
(Out of the honour, that I bore their parts)
To make them fitter ſo to ſerve the Time
By labour, riding, and thoſe ancient arts,
That firſt enabled Men unto the Wars,
And furniſh'd Heaven with ſo many Stars:

Hippolitus.

As Perſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, *and the reſt,*
Who were of Hunters firſt, of Men the beſt;
Whoſe ſhades do yet remain within yond' Groves,
Themſelves there ſporting with their nobler loves:

Diana.

And ſo may theſe do, if the Time *give leave.*

Saturn.

Chaſt Dian's *purpoſe we do now conceive,*
And yield thereto.

Venus.

And ſo doth Love.

Votaries.

All Votes do in one circle move.

CHORUS.

Turn Hunters then,
agen.
Hunting, it is the nobleſt exerciſe,
Makes Men laborious, active, wiſe,
Brings Health, and doth the Spirits delight,
It helps the Hearing, and the Sight:
It teacheth Arts that never ſlip
The memory, good horſemanſhip,
Search, ſharpneſs, courage, and defence,
And chaſeth all ill habit's thence.
Turn Hunters then,
agen,
But not of Men.
Follow his ample;
And juſt example,
That hates all chace of Malice, and of Blood:
And ſtudies only ways of good,
To keep ſoft Peace in breath.
Man ſhould not hunt Mankind to death,
But ſtrike the Enemies of Man;
Kill Vices if you can:
They are your wildeſt Beaſts. (*Feaſts.*
And when they thickeſt fall, you make the Gods true

THE END.

NEP-

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH

FOR THE

RETURN of *ALBION.*

Celebrated in a MASQUE at the Court on the *Twelth-night*, 1624.

Omnis & ad reducem jam litat ara Deum.
Mart. lib. VIII. Epig. XIV.

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH.

His Majeſty being ſet, and the loud Muſick ceaſing. All that is diſcovered of a SCENE, *are two erected Pillars, dedicated to* Neptune, *with this Inſcription upon the one,* NEP. RED.

On the other, SEC. JOV.

The Poet *entring on the Stage, to diſperſe the Argument, is call'd to by the* Maſter-Cook.

Cook.

DO you hear, you, Creature of diligence, and buſineſs? what is the affair, that you pluck for ſo, under your Cloak?

Poet.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I aſſure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if *Luck* favour me, the Gameſters Goddeſs.

Cook.

You are a *Votary* of hers, it ſeems by your Language. What went you upon? may a Man ask you?

Poet.

Certainties, indeed Sir, and very good ones; the preſentation of a *Maſque*; you'll ſee't, anon.

Cook.

Sir, this is my Room, and Region too, the *Banquetting-Houſe*. And in matter of Feaſt, the Solemnity, nothing is to be preſented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

Poet.

You are not his Majeſties *Confectioner*? Are you?

Cook.

No, but one that has as good title to the Room, his *Maſter-Cook*. What are you, Sir?

Poet.

The moſt unprofitable of his ſervants, I, Sir, the *Poet*. A kind of a *Chriſtmas* Ingine: one that is uſed at leaſt once a Year, for a trifling inſtrument of wit, or ſo.

Cook.

Were you ever a *Cook*?

Poet.

A *Cook*? no ſurely.

Cook.

Then you can be no good *Poet*: for a good *Poet* differs nothing at all from a *Maſter-Cook*. Eithers Art is the wiſdom of the Mind.

Poet.

As how, Sir?

Cook.

Expect. I am by my place, to know how to pleaſe the Palates of the gueſts; ſo, you are to know the Palate of the times: ſtudy the ſeveral taſtes, what every Nation, the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Walloun*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Britan*, the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

Poet.

That were a heavy and hard task, to ſatisfie *Expectation*, who is ſo ſevere an exactreſs of duties; ever a tyrannous Miſtris: and moſt times a preſſing Enemy.

Cook.

She is a powerful great Lady, Sir, at all times, and muſt be ſatisfied: So muſt her Siſter, Madam *Curioſity*, who hath as dainty a Palate as ſhe, and theſe will expect.

But

Poet.

But, what if they expect more than they underſtand?

Cook.

That's all one, Mr. *Poet*, you are bound to ſatisfie them. For there is a Palate of the Underſtanding, as well as of the Senſes. The Taſte is taken with good reliſhes, the Sight with fair objects, the Hearing with delicate ſounds, the Smelling with pure ſcents, the Feeling with ſoft and plump bodies, but the Underſtanding with all theſe: for all which you muſt begin at the Kitchin. There the *Art* of *Poetry* was learn'd, and found out, or no where: and the ſame day, with the *Art* of *Cookery*.

Poet.

I ſhould have giv'n it rather to the Cellar, if my ſuffrage had been askt.

Cook.

O, you are for the *Oracle* of the *Bottle*, I ſee; Hogshead *Triſmegiſtus*: he is your *Pegaſus*. Thence flows the ſpring of your *Muſes*, from that *Hoof*.
Seduced *Poet*, I do ſay to thee,——
A Boiler, Range, and Dreſſer were the Fountains
Of all the Knowledge, in the *Univerſe*,
And that's the Kitchin. Where, a *Maſter-Cook!*
Thou doſt not know the Man! nor canſt thou know him!
Till thou haſt ſerv'd ſome years in that deep School,
That's both the Nurſe and Mother of the *Arts*,
And hear'ſt him read, interpret, and demonſtrate.
A *Maſter-Cook!* why, he is the man of men,
For a *Protector!* He deſigns, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious Fowl, and Fiſh,
Some he dry-ditches, ſome motes round with Broths;
Mounts Marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled Cuſtards;
Rears Bulwark Pies; and, for his outer Works,
He raiſeth Ramparts of immortal Cruſt;
And teacheth all the *tacticks* at one Dinner:
What Ranks, what Files, to put his Diſhes in
The whole *Art Military!* Then he knows
The influence of the Stars, upon his Meats;
And all their ſeaſons, tempers, qualities,
And ſo, to fit his Reliſhes, and Sawces!
He, has *Nature* in a Pot! 'bove all the *Chimiſts*,
Or bare-breech'd Brethren of the *Roſie-Croſs!*
He is an *Architect*, an *Ingineer*,
A *Soldier*, a *Phyſician*, a *Philoſopher*,
A general *Mathematician!*

Poet.

It is granted.

Cook.

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

Poet.

This Fury ſhews, if there were nothing elſe.
And 'tis Divine!

Cook.

Then, Brother *Poet*,

Poet.

Brother.

Cook.

I have a ſuit.

Poet.

What is it?

Cook.

Your device.

Poet.

As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.

Cook.

Silence.

Poet.

The mighty *Neptune*, mighty in his ſtiles,
And large command of Waters, and of Iſles;
Not as the *Lord and Soveraign of the Seas*,
But, *Chief in the Art of riding*, late did pleaſe
To ſend his *Albion* forth, the moſt his own,
Upon diſcovery, to themſelves beſt known,
Through *Celtiberia*; and, to aſſiſt his courſe,
Gave him his powerful *Manager* of *Horſe*,
With divine *Proteus*, Father of diſguiſe,
To wait upon them with his Counſels wiſe,
In all extremes. His great commands being done,
And he deſirous to review his Son,
He doth diſpatch a floting Iſle, from hence,
Unto the *Heſperian* ſhoars, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him ſtay.
And how the *Syrens* woo'd him, by the way,
What Monſters he encountred on the Coaſt,
How near our general Joy was to be loſt,
Is not our ſubject now: though all theſe make
The preſent gladneſs greater, for their ſake.
But what the Triumphs are, the Feaſt, the Sport,
And proud Solemnities of *Neptune*'s Court,
Now he is ſafe, and *Fame*'s not heard in vain,
But we behold our happy pledge again.
That with him, loyal *Hippius* is return'd,
Who for it, under ſo much envy, burn'd
With his own brightneſs, till her ſtarv'd Snakes ſaw
What *Neptune* did impoſe, to him was Law.

Cook.

But, why not this, till now?

Poet.

—— It was not time,
To mix this Muſick with the vulgars chime.
Stay, till th' abortive, and extemporal din
Of Balladry, were underſtood a ſin,
Minerva cry'd: that, what tumultuous Verſe,
Or Proſe could make, or ſteal, they might rehearſe,
And every Songſter had ſung out his fit;
That all the Country, and the City-wit,
Of Bells, and Bonfires, and good Cheer was ſpent,
And *Neptune's Guard* had drunk all that they meant;
That all the Tales and Stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monſter *Archy*, or grown cold:
The *Muſes* then might venture, undeterr'd,
For they love, then, to ſing, when they are heard.

Cook.

I like it well, 'tis handſome: and I have
Something would fit this. How do you preſent 'em?
In a fine Iſland, ſay you?

Poet.

Yes, a *Delus*:
Such, as when fair *Latona* fell in travail,
Great *Neptune* made emergent.

Cook.

I conceive you.
I would have had your Iſle brought floting in, now
In a brave Broth, and of a ſprightly green,
Juſt to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twenty *Syrens*, ſinging in the Kettel,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the Back
Of a grown Conger, but in ſuch a poſture,
As all the World ſhould take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made ſuch Muſick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Iſland?

Poet.

Yes, we have a Tree too,
Which we do call the Tree of *Harmony*,
And is the ſame with what we read, the *Sun*,
Brought forth in the *Indian Muſicana* firſt,
And thus it grows. The goodly Bowl, being got

To

To certain Cubits height, from every ſide
The Boughs decline, which taking root afreſh,
Spring up new Boles, and thoſe ſpring new, and newer,
Till the whole Tree become a *Porticus*,
Or arched Arbour, able to receive
A numerous Troop, ſuch as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his journey are.
And this they ſit in.

Cook.

Your prime *Maſquers*?

Poet.

Yes.

Cook.

But where's your *Anti-maſque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

Poet.

Faith, we have none.

Cook.

None?

Poet.

None, I aſſure you, neither do I think them
A worthy part of preſentation,
Being things ſo *heterogene*, to all device,
Meer *By-works*, and at beſt *Out-landiſh* nothings.

Cook.

O, you are all the Heaven awry! Sir.
For Blood of *Poetry*, running in your Veins,
Make not your ſelf ſo ignorantly ſimple;
Becauſe, Sir, you ſhall ſee I am a *Poet*,
No leſs than *Cook*, and that I find you want
A ſpecial ſervice here, an *Antimaſque*,
I'll fit you with a diſh out of the Kitchin,
Such, as I think, will take the preſent Palates,
A *metaphorical* diſh! And, do but mark,
How a good wit may jump with you. Are you ready,
Child?
(Had there bin Mask, or no Mask, I had made it.)
Child of the boiling Houſe.

Child.

Here, Father.

Cook.

Bring forth the Pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
But I have Perſons, to preſent the Meats.

Poet.

Perſons!

Cook.

Such as do reliſh nothing, but *di ſtato*,
(But in another faſhion, than you dream of)
Know all things the wrong way, talk of the Affairs,
The Clouds, the Cortines, and the Myſteries
That are afoot, and, from what Hands they have 'em
(The Maſter of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correſpondences are held; the Poſts
That go, and come, and know, almoſt, their minutes,
All but their buſineſs: Therein, they are Fiſhes;
But ha' their Garlick, as the *Proverb* ſays,
They are our *Queſt of Enquiry*, after News.

Poet.

Together with their learned *Authors*?

Child.

Yes, Sir,
And of the *Epicœne* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chief.

Cook.

Good Boy!
The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchin.
Have you put him, into the Pot, for Garlick?

Child.

One in his Coat, ſhall ſtink as ſtrong as he, Sir,
And his friend *Giblets* with him.

Cook.

They are two,
That give a part of the ſeaſoning.

Poet.

I conceive
The way of your *Gally-mawfrey*.

Cook.

You will like it,
When they come pouring out of the Pot together.

Child.

O, if the Pot had been big enough!

Cook.

What then, Child?

Child.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camel,
At leaſt, for Beef.

Cook.

But, whom ha' you put for Partridge?

Child.

A brace of Dwarfs, and delicate plump Birds!

Cook.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

Child.

A fine lac'd Mutton,
Or two; and either has her friſking Husband:
That reads her the *Corranto*, every Week.
Grave Mr. *Ambler*, News-maſter o' *Pauls*,
Supplies your Capon; and grown Captain *Buz*
(His *Emiſſary*) under-writes for Turky;
A Gentleman of the *Forreſt* preſents Pheaſant,
And a plump Poultrers Wife, in *Graces* ſtreet,
Plays Hen with Eggs i' the Belly, or a Coney,
Chuſe which you will.

Cook.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom*?

Child.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his Wife,
Are both there.

Cook.

It is well, go, diſh 'em out.
Are they well boild?

Child.

Podrida!

Poet.

What's that? rotten?

Cook.

O, that they muſt be. There's one main ingredient
We have forgot, the *Artichoke*.

Child.

No Sir.
I have a Fruiterer, with a cold red Noſe,
Like a blue Fig, performs it.

Cook.

The Fruit looks ſo.
Good Child, go pour 'em out, ſhew their concoction.
They muſt be rotten boild, the Broth's the beſt on't,
And that's the Dance. The Stage here is the Charger.
And Brother *Poet*, though the ſerious part
Be yours, yet, envy not the *Cook* his Art.

Poet.

Poet,
Not I. *Nam luſus ipſe Triumphum amat.*

The Antimaſque is danc'd by the Perſons deſcrib'd, coming out of the Pot.

Poet.
Well, now, expect the *Scene* it ſelf: it opens!

The Iſland is diſcovered, the *Maſquers* ſitting in their ſeveral Sieges. The Heavens opening, and *Apollo*, with *Mercury*, ſome *Muſes*, and the Goddeſs *Harmony*, make the Muſick, the while the Iſland moves forward, *Protens* ſitting below, and *Apollo* ſings.

SONG.

Apollo.

Look forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keep'ſt the Keys,
And to your Neptune *tell,*
His Albion, *Prince of all his Iſles,*
For whom the Sea and Land ſo ſmiles,
Is home returned well.

CHORUS.

And be it thought no common Cauſe,
That, to it, ſo much wonder draws,
And all the Heavens conſent,
With Harmony, *to tune their Notes,*
In anſwer to the Publick Votes,
That for it up were ſent.

It was no envious Stepdames Rage;
Or Tyrants Malice of the Age,
That did imploy him forth:
But ſuch a Wiſdom that would prove,
By ſending him their Hearts, and Love,
That elſe might fear his Worth.

By this time, the Iſland hath joyned it ſelf with the Shore: And *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and *Saron*; come forth, and go up ſinging to the State, while the Maſquers take time to Land.

SONG.

Proteus.

I! now the Pomp of Neptunes *Triumph ſhines!*
And all the Glories of his great Deſigns
Are read, reflected, in his Sons return!

Portunus.

How all the Eyes, the Looks, the Heart here burn
At his Arrival!

Saron.

Theſe are the true Fires
Are made of Joys!

Proteus.

Of longing!

Portunus,

Of Deſires!

Saron.

Of Hopes!

Proteus.

Of Fears!

Portunus.

No intermitted Blocks.

Saron.

But pure affections, and from odorous Stocks!

CHORUS.

'Tis incenſe all, that flames!
And theſe Materials ſcarce have Names!

Proteus.

My King looks higher, as he ſcorn'd the Wars
Of Winds, and with his Trident touch'd the Stars.
There is no wrinkle in his Brow, or Frown,
But as his Cares he would in Nectar *drown,*
And all the Silver-footed Nymphs *were dreſt,*
To wait upon him, to the Oceans *Feaſt.*

Portunus.

Or, here in Rows upon the Banks were ſet,
And had their ſeveral Hairs made into Net
To catch the Youths in, as they come on ſhore.

Saron.

How! Galatea *ſighing! O, no more,*
Baniſh your Fears.

Portunus.

And Doris *dry your Tears.*
Albion *is come.*

Proteus.

And Haliclyon *too,*
That kept his ſide, as he was charg'd to do,
With wonder.

Saron.

——*And the* Syrens *have him not.*

Portunus.

Though they no Practice, nor no Arts forgot,
That might have won him, or by charm, or ſong.

Proteus.

Or laying forth their Treſſes all along
Upon the glaſſy Waves;

Portunus.

Then diving:

Proteus.

Then,
Up with their Heads, as they were mad of Men.

Saron.

And there the higheſt-going Billows crown,
Until ſome luſty Sea-God pull'd them down.

CHORUS.

See! He is here!

Proteus.

Great Maſter of the main,
Receive thy dear, and precious Pawn again.

CHORUS.

Saron, Portunus, Proteus, *bring him thus,*
Safe, as thy Subjects Wiſhes gave him us:
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No leſs a part, that thou their Loves doeſt ſee,
Than that his ſacred Head's return'd to thee.

This ſung, the Iſland goes back, whilſt the upper *Chorus* takes it from them, and the *Maſquers* prepare for their Figure.

CHORUS.

Spring all the Graces *of the Age,*
And all the Loves *of time;*
Bring all the Pleaſures of the Stage,
And Reliſhes of Rhime:
Add all the Softneſſes of Courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the ſports:
And mingle all their ſweets and ſalts,
That none may ſay, the Triumph halts.

Here the Maſquers *dance their Entry.*

Which done, the firſt Proſpective of a Maritime Palace, or the Houſe of Oceanus *is diſcovered, with loud Muſick.*

And the other above is no more ſeen.

Poet.
Behold the Palace of *Oceanus*!
Hail, Reverend Structure! Boaſt no more to us

Thy

Thy being able, all the Gods to feaſt;
We have ſeen enough; our *Albion* was thy Gueſt.

Then follows the Main Dance.

After which the Second Proſpect of the Sea is ſhown to the former Muſick.

Poet.

Now turn and view the Wonders of the deep,
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptune*'s Orks do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet ſtill the Paſture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are ſeen.

There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, *go up to the Ladies with this* Song.

Proteus.
Come, Noble Nymphs, *and do not hide*
The Joys, for which you ſo provide.

Saron.
If not to mingle with the Men,
What do you here? go home agen.

Portunus.
Your Dreſſings do confeſs,
By what we ſee ſo curious parts
Of Pallas, *and* Arachne's *Arts,*
That you could mean no leſs.

Proteus.
Why do you wear the Silk worms Toils?
Or glory in the Shell-Fiſh Spoils?
Or ſtrive to ſhew the Grains of Oar,
That you have gather'd on the Shoar,
Whereof to make a ſtock
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better-water'd Stone?

Saron.
Or Ruby of the Rock?

Proteus.
Why do you ſmell of Amber-greaſe,
Of which was formed Neptune's *Neice,*
The Queen of Love: unleſs you can
Like Sea-born Venus *love a Man?*

Saron.
Try, put your ſelves unto't.

CHORUS.
Your looks, your ſmiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrolian *Hands, and Silver Feet,*
Do promiſe you will do't.

The Revels follow.

Which ended, the Fleet is diſcovered, while the three Cornets play.

Poet.

'Tis time, your Eyes ſhould be refreſht at length
With ſomething now, a part of *Neptune*'s ſtrength,
See yond' his Fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the Riches of the *Ocean* home,
So to ſecure him, both in Peace and Wars,
Till not one Ship alone, but all be Stars.

A Shout within follows.

After which the Cook *enters.*

Cook.

I have another Service for you, Brother *Poet*; a Diſh of pickled Saylors, fine ſalt Sea-boys, ſhall reliſh like *Anchovis*, or *Caveare*, to draw down a Cup of *Nectar*, in the Skirts of a Night.

Saylors.

Come away, Boys, the Town is ours, hey for *Neptune*, and our *Young Maſter*.

Poet.

He knows the *Compaſs*, and the *Card*,
While *Caſtor* ſits on the Main Yard,
And *Pollux* too, to help your *Hayles*;
And bright *Leucothoe*, fills your Sails:
Arion ſings, the Dolphins ſwim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.

The Antimaſque *of Saylors.*

Then the laſt Song *to the whole* Muſick, *five Lutes, three Cornets, and ten Voices.*

SONG.

Proteus.
Although we wiſh the Triumph ſtill might laſt
For ſuch a Prince, and his diſcovery paſt:
Yet now, great Lord of Waters, and of Iſles,
Give Proteus *leave to turn unto his wiles.*

Portunus.
And, whilſt young Albion *doth thy labours eaſe,*
Diſpatch Portunus *to thy Ports.*

Saron.
And Saron *to thy Seas:*
To meet old Nereus, *with his Fifty Girls,*
From aged Indus *laden home with Pearls,*
And Orient Gums, to burn unto thy name.

CHORUS.
And may thy Subjects Hearts be all on flame,
Whilſt thou doſt keep the Earth in firm Eſtate,
And 'mongſt the Winds, do'ſt ſuffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our Powers increaſe,
With Health, and all the Golden Gifts of Peace.

The laſt Dance.

THE END.

PAN'S ANNIVERSARY:

OR THE

Shepherd's Holy-Day.

The Scene *ARCADIA.*

As it was Presented at Court before King *JAMES.* 1625.

The Inventors, *INIGO JONES. BEN. JOHNSON.*

The first Presentation is of Three Nymphs, strewing several sorts of Flowers, followed by an Old Shepherd, with a Censer and perfumes.

Nymph I.

THus, thus begin the Yearly Rites
Are due to PAN *on these bright Nights;*
His Morn now riseth, and invites
To Sports, to Dances, and Delights:
All Envious, and Profane, away,
This is the Shepherd's Holy-day.

Nymph II.

Strew, strew the glad and smiling Ground
With every Flower, yet not confound
The Prime-Rose drop, the Spring's own Spouse,
Bright Days-Eyes, and the Lips of Cows,
The Garden-Star, the Queen of May,
The Rose, to crown the Holy-day.

Nymph III.

Drop, drop, you Violets, change your Hues,
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use,
And in your Death go out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your Odour all may say,
This is the Shepherd's Holy-day.

Shepherd.

Well done, my pretty ones, rain Roses still,
Until the last be drop: Then hence; and fill
Your fragrant Prickles for a Second Shower,
Bring Corn-Flag, Tulips, and Adonis *Flower,*
Fair Ox-Eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine,
Pinks, Goulands, King-Cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine,
Blue Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-hair'd Hyacinth,
Bring rich Carnations, Flower-de-luces, Lilies,
The Checqu'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies,
Bright Crown-Imperial, King-Spear, Holy-hocks,
Sweet Venus *Navil, and soft Lady-Smocks,*
Bring too, some Branches forth of Daphne's *Hair,*
And gladdest Myrtle for these Posts to wear,
With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram between,
And star'd with Yellow-Golds, and Meadows Queen,
That when the Altar, as it ought, is drest,
More Odour come not from the Phœnix Nest;
The breadth thereof Panchaia *may envy,*
The Colours China, *and the Light the Sky.*

Loud Musick.

The Scene *opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd, sitting about the Fountain of Light.*

The Musicians attir'd like the Priests of Pan *standing in the Work beneath them, when entreth to the Old Shepherd,*

A Fencer *flourishing.*

Room for an Old Trophy of Time; a Son of the Sword, a Servant of *Mars*, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that hath shown his Quarters, and plaid his Prizes at all the Games of *Greece* in his time;

time; as Fencing, Wreſtling, Leaping, Dancing, what not? And hath now uſher'd hither, by the Light of my long Sword, certain bold Boys of *Bæotia*, who are come to challenge the *Arcadians* at their own Sports, call them forth on their own Holy-day, and dance them down on their own Green ſwarth.

Shepherd.

'Tis boldly attempted, and muſt be a *Bæotian* Enterpriſe, by the Face of it, from all the parts of *Greece* elſe, eſpecially at this time, when the beſt, and braveſt Spirits of *Arcadia*, called together by the excellent *Arcas*, are yonder ſitting about the Fountain of Light, in conſultation of what Honours they may do the great *Pan*, by increaſe of Anniverſary Rites, fitted to the Muſick of his Peace.

Fencer.

Peace to thy *Pan*, and mum to thy Muſick, Swain: There is a Tinker of *Thebes* a-coming, called *Epam*, with his Kettle, will make all *Arcadia* ring of him: What are your Sports for the purpoſe? ſay, if ſinging, you ſhall be ſung down; if dancing, danc'd down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in Smoke, gone, vapour'd, vaniſh'd, blown, and (as a Man would ſay) in a word of Two Syllables, Nothing.

Shepherd.

This is ſhort, though not ſo ſweet. Surely the better part of the Solemnity here will be dancing.

Fencer.

Enough: They ſhall be met with inſtantly in their own Sphere, the Sphere of their own Activity, a Dance. But by whom, expect: No *Cynætheian*, nor *Satyrs*; but (as I ſaid) Boys of *Bæotia*, things of *Thebes*, (the Town is ours, Shepherd) mad merry *Greeks*, Lads of Life, that have no Gall in us, but all Air and Sweetneſs. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter Tooth in the Company, it may be called out at a twitch; He doth command any Man's Teeth out of his Head upon the Point of his Poynard; or tickles them forth with his Riding Rod: He draws teeth a Horſe-back in full ſpeed, yet he will dance a foot, he hath given his Word: He is Yeoman of the Mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to ſee their Gums be clean, and their Breath ſweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my Learned *Theban*, the Tinker, I told you of, with his Kettle-Drum (before and after) a Maſter of Muſick, and a Man of Metal, He beats the March to the Tune of *Tickle-foot*, *Pam*, *Pam*, *Pam*, brave *Epam* with a *Nondas*. That's the Strain.

Shepherd.

A high one.

Fencer.

Which is followed by the Trace, and Tract of an Excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every Joint about him, from Head to Heel. He can do Tricks with his Toes, wind Silk, and thread Pearl with them, as nimble a fine Fellow of his Feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corn-cutter his Companion, hath ſo pared, and finiſhed them——Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reform the Feet of all, and fit all their footing to a form; only ones play-foot in the company, and he is a Bellows-mender, allow'd, who hath the looking to of all their Lungs by Patent, and by his place is to ſet that Leg afore ſtill, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleaſure: A Tinder-box-man, to ſtrike new fire into them at every turn, and where he ſpies any brave Spark that is in danger to go out, ply him with a Match preſently.

Shepherd.

A moſt politick proviſion.

Fencer.

Nay, we have made our proviſions beyond Example, I hope. For to theſe there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave perſon, as *Time* himſelf, who is to ſee that they all keep time to a nick, and move every Elbow in order, every Knee in compaſs. He is to wind them up, and draw them down, as he ſees cauſe: Then is there a ſubtle ſhrewd bearded Sir, that hath been a Politician, but is now a Maker of Mouſe-traps, a great Ingineer yet; and he is to catch the Ladies favours in the Dance; with certain Cringes he is to make; and to bait their Benevolence. Nor can we doubt of the ſucceſs, for we have a Prophet amongſt us of that peremptory pate, a Taylor, or Maſter-Faſhioner, that hath found it out in a painted Cloth, or ſome old Hanging (for thoſe are his Library) that we muſt conquer in ſuch a time, and ſuch a half time; therefore bids us go on croſs-legg'd, or however thread the Needles of our own Happineſs, go through-ſtitch with all, unwind the Clew of our Cares; he hath taken meaſure of our Minds, and will fit our Fortune to our footing. And to better aſſure us, at his own charge, brings his Philoſopher with him, a great Clerk, who (they ſay) can write, and it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole Dances from the foot by Brachygraphy, and ſo make a Memorial, if not a Map of the Buſineſs. Come forth, Lads, and do your own turns.

The Anti-maſque is Danced. After which

Fencer.

How like you this, Shepherd? was not this Gear gotten on a Holy-day?

Shepherd.

Faith, your Folly may deſerve Pardon, becauſe it hath delighted: But beware of preſuming, or how you offer compariſon with Perſons ſo near Deities. Behold where they are, that are now forgiven you, whom ſhould you provoke again with the like, they will juſtly puniſh that with Anger, which they now diſmiſs with Contempt. Away.

And come, you prime Arcadians *forth, that taught*
By PAN *the Rites of true Society,*
From his loud Muſick, all your Manners wraught,
And made your Common-wealth a Harmony,
Commending ſo to all Poſterity,
Your Innocence from that fair Fount of Light,
As ſtill you ſit without the Injury
Of any Rudeneſs, Folly can, or Spight:
Dance from the top of the Lycæan *Mountain,*
Down to this Valley, and with nearer Eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd Fountain
You did far off, but yet with wonder ſpy.

Hymn I.

1. *Of* PAN *we ſing, the beſt of Singers,* PAN,
That taught us Swains, how firſt to tune our Lays,
And on the Pipe more Airs than Phœbus *can.*
Cho. *Hear, O you Groves, and Hills reſound his Praiſe.*
2. *Of* PAN *we ſing, the beſt of Leaders,* PAN,
That leads the Nayad's, and the Dryad's forth;
And to their Dances more than Hermes *can.*
Cho. *Hear, O you Groves, and Hills, reſound his Worth.*
3. *Of* PAN *we ſing, the beſt of Hunters,* PAN,
That drives the Hart to ſeek unuſed ways,
And in the chace more than Sylvanus *can.*
Cho. *Hear, O you Groves, and Hills, reſound his Praiſe.*
4. *Of* PAN *we ſing, the beſt of Shepherds,* PAN,
That keep our Flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better Paſtures than great Pales can.
Cho. *Hear, O you Groves, and Hills, reſound his Worth.*

And while his Powers, and Praiſes thus we ſing,
The Valleys let rebound, and all the Rivers ring.

The *Maſquers* deſcend, and dance their Entry.

Hymn II.

PAN *is our All, by him we breath, we live,*
We move, we are; 'Tis he our Lambs doth rear,
Our Flocks doth bleſs, and from the Store doth give
The warm and finer Fleeces that we wear.
He keeps away all Heats and Colds,
Drives all Diſeaſes from our Folds:
Makes every where the Spring to dwell,
The Ewes to feed, their Udders ſwell:
But if he frown, the Sheep (alas)
The Shepherds wither, and the Graſs.
Strive, ſtrive to pleaſe him then by ſtill increaſing thus
The Rites are due to him, who doth all Right for us.

The main Dance.

Hymn III.

If yet, if yet
Pan's *Orgies you will further fit,*
See where the Silver footed Fays do ſit,
The Nymphs of Wood and Water;
Each Trees, and Fountains Daughter,
Go take them forth, it will be good
To ſee ſome wave it like a Wood,
And others wind it like a flood:
In Springs,
And Rings,
Till the Applauſe it brings,
Wakes Echo from her Seat.
The cloſes to repeat.
(Ech. *The cloſes to repeat)*
Echo the trueſt Oracle on ground.
Though nothing but a ſound,
(Ech. *Though nothing but a ſound.)*
Below'd of Pan, *the Valleys Queen.*
(Ech. *The Valleys Queen.*
And often heard, though never ſeen,
(Ech. *Though never ſeen.*

REVELS.

Fencer.

Room, room there: where are you, Shepherd? I am come again with my Second Part of my bold Bloods, the brave Gameſters: who aſſure you by me, that they perceive no ſuch wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another Tryal. They look for ſome ſheepiſh Devices here in *Arcadia*, not theſe, and therefore a Hall, a Hall they demand.

Shepherd.

Nay, then they are paſt pity, let them come, and not expect the Anger of a Deity to purſue them, but meet them. They have their puniſhment with their Fact. They ſhall be Sheep.

Fencer.

O ſpare me, by the Law of Nations, I am but their Ambaſſador.

Shepherd.

You ſpeak in time, Sir.

II. ANTIMASQUE.

Shepherd.

Now let them return with their ſolid Heads, and carry their Stupidity into *Bœotia*, whence they brought it, with an Emblem of themſelves, and their Country. This is too pure an Air for ſo groſs Brains.

End you the Rites, and ſo be eas'd
Of theſe, and then great Pan *is pleas'd.*

Hymn IV.

Great Pan, *the Father of our Peace and Pleaſure,*
Who giv'ſt us all this leiſure,
Hear what thy hallow'd Troop of Herdſmen pray
For this their Holy day,
And how their Vows to thee, they in Lycæum *pay.*

So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rams,
And we bring thee the earlieſt of our Lambs:
So may the firſt of all our Fells be thine,
And both the beeſtning of our Goats and Kine;
As thou our Folds doſt ſtill ſecure,
And keep'ſt our Fountains ſweet and pure
Driv'ſt hence the Woolf, the Toad, the Brock,
Or other Vermine from the Flock.
That we preſerv'd by Thee, and thou obſerv'd by us,
May both live ſafe in ſhade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

Shepherd.

Now each return unto his Charge,
And though to day you have liv'd at large,
And well your Flocks have fed their fill,
Yet do not truſt your Hirelings Will.
See yond' they go, and timely do
The Office you have put them to:
But if you often give this leave,
Your Sheep, and you they will deceive.

THE END.

THE

THE MASQUE OF OWLES AT *KENELWORTH.*

Preſented by the Ghoſt of Captain *Cox* mounted in his Hoby-horſe, 1626.

Capt. Cox.

ROom, room, for my Horſe will wince,
If he come within ſo many yards of a Prince,
And though he have not on his Wings,
He will do ſtrange things.
He is the *Pegaſus* that uſes
To wait on *Warwick* Muſes;
And on gaudy-days he paces
Before the *Coventry* Graces;
For to tell you true, and in Rhime,
He was foal'd in Q. *Elizabeth's* time,
When the great Earl of *Leſter*
In this Caſtle did feaſt her.
Now, I am not ſo ſtupid
To think, you think me a *Cupid*;
Or a *Mercury*, that ſit him:
Though theſe Cocks here would fit him.
But a Spirit very civil,
Neither Poets God, nor Devil,
An old *Kenelworth* Fox,
The Ghoſt of Captain *Cox*,
For which I am the bolder,
To wear a Cock on each Shoulder.
This Captain *Cox*, by St. *Mary*,
Was at *Bullen* with King *Hary*;
And (if ſome do not vary)
Had a goodly Library,
By which he was diſcerned
To be one of the Learned,
To entertain the Queen here,
When laſt ſhe was ſeen here.
And for the Town of *Coventry*
To act to her Soveraignty.
But ſo his Lot fell out,
That ſerving then afoot,
And being a little Man;
When the Skirmiſh began
'Twixt the *Saxon* and the *Dane*,
(For thence the Story was tane)
He was not ſo well ſeen
As he would have been o' the Queen.
Though this Sword were twice ſo long
As any Mans elſe in the throng;
And for his ſake, the Play
Was call'd for the ſecond day.
But he made a Vow
(And he performs it now)
That were he alive or dead,
Hereafter, it ſhould never be ſed
But *Capt. Cox* would ſerve on Horſe
For better or for worſe,
If any Prince came hither.
And his Horſe ſhould have a Feather;
Nay, ſuch a Prince it might be
Perhaps he ſhould have three,
Now, Sir (in your approach)
The rumbling of your Coach
Awaking me, (his Ghoſt)
I come to play your Hoſt;
And feaſt your Eyes and Ears,
Neither with Dogs, nor Bears,
Though that have been a fit
Of our Main-ſhire wit,
In times heretofore,
But now, we have got a little more.
Theſe then that we preſent
With a moſt loyal Intent
And (as the Author ſaith)
No ill meaning to the Catholick Faith,
Are not ſo much Beaſts, as Fowls,
But a very Neſt of Owls,
And natural, ſo thrive I,
I found them in the Ivy,
A thing, that though I blundred at,
It may in time be wondred at,
If the Place but affords
Any ſtore of lucky Birds,
As I make 'em to fluſh
Each Owl out of his Buſh.
Now, theſe Owls (ſome ſay) were men
And they may be ſo agen.

If

If once they endure the Light
Of your Highneſs ſight:
For Bank-rupts, we have known
Riſe to more than their own.
With a little little ſavour
Of the Princes favour,
But, as you like their Tricks,
I'll ſpring 'em, they are but ſix.
Hey, Owl firſt.
This Bird is *London* bred
As you may ſee by his Horn'd-head.
And had like to have been tane
At his Shop in *Ivy lane*,
Where he ſold by the Penny
Tobacco, as good as any;
But, whether it did provoke
His Conſcience, he ſold Smoke;
Or ſome other Toy he took,
Towards his calling to look:
He fled by Moon ſhine thence;
And broke for Sixteen pence.
Hey, Owl ſecond.
This too, the more is the pity
Is of the breed, of the ſame City;
A true Owl of *London*
That gives out he is undone,
Being a Cheeſ-monger,
By truſting two of the younger
Captains, for the hunger
Of their half-ſtarv'd number;
Whom ſince they have ſhipt away:
And left him God to pay,
With thoſe Ears for a Badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.
Hey, Owl third.
A pure native Bird
This, and though his hue
Be not *Coventry*-blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thred he has ſpun,
For ſince the wiſe Town
Has let the Sports down
Of May-games, and Morris,
For which he right ſorry *is*:
Where their Maids, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their Napkins, and Poſes,
And the wipers for their Noſes.
And their Smocks all-be-wrought
With his Thred which they bought,
It now lies on his Hands,
And having neither Wit nor Lands,
Is ready to hang, or choke him,
In a Skein of that, that broke him.
Hey, Owl fourth.
Was once a Bankrupt of worth;
And having run a ſhifting Race
At laſt by Money, and Grace,
Got him a Serjeants Place,
And to be one of Chace.
A full Fortnight was not ſpent,
But out comes the Parliament,
Takes away the uſe of his Mace,
And left him in a worſe, then his firſt Caſe.
Hey, Owl the fifth.
But here was a defeat,
Never any ſo great,
Of a *Don*, a *Spaniſh* Reader,
Who had thought to have been the Leader
(Had the Match gone on)
Of our Ladies one by one,
And triumpht our whole Nation,
In his *Rodomant* Faſhion:
But now ſince the Breach,
He has not a Scholar to teach.
Hey, Owl ſixth.
The Bird-bringer up is a Knight,
But a paſſionate wight,
Who, ſince the Act againſt ſwearing,
(The Tale's worth your hearing)
In this ſhort times growth
Hath at Twelve pence an Oath;
For that (I take it) is the Rate,
Sworn himſelf out of his Eſtate.
The third varied.
A Crop-ear'd Scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whiſper of Moneys to come down,
Fright got him out of Town
With all the Bills and Bands
Of other Mens in his Hands,
And cry'd, who will drive the Trade,
Since ſuch a Law they had made:
It was not he that broke.
Two i' the hundred ſpoke.
Nor car'd he for the Curſe,
He could not hear much worſe,
He had his Ears in his Purſe.

THE END.

THE

THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND THEIR UNION.

Celebrated in a *MASQUE* Design'd for the Court on the *Twelfth-night*, 1626.

Hic choreæ, cantúsque vigent.

The FORTUNATE ISLES.

His Majesty being set,

Entreth in, running, JOHPHIEL, *an Airy Spirit, and (according to the* Magi*) the* Intelligence *of* Jupiter's *Sphere: Attired in light Silks of several Colours, with Wings of the same, a bright yellow Hair, a Chaplet of Flowers, blue silk Stockings, and Pumps, and Gloves, with a silver Fan in his Hand.*

JOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the Sky,
Or an Arrow shot by *Love*,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Be't a Sparrow, or a Dove:
With that winged haste, come I,
Loosed from the Sphere of *Jove*,
To wish Good-night
To your Delight.

To him enters a Melancholick Student, in bare and worn Clothes, shrowded under an obscure Cloke, and the Eves of an old Hat, fetching a deep sigh, his name, Mr. Mere-Fool.

Mere-Fool.

Oh, oh!

Johphiel.

In *Saturn's* name, the Father of my Lord!
What over-charged piece of *Melancholy*
Is this, breaks in between my Wishes thus,
With bombing sighs?

Mere-Fool.

No! no Intelligence!
Not yet! and all my Vows now nine days old!
Blindness of Fate! Puppies had seen by this time:
But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
What mean the Brethren of the *Rosie-Cross*,
So to desert their Votary!

Johphiel.

O! 'tis one
Hath vow'd himself unto that Airy Order,
And now is gaping for the Fly they promis'd him.
I'll mix a little with him for my Sport.

Mere-Fool.

Have I both in my Lodging and my Dyet,
My Clothes, and every other solemn Charge,
Observ'd 'em! made the naked Boards my Bed!
A Fagot for my Pillow! hungred sore!

Johphiel.

And thirsted after 'em!

Mere-Fool.

To look gaunt, and lean!

Johphiel.

Which will not be.

Mere-Fool.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
In solitary Circle, worn my Boots,
Knees, Arms, and Elbows out!

Johphiel.

Ran on the Score!

Mere-Fool.

That have I (who suggests that?) and for more
Then I will speak of, to abate this Flesh,
And have not gain'd the sight;

Johphiel.

Nay scarce the sense.

Mere-Fool.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my Stomach.

Johphiel.

Johphiel.

And a kind of whimsie,

Mere-Foole.

Here in my Head, that puts me to the Staggers,
Whether there be that Brother-hood, or no.

Johphiel.

Believe, frail Man, they be: and thou shalt see.

Mere-Foole.

What shall I see?

Johphiel.

Me.

Mere-Foole.

Thee? Where?

Johphiel.

Here. If you
Be Mr. *Mere-Foole.*

Mere-Foole.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*,
But by contraction *Mere-Foole.*

Johphiel.

Then are you
The wight I seek: and Sir my name is *Johphiel*,
Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,
An airy jocular Spirit, employ'd to you
From Father *Outis.*

Mere-Foole.

Outis? who is he?

Johphiel.

Know ye not *Outis*? Then you know no body:
The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell
Here in the Forest without Trees, that built
The Castle in the Air, where all the Brethren
Rhodostaurotick, live. It flys with Wings,
And runs on Wheels: where *Julian de Campis*
Holds out the brandisht Blade.

Mere-Foole.

Is't possible
They think on me?

Johphiel.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But hear me: and be faithful. All the Brethren
Have heard your Vows, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next return. But the good Father
Has been content to dye for you.

Mere-Foole.

For me?

Johphiel.

For you. Last New-years-day, which some give out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The year of *Jubile*, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth year:
But the Truth is, having observ'd your *Genesis*,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.

Mere-Foole.

What had he?

Johphiel.

Had? An Office,
Two, three, or four.

Mere-Foole.

Where?

Johphiel.

In the upper Region:
And that you'll find. The Farm of the great Customs,
Through all the Ports of the Airs Intelligences;
Then Constable of the Castle *Rosie-Cross*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keys
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Seals; you shall be
Principal Secretary to the Stars;
Know all their Signatures, and Combinations,
The divine Rods, and consecrated Roots.
What not? Would you turn Trees up like the Wind,
To shew your strength? march over Heads of Armies,
Or Points of Pikes, to shew your lightness? force
All Doors of Arts, with the Petard of your Wit?
Read at one view all Books? speak all the Languages
Of several Creatures? master all the Learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your Wealth,
Open all Treasures, hid by Nature, from
The Rock of Diamond, to the mine Sea-coal?
Sir, you shall do it.

Mere-Foole.

But how?

Johphiel.

Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the Inheritance,
Here in a Pot: this little Gally-pot
Of Tincture, high rose Tincture. There's your Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, ere't be long.

Mere-Foole.

I lookt, Sir, for a Halter, I was desperate.

Johphiel.

Reach forth your Hand.

Mere-Foole.

O Sir, a broken Sleeve
Keep the Arm back as 'tis i' the Proverb.

Johphiel.

Nay,
For that I do commend you: you must be poor
With all your Wealth, and Learning. When you ha' made
Your Glasses, Gardens in the depth of Winter,
Where you will walk invisible to Mankind,
Talk with all Birds and Beasts in their own Language,
When you have penetrated Hills like Air,
Div'd to the bottom of the Sea, like Lead,
And rise again like Cork, walk't in the Fire,
An 'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
The winding Orbs, like an Intelligence,
Up to the *Empyreum*, when you have made
The World your Gallery, can dispatch a business
In some three Minutes, with the *Antipodes*,
And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* over;
You must be poor still.

Mere-Foole.

By my Place I know it.

Johphiel.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate Purse to bear your Charges,
Or wishing Hat? I will but touch your Temples,
The Corners of your Eyes, and tinct the Tip,
The very Tip o' your Nose, with this *Collyrium*,
And you shall see i' the Air all the *Idea's*,
Spirits, and *Atoms*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

Mere-Foole.

O, come, tinct me,
Tinct me: I long, save this great Belly, I long.
But shall I only see?

Johphiel.

See, and command
As they were all your Varlets, or your Foot-boys:
But first you must declare, (your greatness must,
For that is now your Stile) what you would see.
Or whom.

Mere-Foole.

Is that my Stile? My Greatness, then,
Would see King *Zoroastres.*

Johphiel.

Jobphiel.

Why you ſhall:
Or any one beſide. Think whom you pleaſe?
Your Touſand, your Ten thouſand, to a Million:
All's one to me, if you could name a Myriad.

Mere-Foole.

I have nam'd him.

Jobphiel.

You've reaſon.

Mere-Foole.

I, I have reaſon;
Becauſe he's ſaid to be the Father of Conjurers,
And a cunning Man i' the Stars.

Jobphiel.

I, that's it troubles us
A little for the preſent: For, at this time
He is confuting a *French Almanack*,
But he will ſtraight have done, ha' you but patience;
Or think but any other in mean time,
Any hard name.

Mere-Foole.

Then *Hermes Triſmegiſtus.*

Jobphiel.

O, ὁ τεισμέγιστος? Why? you ſhall ſee him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I ſaid to you afore. Or what do you think
Of *Howl-glaſs*, inſtead of him,

Mere-Foole.

No, him
I have a mind to.

Jobphiel.

O, but *Vlen-ſpiegle.*
Were ſuch a name! but you ſhall have your Longing.
What luck is this, he ſhould be buſie too?
He is weighing Water, but to fill three Hour-glaſſes,
And mark the day in Pen'orths like a Cheeſe,
And he has done. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould name him
Of all the reſt! there being *Jamblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not buſie.

Mere-Foole.

Let me ſee *Pythagoras.*

Jobphiel.

Good.

Mere-Foole.

Or *Plato.*

Jobphiel.

Plato is framing ſome *Idea's*,
Are now beſpoken, at a Groat a Dozen,
Three Groſs at leaſt: And, for *Pythagoras*,
He' has raſhly run himſelf on an Employment,
Of keeping *Aſſes* from a Field of Beans;
And cannot be ſtav'd off.

Mere-Foole.

Then, *Archimedes.*

Jobphiel.

Yes, *Archimedes*!

Mere-Foole.

I, or *Æſope.*

Jobphiel.

Nay,
Hold your firſt Man, a good Man, *Archimedes*,
And worthy to be ſeen, but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouſe-trap with *Owl's* Wings
And a Cats-foot, to catch the Mice alone:
And *Æſop*, he is filling a *Fox* Tongue,
For a new Fable he has made of Court;
But you ſhall ſee 'em all, ſtay but your time
And ask in Seaſon; things ask'd out of Seaſon
A Man denies himſelf. At ſuch a time
As *Chriſtmas*, when diſguiſing is o' foot,
To ask of the Inventions, and the Men,
The Wits, and the Ingines that move thoſe Orbs!
Me thinks, you ſhould enquire now, after *Skelton*,
Or Mr. *Skogan.*

Mere-Foole.

Skogan? what was he?

Jobphiel.

O' a fine Gentleman, and a *Maſter* of *Arts*,
Of *Henry* the Fourth's time, that made diſguiſes
For the King's Sons, and writ in Ballad-royal
Daintily well.

Mere-Foole.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

Jobphiel.

In Rhime! fine tinckling Rhime! and flowand Verſe!
With now and then ſome Sence! and he was paid for't,
Regarded and Rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now adays.

Mere-Foole.

And why?

Jobphiel.

'Cauſe every Dabler
In Rhime is thought the ſame. But you ſhall ſee him.
Hold up your Noſe.

Mere-Foole.

I had rather ſee a *Brachman*,
Or a *Gymnoſophiſt* yet.

Jobphiel.

You ſhall ſee him, Sir,
Is worth them both. And with him *Domine Skelton*,
The Worſhipful *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*,
And *Titire tu* of thoſe times. Advance quick *Skogan*,
And quicker *Skelton* ſhew your crafty Heads,
Before this Heir of Arts, this Lord of Learning,
This Maſter of all Knowledge in reverſion.

Enter Skogan *and* Skelton *in like Habits as they liv'd.*

Skogan.

Seemeth we are call'd of a moral Intent,
If the Words that are ſpoken, as well now be meant.

Jobphiel.

That Mr. *Skogan* I dare you enſure.

Skogan.

Then, Son, our Acquaintance is like to endure.

Mere-Foole.

A pretty Game! like *Crambe*, Mr. *Skogan*,
Give me thy Hand: Thou art very lean, me thinks,
Is't living by thy Wits?

Skogan.

If it had been that,
My Worſhipful Son, thou hadſt ne'er been ſo fat.

Jobphiel.

He tells you true, Sir. Here's a Gentleman
(My pair of crafty Clerks) of that high Caract,
As hardly hath the Age produc't his like.
Who not content with the Wit of his own times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath been,

Mere-Foole.

Or is, or ſhall be.

Jobphiel.

Note his Latitude!

Skelton.

O, vir ampliſſimus !
(Ut ſcholis dicimus)
Et gentiliſſimus !

Johphiel.

The queſtion-*iſſimus*
Is, ſhould he ask a ſight now, for his Life;
I mean, a Perſon, he would have reſtor'd
To memory of theſe times, for a Play-fellow,
Whether you would preſent him with an *Hermes*,
Or, with an *Howl-glaſs* ?

Skelton.

An *Howl-glaſs*
To come to paſs
On his Fathers Aſs;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer ſight,
With Feathers upright
In his horned Cap,
And crooked Shape,
Much like an Ape,
With Owl on Fiſt,
And Glaſs at his Wriſt.

Skogan.

Except the four Knaves entertain'd for the Guards,
Of the Kings and the Queens that triumph in the Cards.

Johphiel.

I, that were a ſight and a half, I confeſs,
To ſee 'em come skipping in, all at a Meſs !

Skelton.

With *Elinor Rumming*,
To make up the mumming;
That comely *Gill*,
That dwelt on a Hill,
But ſhe is not grill:
Her Face all bowſie,
Droopy and drowſie,
Scurvy, and lowſie,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrouſly wrinkled,
Like a roſt Pigs Ear,
Briſtled with Hair.

Skogan.

Or, what do you ſay to *Ruffian Fitz-Ale* ?

Johphiel.

An excellent ſight, if he be not too ſtale.
But then, we can mix him with modern *Vapors*,
The Child of *Tobacco*, his Pipes, and his Papers.

Mere-Foole.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rumming*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

Johphiel.

Her you ſhall ſee:
But credit me,
That *Mary Ambree*
(Who march'd ſo free
To the Siege of *Gaunt*,
And Death could not daunt,
As the Ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight,
And a better ſight.

Skelton.

Or *Weſtminſter Meg*,
With her long Leg,
As long as a Crane;
And Feet like a Plane:
With a Pair of Heels,
As broad as two Wheels;
To drive down the Dew,
As ſhe goes to the Stew:
And turns home merry,
By *Lambeth* Ferry.
Or you may have come
In, *Thomas Thumb*,
In a Pudding ſat
With Doctor *Rat*.

Johphiel.

I, that ! that ! that !
We'll have 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Antimaſque *follows.*

Conſiſting of theſe Twelve Perſons, *Owl-glaſs*, the Four *Knaves*, Two *Ruffians*, *Fitz-ale*, and *Vapor*, *Elinor Rumming*, *Mary Ambree*, *Long-Meg of Weſtminſter*, *Tom Thumb*, and *Doctor Rat*.

Which done,

Mere-Foole.

What ! are they vaniſh'd ! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or moral *Skogan* ? I do like their ſhew
And would have thank't 'em, being the firſt grace
The Company of the *Roſie-Croſs* hath done me.

Johphiel.

The Company o' the *Roſie-Croſs* ! you Wigion,
The Company of *Players*. Go, you are,
And will be ſtill your ſelf, a *Mere-Fool*, In:
And take your Pot of Honey here, and Hogs-greaſe,
See, who has gull'd you, and make one. Great King,
Your Pardon, if deſire to pleaſe have treſpaſs'd.
This Fool ſhould have been ſent to *Antycira*,
(The Iſle of *Ellebore*) there to have purg'd,
Not hop'd a happy Seat within your Waters.
Hear now the Meſſage of the Fates, and *Jove*,
On whom thoſe Fates depend, to you, as *Neptune*
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iſles.
That Point of Revolution being come
When all the Fortunate Iſlands ſhould be join'd,
Macaria, one, and thought a Principal,
That hitherto hath floated, as uncertain
Where ſhe ſhould fix her Bleſſings, is to night
Inſtructed to adhere to your *Britannia*:
That where the Happy Spirits live, hereafter
Might be no queſtion made, by the moſt Curious,
Since the *Macarii* come to do you homage,
And join their Cradle to your Continent.

Here the *Scene* opens, and the *Maſquers* are diſcover'd ſitting in their ſeveral Sieges. The Air opens above, and *Apollo* with *Harmony*, and the Spirits of *Muſick* ſing, the while the *Iſland* moves forward, *Proteus* ſitting below, and harkening.

SONG.

Look forth the Shepherd of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keep the Keys,
And to your Neptune *tell,*
Macaria, *Prince of all the Iſles,*
Wherein there nothing grows, but ſmiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.
The Winds are ſweet, and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, *no breath they know,*
The Father of the Flowers:
By him the Virgin Violets live,
And every Plant doth Odours give,
As new, as are the Hours.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then, think it not a common Cauſe,
That to it ſo much wonder draws,
And all the Heavens conſent,
With Harmony *to tune their Notes,*
In anſwer to the publick Votes,
That for it up were ſent.

By this time, the *Iſland* having joyned it ſelf to the Shore, *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and *Saron* come forth, and go up ſinging to the *State*, while the *Maſquers* take time to rank themſelves.

SONG.

Proteus.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes *honours ſhine,*
And all the Glories of his greater Stile
Are read, reflected in this happieſt Iſle.

Portunus.

How both the Air, the Soile, the Seat combine
To ſpeak it bleſſed!

Saron.

Theſe are the true Groves,
Where Joys are born.

Proteus.

Where Longings,

Portunus.

And where Loves!

Saron.

That live!

Proteus.

That laſt!

Portunus.

No intermitted Wind
Blows here, but what leaves Flowers or Fruit behind.

CHORUS.

'Tis Odour all that comes!
And every Tree doth give his Gums.

Proteus.

There is no Sickneſs, nor no old Age known
To Man, nor any Grief that he dares own.
There is no hunger there, nor envy of State.
Nor leaſt Ambition in the Magiſtrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another ſtrives to be.

Portunus.

Here all the day, they feaſt, they ſport and ſpring;
Now dance the Graces *Hay*; *now* Venus *Ring:*
To which the old Muſicians *play, and ſing.*

Saron.

There is Arion, *tuning his bold Harp,*
from flat to ſharp.

Portunus.

And light Anacreon,
He ſtill is one!

Proteus.

Steſichorus *there, too,*
That Linus, *and old* Orpheus *doth out-do*
To wonder.

Saron.

And Amphion! *he is there.*

Portunus.

Nor is Apollo *dainty to appear*
In ſuch a Quire, although the Trees be thick,

Proteus.

He will look in, and ſee the Airs be quick,
And that the times be true.

Portunus.

Then, chanting,

Proteus.

Then,
Up, with their Notes, they raiſe the Prince of Men.

Saron.

And ſing the preſent Propheſie *that goes*
Of joyning the bright Lilly *and the* Roſe.

CHORUS.

See! all the Flowers

Proteus.

That ſpring the Banks along,
Do move their Heads unto that under-ſong.

CHORUS.

Saron, Portunus, Proteus, *help to bring*
Our Primroſe *in, the Glory of the Spring!*
And tell the Daffadil, *againſt that day,*
That we prepare new Gyrlands freſh as May.
And enter-weave the Myrtle *and the* Bay.

This ſung, the Iſland goes back, whilſt the upper *Chorus* takes it from them, and the *Maſquers* prepare for their Figure.

CHORUS.

Spring all the Graces *of the Age,*
And all the Loves *of time*;
Bring all the Pleaſures of the Stage,
And reliſhes of Rhime,
Add all the ſofineſſes of Courts,
The Looks, the Laughters, and the Sports.
And mingle all their ſweets, and ſalts,
That none may ſay, the Triumph *halts.*

The *Maſquers* Dance their *Entry* or firſt Dance.

Which done, the firſt Proſpective, a Maritime Palace, or the Houſe of *Oceanus* is diſcovered to loud Muſick.

The other above is no more ſeen.

Johphiel.

Behold the Palace of *Oceanus*!
Hail Reverend ſtructure! Boaſt no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feaſt;
We ſaw enough: when *Albion* was thy Gueſt.

The Meaſures.

After which, the ſecond Proſpective, a Sea is ſhown, to the former Muſick.

Johphiel.

Now turn, and view the Wonders of the Deep,
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptunes* Orks do keep.
Where all is plough'd, yet ſtill the Paſtures green,
New ways are found, and yet no Paths are ſeen.

Here *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron*, go up to the Ladies with this *Song*.

Proteus.

Come noble Nymphs, *and do not hide*
The Joys, for which you ſo provide:

Saron.

If not to mingle with the Men,
What do you here? Go home agen.

Portunus.

Your dreſſing do confeſs,
By what we ſee, ſo curious Parts
Of Pallas, *and* Arachnes *Arts,*
That you could mean no leſs.

Proteus.

Why do you wear the Silk-worms Toiles,
Or glory in the Shell-fiſh ſpoils;
Or ſtrive to ſhew the Grains of Ore
That you have gather'd on the Shore,
whereof to make a Stock
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better water'd Stone,

Saron.

Or Ruby of the Rock?

Proteus.

Why do you ſmell of Amber-greace,
Of which was formed Neptunes *Neice,*
The Queen of Love: unleſs you can
Like Sea-born Venus *love a Man?*

Saron.

Try, put your ſelves unto't.

CHORUS.

Your looks, your ſmiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambroſian *Hands, and Silver Feet,*
Do promiſe you will do't.

The Revels follow.

Which ended, the Fleet is diſcovered, while the three Corners play.

Johphiel.

Tis time, your Eyes ſhould be refreſht at length
With ſomething new, a part of *Neptunes* ſtrength,
See yond', his Fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the Riches of the *Ocean* home,
So to ſecure him, both in Peace and Wars,
Till not one Ship alone, but all be Stars.

Then the laſt Song.

Proteus.

Although we wiſh the glory ſtill might laſt
Of ſuch a Night, and for the Cauſes paſt:
Yet now, great Lord of Waters, and of Iſles,
Give Proteus *leave to turn unto his wiles.*

Portunus.

And, whilſt young Albion *doth thy labours eaſe,*
Diſpatch Portunus *to the Ports.*

Saron.

And Saron *to the Seas:*
To meet old Nereus, *with his Fifty Girls,*
From aged Indus *laden home with Pearls,*
And Orient Gems, to burn unto thy name.

CHORUS.

And may thy Subjects Hearts be all on flame,
Whilſt thou doſt keep the Earth in firm Eſtate,
And 'mongſt the Winds, do'ſt ſuffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our Powers increaſe,
With Health, and all the Golden Gifts of Peace.

After which their laſt Dance.

The END.

LOVE'S

LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a MASQUE at Court, 1630. By his MAJESTY, with the Lords, and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inventors, *BEN. JOHNSON. INIGO JONES.*

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators understanders.

WHereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in Court, publick spectacles, either have been, or ought to be the mirrours of Man's life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibiters (as being the Donatives of great Princes to their People) ought always to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no less than delight; We, the Inventors, being commanded from the King, to think on some thing worthy of his Majesties putting in act, with a selected company of his Lords and Gentlemen, called to the assistance: For the Honour of his Court, and the Dignity of that Heroick Love, and Regal Respect born by him to his unmatchable Lady, and Spouse, the Queens Majesty, after some debate of cogitation with our selves, resolved on this following Argument.

First, that a Person, *boni ominis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, sent down from Heaven to *Callipolis*, which is understood, the City of *Beauty* or *Goodness*, should come in; and, finding her Majesty there enthron'd, declare unto her, that *Love* who was wont to be respected as a special Deity in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late receiv'd an Advertisement, that in the Suburbs, or Skirts of *Callipolis*, were crept in certain Sectaries, or deprav'd Lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of Love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continu'd *vertigo*, or rather a torture on the Wheel of *Love*, than any motion, either of order or measure. When suddenly they leap forth below, a Mistris leading them, and with antick gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance over a distracted *Comedy* of *Love*, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenical Persons and habits of the four prime *European* Nations.

A glorious boasting Lover.
A whining Ballading Lover.
An adventurous *Romance* Lover.

A phantastick umbrageous Lover.
A bribing corrupt Lover.
A froward jealous Lover.

A sordid illiberal Lover.
A proud scornful Lover.
An angry quarrelling Lover.

A Melancholick despairing Lover.
An envious unquiet Lover.
A sensual brute Lover.

All which, in varied, intricate turns, and involv'd mazes, expresst, make the Anti-masque: and conclude the exit, in a circle.

Euphemus descends singing.

Joy, joy to Mortals, the rejoycing fires
Of gladness, smile in your dilated Hearts!
Whilst Love presents a World of chaste desires,
Which may produce a Harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the Mind,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The Father plenty is, the Mother want.
Plenty the Beauty, which it wanteth, draws;
Want yields it ſelf: affording what is ſcant.
So, both affections are the union's cauſe.

But, reſt not here. For Love hath larger ſcopes,
New Joys, new Pleaſures, of as freſh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
Are pure, but thoſe he can perpetuate.

To you that are by excellence a Queen! He goes up to the State.
The top of Beauty! but, off ſuch an air,
As, only by the Minds Eye, may be ſeen
Your enter-woven Lines of good, and fair!

Vouchſafe to grace Loves Triumph here, to night,
Through all the ſtreets of your Callipolis;
Which by the ſplendor of your Rays made bright
The ſeat, and region of all Beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appear,
But prays of favour, he be not call'd on,
Till all the Suburbs, and the Skirts be clear
Of perturbations, and th' Infection gone.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your Noſtrils! or ſome ſweeter ſound
Of melting Muſick, that ſhall not conſume
Within the Ear, but run the mazes round.

Here the *Chorus* walk about with their Cenſers.

CHORUS.

Mean time, we make luſtration of the place,
And with our ſolemn Fires, and Waters prove
T' have frighted hence, the weak diſeaſed race
Of thoſe were tortur'd on the Wheel of Love.

[1]The glorious, [2]whining, [3]the adventurous Fool,
[4]Phantaſtick, [5]bribing, and the [6]jealous Aſs
[1]The ſordid, [2]ſcornful, [3]and the angry Mule
[4]The melancholick, [5]dull, and envious Maſs.

CHORUS.

With all the reſt, that in the ſenſual School
Of luſt, for their degree of brute may paſs.
All which are vapour'd hence. The proſpect of Sea appears.
No Loves, but Slaves to ſenſe:
Meer Cattel, and not Men.
Sound, ſound, and treble all our Joys agen,
Who had the power and vertue to remove
Such Monſters from the labyrinth of Love.

The Triumph is firſt ſeen a-far off, and led in by *Amphitrite*, the Wife of *Oceanus*, with four Sea-gods attending her.

Nereus, Proteus, Glaucus, Palæmon.

It conſiſteth of fifteen *Lovers*, and as many *Cupids*, who rank themſelves ſeven and ſeven on a ſide, with each a *Cupid* before him, with a lighted Torch, and the middle Perſon (which is his Majeſty,) placed in the center.

1. *The Provident.* 2. *The Judicious.*
3. *The Secret.* 4. *The Valiant.*
5. *The Witty.* 6. *The Jovial.*
7. *The Secure.* 15. *The Heroical.* 8. *The Subſtantial.*
9. *The Modeſt.* 10. *The Candid.*
11. *The Courteous.* 12. *The Elegant.*
13. *The Rational.* 14. *The Magnificent.*

Amphitrite.

Here, ſtay a while: This! this
The Temple of all Beauty *is!*
Here, perfect Lovers, *you muſt pay*
Firſt-fruits; and on theſe altars lay
(The Ladies Breaſts) your ample Vows,
Such, as Love *brings, and* Beauty *beſt allows!*

Cho. {For Love, without his Object, ſoon is gone:
{Love *muſt have anſwering love, to look upon.*

Amphitrite.

To you, beſt Judge then, of perfection?

Euphemus.

The Queen, of what is wonder, in the place!

Amphitrite.

Pure object, of Heroick Love, *alone!*

Euphemus.

The center of proportion —— !

Amphitrite.

Sweetneſs.

Euphemus.

Grace?

Amphitrite.

Daigne to receive all Lines of Love in one.

Euphemus.

And by reflecting of them fill this ſpace.

Cho. {*Till it a circle of thoſe glories prove,*
{*Fit to be ſought in* Beauty, *found by* Love.

Semi-cho. {*Where* Love *is mutual, ſtill*
{*All things in order move.*

Semi-cho. {*The circle of the Will*
{*Is the true ſphere of* Love.

Cho. {*Advance, you gentler* Cupids, *then advance,*
{*And ſhew your juſt perfections in your dance.*

The *Cupids* dance their Dance.
And the Maſquers their Entry.

Which done, *Euclia*, or a fair Glory appears in the Heavens, ſinging an applauſive Song, or *Pæan* of the whole, which ſhe takes occaſion to ingeminate in the ſecond *Chorus*, upon the ſight of a work of *Neptunes*, being a hollow Rock, filling part of the Sea-proſpect, whereon the *Muſes* ſit.

Euclia's Hymn.

So Love, emergent out of Chaos *brought*
The World to light!
And gently moving on the Waters, wrought
All Form to ſight!

Loves *Appetite*
Did Beauty firſt excite:
And left imprinted in the Air,
Thoſe ſignatures of good, and fair,

Cho. {*Which ſince have flow'd, flow'd forth upon the ſenſe*
{*To wonder firſt, and then to excellence,*
{*By vertue of Divine intelligence!*

The Ingemination.

And Neptune *too,*
Shews what his waves can do:
To call the Muſes *all to play,*
And ſing the birth of Venus *day,*

Cho. {*Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the ſenſe,*
{*To wonder firſt, and next to excellence,*
{*By vertue of Divine intelligence!*

Here

Here follow the Revels.

Which ended, the *Scene* changeth to a Garden, and the Heavens opening, there appear four new Perſons, in form of a *Conſtellation*, ſitting; or a new *Aſteriſm*, expecting *Venus*, whom they call upon with this Song.

Jupiter, Juno, Genius, Hymen.

Jup. *Haſte, Daughter* Venus, *haſte, and come away:*
Jun. *All powers, that govern Marriage, pray*
That you will lend your light.
Gen. *Unto the conſtellation of this night,*
Hym. *Hymen.*
Jun. *And* Juno.
Gen. *And the* Genius *call,*
Jup. *Your Father* Jupiter,
Cho. *And all*
That bleſs, or honour Holy Nuptial.

Venus here appears in a Cloud, and paſſing through the *Conſtellation*, deſcendeth to the Earth, when preſently the Cloud vaniſheth, and ſhe is ſeen ſitting in a Throne.

Venus.

Here, here I preſent am
Both in my Girdle, and my flame.
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Hours
(My Nurſes once) with all the arts
Of gaining, and of holding Hearts:
And with theſe I deſcend.
But, to your influences, firſt commend
The Vow, I go to take
On Earth, for perfect Love *and* Beauties *ſake!*

Her Song ended, and ſhe riſing to go up to the Queen, the Throne diſappears: in place of which, there ſhooteth up a Palm Tree with an Imperial Crown on the top; from the Root whereof, Lillies and Roſes, twining together, and imbracing the Stem, flouriſh through the Crown; which ſhe in the Song with the *Chorus*, deſcribes.

Beauty *and* Love, *whoſe ſtory is myſterial,*
In yonder Palm-tree, and the Crown Imperial,
Do from the Roſe and Lilly, ſo delicious,
Promiſe a Shade, ſhall ever be propitious
To both the Kingdoms. But to Britain's Genius
The ſnaky Rod, and Serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more Peace, than theſe, who ſo united be
By Love, *as with it Earth and Heaven delighted be.*
And who this King, and Queen would well hiſtorifie,
Need only ſpeak their Names: Thoſe them will glorifie.
Mary, *and* Charles, Charles *with his* Mary, *named are,*
And all the reſt of Loves, *or* Princes *famed are.*

After this they dance their going out, and end.

The MASQUERS Names.

The KING.

The Marqueſs *Hammilton.*
Earl of *Holland.*
Earl of *Newport.*
Lord *Strange.*
Sir *Robert Stanley.*
Maſter *Goring.*
Maſter *Dimock.*

Lord *Chamberlain.*
Earl of *Carnarvan.*
Vicount *Doncaſter.*
Sir *William Howard.*
Sir *William Brook.*
Maſter *Ralegh.*
Maſter *Abercromy.*

THE END.

CHLO

CHLORIDIA.

RITES to *CHLORIS* and her NYMPHS.

Perſonated in a

Maſque at Court.

By the Queen's MAJESTY and her Ladies at *Shrove-tide*, 1630.

The Inventors, *BEN. JOHNSON. INIGO JONES.*

Unius tellus ante coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.

THE King, and Queen's Majeſty, having given their command for the Invention of a new Argument, with the whole change of the *Scene*, wherein her Majeſty, with the like number of her Ladies, purpoſed a preſentation to the King. It was agreed, it ſhould be the celebration of ſome Rites, done to the Goddeſs *Chloris*, who in a general Counſel of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddeſs of the Flowers, according to that of *Ovid*, in the *Faſti*.

Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be ſtellified on Earth, by an abſolute Decree from *Jupiter*, who would have the Earth to be adorn'd with Stars, as well as the Heaven.

Upon this Hinge, the whole Invention mov'd.

The Ornament, which went about the *Scene*, was compoſed of Foliage, or Leaves heightned with Gold, and enter-woven with all ſorts of Flowers; and naked Children, playing, and climbing among the Branches; and in the midſt, a great Garland of Flowers, in which was written, *CHLORIDIA*.

The Curtain being drawn up, the *Scene* is diſcover'd, conſiſting of pleaſant Hills, planted with young Trees, and all the lower Banks adorned with Flowers. And from ſome hollow parts of thoſe Hills, Fountains come gliding down; which, in the far-off Land-ſhape, ſeem'd all to be converted to a River.

Over all, a ſerene Sky, with tranſparent Clouds, giving a great luſtre to the whole Work, which did imitate the pleaſant *Spring*.

When the Spectators had enough fed their Eyes, with the delights of the *Scene*, in a part of the Air, a bright Cloud begins to break forth; and in it is ſitting a plump Boy, in a changeable Garment, richly adorn'd, repreſenting the mild *Zephyrus*. On the other ſide of the *Scene*, in a purpliſh Cloud, appeareth the *Spring*, a beautiful Maid, her upper Garment green, under it, a white Robe wrought with Flowers; a Garland on her Head.

Here *Zephyrus* begins his Dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the Gods Decree at large, which ſhe obeys, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there begun to be executed by the King's Favour, who aſſiſts with all Bounties, that may be either urg'd, as cauſes, or reaſons of the *Spring*.

The firſt SONG.

Zephyrus.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad news I bring,
To Earth, our common Mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods,
The Heav'n of Earth ſhall have no odds,
But one ſhall love another.

Their glories they ſhall mutual make,
Earth look on Heaven, for Heavens ſake;
Their honours ſhall be even:
All emulation ceaſe, and jars;
Jove *will have Earth to have her Stars*
And Lights, no leſs than Heaven.

Spring.

It is already done, in Flowers
As freſh, and new as are the Hours,
By warmth of yonder Sun.
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of ZEPHYRUS
Like favour we have won.

Zephyrus.

Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heat, the humour.

Spring. —*All the true*
Beloved of the Spring!

Zephyrus.

Zephyrus.

The Sun, the Wind, the Verdure!

Spring. ——*All,*

That wiſeſt Nature cauſe can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

At which, *Zephyrus* paſſeth away through the Air, and the *Spring* deſcendeth to the Earth: and is receiv'd by the *Naiades*, or *Napeæ*; who are the Nymph's, *Fountains*, and Servants of the Seaſon.

The ſecond SONG.

Fountains.

Fair Maid, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?

Spring.

Freſh Fountains, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' ſoft Ear,
Whereof the murmur will do well:
If you your parts will bear.

Fountains.

Our purlings wait upon the Spring.

Spring.

Go up with me, then: help to ſing
The ſtory to the King.

Here the *Spring* goes up, ſinging the Argument to the King; and the *Fountains* follow with the cloſe.

Spring.

Cupid *hath ta'en offence of late*
At all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Counſel, he was ſo deſerted,
Not to be call'd into their Guild
But ſlightly paſs'd by, as a Child.

Fountains.

Wherein he thinks his honour was perverted.

Spring.

And though his Mother ſeek to ſeaſon,
And rectifie his rage with reaſon,
By ſhewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he, doth diſobey,
And ſhe hath forc'd his Arms away.

Fountains.

To make him feel the Juſtice of her Hand.

Spring.

Whereat the Boy, in fury fell,
With all his ſpeed, is gone to Hell,
There to excite, and ſtir up Jealouſie,
To make a party 'gainſt the Gods,
And ſet Heaven, Earth, and Hell at odds.

Fountains.

And raiſe a Chaos of calamity.

The Song ended, the *Nymphs* fall into a dance, to their Voices, and Inſtruments, and ſo return into the *Scene.*

The ANTI-MASQUE.

Firſt Entry.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarf-Poſt from Hell, riding on a Curtal, with cloven Feet, and two Lacqueys: Theſe dance, and make the firſt Entry of the Anti-maſque. He alights and ſpeaks.

POSTILLION.

Hold my Stirrop, my one Lacquey; and look to my Curtal, the other: walk him well, Sirrah, while I expatiate my ſelf here in the report of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the Title of it! Poſtillion *of Hell! yet no* Mercury. *But a meer Cacodæmon, ſent hither with a packet of News! News! never was Hell ſo furniſhed of the commoditity of News!* Love *hath been lately there, and ſo entertained by* Pluto, *and* Proſerpine, *and all the Grandees of the place, as, it is there perpetual Holy-day: and a ceſſation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Half-famiſh'd* Tantalus *is fallen to his Fruit, with that Appetite, as it threatens to undo the whole Company of Coſtard-mongers, and has a River afore him, running excellent Wine;* Ixion *is loos'd from his Wheel, and turn'd Dancer, does nothing but cut Capreols, fetch Friskals, and leads Lavaltoes, with the* Lamiæ! Siſyphus *has left rolling the Stone, and is grown a Maſter-bowler; challenges all the prime Gameſters, Parſons in Hell, and gives them odds: upon* Titius *his Breaſt, that (for ſix of the nine Acres) is counted the ſubtleſt Bowling ground in all* Tartary. *All the* Furies *are at a Game call'd Nine-pins, or Keils, made of old Uſurers Bones, and their Souls looking on with delight, and betting on the Game. Never was there ſuch freedom of Sport.* Danaus *Daughters have broke their bottomleſs Tubs, and made Bonfires of them. All is turn'd Triumph there. Had Hell-gates been kept with half that ſtrictneſs, as the Entry here has been to Night,* Pluto *would have had but a cold Court, and* Proſerpine *a thin preſence, though both have a vaſt Territory. We had ſuch a ſtir to get in, I, and my Curtal, and my two Lacqueys all ventur'd through the Eye of a* Spaniſh *Needle, we had never come in elſe, and that was by the favour of one of the Guard who was a Womans Taylor, and held ope the paſſage.* Cupid *by Commiſſion hath carried Jealouſie from* Hell, *Diſdain, Fear, and Diſſimulation, with other Goblins, to trouble the* Gods. *And I am ſent after poſt, to raiſe Tempeſt, Winds, Lightnings, Thunder, Rain, and Snow, for ſome new exploit they have againſt the Earth, and the Goddeſs* Chloris, *Queen of the Flowers, and Miſtris of the* Spring. *For joy of which I will return to my ſelf, mount my Bidet, in a dance; and curvett upon my Curtal.*

The Speech ended, the *Poſtillion* mounts his Curtal, and with his Lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

2. *Entry.*

Cupid, Jealouſie, Diſdain, Fear, and *Diſſimulation,* dance together.

3. *Entry.*

The Queens Dwarf, richly apparell'd, as a *Prince* of *Hell,* attended by ſix Infernal *Spirits*; He firſt danceth alone, and then the *Spirits*: all expreſſing their Joy, for *Cupid*'s coming among them.

4. *Entry.*

Here the *Scene* changeth into a horrid Storm; out of which enters the Nymph *Tempeſt*, with four *Winds*, they dance.

5. *Entry.*

Lightnings, three in number, their Habits gliſtering, expreſſing that effect, in their motion.

6. *Entry.*

Thunder alone dancing the Tunes to a noise, mixed, and imitating Thunder.

7. *Entry.*

Rain, presented by five Persons all swoln, and clouded over, their Hair flagging, as if they were wet, and in their Hands, Balls full of sweet Water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the Room.

8. *And last Entry.*

Seven with rugged white Heads, and Beards, to express *Snow*, with flakes on their Garments, mix'd with Hail. These having danced, return into the stormy *Scene*, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of *Juno*, the Tempest on an instant ceaseth: And the *Scene* is changed into a delicious place, figuring the Bower of *Chloris*. Where, in an Arbour feign'd of Gold-smiths work, the ornament of which was born up with *Termes* of *Satyrs*, beautifi'd with *Pestones*, Garlands, and all sorts of fragrant Flowers. Beyond all this, in the Sky a-far off appear'd a *Rainbow*, in the most eminent place of the Bower, sate the Goddess *Chloris*, accompanied with fourteen *Nymphs*, their Apparel white, embroydered with Silver, trim'd at the Shoulders with great Leaves of green, embroydered with Gold, falling one under the other. And of the same work were their Bases, their Head-tires of Flowers, mix'd with Silver, and Gold, with some sprigs of Ægrets among, and from the top of their dressing, a thin Veil hanging down.

All which beheld,

The Nymphs, Rivers, and Fountains, with the Spring, sung this rejoicing Song.

SONG 3.

Rivers, Spring, Fountains.

Run out, all the Floods, in joy with your Silver feet;
And haste to meet, the enamour'd Spring;
For whom the warbling Fountains *sing:*
The story of the Flowers; preserved by the Howrs;
At Juno's *soft command, and* Iris *Showers;*
Sent to quench Jealousie, and all those powers
Of Love's *rebellious War:*
Whil'st Chloris *sits a shining Star*
To crown, and grace our jolly Song, made long,
To the notes, that we bring, to glad the Spring.

Which ended, the Goddess, and her *Nymphs*, descend the degrees, into the Room, and dance the Entry of the Grand-masque.

After this, another Song by the same Persons, as before.

SONG 4.

Rivers, Fountains.

Tell a truth, gay Spring, *let us know*
What Feet they were, that so
Impress'd the Earth, and made such various Flowers to grow!

Spring.

She that led, a Queen was at least,
Or a Goddess, 'bove the rest:
And all their graces, in her self exprest!

Rivers, Fountains,

O, 'twere a fame, to know her name!
Whether she were the Root;
Or they did take th' impression from her Foot.

The Masquers here dance their second Dance.

Which done,

The farther *Prospect* of the *Scene* changeth into Air, with a low *Land-shape*, in part covered with Clouds: And in that instant, the Heaven opening, *Juno*, and *Iris* are seen; and above them many *Airy Spirits*, sitting in the Clouds.

SONG 5.

Juno.

Now Juno, *and the Air shall know*
The truth of what is done below,
From our discoloured Bow. Iris, *what News?*

Iris.

The Air is clear, your Bow can tell,
Chloris *renown'd, Spight fled to Hell;*
The business all is well. *And* Cupid *sues*

Juno.

For pardon. *Do's he?*

Iris.

He sheds Tears
More than your Birds have Eyes.

Juno.

The Gods have Ears.
Offences made against the Deities,
Are soon forgot.

Iris.

If who offends, be wise.

Here, out of the Earth, ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it, a Globe, on which *Fame* is seen standing with her Trumpet in her Hand; and on the Hill, are seated four Persons, presenting *Poesie*, *History*, *Architecture*, and *Sculpture*: who together with the *Nymphs*, *Floods*, and *Fountains*, make a full *Quire*; at which, *Fame* begins to mount, and moving her Wings, flieth, singing, up to Heaven.

Fame.

Rise golden Fame, *and give thy name a birth!*

CHORUS.

From great and generous actions, done on Earth.

Fame.

The life of Fame *is action.*

CHORUS.

Understood
That action must be vertuous, great, and good:

Fame.

Vertue it self by Fame *is oft protected,*
And dies despised——

CHORUS.

Where the Fame's *neglected.*

Fame.

Who hath not heard of Chloris, *and her Bower,*
Fair Iris *act, employ'd by* Juno's *power*
To guard the Spring, *and prosper every Flower,*
Whom Jealousie and Hell thought to devour?

CHO-

CHORUS.

Great actions, oft obſcur'd by time, may lie,
Or envy ——

Fame.

But they laſt to memory.

Poeſie.

We that ſuſtain thee, Learned Poeſie,

Hiſtory.

And I, her Siſter, ſevere Hiſtory.

Architecture.

With Architecture, *who will raiſe thee high,*

Sculpture.

And Sculpture, *that can keep thee from to die.*

CHORUS.

All help lift thee to Eternity.

Juno.

And Juno, *through the Air, doth make thy way,*

Iris.

By her ſereneſt Meſſenger of Day.

Fame.

That Fame, *aſcends, by all degrees, to Heaven:*
And leaves a Light, here, brighter than the ſeven.

CHORUS.

Let all applaud the ſight.
Air firſt, that gave the bright
Reflections, Day or Night!
With theſe ſupports of Fame,
That keep alive her name!
The Beauties of the Spring,
Founts, Rivers, *every thing:*
From the height of all,
To the Waters fall,
Reſound, and ſing
The honours of his Chloris, *to the King.*
Chloris, *the Queen of Flowers;*
The ſweetneſs of all Showers;
The ornament of Bowers;
The top of Par-amours!

Fame, being hidden in the Clouds, the Hill ſinks: and the Heaven cloſeth.

The Maſquers dance with the Lords.

The Names of the MASQUERS as they ſate in the Bower.

The QUEEN.

Counteſs of *Carliſle.*
Counteſs of *Berkſhire.*
Counteſs of *Newport.*
Counteſs of *Oxford.*
Lady *Anne Cavendiſh.*
Lady *Penelope Egerton.*
Lady *Strange.*
Counteſs of *Carnarvan.*
M. *Porter.*
M. *Dor. Savage.*
Lady *Howard.*
M. *Eliz. Savage.*
M. *Anne Weſton.*
M. *Sophia Cary.*

THE END.

HORACE,

His Art of

POETRY.

Made *Engliſh* by *BEN. JOHNSON.*

HORATIUS De Arte POETICA.

HUmano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpitèr atrum
Deſinat in piſcem, mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Piſones, *iſti tabulæ fore librum*
Perſimilem; cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies, ut nec pes, nec caput, uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus, atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.
Scimus; & hanc veniam petimuſque, damuſque, viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Incæptis gravibus plerunque & magna profeſſis,
Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus, cùm lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, *aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.*
Sed nunc non erat his locus: &, fortaſſe, cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare, quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit, quod vis, ſimplex duntaxat, & unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti: Brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: Sectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt animiq;: profeſſus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timiduſq; procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,

HORACE, Of the Art of POETRY.

IF to a Woman's Head a Painter would
Set a Horſe-neck, and divers Feathers fold
On every Limb, ta'en from a ſeveral Creature,
Preſenting upwards, a fair Female feature,
Which in ſome ſwarthy Fiſh uncomely ends:
Admitted to the ſight, although his Friends,
Could you contain your Laughter? Credit me,
This Piece, my *Piſo's*, and that Book agree,
Whoſe Shapes, like Sick-mens Dreams, are feign'd ſo vain,
As neither Head, nor Foot, one form retain.
But equal power to Painter and to Poet,
Of daring all, hath ſtill been given; we know it:
And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame ſhould cleave
Together: not that we ſhould Serpents ſee
With Doves; or Lambs with Tygers coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profeſt,
Ye have oft-times, that may o'er-ſhine the reſt,
A Scarlet Piece, or two, ſtitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of ſwift Waters that intwine
The pleaſant Grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is deſcrib'd. But here was now
No place for theſe. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
Know'ſt only well to paint a Cypreſs-Tree.
What's this? if he whoſe Money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by ſwimming hopeleſs ſcap'd,
The whole Fleet wreck'd? a great Jar to be ſhap'd,
Was meant at firſt. Why forcing ſtill about
Thy labouring Wheel, comes ſcarce a Pitcher out.
In ſhort; I bid, Let what thou work'ſt upon,
Be ſimply quite throughout, and wholly one.
Moſt Writers, noble Sire, and either Son,
Are, with the likeneſs of the Truth, undone.
My ſelf for ſhortneſs labour; and I grow
Obſcure. This ſtriving to run ſmooth, and flow,
Hath neither Soul, nor Sinews. Lofty he
Profeſſing greatneſs, ſwells: That low by lee
Creeps on the Ground; too ſafe, too afraid of Storm.
This ſeeking, in a various kind, to form

Delphinum

Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.

Æmilium *circa ludum faber imus, & ungueis*
Exprimet, & molleis imitabitur ære capillos;
Infœlix operis ſumma: quia ponere totum
Neſciet. Hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quàm pravo vivere naſo,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroq; capillo.

Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus, & verſate diù, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſerit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, *aut ego fallor,*
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraq; differat: & præſens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat promiſſi carminis autor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſq; ſerendis,
Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè neceſſe eſt,
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturq; licentia, ſumpta pudentèr.
Et nova fictaq; nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio, Plautoq; *dabit Romanus, ademptum*
Virgilio, Varioque? *ego cur acquirere pauca*
Si poſſum, invideor: cùm lingua Catonis, & Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit; & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, ſemperq; licebit,
Signatum præſente notâ producere *nomen.*
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ità verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque! ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, *claſſes* Aquilonibus *arcet,*
Regis opus, ſteriliſve diù palus, aptaq; remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis;
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadentq;,
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus;
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & vis, & norma loquendi.

Res geſtæ regumque, ducumque, & triſtia bella
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Poſt etiàm incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit author,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

One thing, prodigiouſly, paints in the Woods
A Dolphin, and a Boar amid' the Floods.
So, ſhunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artleſs way we tread.
The worſt of Statuaries, here about
Th' *Æmilian* School, in braſs can faſhion out
The Nails; and every curled Hair diſcloſe,
But in the main work hapleſs: ſince he knows
Not to deſign the whole. Should I aſpire
To form a Work, I would no more deſire
To be that Smith, than live, mark'd one of thoſe,
With fair black Eyes, and Hair, and a wry Noſe.
Take, therefore, you that write, ſtill Matter fit
Unto your Strength, and long examine it,
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whoſe choice doth rear
His Matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor Language, nor clear Order ere forſakes.
The Vertue of which Order, and true Grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, ſhall be to place
Invention. Now, to ſpeak; and then differ
Much, that mought now be ſpoke: omitted here
Till fitter Seaſon. Now, to like of this;
Lay that aſide, the *Epicks* Office is.
In uſing alſo of new words, to be
Right ſpare, and wary: then thou ſpeak'ſt to me
Moſt worthy praiſe, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meer new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abſtruſe,
Thou need new Terms; thou maiſt, without excuſe,
Feign words, unheard of to the well-truſs'd Race
Of the *Cethegi*; And all Men will grace,
And give, being taken modeſtly, this leave,
And thoſe thy new, and late-coin'd Words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* Spring,
And come not too much wreſted. What's that thing,
A *Roman* to *Cæcilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* diſavow,
Or *Varius*? why am I now envi'd ſo,
If I can give ſome ſmall increaſe? When, lo,
Cato's and *Ennius* Tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our Language; and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter Terms that be
Stamp'd to the time. As Woods whoſe change appears
Still in their Leaves, throughout the ſliding years,
The firſt-born dying, ſo the aged State
Of Words decay, and Phraſes born but late
Like tender Buds ſhoot up, and freſhly grow.
Our ſelves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the Shore,
That from the North, the Navy ſafe doth ſtore,
A kingly Work; or that long barren Fen
Once rowable, but now doth nouriſh Men
In Neighbour-towns, and feels the weighty Plough;
Or the wild River, who hath changed now
His courſe ſo hurtful both to Grain and Seeds,
Being taught a better way. *All mortal Deeds*
Shall periſh: ſo far off it is, the State,
Or grace of Speech, ſhould hope a laſting date.
Much Phraſe that now is dead, ſhall be reviv'd,
And much ſhall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
If Cuſtom pleaſe; at whoſe diſpoſing Will
The power and rule of ſpeaking reſteth ſtill.

The geſts of Kings, great Captains, and ſad Wars,
What number beſt can fit, *Homer* declares.
In Verſe unequal match'd, firſt ſowre Laments,
After Mens Wiſhes, crown'd in their Events
Were alſo clos'd: But, who the Man ſhould be,
That firſt ſent forth the dapper Elegy,
All the Grammarians ſtrive; and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waits report.

Muſa dedit fidibus Divos puerosq; Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

Archilocum *proprio rabies armavit Iambo.*
Hunc ſocci cepêre pedem, grandesq; cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, & populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

Verſibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult.
Indignatur item privatis, ac propè ſocco
Dignis carminibus celebrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæq; locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumq; colores,
Cur ego, ſi nequeo, ignoroq;, Poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire pudens prave, quàm diſcere malo?
Interdum tamen, & vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratuſq; Chremes *tumido delitigat ore,*
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri
Telephus, & Peleus, *cùm pauper, & exul uterq;*
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.
Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata: dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunq; volent animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe, *vel* Pelu. *Malè ſi mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentem, laſciva: ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesq; cachinnum.
Intererit multùm, Davus *ne loquatur, an heros:*
Maturúſne ſenex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus: an matrona potens, an ſedula nutrix:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, *an* Aſſyrius: Thebis *nutritus, an* Argis:
Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum ſi fortè reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea *ferox, invictaq; flebilis Ino,*
Perfidus Ixion, Io *vaga, triſtis* Oreſtes.
Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam; ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere; tuq;
Rectius Iliacum *carmen deducis in actus,*
Quàm ſi proferres ignota, indictaq; primus.

Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muſe gave Grace
To chant the Gods, and all their God-like Race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horſe in courſe,
Freſh Lovers buſineſs, and the Wines free ſource.
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This Foot the Socks took up, and Buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange diſcourſe; a Verſe to win
On popular noiſe with, and do buſineſs in.
The Comick Matter will not be expreſt
In tragick Verſe; no leſs *Thyeſtes* feaſt
Abhors low Numbers, and the private Strain
Fit for the Sock: Each Subject ſhould retain
The Place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of Poems here deſcrib'd, I can, nor uſe,
Nor know t' obſerve: Why (i' the Muſes name)
Am I call'd Poet? wherefore with wrong ſhame,
Perverſly modeſt, had I rather owe
To ignorance ſtill, than either learn, or know?
Yet, ſometime doth the Comedy excite
Her Voice, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
With ſwelling Throat: and, oft the tragick wight
Complains in humble Phraſe. Both *Telephus*,
And *Peleus*, if they ſeek to heart-ſtrike us
That are Spectators, with their miſery,
When they are poor, and baniſh'd, muſt throw by
Their Bombard-phraſe, and foot-and-half-foot Words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muſe affords
Her Poem's beauty, but a ſweet delight
To work the hearers Minds, ſtill to their plight.
Mens Faces, ſtill, with ſuch as laugh, are prone
To laughter; ſo they grieve with thoſe that mone.
If thou would'ſt have me weep, be thou firſt drown'd
Thy ſelf in Tears, then me thy loſs will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you ſpeak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I ſhall, or ſleep, or ſmile.
Sad Language fits ſad Looks; ſtuff'd menacings,
The angry Brow; the ſportive, wanton things;
And the ſevere, ſpeech ever ſerious.
For Nature, firſt within doth faſhion us.
To every ſtate of Fortune; ſhe helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weighty Sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and, after by the Tongue
Her truch-man, ſhe reports the Minds each throw.
If now the Phraſe of him that ſpeaks, ſhall flow
In ſound, quite from his Fortune; both the rout,
And *Roman* Gentry, jearing, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a God ſpeak, than,
Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old Man,
Or ſome hot youth, yet in his flouriſhing Courſe:
Where ſome great Lady, or her diligent Nourſe;
A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
Of ſome ſmall thankful Land: whether he be
Of *Cholchis* born; or in *Aſſyria* bred;
Or, with the Milk of *Thebes*; or *Argus*, fed.
Or follow Fame, thou that doſt write, or fain
Things in themſelves agreeing: If again
Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be ſeiz'd,
Keep him ſtill active, angry, un-appeas'd,
Sharp, and contemning Laws, at him ſhould aim,
Be nought ſo 'bove him but his Sword let claim.
Medea make brave with impetuous ſcorn;
Ino bewail'd; *Ixion* falſe, forſworn;
Poor *Io* wandring; wild *Oreſtes* mad:
If ſomething ſtrange, that never yet was had
Unto the *Scene* thou bring'ſt, and dar'ſt create
A mere new Perſon. Look he keep his ſtate
Unto the laſt, as when he firſt went forth,
Still to be like himſelf, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard, to ſpeak things common, properly:
And thou maiſt better bring a *Rhapſody*
Of *Homer's*, forth in Acts, than of thine own,
Firſt publiſh things unſpoken, and unknown.

Publica

Publica materies privati juris erit ; ſi
Nec circa vilem, patulumq; moraberis orbem :
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres : nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim :
Fortunam Priami *cantabo, & nobile bellum.*
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu ?
Parturient montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.
Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè :
Dic mihi Muſa virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbeis.
Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa debinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamq;, *& cum* Cyclope Charybdim :
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum *orditur ab ovo.*
Semper ad eventum feſtinat, & in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit : & quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit.
Atq; ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.
Tu quid ego, & populus mecum deſideret, audi.
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſq;
Seſſuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujuſq; notandi ſunt tibi mores,
Mobilibuſq; decor naturis dandus, & annis.

Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit, ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſq;, & aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupiduſq;, & amata relinquere pernix.
Converſis ſtudiis ætas, animuſq; virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias : inſervit honori :
Commiſiſſe cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa ſenem circum veniunt incommoda, vel quòd
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti :
Vel quòd res omneis timidè gelideq; miniſtrat ;
Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſq; futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero : cenſor, caſtigatorq; minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum :
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator, non tamen intus

Yet common Matter thou thine own maiſt make,
If thou the vile, broad troden Ring forſake.
For, being a Poet, thou maiſt feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldſt faithfully tranſlate,
To render word for word : nor with thy ſlight
Of imitation, leap into a ſtreight,
From whence thy Modeſty, or Poems Law
Forbids thee forth again thy Foot to draw.
Nor ſo begin, as did that Circler late,
I ſing a noble War, and *Priam*'s Fate.
What doth this Promiſer ſuch gaping worth
Afford ? The Mountains travail'd, and brought forth
A ſcorned Mouſe ! O, how much better this,
Who nought aſſays unaptly, or amiſs ?
Speak to me, Muſe, the Man, who after Troy *was ſack't,*
Saw many Towns, and Men, and could their Manners tract.
He thinks not how to give you Smoke from Light,
But Light from Smoke ; that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after : As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with theſe.
Nor from the Brand, with which the Life did burn
Of *Meleager*, brings he the return
Of *Diomede* ; nor *Troys* ſad War begins
From the *two Eggs*, that did diſcloſe the Twins.
He ever haſtens to the end, and ſo
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his Matter : letting go
What he deſpairs, being handled, might not ſhow.
And ſo well feings, ſo mixeth cunningly
Falſhood with Truth, as no Man can eſpy
Where the midſt differs from the firſt : or where
The laſt doth from the midſt diſ-join'd appear.
Hear, what it is the People, and I deſire :
If ſuch a ones Applauſe thou doſt require,
That tarries till the Hangings be ta'en down,
And ſits, till the *Epilogue* ſays *Clap* or *Crown* :
The Cuſtoms of each age thou muſt obſerve,
And give their Years and Natures, as they ſwerve,
Fit Rights. The Child, that now knows how to ſay,
And can tread firm, longs with like Lads to play ;
Soon angry, and ſoon pleas'd, is ſweet, or ſowre,
He knows not why, and changeth every Hour.
Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone.
Loves Dogs, and Horſes ; and is ever one
I' the open Field ; Is Wax-like to be wrought
To every Vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure Counſel : A Provider ſlow
For his own good, a careleſs Letter-go
Of Money, haughty, to deſire ſoon mov'd,
And then as ſwift to leave what he hath lov'd.
Theſe Studies alter now, in one, grown Man ;
His better'd Mind ſeeks Wealth and Friendſhip : than
Looks after Honours, and bewares to act
What ſtraight-way he muſt labour to retract.
The old Man many Evils do girt round ;
Either becauſe he ſeeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the uſe of things forbear,
Or do's all buſineſs coldly, and with fear ;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With ſloth, yet greedy ſtill of what's to come :
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the Times paſt, when he was a young Lad ;
And ſtill correcting Youth, and cenſuring.
Mans coming years much good with them do bring :
At his departing take much thence ; leſt, then,
The parts of Age to youth be given ; or Men
To Children ; we muſt always dwell, and ſtay
In fitting proper Adjuncts to each day.
The buſineſs either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the Ear, do ſtir the Mind more ſlow,
Than thoſe the faithful Eyes take in by ſhow,
And the Beholder to himſelf doth render.
Yet to the Stage, at all thou maiſt not tender

Digna

Digna geri, promes in ſcenam : multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet :*
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus :
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur*, Cadmus *in anguem*,
Quodcunque oſtendit mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Nève minor, quinto, neu ſit productior actu
Fabula quæ poſci vult, & ſpectata reponi.
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui perſona labet.

Autoris parteis chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non propoſito conducat, & hæreat apté.
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicè.
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timenteis.
Ille dapeis laudet menſæ brevis : ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula, ſed tenuis, ſimplex foramine pauco
Aſpirare, & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondùm ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu.
Quò ſanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, caſtuſque verecundusque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno,
Placari Genius feſtis impunè *diebus*,
Acceſſit numeriſq; modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto ?
Sic priſcæ motumque, & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita veſtem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevère ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps.
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, & divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentque perunctis fœcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus, & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno.
Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſteis Satyros nudavit, & aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit : eò quòd
Illecebris erat, & gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſque ſacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verùm ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ità vertere ſeria ludo :
Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunq; adhibebitur Heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper, & oſtro,

Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the ſight, which fair report will make
Preſent anon : *Medea* muſt not kill
Her Sons before the People ; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Atreus* Cook, to th' Eye,
His Nephews Entrails, nor muſt *Progne* fly
Into a Swallow there ; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the Figure of a Snake.
What ſo is ſhown, I not believe, and hate.
Nor muſt the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once ſeen, to be again call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or leſs than juſt five Acts : nor laid,
To have a God come in ; except a Knot
Worth his untying happen there : And not
Any fourth Man, to ſpeak at all, aſpire.
An Actors Parts, and Office too, the Quire
Muſt maintain manly ; not be heard to ſing
Between the Acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpoſe leads, and fitly 'grees.
It ſtill muſt favour good Men, and to theſe
Be won a Friend ; It muſt both ſway, and bend
The angry, and love thoſe that fear t' offend.
Praiſe the ſpare Diet, wholſom Juſtice, Laws,
Peace, and the open Ports, that peace doth cauſe
Hide faults, pray to the Gods, and wiſh aloud
Fortune would love the Poor, and leave the Proud.
The Hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with the Trumpet for his ſound,
But ſoft, and ſimple, at few holes breath'd Time
And Tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* Rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the Seats, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the People met,
They might with eaſe be numbred, being a few
Chaſte, thrifty, modeſt Folk, that came to view.
But, as they Conquer'd, and enlarg'd their Bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their City round,
And they uncenſur'd might at Feaſts and Plays
Steep the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole days,
Both in their Tunes, the Licence greater grew,
And in their Numbers ; For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping Holy-day, or drudge,
Clown, Townſ-man, baſe, and noble, mix'd, to judge ?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Geſture and Riot, whilſt he ſwooping went
In his train'd Gown about the Stage : So grew
In time to Tragedy, a Muſick new.
The raſh, and head-long Eloquence brought forth
Unwonted Language ; and that ſenſe of worth
That found out Profit, and foretold each thing
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.
Theſpis is ſaid to be the firſt found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in Carts, wherein did ride
Thoſe that did ſing, and act : their Faces dy'd
With Lees of Wine. Next *Eſchylus*, more late
Brought in the Viſor, and the Robe of State,
Built a ſmall timbred Stage, and taught them talk
Lofty, and grave ; and in the Buskin ſtalk.
He too, that did in Tragick Verſe contend,
For the vile Goat, ſoon after, forth did ſend
The rough rude Satyrs naked ; and would try,
Though ſower, with ſafety of his Gravity.
How he could jeſt, becauſe he mark'd and ſaw
The free Spectators, ſubject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunk : the Rites being done,
Were to be ſtaid with ſoftneſſes, and won
With ſomething that was acceptably new.
Yet ſo the ſcoffing Satyrs to Mens view,
And ſo their prating to preſent was beſt,
And ſo to turn all earneſt into jeſt,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was ſeen to wear
A Royal Crown, and Purple ; be made hop
With poor baſe Terms, through every baſer Shop :

Migret

Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas;
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes, & inania captet.

Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia verſus:
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina ſolum,
Verbaque, Piſones, *Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo:*
Nec ſic enitar Tragico differre colori
Ut nihil interſit, Davus *ne loquatur, an audax*
Pythias *emuncto lucrata* Simone *talentum;*
An cuſtos, famuluſque dei Silenus *alumni.*

Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar, ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem: ſudet multùm fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem: tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet:
Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominioſaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, *&* pater, *&* res:
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia non ſine multâ
Laude, ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex eſt accepta, choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta, vocatur Iambus
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accreſcere juſſit
Nomen Iambeis, cum ſenos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi: non ita pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondæos ſtabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, & patiens: non ut de ſede ſecunda
Cederet, aut quarta ſocialiter: hic & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus: & Enni.
In ſcenam miſſos magno cum pondere verſus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi:
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex.
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poëtis,
Idcircòne vager, ſcribamque licenter? an omneis
Viſuros peccata putem mea? tutus, & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

At noſtri proavi Plautinos, *& numeros, &*
Laudavere ſales: nimium patienter utrunque,
Ne dicam ſtultè, mirati; ſi modò ego, & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus, & aure.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poëtæ,
Nec minimum meruêre decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:

Or whilſt he ſhuns the Earth, to catch at Air
And empty Clouds. For Tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light Rhimes;
But, as a Matron drawn at ſolemn times
To dance, ſo ſhe ſhould, ſhamefac'd, differ far
From what th' obſcene, and petulant Satyrs are.
Nor I, when I write Satyrs, will ſo love
Plain Phraſe, my *Piſo*'s, as alone t' approve
Mere reigning Words: nor will I labour ſo
Quite from all face of Tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether *Davus* ſpeak,
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo; and, of a Talent wip'd his Purſe;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* guard, and Nurſe.
I can out of known gear, a Fable frame,
And ſo, as every Man may hope the ſame;
Yet he that offers at it, may ſweat much,
And toil in vain: the Excellence is ſuch
Of Order, and Connexion; ſo much grace
There comes ſometimes to things of meaneſt Place.
But, let the *Fauns*, drawn from their Groves, beware,
Be I their Judge, they do at no time dare
Like Men Street-born, and near the Hall, rehearſe
Their youthful Tricks in over-wanton Verſe:
Or crack out bawdy Speeches, and unclean.
The *Roman* Gentry, Men of Birth and Mean
Will take offence at this: Nor, though it ſtrike
Him that buys Chiches blanch'd, or chance to like
The Nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applauſe, the more.
To theſe ſucceeded the old Comœdy,
And not without much Praiſe; till Liberty
Fell into fault ſo far, as now they ſaw
Her Licence fit to be reſtrain'd by Law:
Which Law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of foully hurting made to ceaſe.
Two reſts, a ſhort and long, th' *Iambick* Frame;
A Foot, whoſe ſwiftneſs gave the Verſe the Name
Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was ſix-pac'd,
But meer *Iambicks* all, from firſt to laſt.
Nor is't long ſince, they did with patience take
Into their Birth-right, and for fitneſs ſake,
The ſteady *Spondæes*; ſo themſelves do bear
More ſlow, and come more weighty to the Ear:
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any Caſe
Of fellowſhip, the fourth, or ſecond Place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:
So rare, as with ſome Tax it doth ingage
Thoſe heavy Verſes ſent ſo to the Stage,
Of too much haſte, and negligence in part,
Or a worſe Crime, the ignorance of Art.
But every Judge hath not the faculty
To note in Poems, breach of harmony;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To *Roman* Poets. Shall I therefore weave
My Verſe at random, and licentiouſly?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may ſpy,
Grow a ſafe Writer, and be wary driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in concluſion merited no Fame.
Take you the Greek Examples for your Light,
In hand, and turn them over day and night.
Our Anceſtors did *Plautus* Numbers praiſe,
And Jeſts; and both to admiration raiſe
Too patiently, that I not fondly ſay;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part ſcurrility from Wit: or can
A lawful Verſe, by th' Ear, or Finger ſcan.
Our Poets, too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the leſs Crown to wear,
In daring to forſake the *Grecian* Tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born Facts;

Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuère Togatas.

Nec virtute foret, clariſve potentius armis,
Quàm linguâ, Latiam, *ſi non offenderet unum-*
Quemque poëtarum limæ labor, & mora. Vos ò
Pompilius *ſanguis carmen reprehendite, quod non*
Multa dies, & multa litura coërcuit, atq;
Perfectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miſera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone *poëtas*
Democritus, *bona pars non ungueis ponere curat,*
Non barbam, ſecreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciſcetur enim pretium, nomenq; poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Lycino *commiſerit. O ego lævus,*
Qui purgor bilem ſub verni temporis horam.
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verùm,
Nil tanti eſt: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipſa ſecandi.

Munus & officium nil ſcribens ipſe docebo;
Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque Poëtam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè, ſapere, eſt & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ *poterunt oſtendere chartæ:*
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hoſpes:
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium: quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis: ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, *ſine pondere, & arte,*
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quàm verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graiis *ingenium*, Graiis *dedit ore rotundo*
Muſa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, *Si de quincunce remota eſt*
Uncia, quid ſuperat? poteras dixiſſe triens: eu,
Rem poteris ſervare tuam: redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis: at hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi,
Cum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & levi ſervanda cupreſſo?
Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ,
Aut ſimul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.
Silveſtres homines ſacer, interpreſque Deorum,
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidoſque leones:

Whether the guarded *Tragedy* they wrought,
Or 'twere the gowned *Comedy* they taught.
Nor had our *Italy* more glorious been
In Vertue, and renown of Arms, than in
Her Language, if the Stay, and Care t' have mended,
Had not our every Poet like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* Off-ſpring, ſpare you not
To tax that Verſe, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in; and (leſt Perfection fail)
Not ten times o'er, corrected to the Nail,
Becauſe *Democritus* believes a Wit
Happier than wretched Art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all ſober Poets, from their ſhare
In *Helicon*; a great ſort will not pare
Their Nails, nor ſhave their Beards, but to By-paths
Retire themſelves, avoid the publick Baths;
For ſo, they ſhall not only gain the worth,
But Fame of Poets, they think, if they come forth
And from the Barber *Lycinus* conceal
Their Heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every Spring
For Choler! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poems? But I cannot buy
My Title, at the Rate, I'd rather, I,
Be like a Whet-ſtone, that an edg can put
On Steel, though 't ſelf be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my ſelf, will teach them yet
Their Charge and Office, whence their Wealth to fet,
What nouriſheth, what formed, what begot
The Poet, what becómeth, and what not:
Whether Truth may, and whether Error bring.
The very Root of writing well, and Spring
Is to be wiſe; thy Matter firſt to know;
Which the *Socratick* Writings beſt can ſhow:
And, where the Matter is provided ſtill,
There Words will follow, not againſt their will.
He, that hath ſtudied well the Debt, and knows
What to his Country, what his Friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit beſt,
What Brethren, what a Stranger, and his Gueſt,
Can tell a States-man's Duty, what the Arts
And Office of a Judge are, what the Parts
Of a brave Chief ſent to the Wars: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every Man.
And I ſtill bid the learned Maker look,
On Life, and Manners, and make thoſe his Book,
Thence draw forth true Expreſſions. For, ſometimes,
A Poem, of no Grace, Weight, Art, in Rhimes
With ſpecious Places, and being humour'd right,
More ſtrongly takes the People with delight,
And better ſtays them there, than all fine noiſe
Of Verſe meer-matter-leſs, and tinckling Toys.
The Muſe not only gave the *Greeks* a Wit,
But a well-compaſs'd Mouth to utter it.
Being Men were covetous of nought, but Praiſe;
Our *Roman* Youths they learn the ſubtil ways
How to divide, into a hundred Parts,
A Pound or Piece, by their long compting Arts:
There's *Albin's* Son will ſay, Subſtract an Ounce
From the Five Ounces; what remains? pronounce
A Third of Twelve, you may: Four Ounces. Glad,
He crys, Good Boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now, add
An Ounce, what makes it then? The half Pound juſt,
Six Ounces. O, when once the canker'd Ruſt,
And Care of getting, thus, our Minds hath ſtain'd,
Think we, or hope, there can be Verſes feign'd
In Juice of *Cedar*, worthy to be ſteep'd,
And in ſmooth *Cypreſs* Boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either Profit or Delight;
Or mixing ſweet, and fit, teach Life the Right.
Orpheus, a Prieſt, and ſpeaker for the Gods,
Firſt frighted Men, and wildly liv'd, at odds,
From Slaughters, and foul Life; and for the ſame
Was Tigers, ſaid, and Lyons fierce, to tame.

Dictus

Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ *conditor arcis*
Saxo movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit: poſt hos inſignis Homerus,
Tyrtæuſque *mares animos in triſtia bella*
Verſibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt, & gratia regum
Pieriis *tentata modis, ludumque repertus,*
Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.

Quicquid præcipies eſto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, ſint proxima veris.
Nec quodcunque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi:
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ *vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*
Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis: *hic & mare tranſit,*
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.
Nam neq; chorda ſonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens,
Poſcentique gravem, perſæpe remittit acutum:
Nec ſemper feriet, quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque
Quamvis eſt monitus, venia caret & citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui ſemper oberrat eadem:
Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, fit Cherilus *ille,*
Quem bis terque bonum cum riſu miror; & idem
Indignor: quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

Ut pictura, poëſis erit: quæ, ſi proprius ſtes,
Te capiet magis, & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.
Hæc amat obſcurum: volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit ſemel: hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium, & tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi: conſultus juris, & actor
Cauſarum mediocris, abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, *nec ſcit quantum* Cacellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio eſt. Mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere columnæ.

Amphion, too, that built the *Theban* Towers,
Was ſaid to move the Stones by his Lutes Powers,
And lead them with ſoft Songs, where that he would.
This was the Wiſdom, that they had of old,
Things Sacred, from Profane to ſeparate;
The Publick from the Private: to abate
Wild raging Luſts; preſcribe the Marriage good;
Build Towns, and carve the Laws in Leaves of Wood.
And thus at firſt, an Honour, and a Name
To divine Poets, and their Verſes came.
Next theſe great *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* ſet
On edge the Maſculine Spirits, and did whet
Their Minds to Wars, with Rhimes they did rehearſe;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verſe;
All way of Life was ſhewn; the Grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muſes Tunes and Strings;
Plays were found out; and reſt, the End, and Crown
Of their long Labours, was in Verſe ſet down:
All which I tell, leſt when *Apollo*'s nam'd,
Or *Muſe*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' aſham'd.
Be brief, in what thou wouldſt command, that ſo
The docile Mind may ſoon thy Precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing reſts,
But flows out, that o'er-ſwelleth in full Breaſts.
Let what thou feign'ſt for Pleaſures ſake, be near
The Truth; nor let thy Fable think, what e'er
It would, muſt be: leſt it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia* 'has din'd, out of her Maw.
The *Poem's* void of Profit, our grave Men
Caſt out by Voices; want they Pleaſure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but paſs them by;
But he hath every Suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with ſowre, to his Reader, ſo
As Doctrine, and Delight together go.
This Book will get the *Soſii* Money; This
Will paſs the Seas, and long as Nature is,
With Honour make the far-known Author live.
There are yet Faults, which we would well forgive,
For, neither doth the String ſtill yield that ſound
The Hand and Mind would, but it will reſound
Oft-times a Sharp, when we require a Flat:
Nor always doth the looſed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I ſee
Much in the *Poem* ſhine, I will not be
Offended with few Spots, which negligence
Hath ſhed, or human Frailty not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the ſame, and warned will not mend,
Deſerves no Pardon; or who'd play, and ſing
Is laugh'd at, that ſtill jarreth on one String:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Cherilus*, in whom if I but ſee
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I hear good *Homer* ſnore.
But, I confeſs, that, in a long Work, ſleep
May, with ſome right, upon an Author creep.
As Painting, ſo is Poeſie. Some Mans hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you ſtand;
As ſome the farther off: This loves the dark;
This, fearing not the ſubtleſt Judges mark
Will in the Light be view'd: This once, the ſight
Doth pleaſe; this, Ten times over, will delight.
You Sir, the elder Brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
And, of your ſelf too, underſtand; yet mind
This ſaying: To ſome things there is aſſign'd
A Mean, and Toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excel;
Or Pleader at the Bar, that may come ſhort
Of Eloquent *Meſſala*'s Power in Court,
Or knows not what *Cacellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this Man.
But neither Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.

Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis:
Sic animis natum inventumq; poëma juvandis,
Si paulum ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis,
Indoctuſque pilæ diſcive, trochive, quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ.
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere: quid ni?
Liber, & ingenius, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioq; remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices, facieſque Minervâ.
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens, ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii *deſcendat judicis aures,*
Et patris, & noſtras, nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus poſitis delere licebit,
Quod non edideris. Neſcit vox miſſa reverti.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt: ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium; alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè.

Qui ſtudet aptatam curſu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer: ſudavit, & alſit,
Abſtinuit Venere, *& vino: qui* Pythica *cantat*
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira Poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies, mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et quod non didici, ſanè neſciſe fateri.

Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Aſſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò eſt, unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, ſi ſciet inter-
Noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donari: ſ... ... donare voles cui,
Nolito ad verſus ...os factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè, rectè:
Palleſcit ſuper his: etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, ſaliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: ſic
Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitiâ dignus: ſi carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio, *ſi quid recitares, corrige, ſodes,*
Hoc aiebat, & hoc: melius te poſſe negares,
Bis, terque expertum fruſtra; delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere verſus.
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,

As jarring Muſick doth, at jolly Feaſts,
Or thick groſs Ointment, but offend the Gueſts:
As Poppy, and *Sardanè* Honey; 'cauſe without
Theſe, the free Meal might have been well drawn out:
So any *Poem*, fanſied, or forth-brought
To bettring of the Mind of Man, in ought,
If ne'er ſo little it depart the firſt,
And higheſt; ſinketh to the loweſt and worſt.
He, that not knows the Games, nor how to uſe
His Arms in *Mars* his Field, he doth refuſe;
Or, who's unskilful at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheel, he can ſit ſtill, from all;
Leſt the throng'd heaps ſhould on a laughter take:
Yet who's moſt ignorant, dares Verſes make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-born, do hate
Vice, and am known to have a Knights Eſtate.
Thou, ſuch thy Judgment is, thy Knowledge too,
Wilt nothing againſt Nature ſpeak, or do:
But, if hereafter thou ſhalt write, not fear
To ſend it to be judg'd by *Metius* Ear,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though't be
Nine years kept in, your Papers by, yo' are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth do ſet.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verſe,
Nature, or Art. My Judgment will not pierce
Into the Profits, what a meer rude Brain
Can; or all toil, without a wealthy Vein:
So doth the one the others help require,
And friendly ſhould unto one end Conſpire.
He, that's ambitious in the Race to touch
The wiſhed Goal, both did, and ſuffer'd much
While he was young; he ſweat; and freez'd again:
And both from Wine and Women did abſtain.
Who, ſince, to ſing the *Pythian* Rites is heard,
Did learn them firſt, and once a Maſter fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to ſay; I make
An admirable Verſe. The great Scurf take
Him that is laſt, I ſcorn to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne'er came in my Mind
To ſay, I'm ignorant. Juſt as a Crier
That to the ſale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in Land,
Or great in Monies out at uſe, command
His Flatterers to their Gain. But ſay, he can
Make a great Supper; or for ſome poor Man
Will be a Surety; or can help him out
Of an entangling Suit; and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy Man ſhould know,
Whether his ſoothing Friend ſpeak Truth, or no.
But you, my *Piſo*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are.)
You do not bring, to judge your Verſes, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Look pale, diſtil a Shower (was never meant)
Out at his friendly Eyes, leap, beat the Groun'.
As thoſe that hir'd to weep at Funerals, ſwoun,
Cry, and do more than the true Mourners: ſo
The Scoffer, the true Praiſer doth out-go.
Rich Men are ſaid with many Cups to ply,
And rack, with Wine, the Man whom they would try,
If of their Friendſhip he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verſes, with your Judge do ſo:
Look through him, and be ſure, you take not Mocks
For Praiſes, where the Mind conceals a Fox.
If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
He'ld ſay, Mend this, good Friend, and this; 'Tis naught.
If you denied, you had no better Strain,
And twice or thrice had 'ſſay'd it, ſtill in vain:
He'd bid, blot all: and to the Anvil bring
Thoſe ill-torn'd Verſes, to new hammering.
Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Than change. No Word, or Work, more would he ſpend

Nulla

Nulla ultra verbum, aut operam ſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens, verſus reprehendit inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſignum, ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambiguè dictum, mutanda notabit:
Fiet Ariſtarchus, *nec dicet, Cur ego amicum*
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala, ſemel deriſum, exceptumque ſiniſtrè.
Ut mala quam ſcabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque Poetam
Qui ſapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique ſequuntur.
Hic, dum ſublimeis verſus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveâmve, licet ſuecurrite longum
Clamet Iò cives; non ſit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
Quî ſcis, an prudens huc ſe dejecerit, atque
Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique *Poetæ*
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, *ardentem frigidus* Ætnam
Inſiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire Poetis.
Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec ſemel hoc fecit: nec ſi retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo: & ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.
Nec ſatis apparet, cur verſus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſtus: certè furit, ac, velut urſus,
Objectos caveæ valuit ſi frangere clathros
Indoctum, doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris hirudo.

FINIS.

In vain, but you, and yours, you ſhould love ſtill
Alone, without a Rival, by his Will.
A wiſe and honeſt Man will cry out ſhame
On artleſs Verſe; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the careleſs, with his turned Pen;
Cut off ſuperfluous Ornaments; and when
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
Reprove; and what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Ariſtarchus*. And, not ſay
Why ſhould I grieve my Friend, this trifling way?
Theſe Trifles into ſerious Miſchiefs lead
The Man once mock'd, and ſuffer'd wrong to tread.
Wiſe, ſober Folk, a frantick *Poet* fear,
And ſhun to touch him, as a Man that were
Infected with the Leproſie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moon. But, then the Boys
They vex, and follow him with ſhouts and noiſe,
The while he belcheth lofty Verſes out,
And ſtalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Buſie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a Pit, or hole; although he call,
And cry aloud, Help gentle Country-men,
There's none will take the care, to help him then;
For, if one ſhould, and with a Rope make haſte
To let it down, who knows, if he did caſt
Himſelf there purpoſely, or no; and would
Not thence be ſav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the Death, and the Diſeaſe
Of the Sicilian Poet *Empedocles*:
He, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortal, took a melancholick, odd
Conceipt, and into burning *Ætna* leap'd.
Let Poets periſh, that will not be kept.
He that preſerves a Man againſt his Will,
Doth the ſame thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recal him yet, he'ld be no more a Man:
Or love of this ſo famous Death lay by.
His Cauſe of making Verſes none knows why,
Whether he piſs'd upon his Father's Grave;
Or the ſad Thunder-ſtroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And, as a Bear, if he the ſtrength but had
To force the Grates, that hold him in, would fright
All: So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting go his hold, where he draws Food,
Till he drop off, a Horſe-leech, full of Blood.

FINIS.

THE

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Made by *BEN. JOHNSON.*

For the benefit of all Strangers, out of his obſervation of the Engliſh Language now ſpoken, and in uſe.

Conſuetudo, certiſſima loquendi Magiſtra, utendumque planè ſermone, ut nummo, cui publica forma eſt. Quinct.

Non obſtant hæ diſciplinæ per illas euntibus ſed circa illas hærentibus. Quinct.

Major adhuc reſtat labor, ſed ſanè ſit cum veniâ, ſi gratiâ carebit: Boni enim artificis partes ſunt, quàm pauciſſima poſſit omittere. Scalig. lib. 1. c. 25.

Neque enim optimi artificis eſt, omnia perſequi. Gallenus.

Expedire Grammatico, etiam, ſi quædam neſciat. Quinctil.

THE PREFACE.

THE profit of *Grammar* is great to Strangers, who are to live in communion, and commerce with us; and, it is honourable to our ſelves. For, by it we communicate all our Labours, Studies, Profits, without an Interpreter.

We free our Language from the opinion of Rudeneſs, and Barbariſm, wherewith it is miſtaken to be diſeas'd; We ſhew the Copy of it, and Matchableneſs, with other Tongues; we ripen the wits of our own Children, and Youth ſooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confuſion of Language, *a Curſe.*
Experience *breedeth* Art: *Lack* of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Obſervation, Senſe, Induction, are the four Triers of Arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted Truth, that Senſe, and Experience, can confute. So *Zeno* diſputing of *Quies*, was confuted by *Diogenes*, riſing up and walking.

In *Grammar*, not ſo much the Invention, as the Diſpoſition is to be commended: Yet we muſt remember, that the moſt excellent Creatures are not ever born perfect; to leave Bears, and Whelps, and other failings of Nature.

JUl. Cæſar Scaliger. *de cauſ. Ling. Lat.*
Grammatici unus finis eſt rectè loqui. Neque neceſſe habet ſcribere. Accidit enim Scriptura voci, neque aliter ſcribere debemus, quàm loquamur.
Ramus *in definit. pag.* 30.
Grammatica eſt ars benè loquendi.

(b) *Veteres, ut* Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, *Etymologiam in notatione vocum ſtatuêre.*

(c) *Dictionis natura prior eſt, poſterior orationis. Ex uſu veterum Latinorum,* Vox, *pro dictione ſcriptâ accipitur: quoniam vox eſſe poſſit. Eſt articulata, quæ ſcripto excipi, atque exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quâ genus humanum utitur diſtinctìm, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quòd ſonum non edant: ſed quia ſoni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè Literarum notis.*
Smithus *de rectâ, & amend. L. Latin. ſcript.*

(d) *Syllaba eſt elementum ſub accentu.* Scalig. lib. 2.

(e) *Litera eſt pars dictionis indiviſibilis. Nam, quamquam ſunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantùm litera eſt, ſibi quæque ſonum unum certum ſervans.* Scalig.
Et Smithus, *ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulatæ.*

(f) *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur*; nomine, *quo pronunciatur*; poteſtate, *quâ valet*; figurâ, *quâ ſcribitur. At poteſtas eſt ſonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Proſodiam, Orthographia ſequatur.* Aſper.

(g) *Proſodia autem, & Orthographia partes non ſunt; ſed, ut ſanguis, & ſpiritus per corpus univerſum fuſæ.* Scal. *ut ſuprà.* Ramus, *pag.* 31.

(h) *Litera, à lineando; undè, linere, lineaturæ, literæ, & lituræ. Neq; enim à lituris literæ quia delerentur; priùs enim factæ, quàm deletæ ſunt. At formæ potiùs, atque ductus rationem, quàm interitùs, habeamus.* Scal. ibid.

(i) *Litera genus quoddam eſt, cujus ſpecies primariæ duæ,* vocalis, & Conſonans, *quarum natura, & conſtitutio non poteſt percipi, niſi priùs cognoſcantur differentiæ formales, quibus factum eſt, ut inter ſe non convenirent.* Scal. ibid.

(k) *Literæ differentia generica eſt poteſtas, quam nimis rudi conſilio veteres, Accidens appellârunt. Eſt enim forma quædam ipſe flexus in voce, quaſi in materiâ, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per ſe poſſit pronunciari: Muta non poſſit, Figura autem eſt accidens ab arte inſtitutum, poteſtque attributa mutari.* Jul. Cæſ. Scal. ibidém. *De vi, ac poteſtate literarum tam accuratè ſcripſerunt Antiqui, quàm de quâvis aliâ ſuæ profeſſionis parte. Elaborârunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priſcianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: & inter rhetores non poſtremi judicii, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus, Caius quoque Cæſar, & Octavius Auguſtus.* Smith. ibid.

(l) *Literæ, quæ per ſeipſas poſſint pronunciari, vocales ſunt; quæ non, niſi cum aliis, conſonantes.*
Vocalium nomina ſimplici ſono, nec differente à poteſtate, proferantur.
Conſonantes, additis vocalibus, quibuſdam præpoſitis, aliis poſtpoſitis.

(m) *Ex conſonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Conſonante, Mutæ ſunt; quarum à vocali, ſemi-vocales: Mutas non indè appellatas, quòd parùm ſonarent, ſed quòd nihil.*

(n) *Omnes Vocales ancipites ſunt; (i. e.) modò longæ, modò breves: eodem tamen modo ſemper depictæ, (nam ſcriptura eſt imitatio ſermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura,* Smithus) *& eodem ſono pronunciatæ. Niſi quòd vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quàm brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de Vocalibus.*
Temporis unius brevis eſt, ut longa duorum.

CHAP. I.

Of Grammar, and the Parts.

(a) GRammar is the Art of true, and well ſpeaking a Language: the writing is but an Accident.

The Parts of Grammar are

(b) *Etymology*, *Syntaxe*, } which is { the true notation of Words. / the right ordering of them.

(c) A *Word* is a Part of Speech, or Note, whereby a thing is known, or called: and conſiſteth of one, or more *Syllables.*

(d) A *Syllable* is a perfect ſound in a Word, and conſiſteth of one, or more *Letters.*

(e) A *Letter* is an inviſible Part of a *Syllable,* (f) whoſe *Proſody*, or right ſounding is perceiv'd by the Power; the *Orthography*, or right writing, by the Form.

(g) *Proſody*, and *Orthography*, are not Parts of *Grammar*, but diffus'd, like the Blood, and Spirits, through the whole.

CHAP. II.

(b) *Of* Letters, *and their Powers.*

IN our Language we uſe theſe Twenty and four *Letters*, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. v. w. x. y. z. The great *Letters* ſerve to begin Sentences, with us, to lead proper Names, and expreſs Numbers. The leſs make the Fabrick of Speech.

Our numeral Letters *are,*

I		1
V		5
X		10
L	for	50
C		100
D		500
M		1000

(i) All *Letters* are either *Vowels*, or *Conſonants*: and (k) are principally known by their Powers. The *Figure* is an Accident.

(l) A *Vowel* will be pronounced by it ſelf: A *Conſonant*, not without the help of a *Vowel*, either before or after.

The received Vowels *in our Tongue, are*
a. e. i. o. u.

Conſonants be either *Mutes*, and cloſe the ſound, as *b. c. d. g. k. p. q. t.* Or, *Half Vowels*, and open it, as *f. l. m. n. r. s. x. z.*

H. Is rarely other than an *aſpiration* in Power, though a *Letter* in Form.

W. and *Y.* have ſhifting, and uncertain ſeats, as ſhall be ſhown in their Places.

CHAP. III.

Of the Vowels.

ALL our (n) *Vowels* are ſounded doubtfully. In quantity, (which is Time) long, or ſhort. Or, in accent, (which is Tune) ſharp or flat. Long in theſe Words, and their like:

Debāting, congēling, expīring, oppōſing, endūring.

Short, in theſe: *Stomăching, ſevĕring, vanquĭſhing, ranſŏming, pictŭring.*

Sharp, in theſe: *Hâte, mête, bite, nôte, pûle.*

Flat, in theſe: *Hăt, mèt, bĭt, nŏt, pŭll.*

(o) *A*

A,

(o) *Literæ hujus ſonus eſt omnium Gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, & figura multis nationibus eſt diverſa.* Scalig. & Ramus.
Dionyſius *ait* a *eſſe* ὑγρότατον, *ex plentitudine vocis.*

(p) Teren. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera ſic ab ore ſumit,
Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra;
Linguamque neceſſe eſt ità pandulam reduci,
Ut niſus in illam valeat ſubire vocis,
Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.

(q) E,

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: ſecundam, linguæ, eamque duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempè inflexæ ad interius cælum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia eſt labri inferioris.
Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit; tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, *quæ ſequitur, vocula diſſona eſt priori: quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, & remotos premit hinc, & hinè molares.*

(r) *Apud latinos,* e *latiùs ſonat in Adverbio* benè, *quàm in Adverbio* herè: *hujus enim poſteriorem vocalem exiliùs pronunciabant; ità, ut itiàm in maximè exilem ſonum trasierit* herì. *Id, quod latiùs in multis quoque patet: Ut ab* Eo, *verbo, deductum,* ire: iis, & eis: Diis, & Deis: Febrem, febrim: Turrem, turrim: Priore, & priori. Ram. & Scalig.

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinct.) e *quoque loco* i *fuit: ut* Menerva, leber, Mageſter: *pro* Minerva, liber, Magiſter.

(s) I,

Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipſos
Minimumque renidet ſupero tenus labello.
Terent.

I *Vocalis ſonos habet tres: ſuum, exilem: alterum, latiorem propioremque ipſi* e; & *tertium, obſcuriorem ipſius* u, *inter quæ duo* Y *græcæ vocalis ſonus continetur: ut non inconſultò Victorinus ambiguam illam quam adduximus vocem, per* Y *ſcribendam eſſe putârit,* Optimus.
Scalig.

Ante Conſonantem I *ſemper eſt Vocalis.*

(t) *Ante Vocalem ejuſdem ſyllabæ Conſonans.*

(o) A,

With us, in moſt words, is pronounced leſs than the *French à*; as in

art, act, apple, ancient.

But, when it comes before *l*, in the end of a Syllable, it obtaineth the full *French* (*p*) ſound, and is utter'd with the Mouth, and Throat wide open'd, the Tongue bent back from the Teeth, as in

all, ſmall, gall, fall, tall, call.

So in the Syllables, where a *Conſonant* followeth the *l*; as in

Salt, malt, balm, calm.

(q) E,

Is pronounced with a mean opening the Mouth, the Tongue turn'd to the inner Roof of the Palate, and ſoftly ſtriking the upper great Teeth. It is a Letter of divers note and uſe: and either ſoundeth, or is ſilent. When it is the laſt Letter, and ſoundeth, the ſound is ſharp, as in the *French i*. Example in *mé, ſeé, agreé, jé, ſhé*; in all, ſaving the Article, *thè*.

Where it endeth, and ſoundeth obſcure, and faintly, it ſerves as an Accent, to produce the *Vowel* preceding: as in *mâde, ſtème, ſtripe, óre, cùre*, which elſe would ſound, *màd, ſtèm, ſtrip, òr, cùr*.

It altereth the Power of *c, g, s*, ſo plac'd, as in *hence*, which elſe would ſound *henc*. *Swinge*, to make it differ from *ſwing*. *Uſe*, to diſtinguiſh it from *us*.

It is mere ſilent in words, where *l* is coupled with a *Conſonant* in the end; as *Whiſtle, griſtle, briſtle, fickle, thimble*, &c.

Or after *v Conſonant*; as in

love, glove, move.

Where it endeth a former Syllable, it ſoundeth longiſh, but flat: as in

dèrive, prépare, réſolve.

Except in *Derivatives*, or Compounds of the ſharp *e*, and then it anſwers the *primitive*, or *ſimple* in the firſt ſound; as

Agreeing, of *agree*: *fore-ſeeing*, of *fore-ſee*: *being*, of *be*.

Where it endeth a laſt Syllable, with one, or more *Conſonants* after it, it either ſoundeth flat, and full: as in *Deſcent, intent, amend, offend, reſt, beſt*.
Or, it paſſeth away obſcur'd, like the faint *i*; as in theſe,

Written, gotten, open, ſayeth, &c.

(r) Which two Letters, *e* and *i* have ſuch a nearneſs in our Tongue, as oftentimes they enterchange Places: as in

enduce, for *induce*: *endite*, for *indite*.

(s) I,

Is of a narrower ſound than *e*, and uttered with a leſs opening of the Mouth; the Tongue brought back to the Palate, and ſtriking the Teeth next the Cheek-teeth.
It is a *Letter* of a double Power.

As a *Vowel* in the former, or ſingle Syllables, it hath ſometimes the ſharp Accent; as in *bindin, gminding, pining, whining, wiving, thriving, mine, thine*.
Or, all words of one Syllable qualified by *e*. But, the flat in more, as in theſe, *bill, bitter, giddy, little, incident*, and the like.

In the Derivatives of ſharp Primitives, it keepeth the ſound, though it deliver over the Primitive *Conſonant* to the next Syllable; as in

divining, requiring, repining.

For, a *Conſonant* falling between two *Vowels* in the Word, will be ſpell'd with the latter. In Syllables and Words, compos'd of the ſame *Elements*, it varieth the ſound, now ſharp, now flat: as in

give, gìve, alive, live, drive, drìven.

But, theſe, uſe of ſpeaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather than rule.

(t) *I*, In the other Power is meerly another Letter, and would ask to enjoy another *Character*. For, where it leads the ſounding *Vowel*, and beginneth the Syllable, it is ever a *Conſonant*: as in

James, John, jeſt, jump, conjurer, perjur'd.

(u) *Apud*

(u) *Apud Hebræos* I *perpetuò eſt Conſonans ; ut apud Græcos Vocalis.*

(w) *Ut in* Giacente, Giesù, Gioconda, Giuſtitia,

O,

(x) O *Pronunciatur mundo ore, linguâ ad radices* Hypogloſſis *reductâ.* ὁ μικρον, *&* ὦ μέγα, *unicâ tantùm notâ, ſono differenti.*

(y) *Profertur, ut* ω.

(z) *Ut* oo, *vel* ou *Gallicum.*

Una quoniam ſat habitum eſt notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gremium miniſtret uſum.
Igitur ſonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrosùs adactam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictu neq; magno ſat erit patere labra,
At longior alto tragicum ſub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit ſonum labellis.
Terent.

Differentiam o *parvi valdè diſtinctam* Franci *tenent : ſed ſcripturâ valdè confundunt.* O, *ſcribunt perindè ut proferunt. At* ω *ſcribunt modò per* au, *modò per* ao, *quæ ſonum talem minimè ſonant, qui ſimplici, & rotundo motu oris proferri debet.*

(a) *Quanta ſit affinitas* (o) *cum* (u) *ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum eſt. Quid enim* o *&* u, *permutatæ invicèm, ut* Hecobe, *&* Notrix, Culchides, *&* Pulixena, *ſcriberentur ? ſic noſtri præceptores,* Cervom, Servomq; u *&* o *litteris ſcripſerunt ; Sic* dedèront, probaveront, *Romanis olim fuère,* Quinct. lib. 1.

Denique o, *teſte Plinio apud Priſcianum, aliquot Italiæ Civitates non habebant ; ſed loco ejus ponebant* u, *& maximè Umbri, & Tuſci. Atq;* u *contra, teſte apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis in uſu non erat ; ſed utebantur* o ; *unde Romanorum quoq; vetuſtiſſimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus* o *poſuérunt : ut* poblicum, *pro* publicum ; polcrum, *pro* pulcrum ; colpam, *pro* culpam.

(b) V,

Quam ſcribere Graius, *niſi jungat* Y, *nequibit*
Hanc edere vocem quotiès paramus ore,
Nitamur ut U *dicere, ſic citetur ortus.*
Productiùs autem, coëuntibus labellis
Natura ſoni preſſi altiùs meabit. Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diphthongus υ, *literis tamen noſtris vacat,*
Sola Vocalis quod u *complet hunc ſatis ſonum.*

Ut in titulis, fabulis Terentii *præpoſitis. Græca* Menandru : *Græca* Apollodoru, *pro* Μενάνδρυ, *&* Ἀπολλοδόρυ, *& quidem, ne quis de poteſtate vocalis hujus addubitare poſſit, etiàm à mutis animalibus teſtimonium* Plautus *nobis exhibuit è Peniculo* Menechmi. ME. *Egon' dedi ?* Pe. tu, tu, *inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,*

Quæ tu, tu, *usq; dicat tibi : nam nos, jàm nos defeſſi ſumus.*

Ergò ut cvium balatus ὄιν literæ ſonum : ſic noctuarum cantus, & cuculi apud Ariſtophanem ſonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando u *liqueſcit, ut in* quis, *&* ſanguis, *habet ſonum commnem cum* Y *græcâ, χ' ὥπυθ' ὁ κόκκυξ ἥπυε κόκκυ. Et quando* Coccyx *dixerit* Coccy.

(c) *Conſonans ut* u *Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur.*

Hanc & modò quam diximus J, *ſimul jugatas,*
Verum eſt ſpacium ſumere, vimq; Conſonantum.
Ut quæque tamen conſtiterit loco priore :

Nam ſi juga *quis nominet,* J *conſona fiet.* Terent. *Versâ vice ſit prior* V, *ſequatur illa, ut in* vide.

W,

(d) *Ut Itali proferunt* Edoardo *in* Edouardo, *& Galli,* ou-y.

Suăvis, ſuădeo, *etiam Latini, ut ſu-avis,* &c. *At quid attinet duplicare, quod ſimplex queat ſufficere ? Proindè* W *pro copiâ Characterum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnoſco. Veteresq;* Anglo-Saxones *pro eâ, quando nos* W *ſolemus uti, figuram iſtius modi* Þ *ſolebant conſcribere, quæ non multùm differt ab eâ, quâ & hodiè utimur v. ſimplici, dum verbum inchoet.*

Smithus *de rect. & amend.* L. A. *Script.*

And before *Diphthongs* ; as, *Jay, joy, juice,* having the force of the *Hebrew* (u) *Jod,* and the *Italian* (w) *Gi.*

O,

(x) Is pronounced with a round Mouth, the Tongue drawn back to the Root : and is a Letter of much change, and uncertain with us.

In the long time it naturally ſoundeth ſharp, and high ; as in

(y) *chóſen, hóly,*
ópen, óver, nóte.

In the ſhort time more flat, and a-kin to *u* ; as,

(z) *mòther, bròther, ſòve, pròve.*

In the *Diphthong,* ſometimes the *o* is founded ; as,

óught, ſóught, nóught, wróught, mów, ſów.

But *u* oftner ; as in *sound, bound, bow, now, thou, cow.*

In the laſt *Syllables,* before *n* and *w,* it frequently looſeth its ſound ; as in

perſòn, actìon, willow, billow.

It keeps its ſound, and is ſharp, when it ends the word, or Syllable ; as in

gó, fró, ſó, nó.

Except in *To,* the Prepoſition ; *Two,* the numeral ; *Do,* the *Verb,* and the compounds of it ; as *undo :* and the Derivatives ; as *Doing.*

It ſometimes varieth the ſound in Syllables of the ſame *Character,* and Proportion ; as in

pròve, ſtróve ; glòve, gróve.

Which double ſound it hath from the *Latin* ; as

(a) *Voltus, vultus, vultis, voltis.*

V,

(b) Is founded with a narrower, and mean compaſs, and ſome depreſſion of the middle of the Tongue, and is like our *i* ; a Letter of a double Power. As a *Vowel* it ſoundeth thin and ſharp, as in *uſe* ; thick and flat, as in *us.*

It never endeth any word for the nakedneſs, but yieldeth to the termination of the *Diphthong ew,* as in *new, knew,* &c. or the qualifying *e,* as in *ſue, due, true,* and the like.

(c) When it followeth a ſounding *Vowel* in a Syllable, it is a *Conſonant* : as in *ſave, give, prove, love,* &c.

Which double force is not the unſteadfaſtneſs of our Tongue, or incertainty of our Writing, but faln upon us from the *Latin.*

When it begins a Word or Syllable (a *Vowel* following it) it always has the force of a *Conſonant* ; as,

Jade, Jove, Judge, &c.

W,

(d) Is but the *V* geminated in the full ſound, and though it have the Seat of a *Conſonant* with us, the power is always *Vowelliſh,* even where it leads the *Vowel* in any Syllable : as, if you mark it, pronounce the two *uu,* like the Greek υ, quick in paſſage, and theſe words,

u-ine, u-ant, u-ood, u aſt, ſu ing, ſu am ;

Will ſound, *Wine, want, wood, waſt, ſwing, ſwam.*

So put the aſpiration afore, and theſe words,

hu at, hu-itch, hu eel, hu ether ;

Will be *What, which, wheel, whether.*

In the *Diphthongs* there will be no doubt ; as in *draw, ſtraw, ſow, know.*

Nor in *Derivatives* ; as *knowing, ſowing, drawing.*

Where the double *w* is of neceſſity uſed, rather than the ſingle *u,* leſt it might alter the ſound, and be pronounced *knoving, ſoving, dravings :*

As in *ſaving, having.*

Y,

Is alſo meer *Vowelliſh* in our Tongue, and hath only the Power of an *i,* even where it obtains the Seat of a *Conſonant,* as in *Young, Younker.*

Which the *Dutch,* whoſe Primitive it is, write *Iunk, Iunker.*

And ſo might we write

Ioutb, ies, ioke, ionder, iard, ielk.
Youth, yes, yoke, yonder, yard, yelk.

(f) *Siquidem eandem pro* v. *græco retinet : certè alium, quam* i, *omni in loco reddere debebat ſonum.*

B,

(g) *Nobis cum* Latinis *communis.* Smith.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,
Vocalis at intùs locus exitum miniſtrat. Terent.

B, *Labris per ſpiritus impetum recluſis edicimus.* Mart. cap.

C,

(h) *Litera* Androgyne, *naturâ nec mas, nec fœmina, & utrumq; eſt neutrum. Monſtrum literæ, non litera ; Ignorantiæ ſpecimen, non artis.* Smithus.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires : nam, modò k *ſonat, modò* s. *At ſi litera ſit à* k *&* s *diverſa, ſuum debet habere ſonum. Sed neſcio quod monſtrum, aut Empuſa ſit, quæ modò mas, modò fœmina, modò ſerpens, modo cornix, appareat; & per ejuſmodi impoſturas, pro ſuo arbitrio, tàm* s *quàm* k *exigat ædibus, & fundis ſuis : ut jure poſſint hæ duæ literæ contendere cum* c *per edictum, unde* vi : *Neq; dubito quin, ubi ſit Prætor æquus facilè* c *cadet cauſſa.*

(i) *Apud* Latinos c *eandem habuit formam, & Characterem, quem* Σίγμα *apud* Græcos *veteres.*

An hæc fuit occaſio, quòd ignorantia, confuſieq; eundem, apud imperitos, dederit ſonum C, *quem* S, *nolo affirmare.*

(k) *Vetuſtæ illius* Anglo-Saxonicæ *linguæ, & ſcriptionis peritiores contendunt, apud illos atavos noſtros* Anglo-Saxones C, *literam, maximè ante* e *&* i *eum habuiſſe ſonum, quem, & pro tenui* τῆ Chi, *ſono agnoſcimus : &* Itali, *maximè* Hetruſci, *ante* e *&* i *hodiè uſurpant.* Idem ibidem.

(l) C *molaribus ſuper linguæ extrema appulſis exprimitur.* Mart. Cap.

Terentianus.

C *preſſiùs urget; ſed, & hinc, hinc; remittit,*
Quo vocis adhærens ſonus explicetur ore.

D,

D *Appulſu linguæ circa dentes ſuperiores innaſcitur.*

Terentianus.

(m) *At portio dentes quotiens ſuprema linguæ*
Pulſaverit imos, modiceq; curva ſummos,
Tunc D *ſonitum perficit, explicatq; vocem.*

F,

(n) *Litera à græca* φ *recedit lenis, & hebes ſonus.* Idem.

(o) Vau *conſona,* Varrone *&* Dydimo *teſtibus, nominata eſt* Δ. *figura à* Claudio Cæſare *facta etiam eſt. Vis ejus, & poteſtas eſt eadem, quæ Digamma Æolici, ut oſtendit Terentianus in* v *conſona.*

V, *vade, veni, refer ; tencto vultum :*
Creviſſe ſonum perſpicis, & coïſſe craſſum,
Unde Æoliis litera fingitur Digammos.

I, *quaſi* iv, *contrarium* F, *quæ ſonat* φ.

But that we chooſe *y*, for diſtinction ſake ; as we uſually difference *to lye* or feign, from *to lie* along, *&c.*

In the *Diphthong* it ſounds always *i* ; as in

may, ſay, way, joy, toy, they.

And in the ends of words ; as in

deny, reply, defy, cry,

Which ſometimes are written by *i*, but qualified by *e* ; as, *juſtifie*, &c.

But where two *ii* are ſounded, the firſt will be ever a *y*; as in Derivatives :

denying, replying, defying.

(*f*) Only in the words received by us from the *Greek*, as *Syllable, Tyrant*, and the like, it keeps the ſound of the thin, and ſharp *u*, in ſome proportion. And this we had to ſay of the *Vowels.*

CHAP. IV.

Of the Conſonants.

B

HAth the ſame ſound with us, as it hath with the *Latin*, always one, and is utter'd with (*g*) cloſing of the Lips.

C

(*b*) Is a Letter, which our Fore-fathers might very well have ſpar'd in our Tongue : but ſince it hath obtained Place, both in our Writing, and Language, we are not now to quarrel *Orthography*, or *Cuſtom* ; but to note the Powers.

Before *a, u*, and *o*, it plainly ſounds *k, Chi*, or *Kappa* ; as in

cable, cobble, cudgel.

Or before the *Liquids, l*, and *r* ; as in

clod, cruſt.

Or, when it ends a former Syllable before a *Conſonant* ; as in

ac-quaintance, ac-knowledgment.

In all which it ſounds ſtrong.

(*i*) Before *e* and *i* it hath a weak ſound, and hiſſeth like *s* ; as in

certain, center, civil, citizen, whence.

Or, before *Diphthongs*, whoſe firſt *Vowel* is *e* or *i* ; as in

ceaſe, deceive, ceiling.

(*k*) Among the *Engliſh-Saxons* it obtain'd the weaker force of *Chi*, or the *Italian* C ; as in

Capel, canc, cild, cyrce.

Which were pronounced

Chapel, chance, child, church.

(*l*) It is ſounded with the top of the Tongue, ſtriking the upper Teeth, and rebounding againſt the Palate.

D

Hath the ſame ſound, both before and after a *Vowel* with us, as it hath with the *Latins* : and is pronounc'd ſoftly, (*m*) the Tongue a little affecting the Teeth, but the nether Teeth moſt.

F

Is a Letter of two forces with us : and in them both ſounded with the nether-lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out : but gentler in the one, than the other.

The more general ſound is the ſofteſt ; (*n*) and expreſſeth the *Greek* φ ; as in *Faith, field, fight, force.*

Where it ſounds *ef.*

(*o*) The other is *iv*, or *vau*, the *Digamma* of *Claudius* ; as in

cleft, of *cleave* ; *left*, of *leave.*

The difference will beſt be found in the word *of*, which as a Prepoſition ſounds

ov of, ſpeaking of a Perſon or Thing.

As the Adverb of Diſtance,

off, far *off.*

G, (p) *Spiritus*

G

(p) *Spiritus cum palato.* Mart. Cap.

De ſono quidem hujus literæ ſatis conſtat: ſed diſtinctionis cauſsâ Characterem illi dederunt aliqui hunc ʒ, ut ſecernatur à G. *Nam ut* Græci *in ſecundâ Conjugatione tres habent literas, κ, γ, χ, tenuem, mediam, denſam*; Angli *quatuor habent, ratâ proportione ſibi reſpondentes,* ka, ga, ce, ʒe. *Illæ ſimplices, & apertæ; hæ ſtridulæ, & compreſſæ: illæ mediæ linguæ Officio ſonantur; hæ ſummâ linguâ ad interiores illiſa, ſuperiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodque eſt* ka *ad* ga: *idem eſt* ce *ad* ʒ. Smithus ibid.

Voces tamen pleræque, quas Meridionales Angli *per hunc ſonum* ꝛ̃ ʒ *pronunciamus in fine: Boreales per* G *proferunt: ut in voce* Pons, *nos* briʒ: *illi* brig. *In ruptura, brec: illi* brek. *Maturam avem ad volandum, nos* fliʒ: *illi* flig. ibid.

Apud Latinos *proximum ipſi* C *eſt* G. *Itaque* Cneum, *& Gneum, dicebant: Sic* Curculionem, *&* Gurgulionem: *appulſâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, ſpiritu tota pronunciatur.*

Scal. *de cauſſ.* L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetuſtè ſæpè per C *ſcribitur,*
Eſſe per g *proferendum credidêrunt plurimi.*
Quando ἄμυργη Græca *vox eſt; γάμμα origo præferat.*
Apud Germanos *ſemper profertur* γ.

K

(q) *Cùm* Kalendæ *Græcam habebant diductionem & ſonum, κάππα Græcam ſunt mutuati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecêrunt eâ formâ, ut, &* C *Romanum efformarent, quòd haberet adjunctum, quaſi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent iſtâ formâ* K; *nam* C *Romanum ſtridulum quiddam, & mollius ſonat, quam* K *Græcum.*

Eſt & hæc litera Gallus planè ſupervacanea, aut certè qu *eſt. Nam,* qui, quæ, quod, quid, *nullâ pronunciant differentiâ, ne minimâ quidem à* ki, ke, kod, kid, *faucibus, palatoque formatur.* Capel.

Romani in ſuâ ſerie non habebunt.

L

(r) *Linguâ, palatoque dulceſcit.* M. Cap.

Et ſic Dionyſius γλυκύτατον, *dulciſſimam literam nominat. Qui neſcit, quid ſit eſſe* Semi-vocalem, *ex noſtrâ linguâ facilè poterit diſcere: ipſa enim litera* L *quandam, quaſi* Vocalem, *in ſe videtur continere, ità ut junctæ* Mutæ *ſine* Vocali *ſonum faciat; ut*

abl, ſtabl, fabl, *&c.*

Quæ nos ſcribimus eum e, *in fine, vulgò*

able, ſtable, fable.

Sed certè illud e *non tam ſonat hîc, quàm fuſcum illud, & femininum Francorum* e: *Nam nequicquàm ſonat.*

Alii hæc haud inconſultò ſcribunt

abil, ſtabil, fabul;

Tanquam à fontibus

habilis, ſtabilis, fabula:

Sed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam, conſideratiùs auſcultanti, nec i, *nec* u *eſt, ſed tinnitus quidam,* vocalis *naturam habens, quæ naturaliter his* liquidis *ineſt.*

M

(s) *Labris imprimitur.* M. Capella.

Mugit intùs abditum, ac cæcum ſonum. Terent.

Triplex ſonus hujus literæ M. Obſcurum, *in extremitate dictionum ſonat; ut* templum: Apertum, *in principio; ut* magnus: Mediocre, *in medio; ut* umbra. *Priſc.*

(t) N

Quartæ ſonitus fingitur uſque ſub palato,
Quo ſpiritus anceps coeat naris, & oris. Terentian.

Linguâ dentibus applausâ collidit. Mart. Capella.

Splendidiſſimo ſono in fine; & ſubtremulo pleniore in principio; mediocri in medio. Jul. C. Scal.

G

(p) Is likewiſe of double force in our Tongue, and is ſounded with an impreſſion made on the mid'ſt of the Palate.

Before *a*, *o*, and *u*, ſtrong; as in theſe,

gate, got, gut.

Or, before the *Aſpirate h*; or, *Liquids l*, and *r*; as in

ghoſt, glad, grant.

Or in the ends of Words; as in

long, ſong, ring, ſwing, leg, lug, dug.

Except the qualifying *e* follow; and then the ſound is ever weak; as in

age, ſtage, hedge,
ſledge, judge, drudge.

Before *u*, the force is double; as in

guile, guide, guaſt, guiſe.

Where it ſoundeth like the *French gu.* And in

guerdon, languiſh, anguiſh.

Where it ſpeaks the *Italian gu.*

Likewiſe, before *e* and *i*, the powers are confus'd; and utter'd, now ſtrong, now weak; as in

get, geld, give, } long.
Gittern, ſinger, }

In

genet, gentle, gin, } weak.
gibe, ginger, }

But this *uſe* muſt teach: the one ſound being warranted to our Letter, from the *Greek*: the other from the *Latin* throughout.

We will leave *H* in this Place; and come to

K,

(q) Which is a Letter the *Latins* never acknowledged, but only borrow'd in the word *Kalendæ*. They uſed *qu* for it. We ſound it as the *Greek κ*; and as a neceſſary Letter it precedes, and follows all *Vowels* with us.

It goes before no *Conſonants* but *n*; as in

knave, knel, knot, &c.

And *l*, with the quiet *e* after; as in

pickle, tickle, fickle.

Which were better written without the *c*, if that which we have received for *Orthography*, would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation*, rather to be wiſhed, than hoped for, after ſo long a reign of *ill cuſtom* amongſt us.

It followeth the *s*, in ſome words; as in

skirt, skirmiſh.

Which do better ſo ſound, than if written with *c*.

L

(r) Is a Letter *half-vowelliſh*: which, though the *Italians* (eſpecially the *Florentines*) abhor, we keep entire with the *Latins*, and ſo pronounce.

It melteth in the ſounding, and is therefore call'd a *liquid*, the Tongue ſtriking the Root of the Palate gently.

It's always doubled, at the end of words of one Syllable; as in

bell, bell, kill,
ſhrill, trull, full.

And, even in theſe Cuſtom rather than Neceſſity oliges us to uſe a Double *l*. For the *Conſonant* ſhould be doubled only for the ſake of an additional Syllable at the end of a word, beginning with a *Vowel*; as in

killing, beginning, begging, Swimming.

M

(s) Is the ſame with us in ſound, as with the *Latins*. It is pronounc'd with a kind of humming inward, the Lips clos'd. Open, and full in the beginning: obſcure in the end: and meanly in the midſt.

N

(t) Ringeth ſomewhat more in the Lips and Noſe: the Tongue ſtriking back on the Palate, and hath a threefold ſound, *ſhrill* in the end, *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the midſt.

They are Letters near of kin, both with the *Latins* and us.

(u) P

Labris ſpiritu erumpit. Mar. Cap.
Pellit ſonitum de mediis foràs labellis.
Ter. Maurus.

Q

(w) *Eſt litera mendica, ſuppoſititia, verè ſervilis, manca, & decrepita; & ſine* u, *tanquàm bacillo, nihil poteſt: & cùm* u *nihil valet ampliùs quàm* k.

Qualis qualis eſt, hanc jam habemus, ſed ſemper cum præcedente ſuâ u, *ancillâ ſuperbâ.* Smithus.

Namq; Q. *præmiſsâ ſemper* u, *ſimul mugit, ſibi,*
Syllabam non editura, ni comes ſit tertia
Quælibet vocalis. Ter. Mau.

Diomedes *ait* Q *eſſe compoſitam ex* c *&* u.
Appulſu palati ore reſtricto profertur. M. Cap.

R

(x) *Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum ſonorem.* Ter. M.
—*Sonat hîc de nare caninâ*
Litera.—— Perſ. Sat. 1.

R *Spiritum, linguâ criſpante, corraditur.*
M. Cap.

Dionyſius Ῥ ὁμοιοτάτων γραμμάτων κάμμα,
è congeneribus generoſiſſimam appellavit.

S

(y) S *promptus in ore, agiturq; penè dentes,*
Sic lenis & unum ciet auribus ſuſurrum.

Quare non eſt merita, ut à Pindaro *diceretur* Σανκβδηλών. Dionyſius *quoq; cum ipſum expellit, rejicitq; ad Serpentes, maluit canem irritatam imitari, quàm arboris naturales ſuſurros ſequi.* Scal.

Eſt Conſonantium *prima, & fortiſſima hæc litera,*
ut agnoſcit Terentianus. Ram.
Vivida eſt hæc inter omnes, atq; denſa litera.
Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis. M. Cap.

Quotiès litera media Vocalium *longarum, vel ſubjecta longa eſſet, geminabitur; ut* Cauſſa, Caſſus. *Quintil.*

T

(x) T *quâ ſuperis dentibus intima eſt origo*
Summa ſatis eſt ad ſonitum ferire linguâ.
Teren.

T *appulſu linguæ, dentibusque appulſis excuditur.*
M. Cap.

Latinè factio, actio, generatio, corruptio, vitium, otium, *&c.*

X

(y) X *poteſtatem habet* cs, *&* gs; *ut*
ex crux *&* frux, *appareat.*
Quorum obliqui caſus ſunt
Crucis *&* Frugis.
Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X *quicquid* c *&* s *formavit, exſibilat.* Capell.
Neque Latini, *neque* Nos *illâ multùm utimur.*

Z

(z) Z *verò idcircò* Appius Claudius *deteſtabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur.* M. Capel.

ζ *Compendium duarum literarum eſt σδ, in unâ notâ, & compendium* Orthographiæ, *non* Proſodiæ; *quia hîc in voce non una litera effertur, ſed duæ diſtinguuntur. Compendium inelegantèr, & fallacitèr inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ ſignificatus, in unam Syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, ſed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo* Plauti *loco:* Non Atticiſſat, ſed Siciliſſat, *pro* ἀττικίζει, σικελίζει, *Græcis; & ubi initium facit, eſt δσ, non ω, ſicuti* ζεὺς, *non* σεὺς, *ſed* δεὺς. Ram. in lib. 2.

P

(u) Breaketh ſoftly through the Lips; and is a Letter of the ſame force with us, as with the *Latins.*

Q

(w) Is a Letter we might very well ſpare in our *Alphabet*, if we would but uſe the ſerviceable *k*, as it ſhould be, and reſtore it to the right of Reputation it had with our Fore-Fathers. For, the *Engliſh-Saxons* knew not this halting *Q*, with her Waiting-woman *u* after her; but expreſt

quail, queſt, quick, quill, by *kuail. kueſt. kuick. kuil.*

Till *cuſtom*, under the excuſe of expreſſing enfranchis'd words with us, intreated her into our Language, in

quality, quantity,
quarel, quinteſcence, &c.

And hath now given her the beſt of *k*'s poſſeſſions.

R

(x) Is the *Dogs* Letter, and hurreth in the ſound; the Tongue ſtriking the inner Palate, with a trembling about the Teeth. It is ſounded firm in the beginning of the Words, and more *liquid* in the middle, and ends; as in

rarer, riper.

And ſo in the *Latin.*

S

(y) Is a moſt eaſie, and gentle Letter, and ſoftly hiſſeth againſt the Teeth in the prolation. It is called the *Serpents* Letter, and the chief of the *Conſonants.* It varieth the Powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning of words it hath the ſound of weak *c.* before *Vowels, Diphthongs,* or *Conſonants*; as,

Salt, ſay, ſmall, ſell,
ſhift, ſoft, &c.

Sometime it inclineth to z; as in theſe,

Muſe, uſe, roſe, noſe, wiſe,

And the like: where the latter *Vowel* ſerves for the Mark or Accent of the former's production.

So, after the *Half-Vowels*, or the obſcure *e*; as in

Bells, gems, wens, burs,
Chimes, Names, games.

Where the *Vowel* ſits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T

(x) Is ſounded with the Tongue ſtriking the upper Teeth, and hath one conſtant Power, ſave where it preceedeth *I*; and that again followed by another *Vowel*; as in

Faction, action, generation, corruption.

Where it hath the force of *s*, or *c.*

X

(y) Is rather an abbreviation, or way of ſhort writing with us, than a Letter: For, it hath the ſound of *c* and *s*; or *k* and *s.* It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many; as,

Ax, ſix, fox, box.

Which ſound like theſe,

Backs, knacks, knocks, locks, &c.

Z

(z) Is a Letter often heard amongſt us, but ſeldom ſeen: borrow'd of the *Greeks* at firſt, being the ſame with ζ; and ſoundeth, in the middle, as double *ſ.* tho' in the end of many *Engliſh* words (where 'tis only properly uſed) it ſeems to ſound as *s*; as in *maze, gaze*;

And on the contrary, words writ with *s* ſound like z; as *Muſe, noſe, boſe, as.*

Never in the beginning, ſave with the Weſt-Country People, that have, *zed, zay, zit, zo, zome,*

And the like; for *Said, ſay, ſit, ſo, ſome.*

Or in the Body of Words indeniſon'd, *i. e.* derived from the *Greek*, and commonly us'd as *Engliſh*; as,

azure, zeal, zephyre, &c.

(a) H. *Nulli*

(a) H.

Nulli dubium eſt, faucibus emicet quod ipſis
H *litera, ſive eſt nota, quæ ſpiret anhelum.* Ter.
H, *contractis paulùm faucibus, ventus exhalat.*
Mar. Cap.
Vocalibus *aptè, ſed & antepoſita cunctis*
Haſtas, Hederas, *quùm loquor*, Hiſter, Hoſpes, Hujus.
Solùm patitur quatuor ante Conſonantes,
Græcis *quotiès nominibus* Latina *forma eſt*,
Si quando Choros Phillida, Rhamnes, Thima, *dico.*
Rectè quidem in hâc parte Græciſſant *noſtri* Walli.
Smithus.

H *verò* κατ' ἐξοχὴν *aſpiratio vocatur. Eſt enim variarum literarum ſpirituoſiſſima, vel ſpiritus potiùs ipſe. Nullius, aut quàm minimùm egens officii eorum, quæ modo nominavimus inſtrumenta literarum formandarum.*

H *extrinſecus aſcribitur omnibus* Vocalibus, *ut minimum ſonet*; Conſonantibus *autem quibusdam intrinſecus.*

Ch.

(b) *Omnis litera, ſive vox, plus ſonat ipſa ſeſe, cum poſtponitur, quàm cùm anteponitur. Quod* Vocalibus *accidens eſſe videtur: nec ſi tollatur ea, perit etiàm vis ſignificationis: ut, ſi dicam* Erennius, *abſq; aſpiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet.* Conſonantibus *autem, ſi cohæret, ut ejuſdem penitus ſubſtantiæ ſit, & ſi auferatur, ſignificationis vim minuat prorsùs: ut, ſi dicam* Cremes, *pro* Chremes. *Unde hâc conſideratâ ratione,* Græcorum *doctiſſimi ſingulas fecêrunt eas quoque literas, ut pro*
th. θ. *pro* ph. φ, *pro* chi. χ. Ram.

Gh.

(c) *Sonum illius* g *quærant, quibus ità libet ſcribere: aures profectò meæ nunquam in his vocibus ſonitum τῦ* g *poterant haurire.*
Smithus *de rect. & emend.*

Ph. & Rh.

(d) *Litera* φ *apud* Græcos, *ῥ aſpirata.*

Sh.

(e) *Si quis error in literis ferendus eſt, cùm corrigi queat, nuſquàm in ullo ſono tolerabilior eſt, quàm in hoc, ſi ſcribatur* Sh; *& in* þ, *ſi ſcribatur per* th. *Nam hæ duæ quandam violentiam grandiorem ſpiritus in proferendo requirunt, quàm cæteræ literæ.* ibid.

Th.

(f) *Hâc literâ ſive charactère, quam ſpinam, id eſt,* þorne, *noſtri Proävi appellabant: Avi noſtri, & qui proximè ante librorum impreſſionem vixêrunt, ſunt abuſi, ad omnia ea ſcribenda, quæ nunc magno Magiſtrorum errore per* th. *ſcribimus; ut,*

þe. þou. þat. þem. þeſe. þick.

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur ſonus, ſupernè ſcribebant; ubi durior, in eodem ſulco: moliorem appello illum, quem Anglo Saxones *per* ð, *Duriorem, quem per* þ, *exprimebant. Nam illud* Saxonum ð *reſpondet illi ſono, quem vulgaris* Græca *lingua facit, quando pronunciant ſuum* δ, *aut* Hiſpani d, *literam ſuam molliorem, ut cùm veritatem,* verdad *appellant. Spina autem illa* þ, *videtur referre prorsùs* Græcorum θ. *At* th *ſonum* θ *non rectè dat. Nam ſi* θ *non eſſet alia deflexio vocis, niſi aſpirationis additæ, æquè facile fuit* Græcis τῷ τ' *aſpirationem adjungere, quàm τῷ* þ.

H,

(a) Whether it be a Letter or no, hath been much examined by the Ancients, and by ſome of the *Greek* Party too much condemned, and thrown out of the *Alphabet*, as an *Aſpirate* meerly, and in requeſt only before *Vowels* in the beginning of words. The *Welſh* retain it ſtill after many *Conſonants*. But, be it a Letter, or Spirit, we have great uſe of it in our Tongue, both before, and after *Vowels*. And though I dare not ſay, ſhe is, (as I have heard one call her) the *Queen-mother of Conſonants*: yet ſhe is the life, and quickening of *c, g, p, s, t, w*; as alſo *r* when derived from the aſpirate Greek ῥ; as, *Cheat, Ghoſt, Alphabet, ſhape, that, what, Rhapſody.* Of which more hereafter.

What her Powers are before *Vowels* and *Diphthongs*, will appear in
hall, heal, hill, hot, how, hew, heiday, &c.
In ſome it is written, but ſounded without power: as
hoſt, honeſt;
Where the *Vowel* is heard without the *Aſpiration*; as *oſt, oneſt.*
After the *Vowel* it ſounds; as in *ah*, and *oh.*
Beſide, it is coupled with divers *Conſonants*, where the force varies, and is particularly to be examin'd.
We will begin with *Ch.*

Ch

(b) Hath the force of the *Greek* χ, or κ, in many words derived from the *Greek*; as in
Charact, Chriſtian, Chronicle, Archangel, Monarch.
In meer *Engliſh* words, or fetch'd from the *Latin* the force of the *Italian* c.
Chuplain, chaſt, cheſt, chops,
chin, chuff, churl.

Gh

(c) Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtain of *Cuſtom* to mend it, it were not the worſe for our Language, or us: for the *g* ſounds juſt nothing in
trough, cough, might, night, &c.
Only, the writer was at leiſure, to add a ſuperfluous Letter, as there are too many in our *Pſeudography.*

Ph & Rh

(d Are uſed only in *Greek* infranchis'd words; as
Philip, Phyſick, Rhetorick, Rhodes, &c.

Sh

(e) Is meerly *Engliſh*; and hath the force of the *Hebrew* ש *ſhin*, or the *French Ch*; as in
ſhake, ſhed, ſhine, ſhow,
ſhrink, ruſh, bluſh.

Th

(f) Hath a double and doubtful ſound, which muſt be found out by uſe of ſpeaking; ſometimes like the *Greek* θ; as in
thief, thing, lengthen, ſtrengthen, loveth, &c.
In others, like their δ, or the *Spaniſh* d. as
this, that, then, thence,
thoſe bathe, bequeath.
And in this conſiſts the greateſt difficulty of our *Alphabet*, and true writing: ſince we have loſt the *Saxon* Characters ð and þ. that diſtinguiſhed

ðe.	from	þick.
ðou.		þin.
ðine.		þred.
ðo.		þrive.

Wh

Hath been inquir'd of in *w*. And this for the Letters.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the Diphthongs.

Diphthongs are the Complexions, or Couplings of *Vowels*, when the two Letters ſend forth a joint ſound, ſo as in one Syllable both ſounds be heard; as in

Ai, *or* Ay.
Aid, maid, ſaid, pay, day, way.
Au, *or* Aw.
Audience, author, aunt, law, ſaw, draw.
Ea.
Earl, Pearl, meat, ſeat, ſea, flea.

To which add *yea*, and *plea*; and you have at one view all our Words of this termination.

Ei.
ſleight, ſtreight, weight, theirs.
Ew.
Few, ſtrew, dew, anew.
Oi, *or* Oy.
Point, joint, ſoil, coil,
joy, toy, boy.
OO.
good, food, mood, brood, &c.
Ou, *or* Ow.
rout, ſtout, how,
now, bow, low.
Vi, *or* Vy.
puiſſance, or *puyſſance*; *juice,* or *juyce.*

Theſe nine are all I would obſerve; for to mention more, were but to perplex the Reader. The *Oa*, and *Ee*, will be better ſupplied in our *Orthography*.

Neither is the double *ee* to be thought on, but in *Derivatives*; as *Trees, Sees,* and the like, where it is as two Syllables. As for *eo*, it is found but in three Words in our Tongue,

Yeoman, people, jeopardy.

Which were truer written,

Yéman, péple, jépardy.

And thus much ſhall ſuffice for the *Diphthongs*.

The *Triphthong* is of a Complexion rather to be fear'd than lov'd, and would fright the young *Grammarian* to ſee him: I therefore let him paſs, and make haſte to the *Notion*.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Syllables.

A *Syllable* is a part of a Word that may of it ſelf make a perfect ſound; and is ſometimes of one only Letter, which is always a Vowel: ſometimes of more.

Of one, as in every firſt vowel in theſe Words:

a. *a-bated.*
e. *e-clipſed.*
i. *i-magin'd.*
o. *o-mitted.*
u. *u-ſurped.*

A *Syllable* of more Letters is made, either of *Vowels* only, or of *Conſonants* joined with *Vowels*.

Of *Vowels* only, *i. e.* the *Diphthongs*,
Ai, in *Ai-ding*.
Au, in *Au-ſtere, Au-dients*.
Ea, in *Ea-ſie, Ea-ting*.
Ei, in *Ei-ry* of Hawks.
Ew, in *Ew-er*, &c. and in
the *Triphthong* Yea.

Of the *Vowels* mixt; ſometimes but with one *Conſonant*, as *to*; ſometimes two, as *try*; ſometimes three, as *beſt*; or four, as *neſts*; or five, as *ſtumps*; other-while ſix, as the latter *Syllable* in *re-ſtraints*: At the moſt they can have but eight, as *ſtrengths*.

Some *Syllables*, as

The, then, there, that,
with, and, which,

are often compendiouſly, and ſhortly written; as

e	*en*	*ere*	*i*
ȝ	*ȝ*	*ȝ*	*ȝ*
th			*ch*
w	*&*		*w*

Which, whoſo liſt may uſe; but *Orthography* commands it not: A Man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *Præmunire*.

Here Order would require to ſpeak of the *Quantity* of *Syllables*, their ſpecial *Prerogative* among the *Latins* and *Greeks*; whereof ſo much as is conſtant, and derived from *Nature*, hath been handled already. The other which grows by *Poſition*, and placing of Letters, as yet (not through *default* of our *Tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our own *careleſneſs*, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no *Art*. The principal cauſe whereof ſeemeth to be this; becauſe our *Verſes* and *Rhymes* (as it is almoſt with all other People, whoſe *Language* is ſpoken at this day) are *natural*, and ſuch whereof *Ariſtotle* ſpeaketh, ἐκ τῆ διλογιδιατμάνων, that is, made of a *natural*, and *voluntary* compoſition, without regard to the *Quantity* of *Syllables*.

This would ask a larger Time and Field, than is here given, for the examination: but ſince I am aſſigned to this Province, that it is the *Lot* of my *Age*, after thirty Years Converſation with Men, to be *elementarius Senex*; I will promiſe, and obtain ſo much of my ſelf, as to give, in the heel of the Book, ſome ſpur and incitement to that which I ſo reaſonably ſeek. Not that I would have the *vulgar*, and *practis'd* way of making, aboliſh'd and abdicated, (being both ſweet and delightful, and much taking the Ear) but, to the end our *Tongue* may be made equal to thoſe of the renowned Countries, *Italy* and *Greece*, touching this Particular. And, as for the Difficulty, that ſhall never withdraw, or put me off from the Attempt: For, neither is any excellent thing done with eaſe, nor the compaſſing of this any whit to be deſpaired; eſpecially when *Quintilian* hath obſerv'd to me, by this *natural Rhyme*, that we have the other *artificial*, as it were by certain *Marks* and *Footings*, firſt traced and found out. And the *Grecians* themſelves before *Homer*, as the *Romans* likewiſe before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *Meters*. Thus much therefore ſhall ſerve to have ſpoken concerning the *Parts* of a *Word*, in a *Letter*, and a *Syllable*.

It followeth to ſpeak of the common *Affections*, which unto the *Latins*, *Greeks*, and *Hebrews*, are two; the *Accent*, and *Notation*. And firſt,

CHAP. VII.

Of the Accent.

THe *Accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the Voice, in lifting it up, or letting it down) hath not yet obtained with us any Sign; which notwithſtanding were moſt needful to be added; not whereſoever the force of an *Accent* lieth, but where, for want of one, the word is in danger to be *miſ-tuned*; as in

abáſed, excéſſive, beſótted,
obtáin, ungódly, ſurrender.

But the uſe of it will be ſeen much better by collation of Words, that according unto the divers place of their *Accent*, are diverſly pronounc'd, and have divers Significations. Such are the Words following, with their like; as

differ, defer; *déſart, deſért*; *préſent, preſent*;
refuſe, refúſe; *óbject, objéct*; *incenſe, incénſe*;
convert, convért; *tórment, torménr*, &c.

In original *Nouns*, *Adjective* or *Subſtantive*, derived according

according to the Rule of the Writer of *Analogy*, the *Accent* is intreated to the firſt I as in

fâtherlineſs, môtherlineſs,
péremptory, hâberdaſher.

Likewiſe in the *Adverbs*,

brótherly, ſiſterly.

All *Nouns Diſſyllabick*, ſimple in the firſt; as

bélief, hónour, crédit,
ſilver, ſurety.

All *Nouns Triſſyllabick*, in the firſt:

cóuntenance, jéopardy, &c.

All *Nouns* compounded in the firſt, of how many *Syllables* ſoever they be; as

Tênnis-court-keeper, Chimney-ſweeper.

Words ſimple in *able*, draw the *Accent* to the firſt, though they be of four *Syllables*; us,

Sóciable, tólerable.

When they be compounded, they keep the ſame *Accent*; as,

Insóciable, intólerable.

But in the way of compariſon, it altereth thus: Some Men are *sóciable*, others *insociable*; ſome *tólerable*, others *intolerable*: For the *Accent* ſits on the *Syllable* that puts difference; as,

Sincerity, insincerity.

Nouns ending in *tion*, or *ſion*, are accented *in antepenultimâ*; as,

Condition, infúſion, &c.

In *ty*, *à Latinis*, *in antepenultimâ*; as,

Vérity, chárity, ſimplicity.

In *ence*, *in antepenultimâ*; as,

péſtilence, ábſtinence,
ſúſtenance, cónſequence.

All Verbs *diſſyllables* ending in *er*, *el*, *ry*, and *iſh*, accent *in primâ*; as,

Cóver, cáncel, cárry, búry,
lévy, rávish, &c.

Verbs made of Nouns, follow the *Accent* of the Nouns; as,

to blánket, to báſquet.

All Verbs coming from the *Latin*, either of the *Supine*, or otherwiſe, hold the *Accent* as it is found in the firſt Perſon preſent of thoſe *Latin* Verbs; as from

ánimo, ánimate;
célebro, célebrate.

Except Words compounded of *facio*; as,

liquefácio, liquefie.

And of *ſtatuo*; as,

conſtituo, conſtitúte.

All Variations of Verbs hold the *Accent* in the ſame place, as the *Theme*,

I *ánimate*, thou *ánimateſt*, &c.

And thus much ſhall ſerve to have opened the Fountain of *Orthography*. Now let us come to the *Notation* of a Word.

CHAP. VIII.

The Notation *of a Word*

IS when the Original thereof is ſought out, and conſiſteth in two things, the *Kind*, and the *Figure*.

The *Kind* is to know whether the Word be a *Primitive*, or *Derivative*; as,

Man, love,

are *Primitives*:

Manly, lover,

are *Derivatives*.

The *Figure* is to know whether the Word be *ſimple*, or *compounded*; as,

learned, ſay,

are *ſimple*:

unlearned, gain-ſay,

are *compounded*.

In which kind of Compoſition, our *Engliſh* Tongue is above all other very hardy and happy, joining together, after a moſt eloquent manner, ſundry Words of every kind of Speech; as,

Mill-horſe, lip-wiſe, ſelf-love,
twy-light, there-about,
not-with-ſtanding, be-cauſe,
cut-purſe, never-the-leſs.

Theſe are the common *Affections* of a Word: The divers ſorts now follow. A Word is of *Number*, or *without Number*. Of *Number* that Word is termed to be, which ſignifieth a Number *Singular*, or *Plural*.

Singular, which expreſſeth one only thing; as,

Tree, book, teacher.

Plural, when it expreſſeth more things than one; as,

Trees, books, teachers.

Again, a Word of Number is *Finite* or *Infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his Number with certain endings; as,

Man, men; run, runs;
horſe, horſes.

Infinite, which varieth not; as,

true, ſtrong, &c.

both in the *Singular* and *Plural*.

Moreover, a Word of Number is a *Noun* or a *Verb*. But here it were fit we did firſt number our Words, or Parts of Speech, of which our Language conſiſts.

Compoſitio.

Sepè tria coagmentantur Nomina; ut,
A Foot-ball plaier, a Tennis-court-keeper.

Sæpiſſimè duo Subſtantiva; ut,
Hand-ker-chief, Rain bow, Eye-ſore, Table-napkin, Head-ach, κεφαλαλγία.

Subſtantivum cum verbo; ut,
Wood-bind.

Pronomen cum Subſtantivo; ut,
Self-love, φιλαυτία. ſelf-freedom, αὐτονομία.

Verbum cum Subſtantivo; ut,
A Puff-cheek, φυσιγνάθος, Draw-well, Draw-bridge.

Adjectivum cum Subſtantivo; ut,
New-ton, νεάπολις. Handi-craft, χειροτεχνία.

Adverbium cum Subſtantivo; ut,
Down-fall.

Adverbium cum Participio; ut,
Up-riſing, down-lying.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our *Engliſh* Speech we number the ſame Parts with the *Latins*.

Noun,	*Adverb,*
Pronoun,	*Conjunction,*
Verb,	*Præpoſition,*
Participle,	*Interjection.*

Only we add a Ninth, which is the *Article*: And that is two fold;

Finite, *i. e.* relating to both Numbers; as, *The.*
Infinite, relating only to the *Singular*; as, *A.*

The *Finite* is ſet before *Nouns Appellatives*; as,

The Horſe, *the* Horſes;
The Tree, *the* Trees.

Proper Names and *Pronouns* refuſe *Articles*, except for *Emphaſis* ſake; as,

The Henry *of* Henries,
The only *He of the* Town.

Where *He* ſtands for a *Noun*, and ſignifies *Man*.

The *Infinite* hath a power of declaring, and deſigning uncertain, or infinite things; as,

A man, *A* houſe: not *A* men, *A* houſes.

This *Article A* anſwers to the *German Ein*, or the *French* or *Italian Articles*, deriv'd from *one*, not *Numeral*, but *Præpoſitive*; as,

A *Houſe*, Ein *Houſe. Ger.*
Un *Maiſon. French.*
Una *Caſa. Italian.*

The is put to both Numbers, and anſwers to the *Dutch Article*, *Der, die, das.* Save that it admits no inflection.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of the Noun.

ALl *Nouns* are Words of *Number*; *Singular*, or *Plural*.

They are { *Common*, *Proper*, *Perſonal*, } And are all { *Subſtantive*; or, *Adjective*.

Their Accidents are,

Gender, *Caſe*, *Declenſion*.

Of the *Genders* there are ſix. *Firſt*, the

1. Maſculine. *Maſculine*, which comprehendeth all *Males*, or what is underſtood under a *Maſculine ſpecies*: as *Angels*, *Men*, *Stars*: and (by *Proſopopœia*) the *Months*, *Winds*, almoſt all the *Planets*.

Second, The *Feminine*, which compri-

2. Feminine. ſeth *Women*, and *Female ſpecies*:

Iſlands, *Countries*, *Cities*.

and ſome Rivers with us; as,

Severn, *Avon*, &c.

3. Neuter. Third, The *Neuter*, or *feigned Gender*: whoſe Notion conceives neither *Sex*; under which are compriz'd all *inanimate* things; a *Ship* excepted: of whom we ſay, *She ſails* well, though the Name be *Hercules*, or *Henry*, or the *Prince*. As *Terence* call'd his Comedy *Eunuchus*, *per vocabulum Artis*.

Fourth, The *Promiſcuous*, or *Epicene*, which

4. Epicene. underſtands both Kinds: eſpecially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *Horſes*, and *Dogs*, in the *Maſculine*, though there be *Bitches* and *Mares* amongſt them. So to *Fowls*, for the moſt part, we uſe the *Feminine*; as of *Eagles*, *Hawks*, we ſay, *She flies well*; and call them *Geeſe*, *Ducks*, and *Doves*, which they fly at, not diſtinguiſhing the Sex.

Fifth, The *Common*, or rather *Doubtful*

5. Doubtful. *Gender*, we uſe often, and with elegance; as in

Couſin, *Goſſip*, *Friend*, *Neighbour*, *Enemy*, *Servant*, *Thief*, &c. including both Sexes.

6. Common of Three. The Sixth is, the *Common of Three Genders*; by which a *Noun* is divided into *Subſtantive* and *Adjective*. For a *Subſtantive* is a *Noun* of one only *Gender*, or (at the moſt) of two: And an *Adjective* is a *Noun* of three *Genders*, being always *infinite*.

CHAP. XI.

Of the Diminution *of* Nouns.

THe common Affection of *Nouns* is *Diminution*. A *Diminutive* is a *Noun* noting the *diminution* of his *Primitive*.

The *diminution* of *Subſtantives* hath theſe four divers Terminations:

El. *Part*, *parcel*; *Cock*, *Cockerel*.
Et. *Capon*, *Caponet*; *Poke*, *Poket*; *Baron*, *Baronet*.
Ock. *Hill*, *Hillock*; *Bull*, *Bullock*.
Ing. *Gooſe*, *Goſling*; *Duck*, *Duckling*.

So from the *Adjective*, *Dear*, *Darling*.

Many *Diminutives* there are, which rather be abuſions of Speech, than any proper *Engliſh* Words. And ſuch for the moſt part are *Mens* and *Womens Names*: Names which are ſpoken in a kind of flattery, eſpecially among familiar Friends and Lovers; as,

Richard, *Dick*; *William*, *Will*;
Margery, *Madge*; *Mary*, *Mal*.

Diminution of *Adjectives* is in this one end, *iſh*; as,

White, *whitiſh*; *green*, *greeniſh*.

After which manner certain *Adjectives of Likeneſs* are alſo formed from their *Subſtantives*; as,

Devil, *deviliſh*; *Thief*, *thieviſh*;
Colt, *coltiſh*; *Elf*, *elviſh*.

Some *Nouns* ſteal the form of *Diminution*, which neither in ſignification ſhew it, nor can derive it from a *Primitive*; as,

Gibbet, *Doublet*, *peeviſh*.

CHAP. XII.

Of Compariſons.

THeſe then are the *Common Affections*, both of *Subſtantives* and *Adjectives*: there follow certain other, not general to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The *Proper Affection* therefore of *Adjectives* is *Compariſon*; of which, after the *Poſitive*, there be two Degrees reckoned, namely, the *Comparative*, and the *Superlative*.

The *Comparative* is a Degree declared by the *Poſitive*, with this Adverb *more*; as,

Wiſer, or *more wiſe*.

The *Superlative* is declared by the *Poſitive*, with this Adverb *moſt*; as,

Wiſeſt, or *moſt wiſe*.

Both which Degrees are formed of the *Poſitive*: the *Comparative*, by putting to *er*; the *Superlative*, by putting to *eſt*; as in theſe Examples:

Learned, *learneder*, *learnedeſt*.
Simple, *ſimpler*, *ſimpleſt*.
True, *truer*, *trueſt*.
Black, *blacker*, *blackeſt*.

From this General Rule a few Special Words are excepted; as,

Good, *better*, *beſt*.
Ill or *bad*, *worſe*, *worſt*.
Little, *leſs*, *leaſt*.
Much, *more*, *moſt*.

Many Words have no Compariſon; as,

Reverend, *Puiſſant*,
Victorious, *Renowned*.

Others have both Degrees, but lack the *Poſitive*; as,

Former, *foremoſt*.

Some are formed of Adverbs; as,

Wiſely, *wiſelier*, *wiſelieſt*.
Juſtly, *juſtlier*, *juſtlieſt*.

Certain *Comparatives* form out of themſelves; as,

Leſs, *leſſer*.
Worſe, *worſer*.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Firſt Declenſion.

AND thus much concerning the *Proper Affection of Adjectives*: The *Proper Affection of Subſtantives* followeth; and that conſiſteth in Declining.

A Declenſion is the varying of a Noun Subſtantive into divers Terminations. Where, beſides the *Abſolute*, there is, as it were, a *Genitive Caſe*, made in the Singular Number, by putting to *s*.

Of *Declenſions* there be two kinds: the firſt maketh the Plural of the Singular, by adding thereto *s*; as,

Tree, *Trees*.
Thing, *things*.
Steeple, *Steeples*.

So with *s*, by reaſon of the near affinity of theſe two Letters, whereof we have ſpoken before:

Park, *Parks*; *Buck*, *Bucks*;
Dwarf, *Dwarfs*; *Path*, *Paths*.

And in this *Firſt Declenſion*, the *Genitive Plural* is all one with the *Plural abſolute*; as,

Singular. { *Father*. / *Father*. } Plur. { *Fathers*. / *Fathers*. }

General

General Exceptions.

To the *Genitive Cases* of all *Nouns* denoting a *Poſſeſſor*, is added *'s* with an *Apoſtrophe*, thereby to avoid the groſs *Syntax* of the *Pronoun his* joining with a *Noun*; as, *The Emperor's Court, The General's Valour*; not *The Emperor* his *Court*, &c.

Many *Monoſyllables* containing a *Diphthong*, never take *s* in the Plural Number, but only change their *Diphthongs*, retaining their laſt *Conſonant*, or one of like force; as,

Mouſe, Mice; *Louſe, Lice*;
Gooſe, Geeſe; *Foot, Feet*;
Tooth, Teeth.

Exception of Number. Some *Nouns* of the *Firſt Declenſion* lack the *Plural*; as,

Reſt, Gold, Silver, Bread.

Other the *Singular*; as,

Riches, Goods.

Many being in their principal ſignification *Adjectives*, are here declined, and in the *Plural* ſtand in ſtead of *Subſtantives*; as,

Other, others; *One, ones*;
Hundred, hundreds; *Thouſand, thouſands*;
Neceſſary, neceſſaries: and ſuch like.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Second Declenſion.

THe *Second Declenſion* formeth the *Plural* from the *Singular*, by putting to *n*: which notwithſtanding it have not ſo many *Nouns* as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficulty, by reaſon of ſundry Exceptions, that cannot eaſily be reduced to one general Head. Of this former is,

Ox, Oxen.

Exceptions. *Man*, and *Woman*, by a contraction make *Men* and *Women*, in ſtead of *Manen* and *Womenen*. *Cow* makes *Kine*: *Brother*, for *Bretheren*, hath *Bretbren*: *Child* formeth the *Plural* by adding *r* beſides the Root; for we ſay not *Childen*, which, according to the Rule given before, is the right formation; but *Children*, becauſe that ſound is more pleaſant to the Ears.

Here the *Genitive Plural* (denoting the *Poſſeſſor*) is made by adding *'s* unto the *Abſolute*; as,

Sing. {*Child*, *Child's*,} Plur. {*Children*, *Children's*.}

Exceptions from both *Declenſions*. Some *Nouns* (according to the different Dialects of ſeveral Parts of the Country) have the *Plural* of both *Declenſions*; as,

Houſe, Houſes, and *Houſen*.
Eye, Eyes, and *Eyen*.
Shooe, Shooes, and *Shooen*.

CHAP. XV.

Of Pronouns.

A Few irregular *Nouns*, varying from the general Precepts, are commonly termed *Pronouns*: whereof the firſt four, inſtead of the *Genitive*, have an *Accuſative* Caſe; as,

I, *Me*, Plur. *We*. *Us*. — *Thou*, *Thee*, Plur. *You*, or *Ye*.

He, She, That, all three make in the Plural, *They, Them*.

Four *Poſſeſſives*: *My*, or *Mine*: Plural, *Our, ours*. *Thy, Thine*: Plural, *Your, Yours*. *His, Hers*, both in the Plural making *Their, Theirs*.

The *Demonſtratives*: *This*: Plural, *Theſe*. *That*: Plural, *Thoſe*. *Yon*, or *yonder* ſame.

Three *Interrogatives*, whereof one requiring both *Genitive* and *Accuſative*, and taken for a Subſtantive: *Who? Whoſe? Whom?* The other two *Infinite*, and Adjectively uſed, *What, Whether*.

Two *Articles*, in Gender and Number Infinite, which the *Latins* lack: *A, The*.

One *Relative*, *Which*: One other ſignifying a Reciprocation, *Self*: Plural, *Selves*.

Compoſition of *Pronouns* is more common:

My-ſelf, our-ſelves.
Thy-ſelf, your-ſelves.
Him-ſelf, *Her-ſelf*, *It-ſelf*, } Plural, *Them-ſelves.*

This ſame, that-ſame, yon-ſame, yonder ſame, ſelf-ſame.

CHAP. XVI.

Of a Verb.

HItherto we have declared the whole *Etymology* of *Nouns*; which in eaſineſs, and ſhortneſs, is much to be preferred before the *Latins* and the *Grecians*. It remaineth with like brevity, if it may be, to proſecute the *Etymology* of a *Verb*. A *Verb* is a Word of Number, which hath both *Time* and *Perſon*. *Time* is the difference of a *Verb*, by the *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*, or *to come*. A *Verb finite* therefore hath three only *Times*, and thoſe always *imperfect*.

The firſt is the *preſent*; as,
Amo, Love.
The ſecond is the *Time paſt*; as,
Amabam, loved.
The third is the *future*; as,
Ama, amato: Love, love.
The other *Times* both *imperfect*; as,
Amem, amarem, amabo.
And alſo *perfect*; as,
Amavi, amaverim, amaveram,
Amaviſſem, amavero,
we uſe to expreſs by a *Syntax*, as ſhall be ſeen in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *preſent*, and is the ſame always with it.

Of this *future* ariſeth a *Verb infinite*, keeping the ſame Termination: as likewiſe of the *preſent*, and the *Time paſt*, are formed the *Participle preſent*, by adding of *ing*; as
Love, loving.
The other is all one with the *Time paſt*.

The *Paſſive* is expreſſed by a *Syntax*, like the *Times* going before, as hereafter ſhall appear.

A *Perſon* is the ſpecial difference of a *verbal* Number, whereof the *preſent*, and the *Time paſt*, have in every Number three.

The ſecond and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent are made of the firſt, by adding *eſt*, and *eth*; which laſt is commonly ſhortned to *s*.

The *Time paſt* is varied, by adding in like manner in the ſecond *Perſon* Singular *eſt*, and making the third like unto the firſt.

The *Future* hath but only two *Perſons*, the ſecond and third, ending both alike.

The *Perſons* Plural keep the Termination of the firſt *Perſon* Singular. In former times, till about the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, they were wont to be formed by adding *en*; thus,

Loven, ſayen, complainen:

But now (whatſoever is the cauſe) it hath quite grown out of uſe, and that other ſo generally prevailed, that I dare not preſume to ſet this afoot again: Albeit, (to tell you my opinion) I am perſuaded, that the lack hereof well conſidered, will be found a great blemiſh to our Tongue. For, ſeeing *Time* and *Perſon* be, as it were, the Right and Left-hand of a *Verb*, what can the maiming bring elſe, but a Lameneſs to the whole Body?

And by reaſon of theſe two Differences, a *Verb* is divided two manner of ways.

Firſt, In reſpect of *Perſons*, it is called *Perſonal*, or *Impersonal*.

Perſonal, which is varied by three Perſons; as,

Love, loveſt, loveth.

Impersonal, which only hath the third Perſon; as,

Behoveth, irketh.

Secondly, In conſideration of the *Times*, we term it *Active*, or *Neuter*.

Active, whoſe Participle paſt may be joined with the Verb *am*; as,

I am loved, Thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be ſo coupled; as,

Pertain, Die, Live.

This therefore is the general forming of a *Verb*, which muſt to every ſpecial one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Firſt Conjugation.

THe varying of a *Verb* by *Perſons* and *Times*, both *finite* and *infinite*, is termed a *Conjugation*: Whereof there be two ſorts. The firſt fetcheth the *Time paſt* from the *preſent*, by adding *ed*: and is thus varied.

Pr.	*Love, loveſt, loveth.*	Pl.	*Love, love, love.*
Pa.	*Loved, loved'ſt, loved.*	Pl.	*Loved, loved, loved.*
Fu.	*Love, love.*	Pl.	*Love, love.*
	Inf.		*Love.*
	Part. pr.		*Loving.*
	Part. paſt.		*Loved.*

Verbs are oft-times ſhortned; as,

Sayeſt, ſaiſt; would, wou'd;
ſhould, ſhou'd; holpe, ho'pe.

But this is more common in the leaving out of *e*; as,

Loved'ſt, for *lovedeſt*;
Rubbed, rubb'd; tookeſt, took'ſt.

Exception of the *Time paſt*, for *ed*, have *d* or *t*; as,

Licked, lick'd; leaved, left;
Gaped, gap'd; bluſhed, bluſh'd.

Some *Verbs* ending in *d*, for avoiding the concourſe of too many Conſonants, do caſt it away; as,

Lend, lent; ſpend, ſpent; gird, girt.

Make, by a rare contraction, is here turned into *made*. Many *Verbs* in the *time paſt* vary not at all from the *preſent*: ſuch are

Caſt, hurt, coſt, burſt, &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Second Conjugation.

ANd ſo much for the *Firſt Conjugation*, being indeed the moſt uſual Forming of a *Verb*, and thereby alſo the common Inn to lodge every ſtrange and foreign Gueſt. That which followeth, for any thing I can find, (though I have with ſome diligence ſearched after it) entertaineth none but natural and home-born Words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are ſo divers and uncertain, that they need much the ſtamp of ſome good *Logick*, to beat them into proportion. We have ſet down that, that in our Judgment agreeth beſt with Reaſon and good Order. Which, notwithſtanding, if it ſeem to any to be too rough-hewed, let him plane it out more ſmoothly, and I ſhall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my Country, moſt heartily thank him for ſo great a Benefit; hoping that I ſhall be thought ſufficiently to have done my part, if in tolling this Bell, I may draw others to a deeper conſideration of the matter: For, touching my ſelf, I muſt needs confeſs, that after much painful Churning, this only would come, which here we have deviſed.

The *Second Conjugation* therefore turneth the *preſent* into the *Time paſt*, by the only change of his Letters, namely, of *Vowels* alone, or *Conſonants* alſo.

Verbs changing *Vowels* only, have no certain Termination of the *Participle paſt*, but derive it as well from the *preſent*, as the *Time paſt*: and that other-while differing from either, as the Examples following do declare.

The change of *Vowels* is, either of *ſimple Vowels*, or of *Diphthongs*; whereof the firſt goeth by the order of *Vowels*, which we alſo will obſerve.

An *a* is turned into *oo*.

Preſ.	*Shake, ſhakeſt, ſhaketh.*	Pl.	*Shake, ſhake, ſhake.*
Paſt.	*Shook, ſhookeſt, ſhook.*	Pl.	*Shook, ſhook, ſhook.*
Fut.	*Shake, ſhake.*	Pl.	*Shake, ſhake.*
	Inf.		*Shake.*
	Part. pre.		*Shaking.*
	Part. pa.		*Shaken.*

This form do the *Verbs*, *take*, *wake*, *forſake*, and *hang*, follow; but *hang* in the *Time paſt* maketh *hung*, not *hangen*.

Hereof the *Verb am* is a ſpecial Exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *Am, art, is.* Pl. *Are, are, are*; or, *Be, be, be*, of the unuſed word, *Be, beeſt, beeth*, in the Singular.

Paſt. *Was, waſt, was*; or, *Were, wert, were.* Pl. *Were, were, were.*

Fut. *Be, be.* Plur. *Be, be.*

Inf. *Be.*

Part. pr. *Being.*

Part. paſt. *Been.*

Ea caſteth away *a*, and maketh *e* ſhort:

Pr. *Lead.* Paſt. *Led.* Part. pa. *Led.*

The reſt of the *Times* and *Perſons*, both Singular and Plural, in this and the other *Verbs* that follow, becauſe they jump with the former Examples and Rules in every point, we have choſen rather to omit, than to thruſt in needleſs Words.

Such are the *Verbs*, *eat*, *beat*, (both making *Participles paſt*; beſides *eet* and *bet*, or *eaten* and *beaten*) *ſpread, dread, ſweat, tread.*

Then *a*, or *o*, indifferently;

Pr. *Break.*
Paſt. *Brake*, or *broke.*
Par. pa. *Broke*, or *broken.*

Hither belong, *ſpeak, ſwear, tear, cleave, wear, ſteal, bear, ſhear, weave.* So, *get*, and *help.*

i is changed into *a*.

Pr. *Give.*
Paſt. *Gave.*
Par. pa. *Given.*

So *bid*, and *ſit.*

And here ſometimes *i* is turned into *a* and *o* both.

Pr. *Win.*
Paſt. *Wan*, or *Won.*
Par. pa. *Won.*

Of this ſort are *ſling, ring, wring, ſing, ſting, ſtick, ſpin, ſtrick, drink, ſink, ſpring, begin, ſtink, ſhrink, ſwing, ſwim.*

Secondly, *Verbs* that have *ee*, loſe one; as,

Pr. *Feed.*
Paſt. *Fed.*
Par. pa. *Fed.*

Alſo *meet, breed, bleed, ſpeed.*

Or change them into *o*; as,

Pr. *Seeth.*
Paſt. *Sod.*
Par. pa. *Sod*, or *ſodden.*

Laſtly, into *aw*; as,

Pr. *See.*
Paſt. *Saw.*
Par. pa. *Seen.*

O hath

O hath *a*.
Pr. *Come.*
Paſt. *Came.*
Par. pa. *Come.*
And here it may beſides keep his proper *Vowel.*
Pr. *Run.*
Paſt. *Ran*, or *Run.*
Par. pa. *Run.*
oo maketh *o*.
Pr. *Chooſe.*
Paſt. *Choſe.*
Par. pa. *Choſen.*
And one more, *Shoot*, *ſhot*; in the *Participle paſt*, *Shot*, or *ſhotten.*
Some pronounce the *Verbs* by the *Diphthong ew*, *Chewſe*, *ſhewt*; and that is *Scottiſh* like.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Third Conjugation.

THe Change of *Diphthongs* is of *ay*, *y*, *aw*, and *ow*: All which are changed into *ew*.

ay. Pr. *Slay.* Paſt. *Slew.* Par. pa. *Slain.*
y. Pr. *Fly.* Paſt. *Flew.* Par. pa. *Flown.*
aw. Pr. *Draw.* Paſt. *Drew.* Par. pa. *Drawn.*
ow. Pr. *Know.* Paſt. *Knew.* Par. pa. *Known.*

This laſt Form cometh oftner than the three former; as, *ſnow*, *grow*, *throw*, *blow*, *crow.*
Secondly, Some *Verbs* in *ite* or *ide*, loſe *e*; as,
Pr. *Bite.* Paſt. *Bit.* Par. pa. *Bit*, or *bitten.*
Likewiſe, *hide*, *quite*, make *hid*, *quit.*
So, *Shine*, *ſtrive*, *thrive*, change *i* into *o* in the *Time paſt*; as, *Shone*, *ſtrove*, *throve.*
And, as *i* ſeverally frameth either *e* or *o*; ſo may it jointly have them both.
Pr. *Riſe.*
Paſt. *Riſe*, or *roſe.*
Par. pa. *Riſe*, or *riſen.*
To this kind pertain, *Smite*, *write*, *bide*, *ride*, *climb*, *drive*, *chide*, *ſtride*, *ſlide*; which make *ſmit*, *writ*, *bid*, *rid*, *climb*, *drive*, *chid*, *ſtrid*, *ſlid*; or *ſmote*, *wrote*, *bode*, *rode*, *clomb*, *drove*, *chod*, *ſtrod*, *ſlod.*
Thirdly, *i* is ſometimes changed into the *Diphthongs ay* and *ow*; as
ay. Pr. *Lie.* Paſt. *Lay.* Par. pa. *Lien*, or *lain.*
ow. Pr. *Find.* Paſt. *Found.* Par. pa. *Found.*
So, *Bind*, *grind*, *wind*, *fight*, make *bound*, *ground*, *wound*, *fought.*
Laſt of all, *aw* and *ow* do both make *e*.
e. Pr. *Fall.* Paſt. *Fell.* Par. pa. *Fallen.*
Such is the *Verb*, *Fraught*; which *Chaucer* in the *Man of Law's Tale*:
This Merchants have done, freight their Ships new.
o. Pr. *Hold.* Paſt. *Held.* Par. pa. *Held*, or *holden.*

Exceptions of the *Time paſt.*
Some that are of the *firſt Conjugation* only, have in the *Participle paſt*, beſides their own, the Form of the ſecond, and the third; as,
Hew, *hewed*, and *hewn.*
Mow, *mowed*, and *mowen.*
Load, *loaded*, and *loaden.*

CHAP. XX.

Of the Fourth Conjugation.

VErbs that convey the *Time paſt* for the *preſent*, by the change both of *Vowels* and *Conſonants*, following the Terminations of the *firſt Conjugation*, end in *d*, or *t*.
Pr. *Stand.*
Pa. *Stood.*
Such are theſe Words,
Pr. *Will*, *wilt*, *will.*
Pa. *Would*, *wouldeſt*, *would.*
Fut. *Will*, *will.*
The *Infinite Times* are not uſed.
Pr. *Can*, *canſt*, *can.*
Pa. * *Cold*, or *could.*
Fut. *Shall*, *ſhalt*, *ſhall.*
Pa. *Should.*
* An old *Engliſh* word, for which now we commonly uſe *ſhall.*
The other *Times* of either *Verb* are lacking.
Pr. *Hear.*
Pa. *Heard.*
Pr. *Sell.*
Pa. *Sold.*
So *tell*, *told.*
Of the other ſort are theſe, and ſuch like;
Pr. *Feel.*
Pa. *Felt.*
So, *creep*, *ſleep*, *weep*, *keep*, *ſweep*, *mean.*
Pr. *Teach.*
Pa. *Taught.*
To this Form belong, *think*, *retch*, *ſeek*, *reach*, *catch*, *bring*, *work*; and *buy* and *owe*, which make *bought* and *ought.*
Pr. *Dare*, *dareſt*, *dare.*
Pa. *Durſt*, *durſt*, *durſt.*
Pr. *May*, *mayſt*, *may.*
Pa. *Might*, *mighteſt*, *might.*
Theſe two *Verbs* want the other *Times.*
A general Exception from the former Conjugations. Certain *Verbs* have the Form of either Conjugation; as,
Hang, *hanged*, and *hung.*
So, *cleave*, *ſhear*, *ſting*, *climb*, *catch*, &c.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Adverbs.

THus much ſhall ſuffice for the *Etymology* of *Words* that have Number, both in a *Noun* and a *Verb*: whereof the former is but ſhort and eaſie; the other longer, and wrapped with a great deal more difficulty. Let us now proceed to the *Etymology* of Words without Number.
A *Word* without Number is that which without his principal Signification noteth not any Number. Whereof there be two kinds, an *Adverb*, and a *Conjunction.*
An *Adverb* is a Word without Number, that is joined to another Word; as,
Well-*learned.*
He fighteth valiantly.
He diſputeth very ſubtlely.
So that an *Adverb* is as it were an *Adjective* of *Nouns*, *Verbs*, yea, and *Adverbs* alſo themſelves.
Adverbs are either of *Quantity* or *Quality.* Of *Quantity*, as, *Enough*, *too-much*, *altogether.*

Adverbs of *Quality* be of divers ſorts:
Firſt, Of *Number*; as, *Once, twice, thrice.*
Secondly, Of *Time*; as, *To day, yeſterday, then, By and by, ever, when.*
Thirdly, Of *Place*; as, *Here, there, where, yonder.*
Fourthly, In Affirmation, or Negation; as, *I, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.*
Fifthly, In Wiſhing, Calling, and Exhorting:
Wiſhing; as, O, *if.*
Calling; as, *Ho, Sirrah.*
Exhorting; as, *So, ſo; there, there.*
Sixthly, In Similitude and Likeneſs; as, *So, even ſo, likewiſe, even as.*

To this place pertain all *Adverbs* of *Quality* whatſoever, being formed from *Nouns*, for the moſt part, by adding *ly*; as, *Juſt, juſtly; True, truly; Strong, ſtrongly; Name, namely.*

Here alſo *Adjectives*, as well *poſitive* as *compared*, ſtand for *Adverbs*: *When he leaſt thinketh, ſooneſt ſhall he fall.*

Interjections, commonly ſo termed, are in right *Adverbs*, and therefore may juſtly lay title to this room. Such are theſe that follow, with their like; as, *Ah, alas, woe, fie, tuſh, ha, ha, he.*

ſt, a Note of Silence: *Rr*, that ſerveth to ſet Dogs together by the Ears: *Hrr*, to chaſe away Birds.

Prepoſitions are alſo a peculiar kind of *Adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepoſitions* are *ſeparable* or *inſeparable.*

Separable are for the moſt part of *Time* and *Place*; as, *Among, according, without, Afore, after, before, behind, Under, upon, beneath, over, Againſt, beſides, near.*

Inſeparable Prepoſitions are they which ſignifie nothing, if they be not compounded with ſome other Word; as, *Re, un*, in *Releaſe, unlearned.*

CHAP. XXII.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a Word without Number, knitting divers Speeches together; and is *declaring*, or *reaſoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the Parts of a Sentence: And that again is *gathering*, or *ſeparating*. *Gathering*, whereby the Parts are affirmed to be true together; which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the Parts are ſeverally affirmed; as, *And, alſo, neither.*

Conditioning, by which the Part following dependeth, as true, upon the Part going before; as, *If, unleſs, except.*

A *ſeparating Conjunction* is that whereby the Parts (as being not true together) are ſeparated; and is *Severing*, or, *Sundring.*

Severing, when the Parts are ſeparated only in a certain reſpect or reaſon; as, *But, although, notwithſtanding.*

Sundring, when the Parts are ſeparated indeed, and truly, ſo as more than one cannot be true; as, *Either, whether, or.*

Reaſoning Conjunctions are thoſe which conclude one of the Parts by the other; whereof ſome render a Reaſon, and ſome do infer.

Rendring are ſuch as yield the Cauſe of a Thing going before; as, *For, becauſe.*

Inferring, by which a Thing that cometh after, is concluded by the former; as, *Therefore, wherefore, So that, inſomuch that.*

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Of SYNTAX.

CHAP. I.

Of Apoſtrophus.

AS yet we have handled *Etymology*, and all the Parts thereof. Let us come to the conſideration of the *Syntax*.

Syntax is the ſecond Part of *Grammar*, that teacheth the Conſtruction of Words; whereunto *Apoſtrophus*, an affection of words coupled, and joyned together, doth belong.

The *Latins* & *Hebrews* have none.

Apoſtrophus is the rejecting of a Vowel from the beginning, or ending of a Word. The note whereof, tho' it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right ſhould, and of the learneder ſort hath his Sign and Mark, which is ſuch a *Semi-circle* (') placed in the top.

In the end a Vowel may be caſt away, when the word next following beginneth with another: as

Th' outward Man decayeth:
So th' inward Man getteth ſtrength.
If y' utter ſuch words of pure love and friendſhip,
What then may we look for, if y' once begin to hate?

Gower lib. 1. de confeſſ. Amant.

If thou 'rt of his company, tell forth, my Son,
It is time t' awake from ſleep.

Vowels ſuffer alſo this *Apoſtrophus* before the Conſonant *b*.

Chaucer in the 3. Book of *Troilus.*

For of Fortunes ſharp adverſity,
The worſt kind of infortune is this:
A Man t' have been in proſperity,
And it to remember when it paſſed is.

The firſt kind then is common with the *Greeks*; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it be not of any, that I know, either in Writing, or Printing, uſually expreſs'd: Yet conſidering that in our common Speech, nothing is more familiar, (upon the which all Precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can juſtly blame me, if, as near as I can, I follow Nature's call.

This rejecting therefore, is both in Vowels and Conſonants going before,

Gower, lib. 4. *There is no Fire, there is no Spark,*
There is no Dore, which may chark.

Who anſwered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuſe ſeem'd to be very ſore diſpleaſed with the Matter, that his Men of War had done it without his Commandment or Conſent.

CHAP. II.

Of the Syntax *of one* Noun *with another.*

Syntax appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want, and ſuperfluity of any Part of Speech are two general and common Exceptions. Of the former kind of *Syntax* is that of a Noun; and Verb.

The *Syntax* of a Noun, with a Noun, is in *Number* and *Gender*; as

Eſau *could not obtain his Fathers bleſſing, though* he *ſought it with Tears:*
Jeſabel *was a wicked woman, for* ſhe *ſlew the Lord's Prophets.*
An Idol *is no God, for* it *is made with hands.*

In all theſe Examples you ſee *Eſau*, and *he*; *Jezabel*, and *ſhe*; *Idol*, and *it*, do agree in the ſingular number. The firſt Example alſo in the Maſculine *Gender*: the ſecond in the *Feminine*: the third in the *Neuter*. And in this Conſtruction (as alſo throughout the whole Engliſh *Syntax*) order, and the placing of words is one ſpecial thing to be obſerved. So that when a Subſtantive and an Adjective, are immediately joined together, the Adjective muſt go before; as

Plato *ſhut Poets out of his Common-wealth, as* effeminate *Writers,* unprofitable *Members, and Enemies to Vertue.*

When two Subſtantives come together, whereof one is the name of a *Poſſeſſor*, the other of a thing *poſſeſſed*, then hath the Name of a *Poſſeſſor* the former Place, and that in the *Genitive*:

All Man's *righteouſneſs is like a defiled Cloth.*

Gower, lib. 1.

An Owl flieth by night,
Out of all other Birds *ſight.*

But if the thing *poſſeſs'd* go before, then doth the Preposition *of* come between:

Ignorance is the Mother of Errour.

Gower, lib.

So that it proveth well therefore
The ſtrength of Man *is ſome lore.*

Which Prepoſition may be coupled with the thing *poſſeſſed*, being in the *Genitive*.

Nott.

Nort. in Arſan.

A road made into Scanderbech's *Country by the* Duke of Myſia's *Men* : for, *the Men of the Duke of* Myſia.

Here the *abſolute* ſerveth ſometimes inſtead of a *Genitive* :

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteouſneſs ſake; *i. e. for the ſake* of Righteouſneſs.

Otherwiſe, two Subſtantives are joyned together by appoſition ; Sir *Thomas More* in King *Richard*'s Story: *George Duke* of *Clarence, was a Prince at all Points fortunate.* Where if both be the Names of *Poſſeſſors*, the latter ſhall be in the *Genitive.*

Fox *in the 2 Volume of Acts and Monuments:*
King Henry *the Eighth, married with the Lady* Katherine *his Brother, Prince* Arthur's, *Wife.*

The general Exceptions:

The *Subſtantive* is often lacking: *Sir Thomas More.*
Sometime without ſmall things, greater cannot ſtand: i. e. *Greater* things, *&c.*

The *Verb* is alſo often wanting :

Chaucer. *For ſome Folk woll be won for Riches,*
And ſome Folk for Strokes, and ſome Folk for Gentleneſs : Where, *woll be won* once expreſs'd, ſerves for the three Parts of the Sentence.

Likewiſe the *Adjective :*
It is hard *in proſperity to preſerve true Religion, true Godlineſs, and true Humility.*

Lidgate, lib. 8. ſpeaking of *Conſtantine,*
That whilome had the divination
As chief Monarch, chief Prince, and chief Preſident
Over all the World, from Eaſt to Occident.

In *Greek*, and *Latin* this want were barbarous: the *Hebrews* notwithſtanding uſe it.

But the more notable lack of the *Adjectives* is in the want of the *relative* ;
In the things, which we leaſt miſtruſt, the greateſt danger doth often lurk.
Gower, lib. 2.
For thy the wiſe-men ne demen
The things after that their they ſemen.
But, after that, which they know, and find.

Pſal. 118. 22. *The ſtone, the builders refuſed:* for, *which the builders refuſed.*

And here, beſides the common wanting of a Subſtantive, whereof we ſpake before; there is another more ſpecial, and proper to the *Abſolute*, and the *Genitive.*

Chaucer in the 3. Book of *Fame.*
This is the Mother of Tydings,
As the Sea is Mother of Wells, and is Mother of Springs.
Rebecca *cloathed* Jacob *with Garments of his Brothers.*

Superfluity alſo of Nouns is much uſed :

Sir Tho. More, *whoſe death King* Edward (*although he commanded it*) *when he wiſt it was done, pitiouſly bewailed it, and ſorrowfully repented it.*

Chaucer *in his Prologue to the Man of Law's tale.*
Such Law, as a Man yeveth another wight,
He ſhould himſelf uſen it by right.

Gower, lib. 1. *For, whoſo woll another blame,*
He ſeeketh oft his own ſhame.

Special Exceptions, and firſt of *Number.* Two Singulars are put for one Plural :

All Authority, *and* Cuſtom *of men, exalted againſt the word of God, muſt yield* themſelves *Priſoners.*

Gower. *In thine aſpect are* all *alich,*
The poor Man, *and eke the* rich.

The ſecond Perſon plural is for reverence ſake to one ſingular thing :

Gower, lib. 1. *O good* Father *dear,*
Why make ye *this heavy chear.*

Where alſo after a *Verb* plural, the ſingular of the Noun is retained: *I know* you are *a diſcreet, and faithful* Man, *and therefore am come to ask* your advice.

Exceptions of *Genders.*

The Articles *he*, and *it*, are uſed in each others *Gender.*

Sir Tho. More. *The ſouth Wind ſometime ſwelleth of* himſelf *before a Tempeſt.*

Gower of the Earth.
And for thy Men it *delve, and ditch,*
And earen it, *with ſtrength of Plough:*
Where it *hath of himſelf enough,*
So that his *need is leaſt.*

It, alſo followeth for the *Feminine* : Gower, lib. 4.
He ſwore it ſhould nought be let,
That, if ſhe have a Daughter bore,
That it *ne ſhould be forlore.*

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntax *of a* Pronoun *with a* Noun.

THe Articles *a*, and *the*, are joined to Subſtantives common, never to proper Names of Men : *William Lambert* in *the* Perambulation of *Kent.*

The *cauſe only, and not* the *death maketh* a *Martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name uſed by a *Metaphor*, or borrowed manner of Speech, both Articles may be coupled :

Who ſo avoucheth the manifeſt and known truth, ought not therefore to be called a *Goliah, that is a Monſter, and impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewel *againſt* Harding.
You have adventured your ſelf to be the *noble* David *to conquer this Giant.*

Nort. in Arſan. *And if ever it were neceſſary, now it is, when many* an Athanaſius, *many* an Atticus, *many* a *noble Prince, and godly Perſonage lyeth proſtrate at your Feet for ſuccour.*

Where this *Metaphor* is expounded. So, when the proper Name is uſed to note ones Parentage, which kind of Nouns the *Grammarians* call *Patronymicks* : Nort. in *Gabriel*'s Oration to *Scanderbech.*

For you know well enough the wiles of the *Ottomans.*
Perkin Warbeck, a *ſtranger born, feigned himſelf to be* a *Plantaginet.*

When a Subſtantive, and an Adjective are joined together, theſe Articles are put before the Adjective:

A *good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt.*

Gower, lib. 1. *For falſe ſemblant hath evermore*
Of his counſell in Company,
The *dark untrue Hypocriſie.*

Which Conſtruction in the Article, *A*, notwithſtanding ſome Adjectives will not admit :

Sir *Tho. More. Such* a *Serpent is ambition, and deſire of vain-glory.*

Chaucer. *Under* a *Shepherd falſe, and negligent,*
The Wolf hath many a *Sheep, and Lamb to rent.*

Moreover, both theſe Articles are joined to any Caſes of the *Latins*, the Vocative only excepted ; as

A *Man ſaith.* The *ſtrength of* a *Man.*
I ſent to a *Man. I hurt* a *Man.*
I was ſued by a *Man.*

Likewiſe, the *Apoſtle teſtifieth :* The *zeal of* the *Apoſtle* ; *Give ear to* the *Apoſtle* : *Follow* the *Apoſtle* : *Depart not from* the *Apoſtle.*

So that in theſe two Pronouns, the whole Conſtruction almoſt of the *Latins* is contained. *The*, agreeth to any Number : *A*, only to the Singular, ſave when it is joyned with thoſe Adjectives, which do of neceſſity require a Plural :

The *Conſcience is* a *thouſand Witneſſes.*

Lidgate, lib. 1.
Though for a *ſeaſon they ſit in high Chears,*
Their Fame ſhall fade within a *few years.*

A, goeth before Words beginning with Conſonants ; and before all Vowels, (*Diphthongs*, whoſe firſt Letter is *y.* or *w.* excepted) it is turn'd into *An :*

Sir

Sir Tho. More:

For Men uſe to write an *evil turn in marble Stone; but a good turn they write in the Duſt.*

Gower, lib. 1.

For all ſhall dye; and all ſhall paſs
As well a *Lyon, as* an *Aſs.*

So may it be alſo before *h.*

Sir Tho. More. *What miſchief worketh the proud enterprize of* an *high Heart?*

A, hath alſo the force of governing before a Noun:

Sir Tho. More:

And the Protector had layd to her for manner ſake, that ſhe was a Council *with the Lord* Haſtings *to deſtroy him.*

Chaucer, 2. Book of *Troilus:*

And on his way faſt homeward he ſped,
And Troylus *he found alone in Bed.*

Likewiſe, before the Participle preſent, *A, An* have the force of a *Gerund.*

Nort. in Arſan.

But there is ſome great tempeſt a *brewing towards us.*

Lidgate, lib. 7.

The King was ſlain, and ye did aſſent,
In a Forreſt an *hunting, when that he went.*

The Article, *The*, joined with the Adjective of a Noun proper may follow after the Subſtantive:

Chaucer. ——*Their Chaunticleer* the *fair*
Was wont, and eke his Wives to repair.

Otherwiſe it varieth from the common Rule. Again, this Article by a *Synecdoche* doth reſtrain a general, and common Name to ſome certain and ſpecial one:

Gower in his Prologue:

The Apoſtle *writeth unto us all,*
And ſaith, that upon us is fall
Th' end of the World: for Paul.

So by the *Philoſopher, Ariſtotle.* By the *Poet*, among the *Grecians, Homer*: with the *Latins, Virgil*, is underſtood.

This, and *that*, being Demonſtratives; and *what*, the Interrogative, are taken for Subſtantives:

Sir *John Cheek*, in his Oration to the Rebels:

To riſe for Religion: What *Religion taught you* that?

Chaucer, in the Reves Tale:

And this *is very ſooth, as I you tell.*

Aſcham, in his Diſcourſe of the Affairs of *Germany. A wonderful folly in a great Man himſelf, and ſome piece of miſery in a whole Common wealth, where Fools chiefly, and Flatterers, may ſpeak freely* what *they will; and good Men ſhall commonly be ſhent, if they ſpeak* what *they ſhould.*

What, alſo for an Adverb of *Partition:*

Lambert. *But now, in our Memory*, what *by decay of the Haven, and* what *by overthrow of Religious Houſe, and loſs of* Calice, *it is brought in a manner to miſerable nakedneſs and decay.*

In th' other Tongues, *quid, ti*, have not the force of Partition, nor *illud, cuivo*, of a Relative.

Chaucer. 3. Book of *Troilus:*

Then wot I well, ſhe might never fail
For to been holpen, what *at your Inſtance?*
What *at your other Friends Governance.*

That, is uſed for a *Relative:*

Sir *John Cheek. Sedition is an Apoſteam, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of Recovery; and corrupteth the whole Common-wealth, with the rotten fury*, that *it hath putrefied with.* For, *with which.*

They, and *thoſe*, are ſometimes taken, as it were, for Articles:

Fox, 2. Volume of *Acts*, &c.

That no kind of diſquietneſs ſhould be procured againſt them *of* Bern *and* Zurick.

Gower, lib. 2.

My Brother hath us all ſold
To them *of* Rome.——

The *Pronoun, Theſe*, hath a rare uſe being taken for an Adjective of ſimilitude: *It is, neither the part of an honeſt Man to tell* theſe *Tales: nor of a wiſe Man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5. *Lo, how* theſe *Princes proud, and retchleſs,*
Have ſhameful ends, which cannot live in peace.

Him, and *Them*, be uſed reciprocally for the Compounds, *himſelf, themſelves:*

Fox. *The Garriſon deſired, that they might depart with Bag and Baggage.*

Chaucer *in the Squires tale:*

So deep in Grain he dyed his Colours,
Right as a Serpent hideth him *under Flowers.*

His, their, and *theirs*, have alſo a ſtrange uſe; that is to ſay, being *Poſſeſſives*, they ſerve in ſtead of Primitives:

Chaucer: *And ſhortly ſo far forth this thing went,*
That my will, was his *wills Inſtrument.*

Which in *Latin* were a Soleciſm; for there we ſhould not ſay, *ſuæ voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipſius.*

Pronouns have not the Articles *a*, and *the*, going before; the *Relatives, which, ſelf*, and *ſame*, only excepted: The *ſame lewd cancred Carle, practiſeth nothing, but how he may overcome, and oppreſs the Faith of Chriſt, for the which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travel continually.*

The *Poſſeſſives, My, thy, our, your*, and *their*, go before words: as, *my Land: thy Goods*, and ſo in the reſt: *Mine, thine, ours, yours, hers*, and *theirs*, follow, as it were, in the *Genitive* Caſe: as *theſe Lands are mine, thine*, &c.

His, doth indifferently go before, or follow after: as his *Houſe is a fair one*; and, *this Houſe is* his.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Syntax *of* Adjectives.

Adjectives of Quality are coupled with *Pronouns* Accuſative Caſes:

Chaucer. *And he was wiſe, hardy, ſecret, and rich,*
Of theſe three Points, was none him lyeh.

Certain Adjectives include a *Partition: From the Head doth Life and Motion flow to the reſt of the Members.*

The Comparative agreeth to the Parts compared, by adding this *Preposition, than:* The *Latins* Comparative governeth an Ablative; their Superlative a Genitive plural. The *Greeks*, both Comparative, and Superlative hath a Genitive; but in neither Tongue is a Sign going between.

Chaucer, 3. *Book of Fame.*

What did this Æolus, but be
Took out his black trump of Braſs,
That blacker than *the Divel was.*

The Superlative is joyned to the Parts compared by this *Preposition*, of:

Gower, lib. 1. *Pride is* of *every miſs the prick:*
Pride is the worſt vice of *all wick.*

Jewel. *The Friendſhip of truth is beſt* of *all.*

Oftentimes both Degrees are expreſſed by theſe two Adverbs, *more*, and *moſt*: as *more excellent, moſt excellent.* Whereof the latter ſeemeth to have his proper Place in thoſe that are ſpoken in a certain kind of excellency, but yet without Compariſon: *Hector was a* moſt *valiant Man*; that is, *inter fortiſſimos.*

Furthermore, theſe Adverbs, *more*, and *moſt*, are added to the Comparative, and Superlative Degrees themſelves, which ſhould be before the Poſitive.

Sir Tho. More, *Foraſmuch as ſhe ſaw the Cardinal* more *readier to depart then the Remnant; For, not only the high dignity of the Civil Magiſtrate, but the* moſt *baſeſt Handicrafts are holy, when they are directed to the Honour of God.*

And, this is a certain kind of *Engliſh* Atticiſm, or eloquent Phraſe of Speech, imitating the manner of the moſt ancienteſt, and fineſt *Grecians*, who, for more *emphaſis*, and vehemencies ſake uſed ſo to ſpeak.

Poſitives

Poſitives are alſo joined with the Prepoſition, *of*, like the Superlative:

Elias *was the only Man* of *all the Prophets that was left alive.*

Gower, lib. 4. *The firſt point of ſlouth I call*
Lacheſs, and is the chief of *all.*

CHAP. V.

Of the Syntax *of a* Verb *with a* Noun.

HItherto we have declared the *Syntax* of a *Noun*: The *Syntax* of a *Verb* followeth, being either of a *Verb* with a *Noun*; or, of one *Verb* with another.

The *Syntax* of a *Verb* with a *Noun* is in *Number* and *Perſon*; as

I am content. You are miſ-inform'd.

Chaucer 2. *Book of Fame.*

For, as Flame is but lighted Smoke;
Right ſo is ſound ayr ybroke.

I my ſelf, and *your ſelves*, agree unto the firſt *Perſon*: *You, thou, it, thy ſelf, your ſelves*, to the ſecond: All other Nouns and Pronouns (that are of any *Perſon*) to the third: Again, *I, we, thou, he, ſhe, they, who*, do ever govern: unleſs it be in the *Verb, am*, that requireth the like Caſe after it, as is before it, *Me, us, the, her, them, him, whom*, are govern'd of the *Verb*. The reſt, which are Abſolute, may either govern, or be governed.

A *Verb imperſonal* in *Latin* is here expreſſed by an Engliſh *impersonal*, with this Article, *it*, going before: as *oportet*, it behoveth: *decet, it* becometh. General Exceptions:

The *Perſon* governing is oft underſtood by that went before: *True Religion glorifieth them that honour it; and is a Target unto them that are a Buckler unto it.*

Chaucer. *Womens Counſels brought us firſt to woe,*
And made Adam *from Paradiſe to go.*

But this is more notable, and alſo more common in the *future*; wherein for the moſt Part we never expreſs any Perſon, not ſo much as at the firſt:

Fear God, Honour the King.

Likewiſe the *Verb* is underſtood by ſome other going before:

Nort. in Arſan.

When the danger is moſt great, natural ſtrength moſt feeble, and divine aid moſt needful.

Certain Pronouns, governed of the *Verb*, do here abound. Sir *Thomas More. And this*, I ſay, *although* they *were not* abuſed, *as now* they be, *and ſo long have been, that* I fear *me ever* they will be.

Chaucer, 3. *Book of* Fame:

And as I wondred *me, ywis*
Upon this Houſe.

Idem in *Thisbe*:

She riſt *her up with a full dreary Heart:*
And in Cave with dreadful fate ſhe ſtart.

Special Exceptions.

Nouns ſignifying a multitude, though they be of the Singular Number, require a Verb *plural.*

Lidgate, lib. 2. *And wiſe Men rebearſen in ſentence*
Where Folk be drunken, there is no reſiſtance.

This exception is in other Nouns alſo very common; eſpecially when the *Verb* is joined to an Adverb or Conjunction: *It is prepoſterous to execute a Man, before he have been condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1.

Although a Man be wiſe himſelve,
Yet is the wiſdom more of twelve.

Chaucer:

Therefore I read you this counſel take,
Forſake Sin, ere Sin you forſake.

In this Exception of *Number*, the *Verb* ſometime agreeth not with the governing Noun of the *plural number*, as it ſhould, but with the Noun governed: as, *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtful, than profitable to the Owners.* After which manner the *Latins* alſo ſpeak: *omnia pontus erat.* The other ſpecial * Exception is not in uſe.

* Which notwithſtanding the *Hebrews* uſe very ſtrangely, *Kullain tazubu uboona, Job* 17. 10. All they return ye and come now.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Syntax *of a* Verb, *with a* Verb.

WHen two *Verbs* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the Infinite, and that with this Sign *to*, coming between; as *Good Men ought* to *joyn together in good things.*

But, *will, do, may, can, ſhall, dare*, (when it is in Tranſitive) *muſt* and *let*, when it ſignifieth a ſufferance, receive not the Sign:

Gower, *To God no Man* may *be fellow.*

This Sign ſet before an *Infinite*, not govern'd of a *Verb*, changeth it into the Nature of a Noun.

Nort. in Arſan. *To win is the benefit of Fortune: but to keep is the power of Wiſdom.*

General Exceptions.

The Verb governing is underſtood: *Nort. in Arſan. For if the Head, which is the Life, and ſtay of the Body, betray the Members, muſt not the Members alſo needs betray one another; and ſo the whole Body and Head go altogether to utter wreck and deſtruction?*

The other general Exception is * wanting.

* So in the *Greek* and *Latin*, but in *Hebrew* this Exception is often *Eſai.* 6. 9. which Hebraiſm the New Teſtament is wont to retain by turning the Hebrew *infinite*, either into a *verbal*, ἀκοῇ ἀκούσετε. *Matth.* 13. 14. or a Participle. ἰδὼν εἶδον. *Act.* 7. 34.

The Special Exception. Two Verbs, *have*, and *am*, require always a Participle *paſt* without any Sign: as, *I* am *pleaſed. Thou* art *hated.* Save when they import a neceſſity or conveniency of doing any thing: In which caſe they are very * eloquently joined to the *Infinite*, the Sign coming between: *By the example of* Herod, *all Princes* are *to take heed how they give ear to Flatterers.*

* A Phraſe proper unto our Tongue, ſave that the *Hebrews* ſeem to have the former. *Job* 20. 23. *When he is to fill his Belly.*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

Truth, and falſneſs in what they have *done,*
May no While aſſemble in one Perſon.

And here thoſe *Times*, which in *Etymology* we remembred to be wanting, are ſet forth by the *Syntax* of Verbs joined together. The *Syntax* of *imperfect* Times in this manner:

The Preſents by the *Infinite*, and the Verb, *may*, or *can*; as for *Amem Amarem*; *I* may *love, I* might *love.* And again; *I* can *love, I* could *love.*

The *futures* are declared by the *infinite*, and the *Verb, ſhall*, or *will*: as *Amabo: I* ſhall, or, will *love.*

Amavero addeth thereunto, *have*, taking the Nature of two divers *Times*; that is, of the *future*, and the *Time paſt.*

I ſhall have *loved*: or,
I will have *loved.*

The *perfect Times* are expreſſed by the Verb, *have*; as,

Amavi, Amaveram.
I have *loved, I* had *loved.*

Amaverim, and *Amaviſſem* add *might* unto the former Verb: as,

I might *have loved.*

The

The *infinite paſt*, is alſo made by adding, *have*; as,
Amaviſſe, *to* have *loved*.

Verbs *Paſſive* are made of the Participle *paſt*, and *am*, the *Verb*: *Amor*, and *Amabar*, by the only putting to of the *Verb*; as,
Amor, *I* am *loved*.
Amabar, *I was loved*.

Amer, and *Amarer*, have it governed of the Verb *may*, or *can*; as,
Amer, *I* may *be loved*: or, *I* can *be loved*.
Amarer, *I* might *be loved*; or, *I* could *be loved*.
In *Amabor*, it is governed of *ſhall*, or, *will*; as,
I ſhall, or, *will* be loved.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Syntax *of* Adverbs.

THis therefore is the *Syntax* of words, having *Number*, there remaineth that of words *without Number*, which ſtandeth in *Adverbs* or *Conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to ſay, *Adverbs* of *likeneſs*, for *Adverbs* of *Time*. As *he ſpake thoſe words, he gave up the Ghoſt*.

Gower, lib. 1.

Anone, as *he was meek, and tame,*
He found towards his God the ſame.

The like is to be ſeen in *Adverbs* of *Time*, and *Place*, uſed in each others ſtead, as among the *Latins*, and the *Grecians*.

Nort. in Arſan.
Let us not be aſhamed to follow the Counſel and Example of our Enemies, where *it may do us good*.

Adverbs ſtand inſtead of *Relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. 1.
And little worth is fairneſs in certain
In a Perſon, where *no Vertue is ſeen*.

Nort. to the Northern Rebels.
Few Women ſtorm againſt the marriage of Prieſts, but ſuch as *have been Prieſts Harlots, or fain would be.*

Chaucer in his Ballad.
But great God diſpoſeth,
And maketh caſual by his Providence
Such *things* as *frail Man purpoſeth*. For, *thoſe things*, which.

Certain *Adverbs* in the *Syntax* of a Subſtantive, and an Adjective meeting together, cauſe, *a*, the Article, to follow the Adjective.

Sir John Cheek: *O! with what ſpite was ſundred ſo Noble* a *Body, from ſo Godly* a *Mind.*

Jewell. *It is too light* a *labour to ſtrive for Names.*

Chaucer. *Thou art at eaſe, and hold thee well therein.*
As great a *praiſe is to keep well, as win.*

*Adjectives** compared, when they are uſed *Adverbially*, may have the Article *the* going before.

* The *Greek* Article is ſet before the Poſitive alſo: *Theocrit.* εἰδ. γ. πὺ ἰμὶν τὸ καλὸν πεπχαμένον.

Jewell. The *more inlarged is your liberty*, the *leſs cauſe have you to complain.*

Adverbs are wanting. *Sir* Tho. More. *And how far be they off that would help, as God ſend grace, they hurt not*; for, that *they hurt not*.

Oſtentimes they are uſed without any neceſſity, for greater vehemency ſake; as, Then-afterward, again, once more.

Gower. *He ſaw alſo the Bowes ſpread*
Above all Earth, in which were
The kind of all Birds there.

Prepoſitions are joined with the * Accuſative Caſes of *Pronouns*:

* In *Greek*, and in *Latin*, they are coupled; ſome, with one oblick Caſe; ſome with another.

Sir Thomas More. *I exhort, and require you*, for *the love that you have born* to *me*; *and*, for *the love that I have born* to *you*; *and* for *the love, that our Lord beareth* to *us all.*

Gower, lib. 12. *For* Lucifer, *with them that fell,*
Bare Pride with him into *Hell.*

They may alſo be coupled with the *Poſſeſſives*: *Mine, thine, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs. Nort.* to the Rebels. *Think you, her Majeſty, and the wiſeſt of the Realm, have no care of* their *own Souls, that have charge both of* their *own, and* yours?

Theſe * *Prepoſitions* follow ſometimes the Nouns they are coupled with: *God hath made Princes their Subjects Guides, to direct them in the way, which they have to walk in.*

* The *Hebrews* ſet them always before.

But, *ward* or *wards*; and, *toward*, or, *towards*, have the ſame *Syntax*, that *verſus*, and *adverſus*, have with the *Latins*: that is, the latter coming after the Noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily: *Nort.* in *Paul Angel's* Oration to *Scanderbech*. *For, his Heart being unclean to God*-ward, *and ſpiteful* towards *Men, doth always imagine miſchief.*

Lidgate, lib. 7.
And ſouth-ward *runneth to* Caucaſus,
And folk of Scythy, *that been laborious.*

Now, as before in two Articles, *a*, and *the*, the whole conſtruction of the *Latins*, was contain'd: ſo their whole reaction is by *Prepoſitions* near-hand declared: where the *Prepoſition of*, hath the force of the Genitive; *to*, of the Dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and ſuch like of the Ablative: as, *the praiſe* of *God*. *Be thankful* to *God*. *Take the Cock* of *the Hoop*. *I was ſaved* from *you*, by *you*, in *your Houſe*.

Prepoſitions matched with the * *Participle preſent*, ſupply the place of *Gerunds*: as, In *loving*, of *loving*, by *loving*, with *loving*, from *loving*, &c.

* The like nature in *Greek*, and *Hebrew* have *Prepoſitions* matched with the infinite, as ἐν τῷ ἀγαπᾶν.

Prepoſitions do alſo govern * *Adverbs*.

* This in *Hebrew* is very common: *from now*, that is, from this time, whence proceed thoſe Hebraiſms in the *New Teſtament*; ἀπὸ τότε, ἀπὸ τῦ νῦν, &c.

Lidgate, lib. 9. *Sent from above, as ſhe did underſtand.*

General Exceptions: Divers *Prepoſitions* are very often wanting, whereof it ſhall be ſufficient to give a taſte in thoſe, that above the reſt, are moſt worthy to be noted.

Of, in an Adjective of Partition:

Lidgate, lib. 5.
His Lieges eche one being of *one aſſent*
To live, and dye with him in his intent.

The Prepoſition, *touching*, *concerning*, or ſome ſuch like doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower. *The privities of Mans Heart*
They ſpeaken, and ſound in his Ear,
As though they loud Winds were.

Riches, and Inheritance, they be given by God's Providence, to whom of his Wiſdom he thinketh good: For, *touching* Riches and Inheritance; or ſome ſuch like *Prepoſition*.

If, is ſomewhat ſtrangely lacking:

Nort. in Arſan.

Unwiſe are they, that end their Matters with, Had I wiſt.

Lidgate, lib. 1. *For, ne were not this prudent Ordinance,*
Some, to obey, and above to gye
Deſtroyed were all worldly Policy.

The ſuperfluity of *Prepoſitions* is more rare: Jewel. *The whole Univerſity, and City of* Oxford.

Gower. *So that my Lord touchend of this,*
I have anſwered, how, that it is.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Syntax *of* Conjunctions.

THe *Syntax* of *Conjunctions* is in order only; *Neither*, and, *either*, are placed in the beginning of Words: *Nor*, and *or*, coming after. Sir *Thomas More*: *He can be no Sanctuary-man, that hath* neither *diſcretion to deſire it,* nor *malice to deſerve it.*

Sir John Cheeke. Either *by ambition you ſeek Lordlineſs, much unfit for you*; or *by covetouſneſs, ye be unſatiable, a thing likely enough in you*: or *elſe by folly, ye be not content with your Eſtate, a Fancy to be plucks out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2. *Wrong, clyming up of ſtates and degrees,*
Either *by murder*, or *by falſe Treaſons*
Asketh a fall, for their final guerdons.

Here, for *nor* in the latter Member, *ne* is ſometime uſed: *Lambert. But the Archbiſhop ſet himſelf againſt it, affirming plainly, that he* neither *could*, ne *would ſuffer it.*

The like *Syntax* is alſo to be marked in *ſo*, and *as*, uſed *comparatively*: for, when the *compariſon* is in *quantity*, then *ſo* goeth before, and *as* followeth. *Aſcham. He hateth himſelf, and haſteth his own hurt, that is content to bear none ſo gladly,* as *either a Fool or a Flatterer.*

Gower, lib. 1. *Men wiſt in thilk time none*
So *fair a wight*, as *ſhe was one.*

Sometime for *ſo*, *as* cometh in.

Chaucer, lib. 5. *Troil.*
And ſaid, I am, albeit to you no joy,
As *gentle a Man, as any wight in* Troy.

But if the *Compariſon* be in *quality*, then it is contrary: *Gower*;

For, as *the Fiſh*; *if it be dry*
Mote in default of Water dye:
Right ſo, without Air, or live,
No Man, ne Beaſt, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a ſentence, ſerveth inſtead of an Admiration: And, *what a notable Sign of patience was it in* Job, *not to murmur againſt the Lord!*

Chaucer, 3. Book of *Fame.*
What, quoth ſhe, and *be ye Wood!*
And, *wene ye for to do good,*
And, *for to have of that no Fame!*

Conjunctions of divers ſorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a *ſevering Conjunction*, for a *conditioning*:

Chaucer in the Man of Law's tale.
But *it were with the ilk eyen of his Mind,*
With which Men ſeen' after they been blind.

Sir Thomas More. *Which neither can they have*, but *you give it: neither can you give it, if ye agree not.*

The ſelf-ſame *Syntax* is in *And*, the *coupling Conjunction*; The Lord *Berners* in the Preface to his Tranſlation of *Froiſart*: *What knowledge ſhould we have of ancient things paſt*, and *Hiſtory were not.*

Sir John Cheek. *Ye have waxed greedy now upon Cities, and have attempted mighty ſpoils to glut up*, and *you could, your waſting hunger.*

On the other ſide, *for*, a Cauſe-renderer, hath ſometime the force of a *ſevering* one.

Lidgate, lib. 3. *But it may fall a Drewry in his right,*
To outrage a Giant for *all his great might.*

Here the two general Exceptions are termed, *Aſyndeton*, and *Polyſyndeton*. *Aſyndeton*, when the *Conjunction* wanteth: *The Univerſities of Chriſtendom are the Eyes, the Lights, the Leaven, the Salt, the ſeaſoning of the World.*

Gower. *To whom her Heart cannot heal,*
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal.

Here the *ſundring Conjunction*, *or*, is lacking; and in the former Example, *and*, the *coupler.*

Polyſyndeton is in doubling the *Conjunction* more than it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4. *So, whether that he frieze*, or *ſweat,*
Or *'tte be in*, or *'tte be out,*
He will be idle all about.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Diſtinction of Sentences.

ALL the Parts of *Syntax* have already been declared. There reſteth one general Affection of the whole, diſperſed thorow every Member thereof, as the Blood is thorow the Body; and conſiſteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *Sentence*. For, whereas our breath is by nature ſo ſhort, that we cannot continue without a ſtay to ſpeak long together; it was thought neceſſary, as well for the Speakers eaſe, as for the plainer deliverance of the things ſpoken, to invent this means, whereby Men pauſing a pretty while, the whole Speech might never the worſe be underſtood.

Theſe Diſtinctions are, either of a *perfect*, or *imperfect* Sentence. The diſtinctions of an *imperfect* Sentence are two, a *Comma*, and a *Semicolon.*

A *Comma* is a mean breathing, when the word ſerveth indifferently, both to the parts of the Sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (,).

A *Semicolon* is a diſtinction of an *imperfect* Sentence, wherein with ſomewhat a longer Breath, the Sentence following is included; and is noted thus (;).

Hither pertaineth a **Parenthеſis*, wherein two *Comma*'s include a Sentence:

* The *Hebrews* have no peculiar Note to diſcern this *Parentheſis* by, nor the *Interrogation*, and *Admiration* following.

Jewell. *Certain falſhoods* (by mean of good utterance) *have ſometime more likely-hood of truth, then Truth it ſelf.*

Gower, lib. 1. *Diviſion*, (the Goſpel ſaith)
One Houſe upon another laith.

Chaucer, 3. *Book of* Fame.
For time, yloſt (this know ye)
By no way may recovered be.

Theſe imperfect diſtinctions in the *Syntax* of a Subſtantive, and an Adjective give the former place to the Subſtantive: Aſcham. *Thus the poor Gentleman ſuffered Grief; great for the pain; but greater for the ſpite.*

Gower, lib. 2, Speaking of the envious Perſon:
Though he a Man ſee Vertuous,
And full of good Condition,
Thereof maketh he no mention.

The Diſtinction of a *perfect* Sentence hath a more full ſtay, and doth reſt the Spirit, which is a *Pauſe* or a *Priod.*

A *Pauſe* is a Diſtinction of a Sentence, though perfect in it ſelf, yet joined to another, being marked with two Pricks. (:)

A *Period* is the Diſtinction of a Sentence, in all reſpects *perfect*, and is marked with one full Prick, over againſt the lower part of the laſt Letter, thus (.)

If a Sentence be with an *Interrogation*, we uſe this Note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. *Who can perſwade, where Treaſon is above Reaſon; and Might ruleth Right; and it is bad for Lawful, whatſoever is Luſtful; and Commotioners are better than Commiſſioners; and common Woe is named Commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2. Book of *Fame.*

Loe, is it not a great miſchance,
To let a Fool have governance
Of things, that he cannot demain?

Lidgate, lib. 1.

For, if Wives be found variable,
Where ſhall Husbands find other ſtable?

If it be pronounced with an *Admiration*, then thus (!) Sir *Tho. More.*

O Lord God, the blindneſs of our mortal Nature!

Chaucer, 1. Book of *Fame.*

Alas! what harm doth apparence,
When it is falſe in exiſtence!

Theſe Diſtinctions, as they beſt agree with Nature; ſo come they neareſt to the ancient ſtays of Sentences among the *Romans*, and the *Grecians*. An Example of all four to make the Matter plain, let us take out of that excellent Oration of Sir *John Cheeke*, againſt the Rebels, whereof before we have made ſo often mention: *When common Order of the Law can take no place in unruly and diſobedient Subjects; and all Men will of wilfulneſs reſiſt with rage, and think their own violence, to be the beſt Juſtice: then be wiſe Magiſtrates compelled by Neceſſity, to ſeek an extreme Remedy, where mean Salves help not, (and bring in the Martial Law, where none other Law ſerveth.*

THE END.

TIMBER:

OR

DISCOVERIES,

MADE UPON

Men and Matter:

As they have flow'd out of his daily Readings; or had their Reflux to his Peculiar Notion of the Times.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut nôris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex.
Perſ. Sat. 4.

SYLVA.

RErum, & ſententiarum, quaſi Ὑλη *dicta à multiplici materia, & varietate, in iis contentâ. Quemadmodùm enim vulgò ſolemus infinitam arborum naſcentium indiſcriminatim multitudinem* Sylvam *dicere: Ità etiam libros ſuos in quibus variæ, & diverſæ materiæ opuſcula temerè congeſta erant,* Sylvas *appellabant Antiqui:* Timber-trees.

EXPLO-

EXPLORATA:

OR,

DISCOVERIES.

Fortuna. ILl *Fortune* never cruſht that Man, whom good *Fortune* deceived not. I therefore have counſelled my Friends, never to truſt to her fairer ſide, though ſhe ſeem'd to make peace with them: But to place all things ſhe gave them ſo, as ſhe might ask them again without their trouble; ſhe might take them from them, not pull them: to keep always a diſtance between her, and themſelves. He knows not his own ſtrength, that hath not met Adverſity. Heaven prepares *good Men* with *croſſes*; but no ill can happen to a *good* Man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any Man, may to every Man. But it is in his reaſon what he accounts it, and will make it.

Caſus. *Change* into extremity is very frequent, and eaſie. As when a Beggar ſuddenly grows rich, he commonly becomes a Prodigal; for to obſcure his former obſcurity, he puts on riot and exceſs.

Conſilia. No Man is ſo fooliſh, but may give another good counſel ſometimes; and no Man is ſo wiſe, but may eaſily err, if he will take no others counſel, but his own. But very few Men are wiſe by their own counſel; or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himſelf, had a fool to his Maſter.

Auxilia Externa. Fama. *A Fame* that is wounded to the World, would be better cured by anothers *Apology*, than its own: For few can apply Medicines well themſelves. Beſides, the Man that is once hated, both his *good*, and his *evil* deeds oppreſs him. He is not eaſily *emergent*.

Negotia. In great *Affairs* it is a work of difficulty to pleaſe all. And oft-times we loſe the occaſion of carrying a *buſineſs* well, and thoroughly, by our too much haſte. For *Paſſions* are ſpiritual Rebels, and raiſe ſedition againſt the underſtanding.

Amor Patriæ. There is a *Neceſſity* all Men ſhould love their Country: He that profeſſeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

Ingenia. *Natures* that are hardned to *evil*, you ſhall ſooner break, than make ſtraight; they are like Poles that are crooked, and dry: there is no attempting them.

Applauſus. We *praiſe* the things we hear, with much more willingneſs, than thoſe we ſee: becauſe we envy the preſent, and reverence the paſt; thinking our ſelves inſtructed by the one, and over-laid by the other.

Opinio. *Opinion* is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, ſettled in the Imagination; but never arriving at the underſtanding, there to obtain the tincture of *Reaſon*. We labour with it more than Truth. There is much more holds us, than preſſeth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: Yet both often times ſway us alike, by the error of our thinking.

Impoſtura. Many Men believe not themſelves, what they would perſwade others; and leſs do the things, which they would impoſe on others: but leaſt of all, know what they themſelves moſt confidently boaſt. Only they ſet the ſign of the Croſs over their outer Doors, and ſacrifice to their Gut, and their Groin in their inner Cloſets.

Jactura vitæ. What a deal of cold buſineſs doth a Man miſ-ſpend the better part of life in! in ſcattering *Complements*, tendring *Viſits*, gathering and venting *News*, following *Feaſts* and *Plays*, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

Hypocrita. *Puritanus Hypocrita eſt Hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perſpicaciæ, quâ ſibi videtur, cum paucis in Eccleſiâ dogmatibus, errores quoſdam animadverſiſſe, de ſtatu mentis deturbavit: unde ſacro furore percitus, phrenticè pugnat contra Magiſtratus, ſic ratus obedientiam præſtare Deo.*

Mutua auxilia. Learning needs reſt: Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counſel: Learning affords it. There is ſuch a Conſociation of Offices, between the *Prince*, and whom his favour breeds, that they may help to ſuſtain his Power, as he their Knowledge. It is the greateſt part of his Liberality, his Favour: And from whom doth he hear diſcipline more willingly, or the Arts diſcours'd more gladly, than from thoſe, whom his own bounty, and benefits have made able and faithful?

Cognit. and verſ. In being able to counſel others, a Man muſt be furniſh'd with an univerſal ſtore in himſelf, to the knowledge of all *Nature*: That is the matter, and ſeed-plot; There are the ſeats of all Argument, and Invention. But eſpecially, you muſt be cunning in the nature of Man: There is the variety of things, which are as the *Elements*, and *Letters*, which his art and wiſdom muſt rank, and order to the preſent occaſion. For we ſee not all Letters in ſingle words; nor all places in particular diſcourſes. That cauſe ſeldom happens, wherein a Man will uſe all Arguments.

Conſilii adjunct. Probitas. Sapientia. The two chief things that give a Man reputation in Counſel, are the Opinion of his *Honeſty*; and the Opinion of his *Wiſdom*: The Authority of thoſe two will perſwade, when

when the same Counsels utter'd by other Persons less qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Wisdom without *Honesty* is meer craft, and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of *Honesty* must first be gotten; which cannot be, but by living well. A good life is a main Argument. *Vita recta.*

Obsequentia. Humanitas. Sollicitudo. Next a good life, to beget love in the Persons we counsel, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in our selves, and avoiding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an *Ambassador* to his Master, or a *Subject* to his *Sovereign*; seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, only expressing care and sollicitude. And not to counsel rashly, or on the suddain, but with advice and meditation: (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many fooliſh things fall from wise Men, if they speak in haste, or be *extemporal*. It therefore behoves the giver of counsel to be circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom he is not throughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashness, folly, or self-love appear, which will be mark'd by new Persons, and Men of experience in Affairs.

Modestia. Parrhesia. And to the *Prince*, or his *Superiour*, to behave himself modestly, and with respect. Yet free from *Flattery*, or *Empire*. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the *Prince* were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of *State*. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: They will not willingly contend. But *Plutarch. in vita Alex.* hear (with *Alexander*) the answer the *Musician* gave him, *Absit, ô Rex, ut tu melius hæc scias, quàm ego.*

Perspicuitas. Elegantia. A Man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject, whereof he speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparel fair, and good matter, that the studious of Elegancy be not defrauded; redeem Arts from their rough, and braky seats, where they lay hid, and over-grown with Thorns, to a pure, open, and flowry light: where they may take the Eye, and be taken by the Hand.

Natura non effœta. I cannot think *Nature* is so spent and decay'd, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, like her self: And when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decry'd, and *studies*: She is not.

Non nimium credendum antiquitati. I know *Nothing* can conduce more to Letters, than to examine the Writings of the *Ancients*, and not to rest in their sole Authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of *Judging*, and *Pronouncing* against them, be away; such as are *envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence*, and *scurrile scoffing*. For to all the observations of the *Ancients*, we have our own experience: which, if we will use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they open'd the Gates, and made the way that went before us; but as Guides, not Commanders: *Non Domini nostri, sed Duces fuêre.* Truth lies open to all; it is no mans *several. Patet omnibus veritas; nondum est occupata. Multum ex illâ, etiam futuris relicta est.*

Dissentire licet: If in some things I dissent from others, whose *Wit, Industry, Diligence*, and *Judgment* I look up at, and admire: let me not therefore hear presently of ingratitude, and Rashness. For I thank those that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not think the *scope* of their labour, and enquiry, was to envy their posterity, what they also could add, and find out. *Sed cum ratione.*

If I err, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul & inventa est, & absoluta.* I do not desire to be equal to those that went before; but to have my reason examin'd with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither *Author*, or *Fautor* of any Sect. I will have no Man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine (save as it conduceth to a common good.) It profits not me to have any man fence, or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for *Truth*, and 'tis enough. *Non mihi credendum: Sed veritati.*

Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body: though we less can be without them. As *Tillage, Spinning, Weaving, Building*, &c. without which, we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every Hand; the other of the Brain only, and those the most generous, and exalted wits, and spirits that cannot rest, or *acquiesce*. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.* *Scientiæ liberales.*

There is a more secret *Cause*: and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every mans way to hit. They are men (I confess) that set the *Caract*, and *Value* upon things, as they love them; but *Science* is not every mans *Mistris*. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong Person, as can be done to a noble nature. *Non vulgi sunt.*

If divers Men seek *Fame*, or *Honour*, by divers ways; so both be honest, neither is to be blam'd: But they that seek *Immortality*, are not only worthy of leave, but of praise. *Honesta Ambitio.*

He hath a delicate Wife, a fair fortune, and family to go to be welcome; yet he had rather be drunk with mine Host, and the Fidlers of such a Town, than go home. *Maritus improbus.*

Affliction teacheth a wicked Person sometime to pray: *Prosperity* never. *Afflictio pia Magistra.*

Many might go to Heaven with half the labour they go to Hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: But the Devil take all (quoth he) that was choak'd i' the Mill-dam, with his four last words. *Deploratis facilis descensus Averni.* The Devil take all.

A Cripple in the way out-travels a Footman, or a Post out of the way. *Aegidium cursu superat.*

Bags of Money to a prodigal Person, are the same that Cherry-stones are with some Boys, and so thrown away. *Prodigo nummi nauci.*

A Woman, the more curious she is about her Face, is commonly the more careless about her House. *Munda & sordida.*

Of this *spilt Water*, there is a little to be gathered up: it is a desperate debt. *Debitum deploratum.*

The *Thief* * that had a longing at the Gallows to commit one Robbery more, before he was hang'd. *Latro sesquipedalis.* * with a great belly.

And like the *German* Lord, when he went out of *New-gate* into the Cart, took order to have his *Arms* set up in his last Herborough: said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of Treason; no witness appearing against him: but the Judges entertain'd him most civilly,

civilly diſcours'd with him, offer'd him the courteſie of the Rack; but he confeſſed, *&c.*

Com. de ſchortenbien Calumniæ fructus. I am beholden to *Calumny*, that ſhe hath ſo endeavour'd, and taken pains to bely me. It ſhall make me ſet a ſurer Guard on my ſelf, and keep a better watch upon my *Actions.*

Impertinens. *A tedious* Perſon is one a Man would leap a Steeple from, gallop down any ſteep Hill to avoid him; forſake his Meat, Sleep, Nature it ſelf, with all her benefits to ſhun him. A meer *Impertinent*: one that toucht neither Heaven nor Earth in his Diſcourſe. He open'd an entry into a fair Room, but ſhut it a again preſently. I ſpake to him of *Garlick*, he anſwered *Aſparagus*: conſulted him of Marriage, he tells me of hanging; as if they went by one and the ſame *Deſtiny.*

Bellum ſcribentium. What a fight it is, to ſee *Writers* committed together by the Ears for *Ceremonies*, *Syllables*, *Points*, *Colon's*, *Comma's*, *Hyphens*, and the like? fighting, as for their Fires, and their Altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noiſes, and loud brayings under their Aſſes Skins.

Differentia inter There is hope of getting a Fortune without digging in theſe Quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animoq; quàm fortunâ, ſum uſus.*

Pingue ſolum laſſat; ſed juvat ipſe labor.

Wits made out their ſeveral expeditions then, for the diſcovery of *Truth*, to find out great and profitable *Knowledges*, had their ſeveral Inſtruments for the diſquiſition of Arts. Now there are certain *Scioli* or *Smatterers*, that are buſie in the Skirts, and outſides of Learning, and have ſcarce any thing of ſolid Literature to commend them. They may have ſome edging or trimming of a Scholar, a Welt, or ſo: but it is no more.

Doctos & Sciolos.

Impoſturum fucus. *Impoſture* is a ſpecious thing: yet never worſe, than when it feigns to be beſt, and to none diſcover'd ſooner, than the ſimpleſt. For *Truth* and *Goodneſs* are plain and open; but *Impoſture* is ever aſham'd of the light.

Icunculorum motio. *A Puppet-play* muſt be ſhadow'd, and ſeen in the dark: For draw the Curtain, *Et ſordet geſticulatio.*

Principes, & Adminiſtri. There is a great difference in the underſtanding of ſome Princes, as in the quality of their Miniſters about them. Some would dreſs their Maſters in Gold, Pearl, and all true Jewels of Majeſty: Others furniſh them with Feathers, Bells, and Ribbands; and are therefore eſteemed the fitter Servants. But they are ever good men, that muſt make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be ſuch. *Finis expectandus eſt in unoquoq; hominum; animali, ad mutationem promptiſſimo.*

Scitum Hiſpanicum. It is a quick ſaying with the *Spaniards*: *Artes inter hæredes non dividi.* Yet theſe have inherited their Father's lying, and they brag of it. He is a narrow-minded Man, that affects a Triumph in any glorious Study: but to triumph in a Lye, and a Lye themſelves have forg'd, is frontleſs. *Folly* often goes beyond her bounds; but *Impudence* knows none.

Non nova res livor. *Envy* is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The Ages paſt have brought it forth, and the coming Ages will. So long as there are Men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous Envy, to take from thoſe mens Vertues; which becauſe thou canſt not arrive at, thou impotently deſpairſt to imitate. Is it a Crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet known, but from me? or that I am the Author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a fooliſh way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal, or come near in doing, you would deſtroy, or ruin with evil ſpeaking: As if you had bound both your Wits, and natures Prentices to ſlander, and then came forth the beſt Artificers, when you could form the fouleſt Calumnies.

Indeed, nothing is of more credit, or requeſt now, than a petulant Paper, or ſcoffing Verſes; and it is but convenient to the Times and Manners we live with, to have then the worſt Writings and Studies flouriſh, when the beſt begin to be deſpis'd. *Ill Arts* begin where good end. *Nil gratius protervo lib.*

The time was, when Men would learn and ſtudy good Things, not envy thoſe that had them. Then Men were had in price for Learning: now Letters only make Men vile. He is upbraidingly call'd a *Poet*, as if it were a contemptible *Nick-name*. But the *Profeſſors* (indeed) have made the Learning cheap. Railing and tinkling *Rhimers*, whoſe Writings the vulgar more greedily read; as being taken with the ſcurrility, and petulancy of ſuch Wits. He ſhall not have a Reader now, unleſs he jeer and lye. It is the food of mens natures: the diet of the times! *Gallants* cannot ſleep elſe. The Writer muſt lye, and the gentle Reader reſts happy, to hear the worthieſt works miſ-interpreted, the cleareſt actions obſcured, the innocent'ſt life traduc'd: And in ſuch a licenſe of lying, a field ſo fruitful of Slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the *Epidemical* Infection. For how can they eſcape the contagion of the Writings, whom the virulency of the Calumnies hath not ſtav'd off from reading. *Jam litera ſordent.* *Paſtus bodier. Ingen.*

Nothing doth more invite a greedy Reader, than an unlook'd for *ſubject*. And what more unlook'd for, than to ſee a perſon of an unblam'd life, made ridiculous, or odious, by the Artifice of lying? but it is the diſeaſe of the Age: And no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: Old age it ſelf is a diſeaſe. It is long ſince the ſick world began to doat and talk idly: Would ſhe had but doated ſtill; but her dotage is now broke forth into a madneſs, and become a meer Frenzy. *Sed ſeculi morbus.*

This *Alaſter*, who hath left nothing unſearch'd, or unaſſail'd, by his impudent and licentious lying in his aguiſh Writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while:) what hath he done more, than a troubleſom baſe Cur? bark'd, and made a noiſe afar off: had a Fool or two to ſpit in his Mouth, and cheriſh him with a muſty Bone? But they are rather Enemies of my Fame than me, theſe Barkers. *Alaſtoris malitia.*

Mali choragi fuere.

It is an Art to have ſo much Judgment, as to apparel a Lye well, to give it a good dreſſing; that though the nakedneſs would ſhow deform'd and odious, the ſuiting of it might draw their Readers. Some love any Strumpet (be ſhe never ſo ſhop-like or meritricious) in good Cloths. But theſe nature could not have form'd them better, to deſtroy their own teſtimony, and overthrow their Calumny.

Hear-ſay news.

That an *Elephant*, 630. came hither Ambaſſador from the great *Mogull*, (who could both write and read) and was every day allow'd twelve caſt of Bread, twenty Quarts of *Canary Sack*; beſides Nuts and Almonds the Citizens Wives ſent him. That he had a *Spaniſh* Boy to his Interpreter, and his chief *Negotiation* was, to confer or practiſe with *Archy*, the principal Fool of *State*, about ſtealing hence *Windſor Caſtle*, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

Lingua ſapientiæ,

A *wiſe Tongue* ſhould not be licentious and wandring; but mov'd, and (as it were, govern'd with certain reins from the Heart, and bottom of the Breaſt: and it was excellently ſaid of that Philoſopher, That there was a Wall or Parapet of Teeth ſet in our Mouth, to reſtrain the petulancy of our Words: that the raſhneſs of talking ſhould not only be retarded by the guard, and watch of our Heart, but be fenced in, and defended by certain ſtrengths, placed in the Mouth it ſelf, and within the Lips. But you ſhall ſee ſome ſo abound with words without any ſeaſoning or taſte of matter, in ſo profound a ſecurity, as while they are ſpeaking, for the moſt part, they confeſs to ſpeak they know not what.

Potius quàm loquentis,

Of the Two (if either were to be wiſh'd) I would rather have a plain down-right Wiſdom, than a fooliſh and affected Eloquence. For what is ſo furious, and *Bet'lem* like, as a vain ſound of choſen and excellent Words, without any ſubject of *Sentence* or *Science* mix'd?

Operanda.

Whom the diſeaſe of talking ſtill once poſſeſſeth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not diſcourſe, he will hire Men to hear him. And ſo heard, not hearkned unto, he comes off moſt times like a *Mountebank*, that when he hath prais'd his Med'cines, finds none will take them, or truſt him. He is like *Homer*'s *Therſites*.

Therſites Homeri.

Ἀμετροεπὴς Ἀχαιτόμυθος: ſpeaking without judgment or meaſure.

Saluſt.

Loquax magis, quàm facundus.
Satis loquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum.

Heſiodus.

Γλώσσης τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄριστος
Φειδωλῆς πλείστη δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰούσης.

Optimus eſt homini linguæ theſaurus, & ingens
Gratia, quæ parcis menſurat ſingula verbis.

Homeri Ulyſſes.

Ulyſſes in *Homer*, is made a long thinking man, before he ſpeaks: and *Epaminondas* is

Pindari Epaminond.

celebrated by *Pindar*, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet he ſpoke but little.

Demacatus Plutarchi.

Demacatus, when on the Bench he was long ſilent, and ſaid nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him or want of Language? he anſwer'd: *A Fool could never hold his peace*, For too much talking is ever the *Index* of a Fool.

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit eordatus haberi;
Is morbos animi namq; tacendo tegit.

Vid. Zeuxidis picl. ſerm. ad Megabizum Plutarch.

Nor is that worthy Speech of *Zeno* the Philoſopher to be paſt over, without the note of ignorance: who being invited to a Feaſt in *Athens*, where a great Princes Ambaſſadors were entertain'd, and was the only perſon had ſaid nothing at the Table; one of them with courteſie asked him, What ſhall we return from thee, *Zeno*, to the Prince our Maſter, if he ask us of thee? Nothing, he replyed, more, but that you found an old man in *Athens*, that knew to be ſilent amongſt his Cups. It was near a Miracle to ſee an old man ſilent, ſince talking is the diſeaſe of Age: but amongſt Cups makes it fully a Wonder.

Argute dictum.

It was wittily ſaid upon one that was taken for a great and grave Man, ſo long as he held his Peace: This Man might have been a Counſellor of *State* till he ſpoke: But having ſpoken, not the Beadle of the Ward, Ἐχεμυθία. *Pythag. quàm laudabilis!* γλώσσης ὀφὲ ἄλλων κράτει, θεὸς ἐπίμενος. *Linguam cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum.* * *Digito compeſce labellum.*

Vide Apuleium. * *Juvenal.*

Acutiùs cernuntur vitia, quàm virtutes.

There is almoſt no man but he ſees clearlier and ſharper, the Vices in a Speaker, than the Vertues. And there are many, that with more eaſe, will find fault with what is ſpoken fooliſhly, than that can give allowance to that wherein you are wiſe ſilently. The Treaſure of a Fool is always in his Tongue (ſaid the witty *comick Poet*) and it appears not in any thing more than in that Nation; whereof one when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old *Grange*, would needs ſell it; and to draw buyers, proclaim'd the Vertues of it. *Nothing* ever thriv'd on it (ſaith he.) *No Owner* of it ever dy'd in his Bed; ſome hung, ſome drown'd themſelves; ſome were baniſht, ſome ſtarv'd; the Trees were all blaſted; the Swine dy'd of the *Meaſles*, the Cattle of the *Murrain*, the Sheep of the *Rot*; they that ſtood were ragg'd, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever rear'd there, not a Duckling, or a Gooſe. *Hoſpitium fuerat calamitatis.* Was not this man like to ſell it?

Plautus. Trin. Act. 2. Scen. 6.

Sim. Mart. lib. 1. ep. 85.

Expectation of the *Vulgar* is more drawn and held with newneſs than goodneſs; we ſee it in *Fencers*, in *Players*, in *Poets*, in *Preachers*, in all, where *Fame* promiſeth any thing; ſo it be new, though never ſo naught and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which ſhews, that the only decay, or hurt of the beſt mens *Reputation* with the people, is, their Wits have out-liv'd the peoples Palates. They have been too much, or too long a Feaſt.

Vulgi expectatio.

Greatneſs of name in the Father, oft-times helps not forth, but o'erwhelms the Son: they ſtand too near one another. The ſhadow kills the growth; ſo much, that we ſee the Grandchild come more, and oftner to be the Heir of the *firſt*, than doth the *ſecond*: He dies between, the Poſſeſſion is the *thirds*.

Claritas Patria.

Eloquence is a great and diverſe thing: Nor did ſhe yet ever favour any man ſo much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her Grace. Yet there are, who prove themſelves

Eloquentia.

ſelves Maſters of her, and abſolute Lords: but I believe, they may miſtake their evidence: For it is one thing to be *eloquent* in the *Schools*, or in the *Hall*; another at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*. There is a difference between *Mooting*, and *Pleading*; between *Feneing* and *Fighting*. To make Arguments in my Study, and confute them is eaſie; where I anſwer my ſelf, not an Adverſary. So, I can ſee whole *Volumes* diſpatch'd by the *umbratical* Doctors on all ſides: But draw theſe forth into the juſt Liſts; let them appear *ſub dio*, and they are chang'd with the place, like Bodies bred in the *Shade*; they cannot ſuffer the *Sun* or a *Shower*; nor bear the open Air: they ſcarce can find themſelves, that they were wont to domineer ſo among their Auditors: but indeed I would no more chuſe a *Rhetorician*, for reigning in a *School*, than I would a *Pilot* for rowing in a Pond.

Amor & odium. *Love* that is ignorant, and *Hatred* have almoſt the ſame ends: many fooliſh *Lovers* wiſh the ſame to their Friends, which their Enemies would: As to wiſh a Friend *baniſht*, that they might accompany him in *exile*: or ſome great want, that they might relieve him: or a Diſeaſe, that they might ſit by him. They make a *Cawſway* to their Country by Injury; as if it were not honeſter to do nothing, than to ſeek a way to do good by a *Miſchief*.

Injuria. *Injuries* do not extinguiſh courteſies: they only ſuffer them not to appear fair. For a Man that doth me an Injury after a Courteſie, takes not away the Courteſie, but defaces it: As he that writes other Verſes upon my Verſes, takes not away the firſt Letters, but hides them.

Beneficia. *Nothing* is a Courteſie, unleſs it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to *Rivers*, that they carry our Boats; or Winds, that they be favouring and fill our Sails; or Meats, that they be nouriſhing. For theſe are what they are neceſſarily. Horſes carry us, Trees ſhade us, but they know it not. It is true, ſome Man may receive a Courteſie, and not know it; but never any Man received it from him that knew it not. Many Men have been cur'd of Diſeaſeas by Accidents? but they were not Remedies. I my ſelf have known one help'd of an Ague by falling into a Water, another whipp'd out of a *Feaver*: but no Man would ever uſe theſe for Med'cines. It is the mind, and not the event that diſtinguiſheth the courteſie from wrong. My Adverſary may offend the Judge with his Pride, and Impertinences, and I win my Cauſe; but he meant it not me as a Courteſie. I ſcap'd *Pirats* by being Ship-wrack'd, Was the Wrack a benefit therefore? No: the doing of *Courteſies* aright, is the mixing of the reſpects for his own ſake, and for mine. He that doth them meerly for his own ſake, is like one that feeds his Cattle to ſell them: he hath his Horſe well dreſt for *Smithfield*.

Valor rerum. The price of many things is far above what they are bought and ſold for. *Life* and *Health*, which are both ineſtimable, we have of the *Phyſician*: As *Learning* and *Knowledge*, the true Tillage of the *Mind*, from our *Schoolmaſters*. But the Fees of the one, or the *Salary* of the other, never anſwer the *value* of what we received; but ſerv'd to gratifie their labours.

Memoria. *Memory* of all the *powers* of the mind, is the moſt *delicate*, and *frail*: it is the firſt of our *Faculties* that Age invades. *Seneca*, the Father, the *Rhetorician*, confeſſeth of himſelf, he had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I my ſelf could in my Youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and ſo continu'd till I was paſt Forty: ſince it is much decay'd in me. Yet I can repeat whole Books that I have read, and *Poems* of ſome ſelected Friends, which I have lik'd to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but ſhaken with *Age* now, and *Sloath* (which weakens the ſtrongeſt abilities) it may perform ſomewhat, but cannot promiſe much. By exerciſe it is to be made better, and ſerviceable. Whatſoever I pawn'd with it while I was young and a Boy, it offers me readily, and without ſtops: but what I truſt to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loſes; ſo that I receive mine own (though frequently call'd for) as if it were new and borrow'd. Nor do I always find preſently from it what I do ſeek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labour'd for will come: And what I ſought with trouble, will offer it ſelf when I am quiet. Now in ſome Men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatſoever they read or pen, they can ſay without book preſently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in ſuch as have a ſwift Stile, for their Memories are commonly ſloweſt; ſuch as torture their Writings, and go into Council for every Word, muſt needs fix ſomewhat, and make it their own at laſt, though but through their own vexation.

Comit. Suffragia. *Suffrages* in Parliament are numbred, not weigh'd: nor can it be otherwiſe in thoſe publick *Councils*, where nothing is ſo unequal as the equality: for there, how odd ſoever mens Brains or Wiſdoms are, their power is always even and the ſame.

Stare à partibus. *Some* Actions, be they never ſo beautiful and generous, are often obſcur'd by baſe and vile miſ-conſtructions, either out of envy, or ill nature, that judgeth of others, as of it ſelf. Nay, the times are ſo wholly grown, to be either partial or malicious; that if he be a friend all ſits well about him; his very Vices ſhall be Vertues: if an Enemy, or of the contrary *Faction*; nothing is good or tolerable in him: inſomuch that we care not to diſcredit and ſhame our Judgments, to ſooth our Paſſions.

Deus in creaturis. *Man* is read in his Face: *God* in his Creatures; but not as the *Philoſopher*, the creature of Glory, reads him: but, as the *Divine*, the ſervant of *humility*: yet even he muſt take care, not to be too curious. For to utter Truth of *God* (but as he thinks only) may be dangerous; who is beſt known by our not knowing. Some things of him, ſo much as he hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawful but neceſſary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the firſt cauſe of our wickedneſs.

Veritas proprium hominis. *Truth* is mans proper good; and the only *immortal* thing was given to our mortality to uſe. No good *Chriſtian* or *Ethnick*, if he be honeſt can miſs it: No *Statesman*,

or *Patriot* ſhould. For without truth all the Actions of Man-kind, are Craft, Malice, or what you will, rather then Wiſdom. *Homer* ſays, he hates him worſe than Hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his Tongue, and keeps another in his Breaſt. Which high Expreſſion was grounded on divine *Reaſon*. For a lying Mouth is a ſtinking Pit, and murthers with the Contagion it venteth. Beſide, nothing is laſting that is feign'd; it will have another Face than it had, ere long. As *Euripides* ſaith: *No lye ever grows old.*

Nullum vitium ſine patrocinio. It is ſtrange, there ſhould be no Vice without his Patronage, that, (when we have no other excuſe) we will ſay, we love it; we cannot forſake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, becauſe we think we cannot, and we love it becauſe we will defend it. We will rather excuſe it, than be rid of it. That we cannot, is pretended; but that we will not, is the true reaſon. How many have I known, that would not have their Vices hid? Nay, and to be noted, live like *Antipodes*, to others in the ſame *City*; never ſee the Sun riſe or ſet, in ſo many years; but be as they were watching a Corps by Torch-light; would not ſin the common way; but held that a kind of *Ruſticity*; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy? They were ambitious of living backward; and at laſt arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the Vices; not the vitious Cuſtoms. It was impoſſible to reform theſe Natures; they were dry'd, and hardned in their ill. They may ſay, they deſir'd to leave it; but do not truſt them: and they may think they deſir'd it, but they may lye for all that; they are a little angry with their Follies, now and then; marry they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confeſs, they are offended, with their manner of living: like enough, who is not? When they can put me in ſecurity, that they are more than offended, that they hate it: then I'll harken to them; and, perhaps, believe them: But many now a days, love and hate their ill together.

De vere Argutis. I do hear them ſay often: Some Men are not witty; becauſe they are not every where witty; than which nothing is more fooliſh. If an Eye or a Noſe be an excellent Part in the Face, therefore be all Eye or Noſe? I think the Eye-brow, the Forehead, the Cheek, Chin, Lip, or any part elſe, are as neceſſary, and natural in the Place. But now nothing is good that is natural: Right and natural Language ſeem to have leaſt of the Wit in it; that which is writh'd and tortur'd, is counted the more exquiſite. Cloath of Bodkin, or Tiſſue, muſt be imbroidered; as if no Face were fair, that were not pouldred, or painted? No Beauty to be had, but in wreſting, and writhing our own Tongue? Nothing is faſhionable, till it be deform'd; and this is to write like a *Gentleman*. All muſt be as affected, and prepoſterous as our Gallants Cloaths, ſweet Bags, and Night-dreſſings: in which you would think our Men lay-in, like *Ladies*, it is ſo curious.

Cenſura de Poetis. *Nothing* in our Age, I have obſerv'd, is more prepoſterous, than the *running Judgments* upon *Poetry* and *Poets*; when we ſhall hear thoſe things commended, and cry'd up for the beſt Writings, which a Man would ſcarce vouchſafe, to wrap any wholſom Drug in; he would never light his *Tabaco* with them. And thoſe Men almoſt nam'd for *Miracles*, who yet are ſo vile, that if a Man ſhould go about, to examine, and correct them, he muſt make all they have done, but one blot. Their good is ſo intangled with their bad, as forcibly one muſt draw on the others death with it. A Sponge dipt in Ink will do all:

——*Comitetur punica librum*
Spongia.——

Et paulò poſt,
Non poſſunt multæ, una litura poteſt. *Mart. l. 4. epig. 10.*

Yet their Vices have not hurt them: Nay, a great many they have profited; for they have been lov'd for nothing elſe. And this falſe Opinion grows ſtrong againſt the beſt Men: if once it take Root with the *Ignorant*. *Ceſtius* in his time, was preferr'd to *Cicero*; ſo far, as the Ignorant durſt. They learn'd him without Book, and had him often in their Mouths: But a Man cannot imagine that thing ſo fooliſh, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an Admirer; at leaſt, a Reader, or *Spectator*. The Puppets are ſeen now in deſpight of the Players: *Heath's Epigrams*, and the *Skuller's Poems* have their Applauſe. There are never wanting, that dare preſer the worſt *Preachers*, the worſt *Pleaders*, the worſt *Poets*: not that the better have left to write, or ſpeak better, but that they that hear them judge worſe; *Non illi pejus dicunt, ſed hi corruptius judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the queſtion of the Waterrimers Works, againſt *Spencer's*; I doubt not, but they would find more *Suffrages*; becauſe the moſt favour common Vices, out of a Prerogative the vulgar have, to loſe their Judgments; and like that which is naught. *Ceſtius.* *Cicero.* *Heath.* *Taylor.* *Spencer.*

Poetry in this latter Age, hath prov'd but a mean *Miſtris*, to ſuch as have wholly addicted themſelves to her; or given their Names up to her Family. They who have but ſaluted her on the by; and now and then tendred their Viſits, ſhe hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own Profeſſions (both the *Law*, and the *Goſpel*) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themſelves, without her favour. Wherein ſhe doth emulate the judicious, but prepoſterous Bounty of the Times *Grandees*: who accumulate all they can upon the *Paraſite*, or *Freſh man* in their Friendſhip; but think an old Client, or honeſt Servant, bound by his Place to write and ſtarve.

Indeed, the multitude commend Writers, as they do Fencers; or Wraſtlers; who if they come in robuſtiouſly, and put for it, with a deal of violence, are received for the *Braver-fellows*: when many times their own rudeneſs is a Cauſe of their diſgrace; and a ſlight touch of their Adverſary, gives all that boiſterous Force the foil. But in theſe things, the unskilful are naturally deceiv'd, and judging wholly by the Bulk, think rude things greater than poliſh'd; and ſcatter'd more numerous, than compos'd: Nor think this only to be true in the ſordid

Multitude

Multitude but the neater sort of our *Gallants*: for all are the Multitude; only they differ in Cloaths, not in Judgment or Understanding.

De Shakespeare nostrat. *I remember*, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his Writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a Line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent Speech. I had not told Posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that Circumstance to commend their Friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine own Candor, (for I lov'd the Man, and do honour his Memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free Nature: had an excellent *Phantsie*; brave Notions, and gentle Expressions: wherein he flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His Wit was in his own Power; would the Rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when he said in the Person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him; *Cæsar thou dost me wrong*. He reply'd; *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just Cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his Vices with his Vertues. There was ever more in him to be praised, than to be pardoned.

Augustus in Hat.

Ingeniorum discrimina. *In the difference of Wits*, I have observ'd; there are many Notes: And it is a little *Mastry* to know them: to discern, what every Nature, every Disposition will bear: For, before we sow our Land, we should plough it. There are no fewer Forms of Minds, than of Bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible; and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make *Divines*; some *Poets*; some *Lawyers*; some *Physicians*: Some to be sent to the Plough, and Trades.

Not. 1.

There is no Doctrine will do good, where Nature is wanting. Some Wits are swelling, and high; others low and still: Some hot and fiery, others cold and dull: One must have a Bridle, the other a Spur.

Not. 2. *There* be some that are forward, and bold; and these will do every little thing easily: I mean that is hard by, and next them, which they will utter, unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are, what they are on the sudden; they shew presently like *Grain*, that, scatter'd on the top of the Ground, shoots up, but takes no Root; has a yellow Blade, but the Ear empty. They are Wits of good promise at first, but there is an * *Ingeni-stitium*: They stand still at Sixteen, they get no higher.

* A wit-stand.

Not. 3. You have others, that labour only to Ostentation; and are ever more busie about the Colours and Surface of a Work, than in the Matter and Foundation: For that is hid, the other is seen.

Not. 4. *Martial. lib.* 11. *epig.* 91. *Others*, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough, and broken: *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.* And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that stile were more strong and manly, that stroke the Ear with a kind of unevenness. These Men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like Men that affect a Fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a Ruff, Cloak, or Hat-band; or their Beards, specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a Mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are look'd on. And this Vice, one that is in Authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated: so that oft-times the Faults which he fell into, the others seek for: This is the danger, when Vice becomes a *Precedent*.

Not. 5. Others there are, that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuneing, and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Womens-*Poets* they are call'd, as you have Womens-*Taylors*.

They write a Verse, as smooth, as soft, as Cream;
In which there is no Torrent, nor scarce Stream.

You may sound these Wits, and find the depth of them, with your middle Finger. They are *Cream-bowl*, or but Puddle deep.

Not. 6. *Some* that turn over all Books, and are equally searching in all Papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited, and impugned in one work, they have before, or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in all they write, confess still what Books they have read last; and therein their own folly, so much, that they bring it to the *Stake* raw and undigested: not that the Place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

Mic. de Montaigne.

Not. 7. *Some* again, who (after they have got Authority, or, which is less, Opinion, by their Writings, to have read much) dare presently to feign whole Books and Authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found; not by the most *Curious*.

Not. 8. *And some*, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own *Naturals*, think to divert the *sagacity* of their Readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own *Fox-like* Thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a Man may find whole Pages together usurp'd from one Author. Their Necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many Books; and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty than those; who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

Not. 9. *But* the Wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and Arts: such as presuming on their own *Naturals* (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the Terms, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their Ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their Peers in negligence, though they cannot be in Nature: And they utter all they can think, with a kind of violence, and *indispositions*; unexamin'd, without relation, either to Person, Place, or any fitness else; and the more

wilful and ſtubborn they are in it, the more learned they are eſteem'd of the *Multitude*, through their excellent Vice of Judgment: Who think thoſe things the ſtronger, that have no Art; as if to break, were better than to open; or to rent aſunder, gentler than to looſe.

Not. 10. *It cannot* but come to paſs, that theſe Men, who commonly ſeek to do more than enough, may ſometimes happen on ſome thing that is good and great; but very ſeldom: And when it comes, it doth not recompence the reſt of their ill. For their Jeſts, and their Sentences, (which they only, and ambitiouſly ſeek for) ſtick out, and are more eminent; becauſe all is ſordid, and vile about them; as Lights are more diſcern'd in a thick Darkneſs, than a faint Shadow. Now becauſe they ſpeak all they can (however unfitly) they are thought to have the greater Copy; Where the Learned uſe ever Election, and a Mean; they look back to what they intended at firſt, and make all an even and proportion'd Body. The true Artificer will not run away from Nature, as he were afraid of her; or depart from Life, and the likeneſs of Truth; but ſpeak to the Capacity of his Hearers. And though his Language differ from the Vulgar ſomewhat, it ſhall not fly from all Humanity, with the *Tamerlanes*, and *Tamer-Chams* of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the *ſcenical* ſtrutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant Gapers. He knows it is his only Art, ſo to carry it, as none but Artificers perceive it. In the mean time, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor Writer, (or by what contumelious Word can come in their Cheeks) by theſe Men, who without Labour, Judgment, Knowledge, or almoſt Senſe, are received or preferr'd before him. He gratulates them, and their Fortune. Another Age, or juſter Men, will acknowledge the Vertues of his Studies, his Wiſdom in dividing, his Subtilty in arguing, with what ſtrength he doth inſpire his Readers, with what ſweetneſs he ſtrokes them; in inveighing, what ſharpneſs; in jeſt, what urbanity he uſes: How he doth reign in Mens Affections; how invade, and break in upon them; and makes their Minds like the thing he writes. Then in his Elocution, to behold, what Word is proper, which hath Ornaments, which Height, what is beautifully tranſlated, where Figures are fit, which gentle, which ſtrong to ſhew the Compoſition *Manly*: And how he hath avoided faint, obſcure, obſcene, ſordid, humble, improper, or effeminate *Phraſe*; which is not only prais'd of the moſt, but commended (which is worſe) eſpecially for that it is naught.

Ignorantia animæ. *I know* no Diſeaſe of the *Soul*, but *Ignorance*; not of the Arts and Sciences, but of it ſelf: Yet relating to thoſe, it is a pernicious *Evil*, the Darkner of Mans Life, the Diſturber of his *Reaſon*, and common Confounder of *Truth*; with which a Man goes groping in the dark, no otherwiſe than if he were blind. Great Underſtandings are moſt wrack'd and troubled with it: Nay, ſometimes they will rather chuſe to die, than not to know the things they ſtudy for. Think then what an Evil it is, and what Good the contrary.

Knowledge is the Action of the *Soul*, and is perfect without the *Senſes*, as having the Seeds of all *Science* and *Vertue* in it ſelf; but not without the ſervice of the *Senſes*; by thoſe *Organs* the *Soul works*: She is a perpetual Agent, prompt and ſubtile; but often flexible, and erring, intangling her ſelf like a Silk-worm: But her *Reaſon* is a Weapon with two Edges, and cuts through. In her Indagations oft-times new Scents put her by, and ſhe takes in Errours into her, by the ſame Conduits ſhe doth Truths. *Scientia.*

Eaſe and Relaxation are profitable to all Studies. The Mind is like a Bow, the ſtronger by being unbent. But the Temper in Spirits is all, when to command a Mans Wit, when to favour it. I have known a Man vehement on both ſides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his Studies, or call upon them again. When he hath ſet himſelf to writing, he would join Night to Day, preſs upon himſelf without releaſe, not minding it, till he fainted; and when he left off, reſolve himſelf into all Sports, and Looſneſs again, that it was almoſt a Deſpair to draw him to his Book: But once got to it, he grew ſtronger, and more earneſt by the Eaſe. His whole Powers were renew'd; he would work out of himſelf what he deſired; but with ſuch exceſs, as his Study could not be rul'd; he knew not how to diſpoſe his own Abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate Power againſt himſelf. Nor was he only a ſtrong, but an abſolute *Speaker*, and *Writer*: but his Subtilty did not ſhew it ſelf; his Judgment thought that a Vice: For the Ambuſh hurts more that is hid. He never forc'd his Language, nor went out of the High-way of *Speaking*, but for ſome great neceſſity, or apparent profit: For he denied *Figures* to be invented for ornament, but for aid; and ſtill thought it an extreme madneſs to bend or wreſt that which ought to be right. *Otium.* *Studiorum,* *Et ſtili eminentia.*

It is no *Wonder*, Mens Eminence appears but in their own way. *Virgil*'s Felicity left him in Proſe, as *Tully*'s forſook him in Verſe. *Saluſt*'s Orations are read in the Honour of Story; yet the moſt eloquent *Plato*'s Speech, which he made for *Socrates*, is neither worthy of the *Patron*, or the *Perſon* defended. Nay, in the ſame kind of *Oratory*, and where the Matter is one, you ſhall have him that reaſons ſtrongly, open negligently; another that prepares well, not fit ſo well: and this happens not only to Brains, but to Bodies. One can wraſtle well; another run well; a third leap, or throw the Bar; a fourth lift, or ſtop a Cart going: Each hath his way of ſtrength. So in other Creatures; ſome Dogs are for the Deer, ſome for the Wild Boar, ſome are Fox-hounds, ſome Otter-hounds. Nor are all Horſes for the Coach, or Saddle; ſome are for the Cart, and Paniers. *Virgil.* *Tully.* *Saluſt.* *Plato.*

I have known many excellent Men, that would ſpeak ſuddenly, to the Admiration of their Hearers; who upon ſtudy and premeditation have been forſaken by their own Wits, and no way anſwered their Fame: Their Eloquence was greater than their Reading; and the things they uttered, better than thoſe they knew: Their Fortune deſerved better of them, than their Care. For Men of preſent Spirits, and of greater *De claris Oratoribus.*

Wits

Wits than Study, do pleaſe more in the things they invent, than in thoſe they bring. And I have heard ſome of them compell'd to ſpeak, out of neceſſity, that have ſo infinitely exceeded themſelves, as it was better, both for them and their Auditory, that they were ſo ſurpriz'd, not prepar'd. Nor was it ſafe then to croſs them, for their Adverſary, their Anger made them more eloquent. Yet theſe Men I could not but love and admire, that they return'd to their Studies. They left not Diligence (as many do) when their Raſhneſs proſpered; For Diligence is a great Aid, even to an indifferent Wit; when we are not contented with the Examples of our own Age, but would know the Face of the former. Indeed, the more we confer with, the more we profit by, if the Perſons be choſen.

Dominus Verulamius.

One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: For never no Imitator ever grew up to his *Author*; Likeneſs is always on this ſide Truth. Yet there hapned in my time one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his ſpeaking. His Language, (where he could ſpare, or paſs by a Jeſt) was nobly *cenſorious*. No Man ever ſpake more neatly, more preſſly, more weightily, or ſuffer'd leſs emptineſs, leſs idleneſs, in what he utter'd. No Member of his Speech, but conſiſted of his own Graces. His Hearers could not cough, or look aſide from him, without loſs. He commanded where he ſpoke; and had his Judges angry and pleaſed at his devotion. No Man had their Affections more in his power. The fear of every Man that heard him, was, leſt he ſhould make an end.

Scriptorum Catalogus.
Sir *Thomas Moore.*
Sir *Thomas Wiat.*
Henry Earl of *Surrey.*
Sir *Thomas Chaloner.*
Sir *Thomas Smith.*
Sir *Thomas Cliot.*
B. Gardiner.
Sir *Nic. Bacon* L. K.
Sir *Philip Sidney.*
M. *Richard Hooker.*
Robert Earl of *Eſſex.*
Sir *Walter Rawleigh.*
Sir *Henry Savile.*
Sir *Edwin Sandys.*
Sir *Thomas Egerton* L. C.
Sir *Francis Bacon* L. C. *De Augmentis Scientiarum.*

Cicero is ſaid to be the only Wit, that the People of *Rome* had equall'd to their *Empire*. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their ſeveral Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum*) Sir *Thomas Moore*, the elder *Wiat*, *Henry* Earl of *Surrey*, *Chaloner*, *Smith*, *Cliot*, B. *Gardiner*, were for their times admirable; and the more, becauſe they began Eloquence with us. Sir *Nico. Bacon* was ſingular, and almoſt alone, in the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s time. Sir *Philip Sidney*, and Mr. *Hooker*, (in different Matter) grew great Maſters of Wit and Language, and in whom all vigour of Invention, and ſtrength of Judgment met. The Earl of *Eſſex*, noble and high; and Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, not to be contemn'd, either for Judgment, or Style. Sir *Henry Savile*, grave, and truly letter'd; Sir *Edwin Sands*, excellent in both; Lord *Egerton*, the Chancellor, a grave and great Orator; and beſt, when he was provok'd. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) *Succeſſor*, is he who hath fill'd up all Numbers, and perform'd that in our Tongue, which may be compar'd, or preferr'd, either to inſolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*. In ſhort, within his view, and about his times, were all the Wits born, that could honour a Language, or help Study. Now things daily fall: Wits grow downward, and *Eloquence* grows backward: So that he may be nam'd, and ſtand as the *mark* and *ἄκμη* of our Language.

I have ever obſerv'd it to have been the Office of a wiſe Patriot, among the greateſt affairs of the *State*, to take care of the *Commonwealth* of Learning. For Schools, they are the *Seminaries* of State; and nothing is worthier the Study of a Stateſman, than that part of the *Republick*, which we call the *Advancement* of Letters. Witneſs the Care of *Julius Cæſar*, who in the heat of the Civil War writ his Books of *Analogy*, and dedicated them to *Tully*. This made the late Lord *St. Albane* entitle his Work, *Novum Organum*: Which though by the moſt of ſuperficial Men, who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor underſtood; it really openeth all Defects of Learning whatſoever, and is a Book

Julius Cæſar.

Lord *S. Albane.*

Qui longum noto ſcriptori porriget ævum. *Horat. de Art. Poetica.*

My conceit of his Perſon was never increaſed toward him by his Place, or Honours: But I have, and do reverence him, for the Greatneſs that was only proper to himſelf, in that he ſeem'd to me ever, by his Work, one of the greateſt Men, and moſt worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages. In his adverſity I ever prayed, that *God* would give him Strength; for *Greatneſs* he could not want. Neither could I condole in a Word or Syllable for him; as knowing no Accident could do harm to Vertue, but rather help to make it manifeſt.

De corruptela morum.

There cannot be one colour of the Mind, another of the Wit. If the Mind be ſtaid, grave, and compos'd, the Wit is ſo; that vitiated, the other is blown and deflowr'd. Do we not ſee, if the Mind languiſh, the Members are dull? Look upon an effeminate Perſon; his very Gate confeſſeth him. If a Man be fiery, his Motion is ſo; if angry, 'tis troubled and violent. So that we may conclude, Whereſoever Manners and Faſhions are corrupted, Language is. It imitates the publick Riot. The exceſs of Feaſts and Apparel, are the Notes of a ſick State; and the wantonneſs of Language, of a ſick Mind.

De rebus munданis.

If we would conſider what our Affairs are indeed, not what they are call'd, we ſhould find more Evils belong to us, than happen to us. How often doth that, which was call'd a Calamity, prove the beginning and cauſe of a Man's Happineſs? And, on the contrary, that which hapned or came to another with great gratulation and applauſe, how it hath lifted him but a ſtep higher to his Ruine! As, if he ſtood before, where he might fall ſafely.

Vulgi mores.

The Vulgar are commonly ill natur'd, and always grudging againſt their *Governors*: which makes, that a Prince has more Buſineſs and Trouble with them, than ever *Hercules* had with the Bull, or any other Beaſt; by how much they have more Heads than will be rein'd with one Bridle. There was not that variety of Beaſts in the Ark, as is of Beaſtly Natures in the Multitude; eſpecially when they come to that iniquity, to cenſure their *Sovereign*'s Actions. Then all the *Counſels* are made good, or bad, by the Events: And it falleth out, that the ſame Facts receive from them the Names, now of Diligence; now, of Vanity; now, of Majeſty;

Morbus Comitialis.

Majeſty; now, of Fury; where they ought wholly to hang on his Mouth; as he to conſiſt of himſelff, and not others Counſels.

Princeps. *After God*, nothing is to be lov'd of Man like the Prince: He violates Nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when he hath put on the Care of the Publick Good, and Common Safety; I am a Wretch, and put off Man, if I do not reverence and honour him, in whoſe charge all things *Divine* and *Humane* are plac'd. Do but ask of Nature, why all living Creatures are leſs delighted with Meat and Drink that ſuſtains them, than with *Venery* that waſtes them? And ſhe will tell thee, the firſt reſpects but a Private, the other, a Common Good, *Propagation.*

De eodem. He is the Arbiter of Life and Death: when he finds no other Subject for his Mercy, he ſhould ſpare himſelf. All his Puniſhments are rather to correct, than to deſtroy.

Orpheus hymn. Why are Prayers with *Orpheus* ſaid to be the Daughters of *Jupiter*; but that Princes are thereby admoniſhed, that the Petitions of the wretched ought to have more weight with them, than the Laws themſelves.

De opt. Rege Jacobo. It was a great Accumulation to His Majeſty's deſerved Praiſe, that men might openly viſit and pity thoſe, whom his greateſt Priſons had at any time received, or his Laws condemned.

De Princ. adjunctis. *—Sed verè prudens haud concipi poſſit Princeps, niſi —ſimul & bruti.* *Licurgus.* *Sylla.* *Lyſander.* *Wiſe*, is rather the Attribute of a Prince, than *Learned*, or *Good*. The Learned Man profits others, rather than himſelf; the Good Man, rather himſelf than others: But the Prince commands others, and doth himſelf. The wiſe *Lycurgus* gave no Law, but what himſelf kept. *Sylla* and *Lyſander* did not ſo: the one living extreamly diſſolute himſelf, inforced Frugality by the Laws; the other permitted thoſe Licences to others, which himſelf abſtained from. But the *Princes*'s Prudence is his chief Art and Safety. In his Counſels and Deliberations he foreſees the future Times: In the equity of his Judgment, he hath remembrance of the paſt, and knowledge of what is to be done, or avoided for the preſent. Hence the *Perſians* gave out their *Cyrus* to have been nurs'd by a Bitch, a Creature to encounter it, as of ſagacity to ſeek out Good; ſhewing, that *Wiſdom* may accompany Fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of *Raſhneſs.*

Cyrus.

De malign. ſtudentium. *There* be ſome Men are born only to ſuck out the Poyſon of Books: *Habent venenum pro victu: imò, pro deliciis.* And ſuch are they that only reliſh the obſcene and foul things in *Poets*; which makes the Profeſſion taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and (had they not had this hint) are ſo unjuſt Valuers of Letters, as they think no Learning good, but what brings in Gain. It ſhews, they themſelves would never have been of the Profeſſions they are, but for the Profits and Fees. But, if another Learning, well uſed, can inſtruct to Good Life, inform Manners, no leſs perſuade and lead Men, than they threaten and compel, and have no Reward; is it therefore the worſe Study? I could never think the Study of *Wiſdom* confin'd only to the Philoſopher; or of *Poetry* to the *Divine*; or of *State* to the *Politick*. But that he which can feign a *Commonwealth* (which is the *Poet*) can gown it with *Counſels*, ſtrengthen it with *Laws*, correct it with *Judgments*, inform it with *Religion*; and *Morals*, is all theſe. We do not require in him meer *Elocution*, or an excellent Faculty in Verſe, but the exact Knowledge of all Vertues, and their Contraries; with ability to render the one lov'd, the other hated, by his proper embatteling them. The Philoſophers did inſolently, to challenge only to themſelves that which the greateſt *Generals*, and graveſt *Counſellors* never durſt. For ſuch had rather do, than promiſe the beſt things.

Controverſ. Scriptores. Some *Controverters* in Divinity are like Swaggerers in a Tavern, that catch that which ſtands next them, the Candleſtick, or Pots; turn every thing into a Weapon; oft-times they fight blind-fold, and both beat the Air. The one milks a He-goat, the other holds under a Sieve. Their Arguments are as fluxive as Liquor ſpilt upon a Table, which with your Finger you may drain as you will. Such Controverſies, or Diſputations, (carried with more Labour than Profit) are odious; where moſt times the Truth is loſt in the midſt, or left untouch'd. And the Fruit of their Fight is, that they ſpit one upon another, and are both defil'd. Theſe Fencers in Religion I like not.

More Andabatarum, qui clauſis oculis pugnant.

Morbi. *The* Body hath certain Diſeaſes, that are with leſs evil tolerated, than removed. As if to cure a *Leproſie*, a Man ſhould bath himſelf with the warm Blood of a murthered Child: So in the Church, ſome Errors may be diſſimuled with leſs inconvenience, than can be diſcovered.

Jactantia intempeſtiva. *Men* that talk of their own Benefits, are not believ'd to talk of them, becauſe they have done them; but to have done them, becauſe they might talk of them. That which had been great, if another had reported it of them, vaniſheth, and is nothing, if he that did it ſpeak of it. For Men, when they cannot deſtroy the Deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the Boaſting, and leſſen it.

Adulatio. *I have ſeen*, that *Poverty* makes men do unfit things; but honeſt men ſhould not do them; they ſhould gain otherwiſe. Though a man be hungry, he ſhould not play the Paraſite. That Hour wherein I would repent me to be honeſt, there were ways enow open for me to be rich. But *Flattery* is a fine Pick-lock of tender Ears; eſpecially of thoſe whom Fortune hath born high upon their Wings, that ſubmit their Dignity and Authority to it, by a ſoothing of themſelves. For indeed Men could never be taken, in that abundance, with the Springes of others *Flattery*, if they began not there; if they did but remember, how much more profitable the bitterneſs of *Truth* were, than all the Honey diſtilling from a whoriſh Voice, which is not Praiſe, but Poiſon. But now it is come to that extream Folly, or rather Madneſs, with ſome; that he that flatters them modeſtly, or ſparingly, is thought to malign them. If their Friend

conſent

consent not to their Vices, though he do not contradict them; he is nevertheleſs an Enemy. When they do all things the worſt way, even then they look for praiſe. Nay, they will hire Fellows to flatter them with Suits, and Suppers, and to proſtitute their Judgments. They have *Livery-friends*, Friends of the Diſh, and of the *Spit*, that wait their Turns, as my Lord has his Feaſts, and Gueſts.

De vitâ humanâ. *I have* conſidered, our whole Life is like a *Play*: Wherein every Man forgetful of himſelf, is in travail with expreſſion of another. Nay, we ſo inſiſt in imitating others, as we cannot (when it is neceſſary) return to our ſelves: like Children, that imitate the Vices of *Stammerers* ſo long, till at laſt they become ſuch; and make the habit to another Nature, as it is never forgotten.

De piis & probis. *Good men* are the Stars, the Planets of the Ages wherein they live, and illuſtrate the Times. *God* did never let them be wanting to the World: As *Abel*, for an Example of Innocency; *Enoch* of Purity; *Noah* of Truſt in God's Mercies; *Abraham* of Faith, and ſo of the reſt. Theſe ſenſual Men thought mad, becauſe they would not be Partakers or Practiſers of their madneſs. But they plac'd high on the top of all Vertue, look'd down on the Stage of the World, and contemned the Play of *Fortune*. For though the moſt be Players, ſome muſt be *Spectators*.

Mores Aulici. *I have* diſcovered, that a feign'd familiarity in great ones, is a note of certain uſurpation on the leſs. For great and popular Men, feign themſelves to be Servants to others, to make thoſe Slaves to them. So the Fiſher provides Baits for the Trowte, Roch, Dace, &c. that they may be Food to him.

Impiorum querela. *The Complaint of Caligula*, was moſt wicked, of the Condition of his Times: when he ſaid; They were not famous by any publick Calamity, as the Reign of *Auguſtus* was, by the defeat of *Varus*, and the *Legions*; and that of *Tiberius*, by the falling of the Theatre at *Iidenæ*: whilſt his oblivion was Eminent, through the proſperity of his Affairs. As that other Voice of his, was worthier a Headſman, than a Head; when he wiſhed the People of *Rome* had but one Neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many Hands. A Tyrant, how great and mighty ſoever he may ſeem to *Cowards* and Sluggards, is but one Creature, one *Animal*.

Auguſtus. Varus. Tiberius.

Nobilium Ingenia. *I have* mark'd among the *Nobility*, ſome are ſo addicted to the Service of the *Prince*, and Common-wealth, as they look not for Spoil; ſuch are to be honour'd and lov'd. There are others, which no Obligation will faſten on; and they are of two ſorts. The firſt are ſuch as love their own eaſe: or, out of Vice, of Nature, or Self-direction, avoid Buſineſs and Care. Yet, theſe the *Prince* may uſe with ſafety. The other remove themſelves upon Craft and Deſign (as the *Architects* ſay) with a premeditated Thought to their own, rather than their Prince's Profit. Such let the *Prince* take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the Liſt of his open Enemies.

Principum varia. *There* is a great variation between him, that is rais'd to the *Soveraignty*, by the favour of his Peers; and him that comes to it by the ſuffrage of the People. The firſt holds with more difficulty; becauſe he hath to do with many, that think themſelves his Equals; and rais'd him for their own greatneſs, and oppreſſion of the reſt. The latter hath no Upbraiders; but was rais'd by them, that ſought to be defended from Oppreſſion: whoſe end is both the eaſier, and the honeſter to ſatisfie. Beſide, while he hath the People to friend, who are a Multitude, he hath the leſs fear of the *Nobility*, who are but few. Nor let the common Proverb of (He that builds on the People, builds on the Dirt) diſcredit my Opinion: For that hath only Place, where an ambitious, and private Perſon, for ſome popular End, truſts in them againſt the publick Juſtice and Magiſtrate. There they will leave him. But when a *Prince* governs them, ſo as they have ſtill need of his Adminiſtration (for that is his Art) he ſhall ever make, and hold them faithful.

—Firmiſſima verò omnium baſis jus hæreditarium Principis—.

Clementia. *A Prince* ſhould exerciſe his Cruelty, not by himſelf, but by his Miniſters: ſo he may ſave himſelf, and his dignity with his People, by ſacrificing thoſe, when he liſt, ſaith the great *Doctor* of *State*, *Macchiavell*. But I ſay, he puts off Man, and goes into a Beaſt, that is Cruel. No Vertue is a *Prince's* own, or becomes him more, than this *Clemency*: And no Glory is greater, than to be able to ſave with his Power. Many puniſhments ſometimes, and in ſome Caſes as much diſcredit a Prince, as many Funerals a *Phyſician*. The ſtate of things is ſecur'd by Clemency; Severity repreſſeth a few, but it irritates more. * The lopping of Trees makes the Boughs ſhoot out thicker; And the taking away of ſome kind of Enemies, increaſeth the number. It is then moſt gracious in a Prince to Pardon, when many about him would make him Cruel; to think then, how much he can ſave, when others tell him how much he can deſtroy: not to conſider, what the impotence of others hath demoliſh'd; but what his own greatneſs can ſuſtain. Theſe are a *Prince's* Vertues; And they that give him other Counſels, are but the *Hangman's* Factors.

Macchiavell.

* *Haud infima ars in Principe, ubi lenitas, ubi ſeveritas—plus polleat in commune bonum callere.*

He that is cruel to halfs, (ſaith the ſaid St. *Nicolas*) loſeth no leſs the Opportunity of his Cruelty, than of his Benefits: For then to uſe his Cruelty, is too late; and to uſe his Favours will be interpreted Fear and Neceſſity; and ſo he loſeth the Thanks. Still the Counſel is Cruelty. But *Princes* by harkning to cruel Counſels, become in time obnoxious to the Authors, their Flatterers, and Miniſters; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them: they muſt go on, and defend Cruelty with Cruelty: they cannot alter the Habit. It is then grown neceſſary, they muſt be as ill, as thoſe have made them: And in the end they will grow more hateful to themſelves than to their Subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the Merciful *Prince* is ſafe in Love, not in Fear. He needs no Emiſſaries, Spies, Intelligencers, to intrap true Subjects. He fears no Libels, no Treaſons.

Clementia tutelat opima. St. Nicolas.

His

His People ſpeak what they think; and talk openly what they do in ſecret. They have nothing in their Breaſts, that they need a Cipher for. He is guarded with his own Benefits.

Religio. Palladium Homeri.

The ſtrength of Empire is in Religion. What elſe is the *Palladium*, (with *Homer*) that kept *Troy* ſo long from ſacking? Nothing more commends the *Soveraign* to the Subject, than it. For he that is Religious, muſt be Merciful and Juſt neceſſarily. And they are too ſtrong ties upon Mankind. Juſtice is the Vertue that *Innocence* rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always ſo ſafe; but it may love to ſtand in the ſight of Mercy. For ſometimes Misfortune is made a Crime, and then *Innocence* is ſuccour'd no leſs than Vertue. Nay, oftentimes Vertue is made Capital: and through the Condition of the times, it may happen, that that may be puniſh'd with our praiſe. Let no Man therefore murmur at the Actions of the Prince, who is plac'd ſo far above him. If he offend, he hath his Diſcoverer. *God* hath a height beyond him. But where the *Prince* is good,

Euripides. Tyranni.

Euripides ſaith: *God is a Gueſt in a human Body.*

There is nothing with ſome *Princes* ſacred above their Majeſty; or prophane, but what violates their Scepters. But a Prince with ſuch Counſel, is like the *God Terminus*, of Stone, his own Land-mark; or (as it is in the Fable) a crowned Lyon. It is dangerous offending ſuch an one; who being angry, knows not how to forgive. That cares not to do any thing, for maintaining, or inlarging of *Empire*; kills not Men, or Subjects; but deſtroyeth whole Countries, Armies, Mankind, Male and Female; Guilty or not Guilty; Holy or Prophane: Yea, ſome that have not ſeen the Light. All is under the Law of their Spoil and Licence. But *Princes* that neglect their proper Office thus, their Fortune is often times to draw a

Scianus.

Scianus, to be near about him; who will at laſt affect to get above him, and put them in a worthy fear, of rooting both them out and their Family. For no Men hate an evil *Prince* more, than they that help'd to make him ſuch. And none more boaſtingly weep his ruine, than they, that procur'd and practis'd it. The ſame Path leads to Ruine, which did to Rule, when Men profeſs a *Licence* in Governing. A *good King* is a publick Servant.

Illiteratus Princeps.

A Prince without Letters, is a Pilot without Eyes. All his Government is groping. In *Soveraignty* it is a moſt happy thing, not to be compelled; but ſo it is the moſt miſerable not to be counſell'd. And how can he be counſell'd that cannot ſee to read the beſt Counſellors (which are Books.) For they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? He may hear, you will ſay. But how ſhall he always be ſure to hear Truth? or be counſell'd the beſt things, not the ſweeteſt? They ſay *Princes* learn no Art truly, but the Art of *Horſe manſhip*. The reaſon is, the brave Beaſt is no flatterer. He will throw a *Prince* as ſoon as his Groom. Which is an Argument, that the good Counſellors to Princes are the beſt inſtruments of a good Age. For though the *Prince* himſelf be of moſt prompt inclination to all Vertue: Yet the beſt *Pilots* have need of *Mariners*, beſide Sails, Anchor, and other Tackle.

Character Principis.

If Men did know, what ſhining Fetters, gilded Miſeries, and painted Happineſs, Thrones and Scepters were, there would not be ſo frequent ſtriſe about the getting or holding of them: There would be more *Principalities* than *Princes*. For a *Prince* is the Paſtor of the People. He ought to ſheer, not to flea his Sheep; to take their Fleeces, not their Fells. Who were his Enemies before, being a private Man, become his Children now he is publick. He is the *Soul* of the Common-wealth; and ought to cheriſh it as his own Body. *Alexander* the

Alexander magnus.

Great was wont to ſay: *He hated that Gardiner, that pluck'd his Herbs, or Flowers up by the Roots.* A Man may milk a Beaſt till the Blood come: Churn Milk, and it yieldeth Butter; but wring the Noſe and the Blood followeth. He is an ill *Prince* that ſo pulls his Subjects Feathers, as he would not have them grow again: that makes his *Exchequer* a Receipt for the Spoils of thoſe he Governs. No, let him keep his own, not affect his Subjects: ſtrive rather to be call'd Juſt than Powerful. Not, like the *Romans Tyrans*, affect the Surnames that grows by human ſlaughters: Neither to ſeek War in Peace, or Peace in War: but to obſerve Faith given, though to an Enemy. Study Piety toward the Subject: Shew care to defend him. Be ſlow to puniſh in diverſe Caſes; but be a ſharp and ſevere Revenger of open Crimes. Break no Decrees, or diſſolve no Orders, to ſlacken the ſtrength of Laws. Chooſe neither Magiſtrates *Civil* or *Eccleſiaſtick*, by *Favour* or *Price*: but with long diſquiſition, and report of their worth, by all Suffrages. Sell no Honours, nor give them haſtily; but beſtow them with Counſel, and for Reward; if he do acknowledge it, (though late) and mend it. For *Princes* are eaſie to be deceiv'd. And what Wiſdom can eſcape it; where ſo many Court-Arts are ſtudied? But above all, the *Prince* is to remember, that when the great Day of Account comes, which neither Magiſtrate nor *Prince* can ſhun, there will be requir'd of him a Reckoning for thoſe whom he hath truſted; as for himſelf, which he muſt provide. And if *Piety* be wanting in the *Prieſts*, *Equity* in the Judges, or the *Magiſtrate* be found rated at a Price; what Juſtice or Religion is to be expected? which are the only two Attributes make *Kings* a-kin to *Gods*; and is the *Delphick* Sword, both to kill Sacrifices, and to chaſtiſe Offenders.

De Gratioſit.

When a Vertuous Man is rais'd, it brings gladneſs to his Friends; grief to his Enemies, and Glory to his Poſterity. Nay his Honours are a great part of the Honour of the Times: when by this means he is grown to Active Men an Example; to the Sloathful a Spur; to the Envious a Puniſhment.

Divites.

He, which is ſole Heir to many Rich Men, having (beſide his Father's, and Uncle's) the Eſtates of diverſe his Kindred come to him by acceſſion; muſt needs be richer than Father or Grand-father: So they which are

Heredes ex Aſſe.

left Heirs *ex Aſſe*, of all their Anceſtors Vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchaſe new; muſt needs be Wealthier in Vice, and have

have a greater revenue, or ſtock of ill to ſpend on.

Fures Publici. *The great* Thieves of a State are lightly the Officers of the Crown; they hang the leſs ſtill; play the Pikes in the Pond; eat whom they liſt. The Net was never ſpread for the Hawk or Buzzard that hurt us, but the harmleſs Birds, they are good Meat.

Juvenalis. Plautus.
Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.
Non rete Accipitri tenditur, neque milvo.

But they are not always ſafe, though eſpecially, when they meet with wiſe Maſters. They can take down all the huff, and ſwelling of their Looks; and like dexterous Auditors, place the Counter, where he ſhall value nothing. Let them but remember

Lewis xi. *Lewis* the Eleventh, who to a Clerk of the *Exchebuer*, that came to be Lord *Treaſurer*, and had (for his Device) repreſented himſelf ſitting upon Fortunes Wheel: told him, he might do well to faſten it with a good ſtrong Nail, leſt turning about, it might bring him, where he was again. As indeed it did.

De bonis & malis. *A good Man* will avoid the ſpot of any Sin. The very aſperſion is grievous: which makes him chooſe his way in his Life, as he would in his Journey. The *Ill-man* rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftner he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in faſhion. His modeſty like a riding Coat, the more it is worn, is the leſs car'd for. It is good enough for the Durt ſtill; and

De Innocentiâ. the ways he travels in. *An Innocent* Man needs no *Eloquence*: his *Innocence* is inſtead of it: elſe I had never come off ſo many times from theſe *Precipices*, whither Mens Malice hath purſued me. It is true, I have been accus'd to the Lords, to the *King*; and by great ones: but it happen'd my Accuſers had not thought of the Accuſation with themſelves; and ſo were driven for want of Crimes, to uſe Invention, which was found ſlander: or too late, (being entred ſo far) to ſeek ſtarting Holes for their raſhneſs, which were not given them. And then they may think, what Accuſation that was like to prove, when they, that were the Ingineers, fear'd to be the Authors. Nor were they content, to feign things againſt me, but to urge things feign'd by the Ignorant, againſt my Profeſſion; which though from their hired and mercenary Impudence, I might have paſs'd by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their Tongues to lick others ſores; yet I durſt not leave my ſelf undefended, having a Pair of Ears unskilful to hear Lyes; or have thoſe things ſaid of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected, making of Verſes to me, when I could object to moſt of them, their not being able to read them, but as worthy of ſcorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own Writings againſt me; but by pieces, (which was an excellent way of Malice) as if any Mans Context, might not ſeem dangerous, and offenſive, if that which was knit, to what went before, were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themſelves utter'd, might not ſeem ſubject to Calumny, which read entire, would appear moſt free. At laſt they upbraided my Poverty; I confeſs, ſhe is my Domeſtick; ſober of Diet, ſimple of Habit; frugal, painful; a good Counſellor to me; that keeps me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate Impertinences; which are the Nurſe-Children of Riches. But let them look over all the great and monſtrous Wickedneſſes, they ſhall never find thoſe in poor Families. They are the Iſſue of the wealthy *Giants*, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great Work, or worthy of Praiſe, or Memory, but came out of poor Cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded Common-weals; built Cities; invented Arts; made wholſom Laws; armed Men againſt Vices; rewarded them with their own Vertues; and preſerv'd the Honour and State of Nations, till they betray'd themſelves to Riches.

Amor nummi. *Money* never made any Man rich, but his Mind. He that can order himſelf to the Law of Nature, is not only without the ſenſe, but the fear of Poverty. O! but to ſtrike blind the People with our Wealth and Pomp, is the thing! what a wretchedneſs is this, to thruſt all our Riches outward, and be Beggars within; to contemplate nothing, but the little, vile, and ſordid things of the World; not the great, noble, and pretious? We ſerve our avarice; and not content with the good of the Earth, that is offer'd us, we ſearch, and dig for the Evil that is hidden. *God* offer'd us thoſe things, and plac'd them at hand, and near us, that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep, and hid. Yet do we ſeek only the things whereby we may periſh; and bring them forth, when *God* and Nature hath buried them. We covet ſuperfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if we could contemn neceſſary. What need hath Nature of Silver Diſhes, multitudes of Waiters, delicate Pages, perfum'd Napkins? She requires Meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no Wealth enough, but ſuch a ſtate, for which a Man may be brought into a *Præmunire*, begg'd, preſcrib'd, or poyſon'd? O! if a Man could reſtrain the fury of his Gullet and Groin, and think how many Fires, how many Kitchins, Cooks, Paſtures, and ploug'd Lands; what Orchards, Stews, Ponds, and Parks, Coops, and Garners he could ſpare: What Velvets, Tiſſues, Imbroideries, Laces he could lack; and then how ſhort and uncertain his Life is; he were in a better way to happineſs, than to live the Emperor of theſe Delights; and be the *Dictator* of Faſhions: But we make our ſelves Slaves to our Pleaſures; and we ſerve *Fame*, and Ambition, which is an equal Slavery. Have not I ſeen the pomp of a whole Kingdom, and what a foreign King could bring hither? Alſo to make himſelf gaz'd and wonder'd at, laid forth as it were to the ſhew, and vaniſh all away in a day? And ſhall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain, and take up our whole Lives? when even it appear'd as ſuperfluous to the Poſſeſſors, as to me that was a Spectator. The bravery was ſhewn, it was not poſſeſs'd while it boaſted it ſelf, it periſh'd. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happineſs

pineſs on theſe Deſires. Say we wanted them all. *Famine* ends *famine.*

De mollibus & effæminatis. *There* is nothing valiant, or ſolid to be hop'd for from ſuch, as are always kempt'd and perfum'd; and every day ſmell of the Taylor. The exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending ſuch an imperfection in the Face, in taking away the Morphew in the Neck; or bleaching their hands at Mid-night, gumming and bridling their Beards, or making the waſte ſmall, binding it with Hoops, while the Mind runs at waſte: Too much pickedneſs is not manly. Not from thoſe that will jeſt at their own outward Imperfections, but hide their Ulcers within, their Pride, Luſt, Envy, ill Nature, with all the Art and Authority they can. Theſe Perſons are in danger; For whilſt they think to juſtifie their Ignorance by Impudence; and their Perſons by Cloaths and outward Ornaments, they uſe but a Commiſſion to deceive themſelves. Where, if we will look with our Underſtanding, and not our Senſes, we may behold Vertue and Beauty (though cover'd with Rags) in their brightneſs; and Vice and Deformity ſo much the fouler, in having all the ſplendor of Riches to gild them, or the falſe light of Honour and Power to help them. Yet this is that, wherewith the World is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: Cloaths and Titles, the Birdlime of *Fools.*

De ſtultitiâ. *What* petty things they are, we wonder at? like Children, that eſteem every Trifle; and prefer a *Fairing* before their Fathers: what difference is between us and them? but that we are dearer Fools, Cockſcombs, at a higher rate? They are pleas'd with Cockleſhels, Whiſtles, Hobby-horſes, and ſuch like: we with Statues, Marble Pillars, Pictures, gilded Roofs, where underneath is Lath and Lyme; perhaps Lome. Yet, we take Pleaſure in the Lye, and are glad we can cozen our ſelves. Nor is it only in our Walls and Seilings; but all that we call Happineſs, is meer Painting and Gilt: and all for Money: what a thin Membrane of Honour that is? and how hath all true Reputation faln, ſince Money began to have any? yet the great Herd, the Multitude; that in all other things are divided; in this alone conſpire and agree: To love Money. They wiſh for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is poſſeſt with greater ſtir and torment than it is gotten.

De ſibi moleſtis. *Some* Men, what loſſes ſoever they have, they make them greater: and if they have none, even all, that is not gotten, is a loſs. Can there be Creatures of more wretched Condition, than theſe; that continually labour under their own miſery, and others envy? A Man ſhould ſtudy other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him: To make his Baſe ſuch, as no Tempeſt ſhall ſhake him: to be ſecure of all Opinion; and pleaſing to himſel, even for that, wherein he diſpleaſeth others. For the worſt Opinion gotten for doing well, ſhould delight us: would'ſt not thou be juſt, but for Fame; thou ought'ſt to be it with Infamy: He that would have his Virtue publiſhed, is not the Servant of Vertue, but Glory.

It is a dangerous thing, when Mens Minds come to ſojourn with their Affections, and their Diſeaſes eat into their Strength: that when too much deſire, and greedineſs of Vice, hath made the Body unfit, or unprofitable; it is yet gladded with the ſight, and ſpectacle of it in others: and for want of ability to be an Actor; is content to be a Witneſs. It enjoys the Pleaſure of ſinning, in beholding others ſin; as in Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot do all theſe, it is offended with his own narrowneſs, that excludes it from the univerſal Delights of Man-kind; and oft-times dyes of a *Melancholy*, that it cannot be vitious enough. *Periculoſa Melancholia.*

I am glad, when I ſee any Man avoid the Infamy of a Vice; but to ſhun the Vice it ſelf were better. Till he do that, he is but like the Prentice, who being loth to be ſpied by his Maſter, coming forth of *Black-Lucie*, went in again; to whom his Maſter cried; the more thou runneſt that way to hide thy ſelf, the more thou art in the Place. So are thoſe, that keep a Tavern all day; that they may not be ſeen at night. I have know *Lawyers*, *Divines*; yea, great ones of this Hereſie. *Falſa ſpecies fugiendæ.*

There is a greater Reverence had of things remote, or ſtrange to us, than of much better, if they be nearer, and fall under our ſenſe. Men, and almoſt all ſort of Creatures, have their Reputation by diſtance. Rivers, the farther they run, and more from their Spring, the broader they are, and greater. And where our Original is known, we are the leſs confident: Among Strangers we truſt Fortune. Yet a Man may live as renown'd at home, in his own Country, or a private Village, as in the whole World. For it is Vertue that gives Glory: That will Endenizon a Man every where. It is only that can Naturalize him. A Native, if he be Vitious, deſerves to be a Stranger, and caſt out of the Common-wealth as an Alien. *Decipimur ſpecie.*

A dejected Countenance, and mean Clothes, beget often a contempt; but it is with the ſhalloweſt Creatures: *Courtiers* commonly look up even with them in a new Suit; you get above 'em ſtreight. Nothing is more ſhort-liv'd than Pride: It is but while their Clothes laſt; ſtay but while theſe are worn out, you cannot wiſh the thing more wretched or dejected. *Dejectio Aulic.*

Poetry and *Picture*, are Arts of a like Nature; and both are buſie about imitation. It was excellently ſaid of *Plutarch*, *Poetry* was a ſpeaking Picture, and *Picture* a mute Poeſie. For they both invent, feign, and deviſe many things, and accomodate all they invent to the uſe and ſervice of Nature. Yet of the two, the Pen is more noble than the Pencil. For that can ſpeak to the Underſtanding; the other, but to the Senſe. They both behold Pleaſure and Profit, as their common Object; but ſhould abſtain from all baſe Pleaſures, leſt they ſhould err from their end: and while they ſeek to better Men's Minds, deſtroy their Manners. They both are born *Artificers*, not made. Nature is more powerful in them than Study. *Poeſis, & Pictura.* *Plutarch.*

Whoſoever

De Pictura. *Whosoever* loves not *Picture*, is injurious to Truth: and all the Wisdom of *Poetry*. Picture is the invention of Heaven: the most ancient, and most a-kin to Nature. It is it self a silent Work: and always of one and the same Habit: Yet it doth so enter, and penetrate the inmost Affection (being done by an excellent Artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of Speech and Oratory. There are diverse Graces in it; so are there in the Artificers. One excels in Care, another in Reason, a third in Easiness, a fourth in Nature and Grace. Some have Diligence and Comeliness; but they want Majesty. They can express a human Form in all the Graces, Sweetness and Elegancy; but they miss the Authority. They can hit nothing but smooth Cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to Truth so much, as they are rather lovers of Likeness than Beauty. *Zeuxis* and *Parrhasius*, are said to be Contemporaries: The first, found out the Reason of Lights and Shadows in Picture: the other, more subtilly examined the Lines.

De Stylo. *In Picture*, Light is requir'd no less than Shadow: so in stile, height, as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble; *Pliny.* as *Pliny* pronounc'd of *Regulus*'s Writings. You would think them written, not on a Child, but by a Child. Many, out of their own obscene Apprehensions, refuse proper and fit Words; as *Occupy*, *Nature*, and the like: So the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come nearer a Vice than a Vertue.

De progress. Picturæ. *Picture* took her feigning from *Poetry*; from *Geometry* her Rule, Compass, Lines, Proportion, and the whole *Symmetry*. *Parrhasius* *Parrhasius.* was the first won Reputation, by adding *Symmetry* to Picture: he added subtilty to the Countenance, elegancy to the Hair, Love-lines to the Face; and by the publick Voice of all Artificers, deserved honour in *Eupompus.* the outer Lines. *Eupompus* gave it splendor by Numbers, and other Elegancies. From the *Opticks* it drew Reasons; by which it considered, how things plac'd at distance, and a far off, should appear less: how above, or beneath the Head, should deceive the Eye, &c. So from thence it took Shadows, Recessor, Light, and Heightnings. From moral *Philosophy* it took the Soul, the expression of Senses, Perturbations, Manners, when they would paint an Angry Person, a Proud, an Inconstant, an Ambitious, a Brave, a Magnanimous, a Just, a Merciful, a Compassionate, an Humble, a Dejected, a Base, and the like; they made all Heightnings bright, all Shadows dark, all Swellings from a plane; all Solids from breaking. See * where he complains of their painting *Chimæra's*, by the vulgar unaptly called *Grotesque*: Saying, that Men who were born truly to study and emulate Nature, did nothing but make Monsters against Nature; which [a] *Horace* so laught at. The Art *Plastick* was moulding in Clay, or Potters Earth anciently. This is the Parent of *Statuary* Sculpture, *Graving* and *Picture*; cutting in Brass and Marble, all serve under her. [b] *Socrates* taught *Parrhasius* and *Clito* (two noble Statuaries) first to express Manners by their Looks in Imagery. [c] *Polygnotus* and *Aglaophon* were ancienter. After them [d] *Zeuxis*, who was the Law-giver to all Painters: after [e] *Parrhasius*. They were Contemporaries, and liv'd both about *Philip*'s time, the Father of *Alexander* the Great. There liv'd in this latter Age six famous Painters in *Italy*: who were excellent, and emulous of the Ancients: [f] *Raphael de Urbino*, *Michel Angelo Buonarota*, *Titian*, *Antony of Correggio*, *Sebastian of Venice*, *Julio Romano*, and *Andrea Sartorio*.

Plin. lib. 35. c. 2. 5. 6. & 7. *Vitruv. lib. 8. & 7.* *[a] Horat. in arte Poet.* *[b] Socrates. Parrhasius. Clito.* *[c] Polygnotus. Aglaophon.* *[d] Zeuxis.* *[e] Parrhasius.* *[f] Raphael de Urbino. Mich. Angel. Buonarota. Titian. Antony de Correg. Sebast. de Venet. Julio Romano. Andrea Sartorio.*

These are Flatterers for their Bread, that praise all my Oraculous Lord do's or says, be it true or false: invent Tales that shall please: make Baits for his Lordships Ears: and if they be not receiv'd in what they offer at, they shift a Point of the Compass, and turn their Tale, presently tack about; deny what they confest, and confess what they denied, fit their Discourse to the Persons and Occasions. What they snatch up and devour at one Table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the Master, hated of the Servants, while they inquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate Business of the House they have nothing to do with: They praise my *Lord*'s Wine, and the Sauce he likes; observe the Cook, and Bottle-man, while they stand in my Lord's favour, speak for a Pension for them: but pound them to dust upon my Lord's least distaste, or change of his Palate. *Parasiti ad mensam.*

How much better is it, to be silent; or at least, to speak sparingly! For it is not enough to speak good, but timely things. If a Man be asked a Question, to answer, but to repeat the Question, before he answer, is well, that he be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity. For it is less dishonour, to hear imperfectly, than to speak imperfectly. The Ears are excus'd, the Understanding is not. And in things unknown to a Man, not to give his Opinion, lest by affectation of knowing too much, he lose the Credit he hath by speaking, or knowing the wrong way, what he utters. Nor seek to get his Patrons favour, by imbarking himself in the Factions of the Family: to inquire after Domestick Simulties, their Sports or Affections. They are an odious and vile kind of Creatures, that fly about the House all day; and picking up the Filth of the House, like Pies or Swallows, carry it to their Nest (the Lord's Ears) and oftentimes report the Lyes they have feign'd, for what they have seen and heard.

These are call'd Instruments of Grace and *Imi serviles.* Power, with great Persons; but they are indeed the Organs of their impotency, and marks of weakness. For sufficient Lords are able to make these Discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable Person inquire, who eats and drinks together, what that Man plays, whom this Man loves; with whom such a one walks; what discourse they held, who sleeps, with whom. They are base and servile Natures, that busie themselves about these Disquisitions. How often have I seen, (and worthily) these Censors

of the Family, undertaken by ſome honeſt *Ruſtick*, and cudgel'd thriftily? Theſe are commonly the Off-ſcowring, and Dregs of Men, that do theſe things, or calumniate others: Yet I know not truly which is worſe; he that maligns all, or that praiſes all. There is as great a Vice in praiſing, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleas'd you Lordſhip of late, to ask my Opinion, touching the Education of your Sons, and eſpecially to the advancement of their Studies. To which, though I return'd ſomewhat for the preſent; which rather manifeſted a Will in me, than gave any juſt Reſolution to the thing propounded: I have upon better cogitation call'd thoſe aids about me, both of Mind and Memory; which ſhall venture my Thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordſhips demand. I confeſs, my Lord, they will ſeem but petty and minute things I ſhall offer to you, being writ for Children, and of them. But Studies have their Infancy, as well as Creatures. We ſee in Men, even the ſtrongeſt Compoſitions had their beginnings from Milk and the Cradle; and the Wiſeſt tarried ſometimes about apting their Mouths to Letters and Syllables. In their Education therefore, the care muſt be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their Natures; which though they be proner in ſome Children to ſome Diſciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taſte all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreſhing in Studies, and infuſeth Knowledge by way of Recreation. Thence the School it ſelf is call'd a Play or Game: and all Letters are ſo beſt taught to Scholars. They ſhould not be affrighted, or deterr'd in their Entry, but drawn on with Exerciſe and Emulation. A youth ſhould not be made to hate ſtudy, before he know the Cauſes to love it: or taſte the bitterneſs before the ſweet; but call'd on, and allur'd, intreated, and praiſed: Yea, when he deſerves it not. For which cauſe I wiſh them ſent to the beſt School, and a Publick; which I think the beſt. Your Lordſhip I fear hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your Eye, and at home; and doubting their Manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own Family, among ill Servants, (allowing they be ſafe in their School-Maſter) than amongſt a Thouſand Boys, however immodeſt: would we did not ſpoil our own Children, and overthrow their Manners our ſelves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home, is to breed them in a Shade.; where in a School they have the light and heat of the Sun. They are us'd, and accuſtom'd to things and men. When they come forth into the Common-wealth, they find nothing new, or to ſeek. They have made their Friendſhips and Aids; ſome to laſt their Age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themſelves. Much approv'd, much corrected; all which they bring to their own ſtore and uſe, and learn as much as they hear. *Eloquence* would be but a poor thing, if we ſhould only converſe with ſingulars; ſpeak but Man and Man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would ſend them where their Induſtry ſhould be daily increas'd by Praiſe; and that kindled by Emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the Mind: And though Ambition it ſelf be a Vice, it is often the cauſe of great Vertue. Give me that Wit, whom praiſe excites, Glory puts on, or Diſgrace Grieves; he is to be nouriſh'd with Ambition, prick'd forward with Honour; check'd with Reprehenſion; and never to be ſuſpected of Sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a ſign of Spirit, and livelineſs; ſo there be a mean had of their Sports and Relaxations. And from the Rod or Ferul, I would have them free, as from the menace of them: for it is both deformed and ſervile.

For a Man to write well, there are required three Neceſſaries. To read the beſt Authors, obſerve the beſt Speakers: and much exerciſe of his own Stile. In Stile to conſider, what ought to be written; and after what manner; He muſt firſt think, and excogitate his Matter; then chooſe his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both Matter and Words, that the compoſition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how ſlow the Stile be at firſt, ſo it be labour'd and accurate; ſeek the beſt, and be not glad of the forward Conceipts, or firſt Words, that offer themſelves to us, but judge of what we invent; and order what we approve. Repeat often, what we have formerly written; which beſide, that it helps the Conſequence, and makes the Juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of ſetting down, and gives it new ſtrength, as if it grew luſtier, by the going back. As we ſee in the contention of leaping, they jump fartheſt, that fetch their Race largeſt: or, as in throwing a Dart or Javelin, we force back our Arms, to make our looſe the ſtronger. Yet, if we have a fair Gale of Wind, I forbid not the ſteering out of our Sail, ſo the favour of the Gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth pleaſe us in the Conception or Birth; elſe we would never ſet it down. But the ſafeſt is to return to our Judgment, and and handle over again thoſe things, the eaſineſs of which might make them juſtly ſuſpected. So did the beſt Writers in their beginnings; they impos'd upon themſelves care and induſtry. They did nothing raſhly. They obtain'd firſt to write well and then Cuſtom made it eaſie and a Habit. By little and little, their Matter ſhew'd it ſelf to 'em more plentifully; their words anſwer'd, their compoſition followed; and all, as in a well-order'd Family, preſented it ſelf in the Place. So that the ſum of all is: Ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: Yet when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to reſiſt it: as to give a Horſe a check ſometimes with Bit, which doth not ſo much ſtop his Courſe, as ſtir his Mettle. Again, whether a Man's *Genius* is beſt able to reach thither, it ſhould more and more contend, lift and

De ſtylo, & optimo ſcribendi genere.

and dilate it ſelf, as Men of low ſtature, raiſe themſelves on their Toes; and ſo oft times get even, if not eminent. Beſides, as it is fit for grown and able Writers to ſtand of themſelves, and work with their own ſtrength, to truſt and endeavour by their own faculties: ſo it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to ſtudy others, and the beſt. For the Mind, and Memory are more ſharply exercis'd in comprehending another Man's things, than our own; and ſuch as accuſtom themſelves, and are familiar with the beſt Authors, ſhall ever and anon find ſomewhat of them in themſelves, and in the expreſſion of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter ſomthing like theirs, which hath an Authority above their own. Nay, ſometimes it is the reward of a Mans ſtudy, the praiſe of quoting another Man fitly: And though a Man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he muſt exerciſe all. For as in an Inſtrument, ſo in Stile, there muſt be a harmony, and conſent of parts.

Præcipiendi modi.

I take this labour in teaching others, that they ſhould not be always to be taught; and I would bring my Precepts into practice. For Rules are ever of leſs force, and value, than Experiments. Yet with this purpoſe, rather to ſhew the right way to thoſe that come after, than to detect any that have ſlipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For Men do more willingly liſten, and with more favour to precept, than reprehenſion. Among divers opinions of an Art, and moſt of them contrary in themſelves, it is hard to make election; and therefore, though a Man cannot invent new things after ſo many, he may do a welcom work yet to help Poſterity to judge rightly of the old. But Arts and Precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial, and aiding. And therefore theſe things are no more written to a dull diſpoſition, than rules of Husbandry to a Soil. No Precepts will profit a Fool; no more than Beauty will the blind, or Muſick the deaf. As we ſhould take care, that our ſtile in writing, be neither dry, nor empty: we ſhould look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetcht-deſcriptions; either is a vice. But that is worſe which proceeds out of want, than that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulneſs is eaſie, but no labour will help the contrary; I will like, and praiſe ſome things in a young Writer; which yet if he continue in, I cannot, but juſtly hate him for the ſame. There is a time to be given all things for maturity; and that even your Country-husbandman can teach; who to a young Plant will not put the proining Knife, becauſe it ſeems to fear the Iron, as not able to admit the ſcar. No more would I tell a green Writer all his faults, leſt I ſhould make him grieve and faint, and at laſt deſpair. For nothing doth more hurt, than to make him ſo afraid of all things, as he can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be inſtructed betimes, and in the beſt things: for we hold thoſe longeſt, we take ſooneſt. As the firſt ſcent of a Veſſel laſts: and the tinct the Wool firſt receives. Therefore a Maſter ſhould temper his own powers, and deſcend to the others infirmity. If you pour a glut of Water upon a Bottle, it receives little of it; but with a Funnel, and by degrees, you ſhall fill many of them, and ſpill little of your own; to their capacity they will all receive, and be full. And as it is fit to read the beſt Authors to youth firſt, ſo let them be of the openeſt, and cleareſt. As *Livy* before *Saluſt*, *Sydney* before *Donne*: and beware of letting them taſte *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at firſt, leſt falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in Language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both, the old and the new: but no leſs take heed, that their new Flowers, and ſweetneſs do not as much corrupt, as the others drineſs, and ſquallor, if they chuſe not carefully. *Spencer*, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: Yet I would have him read for his matter; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*. The reading of *Homer* and *Virgil* is counſell'd by *Quintilian*, as the beſt way of informing youth, and confirming Man. For beſides that, the mind is rais'd with the height, and ſublimity of ſuch a Verſe, it takes ſpirit from the greatneſs of the matter, and is tincted with the beſt things. *Tragick*, and *Lyrick* Poetry is good too: and *Comick* with the beſt, if the manners of the Reader be once in ſafety. In the *Greek* Poets, as alſo in *Plautus*, we ſhall ſee the Oeconomy, and diſpoſition of *Poems*, better obſerved than in *Terence*, and the latter: who thought the ſole grace, and vertue of their Fable, the ſticking in of Sentences, as ours do the forcing in of Jeſts.

Livy. Saluſt. Sydney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spencer. Virgil. Ennius. Homer. Virgil. Quintilian. Plautus. Terence.

We ſhould not protect our ſloath with the patronage of difficulty. It is a falſe quarrel againſt nature, that ſhe helps underſtanding; but in a few, when the moſt part of mankind are inclin'd by her thither, if they would take the pains; no leſs than Birds to fly, Horſes to run, *&c.* Which if they loſe, it is through their own ſluggiſhneſs, and by that means become her Prodigies, not her Children. I confeſs, nature in Children is more patient of labour in ſtudy, than in age; for the ſenſe of the pain, the judgment of the labour is abſent, they do not meaſure what they have done. And it is the thought, and conſideration, that affects us more, than the wearineſs it ſelf. *Plato* was not content with the Learning, that *Athens* could give him, but fail'd into *Italy* for *Pythagoras*'s knowledge: And yet not thinking himſelf ſufficiently inform'd, went into *Egypt* to the Prieſts, and learned their myſteries. He labour'd, ſo muſt we. Many things may be learn'd together, and perform'd in one point of time; as Muſicians exerciſe their Memory, their Voice, their Fingers, and ſometime their Head, and Feet at once. And ſo a Preacher in the invention of matter, election of words, compoſition of geſture, look, pronunciation, motion, uſeth all theſe faculties at once. And if we can expreſs this variety together, why ſhould not divers ſtudies, at divers hours delight, when the variety is able alone to refreſh, and repair us? As when a Man is weary of writing,

Falſ. querel. fugiend. Platonis Peregrinatio in Italiam.

writing, to read; and then again of reading, to write. Wherein, howſoever we do many things, yet are we (in a ſort) ſtill freſh to what we begin: we are recreated with change, as the Stomach is with Meats. But ſome will ſay, this variety breeds Confuſion, and makes, that either we loſe all, or hold no more than the laſt. Why do we not then perſwade Husbandmen, that they ſhould not till Land, help it with Marle, Lyme, and Compoſt? Plant Hop-Gardens, prune Trees, look to Bee-hives, rear Sheep, and all other Cattel at once? It is eaſier to do many things, and continue, than to do one thing long.

Præcept. Element.

It is not the paſſing through theſe Learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and ſticking about them. To deſcend to thoſe extream anxieties, and fooliſh cavils of *Grammarians*, is able to break a Wit in pieces; being a Work of manifold miſery and vainneſs, to be *Elementarii ſenes*. Yet even Letters are as it were the Bank of Words, and reſtore themſelves to an Author, as the Pawns of Language: But talking and Eloquence are not the ſame: to ſpeak, and to ſpeak well, are two things. A Fool may talk, but a Wiſe Man ſpeaks, and out of the obſervation, knowledge, and uſe of things, many Writers perplex their Readers, and Hearers with meer *Nonſenſe*. Their Writings need Sun-ſhine. Pure and neat Language I love, yet plain and cuſtomary. A barbarous Phraſe hath often made me out of love with a good Senſe; and doubtful writing hath wrackt me beyond my Patience. The Reaſon why a *Poet* is ſaid, that he ought to have all Knowledges, is, that he ſhould not be ignorant of the moſt, eſpecially of thoſe he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is poſſible, it were a ſluggiſh and baſe thing to deſpair. For frequent imitation of any thing, becomes a habit quickly. If a Man ſhould proſecute as much, as could be ſaid of every thing; his Work would find no end.

De oratio nis Dignitate.

Speech is the only Benefit Man hath to expreſs his excellency of Mind above other Creatures. It is the Inſtrument of *Society*. Therefore *Mercury*, who is the Preſident of Language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all Speech, Words and Senſe, are as the Body and the Soul. The Senſe is, as the Life and Soul of Language, without which all Words are dead. Senſe is wrought out of Experience, the knowledge of human Life and Actions, or of the liberal Arts, which the *Greeks* call'd Ἐγκυκλοπαιδίαν. Words are the Peoples, yet there is a choiſe of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus origo eſt eloquentiæ*. They are to be choſe according to the Perſons we make ſpeak, or the things we ſpeak of. Some are of the Camp, ſome of the Council-board, ſome of the Shop, ſome of the Sheep-coat, ſome of the Pulpit, ſome of the Bar, &c. And herein is ſeen their Elegance, and Propriety, when we uſe them fitly, and draw them forth to their juſt ſtrength and nature, by way of Tranſlation or *Metaphore*. But in this Tranſlation we muſt only ſerve neceſſity (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti*) or commodity, which is a kind of neceſſity; that is, when we either abſolutely want a Word to expreſs by, and that is neceſſity; or when we have not ſo fit a Word, and that is commodity. As when we avoid loſs by it, and eſcape obſceneneſs, and gain in the Grace and Property, which helps ſignificance. *Metaphors* farſet hinder to be underſtood, and affected, loſe their Grace. Or when the Perſon fetcheth his Tranſlations from a wrong Place. As if a Privy-Councellor ſhould at the Table take his *Metaphore* from a Dicing houſe, or Ordinary, or a Vintners Vault; or a Juſtice of Peace draw his Similitudes from the *Mathematicks*; or a *Divine* from a Bawdy-houſe, or Taverns; or a Gentleman of *Northampton ſhire*, *Warwick-ſhire*, or the *Mid-land*, ſhould fetch all his Illuſtrations to his Country Neighbours from ſhipping, and tell them of the Main-ſheat, and the Boulin. *Metaphors* are thus many times deform'd, as in him that ſaid, *Caſtratam morte Aphricani Rempublicam*. And another, *ſtercus curiæ Glauciam*. And *Canâ nive conſpuit Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and ſomewhat hard, before they be ſoftned with uſe. A Man coins not a new Word without ſome peril, and leſs Fruit; for if it happen to be received, the Praiſe is but moderate; if refus'd, the ſcorn is aſſur'd. Yet we muſt adventure, for things at firſt, hard and rough, are by uſe made tender and gentle. It is an honeſt Errour that is committed, following great *Chiefs*.

Ἐγκυκλοπαιδία. Julius Cæſar. Of Words ſee Hor. de Art. Poetic. Quintil. l. 8. Ludov. Vives, pag. 6. & 7.

Metaphora.

Conſuetudo.

Cuſtom is the moſt certain Miſtris of Language, as the publick ſtamps makes the currant Money. But we muſt not be too frequent with the Mint, every day coining. Nor fetch words from the extreme and utmoſt ages; ſince the chief vertue of a ſtile is perſpicuity, and nothing ſo vicious in it, as to need an Interprerer. Words borrow'd of Antiquity, do lend a kind of Majeſty to ſtile, and are not without their delight ſometimes. For they have the Authority of years, and out of their intermiſſion do win to themſelves a kind of grace-like newneſs. But the eldeſt of the preſent, and newneſs of the paſt Language is the beſt. For what was the ancient Language, which ſome Men ſo dote upon, but the ancient Cuſtom? Yet when I name Cuſtom, I underſtand not the vulgar Cuſtom: For that were a Precept no leſs dangerous to Language, than life, if we ſhould ſpeak or live after the manners of the vulgar: But that I call Cuſtom of ſpeech, which is the conſent of the Learned; as Cuſtom of life, which is the conſent of the good. *Virgil* was moſt loving of Antiquity; yet how rarely doth he inſert *aquai*, and *pictai*! *Lucretius* is ſcabrous and rough in theſe; he ſeeks 'em: As ſome do *Chauceriſms* with us, which were better expung'd and baniſh'd. Some words are to be cull'd out for ornament and colour, as we gather Flowers to ſtrow Houſes, or make Garlands; but they are better when they grow to our ſtile; as in a Meadow, where though the meer graſs and greenneſs delights; yet the variety of Flowers doth heighten and beautifie. Marry we

Perſpicuitas Venuſtas.

Authoritas.

Virgil.

Lucretius.

Chauceriſm.

we muſt not play, or riot too much with
Paranomaſia. them, as in *Paranomaſies* : Nor uſe too ſwelling or ill ſounding Words ; *Quæ per ſalebras, altaque ſaxa cadunt.* It is true, there is no ſound but ſhall find ſome Lovers, as the bitter'ſt Confections are grateful to ſome Palates. Our compoſition muſt be more accurate in the beginning and end, than in the midſt ; and in the end more than in the beginning ; for through the midſt the Stream bears us. And this is attain'd by Cuſtom more than Care, or diligence. We muſt expreſs readily, and fully, not profuſely. There is difference between a liberal and a prodigal Hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veer out all Sail ; ſo to take it in, and contract it, is of no leſs Praiſe when the Argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitneſs in the Place. A good Man always Profits by his endeavour, by his help ; yea, when he is abſent ; nay, when he is dead by his Example and Me-
De ſtylo. mory. So good Authors in their Stile : A ſtrict and ſuccinct Stile is that, where you can take away nothing without loſs, and
Tacitus. that loſs to be manifeſt. The brief Stile is
The Lacmick. that which expreſſeth much in little. The
Suetonius, Seneca & Fabianus. conciſe Stile, which expreſſeth not enough, but leaves ſomewhat to be underſtood. The abrupt Stile, which hath many Breaches, and doth not ſeem to end, but fall. The congrument, and harmonious fitting of parts in a ſentence, hath almoſt the faſtning, and force of knitting, and connexion : As in Stones well ſquar'd, which will riſe ſtrong
Periodi. a great way without Mortar. Periods are beautiful ; when they are not too long ; for ſo they have their ſtrength too, as in a Pike or Javelin. As we muſt take the care that our words and ſenſe be clear ; ſo if the obſcurity happen through the Hearers, or Readers want of underſtanding, I am not to anſwer for them ; no more than for their not liſtning or marking ; I muſt neither find them Ears, nor Mind. But a Man cannot put a word ſo in ſenſe, but ſomething about it will illuſtrate it, if the Writer underſtand himſelf. For Order helps much to Perſpicuity, as Confuſion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert ; obliquitas & circumductio offuſcat.* We ſhould therefore ſpeak what we can, the neareſt way, ſo as we keep our gate, not leap ; for too ſhort may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatſoever looſeth the grace, and clearneſs, converts into a Riddle ; the obſcurity is
Obſcuritas offundit tenebras. mark'd, but not the value. That periſheth, and is paſt by, like the Pearl in the Fable. Our ſtile ſhould be like a Skein of Silk to be carried, and found by the right Thred, not ravell'd, and perplex'd ; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words, that do as much raiſe a ſtile, as others can depreſs it. Su-
Superlatio. perlation, and over-muchneſs amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a mean.
Ceſtius. It was ridiculous in *Ceſtius*, when he ſaid of *Alexander :*

Fremit Oceanus, quaſi indignetur, quòd terras relinquas ;

But propitiouſly from *Virgil :* *Virgil.*

— Credas innare revulſas Cycladas.

He doth not ſay it was ſo, but ſeem'd to be ſo. Although it be ſomewhat incredible, that is excus'd before it be ſpoken. But there are *Hyperboles*, which will become one Language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos eſſe* P. R. *exercitus, qui cœlum poſſint perrumpere :* who would ſay this with *Cæſar comment : circa fin.* us, but a mad Man. Therefore we muſt conſider in every Tongue what is us'd, what receiv'd. *Quintilian* warns us, that in no *Quintilian.* kind of Tranſlation, or *Metaphore*, or *Allegory*, we make a turn from what we began ; As if we fetch the original of our *Metaphore* from Sea, and Billows ; we end not in Flames and Aſhes ; It is a moſt foul inconſequence. Neither muſt we draw out our *Allegory* too long, leſt either we make our ſelves obſcure, or fall into affectation, which is childiſh. But why do Men depart at all from the right, and natural ways of ſpeaking? Sometimes for neceſſity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to ſpeak that in obſcure words, or by circumſtance, which utter'd plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obſceneneſs, or ſometimes for pleaſure, and variety ; as Travellers turn out of the High-way, drawn, either by the commodity of a Foot-path, or the delicacy, or freſhneſs of the Fields. And all this is call'd ἰσχημοσύνη, or figur'd Language.

Language moſt ſhews a Man : ſpeak that I *Oratio imago animi.* may ſee thee. It ſprings out of the moſt retired, and inmoſt parts of us, and is the Image of the Parent of it, the Mind. No Glaſs renders a Man's form, or likeneſs, ſo true as his Speech. Nay, it is likened to a Man ; and as we conſider feature, and compoſition in a Man ; ſo words in Language: *Structura, & ſtatura, ſublimis, humilis, pumila.* in the greatneſs, aptneſs, ſound, ſtructure, and harmony of it. Some Men are tall, and big, ſo ſome Language is high and great. Then the words are choſen, their ſound ample, the compoſition full, the abſolution plenteous, and powr'd out, all grave, ſinewy and ſtrong. Some are little, and Dwarfs : ſo of Speech it is humble, and low, the words poor and flat ; the Members and *Periods*, thin and weak without knitting, or *Mediocria Plana & placida.* number. The middle are of a juſt ſtature. There the Language is plain, and pleaſing : even without ſtopping, round without ſwelling ; all well-torn'd, compos'd, elegant, and *Vitioſa oratio, vaſta. Tumens. Enormis. Affectata. Abjecta.* accurate. The vicious Language is vaſt, and gaping, ſwelling, and irregular ; when it contends to be high, full of Rock, Mountain, and pointedneſs : As it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs, and holes. And according to their ſubject, theſe ſtiles vary, and loſe their names : For that which is high and lofty, declaring excellent matter, becomes vaſt and tumorous : ſpeaking of petty and inferiour things : ſo that which was even, and apt in a mean and plain ſubject, will appear moſt poor and humble in a high Argument. Would you not laugh, to meet a great Counſellor of ſtate in a flat cap, with his trunck Hoſe, and a hobby-horſe Cloak, his Gloves under his Girdle, and yond Haberdaſher in a Velvet

Velvet Gown, furr'd with Sables? There is a certain Latitude in theſe things, by which we find the degrees. The next thing to the Stature, is the Figure and Feature in Language: That is, whether it be round, and ſtreight, which conſiſts of ſhort and ſuccinct *Periods*, numerous and poliſh'd: or ſquare and firm; which is to have equal and ſtrong parts, every where anſwerable, and weighed. The Third is the Skin and Coat, which reſts in the well-jo ning, cementing, and coagmentation of Words; when as it is ſmooth, gentle, and ſweet; like a Table, upon which you may run your Finger without Rubs, and your Nail cannot find a Joynt; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: After theſe the Fleſh, Blood, and Bones come in queſtion. We ſay, it is a fleſhy Style, when there is much *Periphraſes*, and Circuit of Words; and when with more than enough, it grows fat and corpulent; *Arvina Orationis*, full of Suet and Tallow. It hath Blood, and Juice, when the Words are proper and apt, their ſound ſweet, and the *Phraſe* neat and pick'd. *Oratio uncta, & benè paſta.* But where there is Redundancy, both the Blood and Juice are faulty and vicious. *Redundat ſanguine, quâ multò plus dicit, quàm neceſſe eſt.* Juice in Language is ſomewhat leſs than Blood; for if the words be but becoming, and ſignifying, and the ſenſe gentle, there is Juice: but where that wanteth, the Language is thin, flagging, poor, ſtarv'd; ſcarce covering the Bone, and ſhews like Stones in a Sack. Some Men, to avoid Redundancy, run into that; and while they ſtrive to have no ill Blood, or Juice, they loſe their good. There be ſome Styles again, that have not leſs Blood, but leſs Fleſh and Corpulence. Theſe are bony and ſinewy: *Oſſa habent, & nervos.*

Figura.

Cutis ſive Cortex. Compoſitio.

Carnoſa. Adipata.

Redundans.

Jejuna, macilenta, ſtrigoſa.

Oſſia, & nervoſa.

It was well noted by the late L. St. *Alban*, that the ſtudy of words is the firſt Diſtemper of Learning: Vain matter the ſecond: And a third Diſtemper is Deceit, or the likeneſs of Truth. Impoſture held up by Credulity. All theſe are the Cobwebs of Learning, and to let them grow in us, is either ſluttiſh or fooliſh. Nothing is more ridiculous, than to make an Author a *Dictator*, as the Schools have done *Ariſtotle*. The Damage is infinite, Knowledge receives by it. For to many things a Man ſhould owe but a Temporary Belief, and a Suſpenſion of his own Judgment, not an abſolute Reſignation of himſelf, or a perpetual Captivity. Let *Ariſtotle* and others have their dues; but if we can make farther Diſcoveries of Truth and Fitneſs than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we ſtrive to add, we do not diminiſh, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By diſcrediting Falſhood, Truth grows in requeſt. We muſt not go about, like Men anguiſh'd and perplex'd, for vicious affectation of Praiſe: but calmly ſtudy the Separation of Opinions, find the Errors have intervened, awake Antiquity, call former Times into queſtion; but make no parties with the preſent, nor follow any fierce Undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful Credit with the ſimplicity of Truth, but gently ſtir the Mold about the Root of the Queſtion, and avoid all Digladiations; facility of Credit, or ſuperſtitious Simplicity; ſeek the Conſonancy, and Concatenation of Truth; ſtoop only to point of Neceſſity, and what leads to Convenience. Then make exact Animadverſion where Style hath degenerated, where flouriſh'd and thriv'd in choiceneſs of Phraſe, round and clean Compoſition of Sentence, ſweet falling of the Clauſe, varying an Illuſtration by Tropes and Figures, Weight of Matter, Worth of Subject, Soundneſs of Argument, Life of Invention, and Depth of Judgment. This is *Monte potiri*, to get the Hill. For no perfect Diſcovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

Note Domini St. Albani *de doctrin. intemper.*

Dictator.

Ariſtotele.

Now, that I have informed you in the knowing theſe things, let me lead you by the Hand a little farther, in the Direction of the Uſe; and make you an able Writer by Practice. The Conceits of the Mind are Pictures of things, and the Tongue is the Interpreter of thoſe Pictures. The Order of God's Creatures in themſelves, is not only Admirable and Glorious, but Eloquent: Then he who could apprehend the Conſequence of things in their Truth, and utter his Apprehenſions as truly, were the beſt Writer or Speaker. Therefore *Cicero* ſaid much, when he ſaid, *Dicere rectè nemo poteſt, niſi qui prudenter intelligit.* The Shame of ſpeaking unskilfully were ſmall, if the Tongue only thereby were diſgrac'd: But as the Image of a *King*, in his Seal ill-repreſented, is not ſo much a blemiſh to the Wax, or the Signet that ſeal'd it, as to the Prince it repreſenteth; ſo diſordered Speech is not ſo much Injury to the Lips that give it forth, as to the diſproportion and incoherence of things in themſelves, ſo negligently expreſſed. Neither can his Mind be thought to be in Tune, whoſe Words do jar; nor his Reaſon in frame, whoſe Sentence is prepoſterous; nor his Elocution clear and perfect, whoſe utterance breaks it ſelf into fragments and uncertainties: Were it not a diſhonour to a mighty Prince, to have the Majeſty of his Embaſſage ſpoiled by a careleſs Ambaſſador? and is it not as great an Indignity, that an excellent Conceit and Capacity, by the Indiligence of an idle Tongue ſhould be diſgrac'd? Negligent Speech doth not only diſcredit the Perſon of the Speaker, but it diſcrediteth the Opinion of his Reaſon and Judgment; it diſcrediteth the Force and Uniformity of the Matter and Subſtance. If it be ſo then in words, which fly and eſcape Cenſure, and where one good *Phraſe* begs pardon for many Incongruities and Faults; how ſhall he then be thought wiſe, whoſe Penning is thin and ſhallow? How ſhall you look for Wit from him, whoſe Leiſure and Head, aſſiſted with the Examination of his Eyes, yield you no Life, or Sharpneſs in his Writing.

De optimo ſcriptore.

Cicero.

In writing there is to be regarded the Invention and the Faſhion. For the *Invention*, that ariſeth upon your buſineſs; whereof there can be no Rules of more Certainty, or Precepts of better Direction given, than Conjecture can lay down, from the ſeveral Occaſions of mens particular Lives and Vocations: But ſometimes Men make Baſeneſs of

De Stilo Epiſtolari.

Inventio.

of Kindneſs: As (*I could not ſatisfie my ſelf, till I had diſcharged my Remembrance, and charged my Letters with Commendations to you.*) Or, [*My buſineſs is no other, than to teſtifie my Love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingneſs to do you all kind Offices.*] Or, [*Sir, have you leiſure to deſcend to the remembring of that aſſurance you have long poſſeſt in your Servant; and upon your next opportunity, make him happy with ſome Commands from you?*] Or the like; that go a begging for ſome meaning, and labour to be deliver'd of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your Buſineſs be Matter, and not bare Form, or meer Ceremony, but ſome Earneſt: then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digeſting the Parts, which is had out of Two Circumſtances. One is the underſtanding of the Perſons to whom you are to write; the other is the Coherence of your Sentence. For Mens Capacity to weigh, what will be apprehended with greateſt attention, or leiſure; what next regarded, and long'd for eſpecially; and what laſt will leave ſatisfaction, and (as it were) the ſweeteſt Memorial, and belief of all that is paſt in his Underſtanding, whom you write to. For the Conſequence of Sentences, you muſt be ſure, that every Clauſe do give the Q. one to the other, and be be-ſpoken e're it come. So much for *Invention* and *Order*. Now for Faſhion, it conſiſts in Four things, which are Qualities of your Style. The firſt is *Brevity*. For they muſt not be Treatiſes, or Diſcourſes, (your Letters) except it be to Learned Men. And even among them there is a kind of Thrift, and ſaving of words. Therefore you are to examine the cleareſt Paſſages of your Underſtanding, and through them to convey the ſweeteſt, and moſt ſignificant words you can deviſe; that you may the eaſier teach them the readieſt way to an other man's apprehenſion, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and diſtinctly. So as the Reader may not think a Second view caſt away upon your Letter. And though Reſpect be a part following this, yet now here, and ſtill I muſt remember it, if you write to a Man, whoſe Eſtate and Cenſe as Senſes, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to ſet a task to his Brain) venture on a Knot. But if to your Superior, you are bound to meaſure him in Three farther Points: Firſt, your Intereſt in him: Secondly, his Capacity in your Letters: Thirdly, his leiſure to peruſe them. For your Intereſt, or Favour with him, you are to be the ſhorter, or longer, more familiar, or ſubmiſs, as he will afford you time. For his Capacity, you are to be quicker, and fuller of thoſe Reaches, and Glances of Wit, or Learning, as he is able to entertain them. For his leiſure, you are commanded to the greater briefneſs, as his Place is of greater Diſcharges and Cares. But with your Betters, you are not to put Riddles of Wit, by being too ſcarce of Words: not to cauſe the trouble of making *Breviates*, by writing too riotous, and waſtingly. *Brevity* is attained in Matter, by avoiding Idle Complements, Prefaces, Proteſtations, Parentheſes, ſuperfluous Circuit of Figures and Digreſſions: In the Compoſition, by omitting Conjunctions, [*Not only*; But *Alſo*] *Both the one, and the other, whereby it cometh to paſs*] and ſuch like idle Particles, that have no great buſineſs in a ſerious Letter, but breaking of Sentences; as oftentimes a ſhort Journey is made long, by unneceſſary Baits.

Modus.
1. *Brevitas.*

But as *Quintilian* ſaith, there is a briefneſs of the Parts ſometimes, that makes the whole long, as I came to the Stairs, I took a pair of Oars, they launch'd out, rowed apace, I landed at the Court-Gate, I paid my Fare, went up to the Preſence, ask'd for my Lord, I was admitted. All this is, but, I went to the Court, and ſpake with my Lord. This is the Fault of ſome *Latin* Writers, within theſe laſt Hundred Years, of my reading; and perhaps *Seneca* may be appeacht of it; I accuſe him not. The next Property of *Epiſtolary* Style is *Perſpicuity*, and is oftentimes by affectation of ſome Wit ill angled for, or oſtentation of ſome hidden Terms of Art. Few words they darken Speech, and ſo do too many; as well too much Light hurteth the Eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the Underſtanding, as much as the ſhorteſt Note. Therefore let not your Letters be penn'd like *Engliſh* Statutes, and this is obtain'd. Theſe Vices are eſchewed by pondering your Buſineſs well, and diſtinctly concerning your ſelf, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the Light and Judgment of your own outward Senſes, as to the Cenſure of other Mens Ears: For that is the Reaſon, why many good Scholars ſpeak but fumblingly; like a Rich Man, that for want of particular Note and Difference, can bring you no certain Ware readily out of his Shop. Hence it is, that talkative ſhallow Men do often content the Hearers more than the Wiſe. But this may find a ſpeedier Redreſs in Writing, where all comes under the laſt Examination of the Eyes. Firſt, mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it; and you may be in the better hope of doing reaſonably well. Under this Vertue may come Plainneſs, which is not to be curious in the Order, as to anſwer a Letter, as if you were to anſwer to Interrogatories. As to the firſt, firſt; and to the ſecond, ſecondly, *&c.* But both in method to uſe (as Ladies do in their Attire) a diligent kind of Negligence, and their ſportive Freedom; though with ſome Men you are not to jeſt, or practiſe Tricks: yet the delivery of the moſt important things, may be carried with ſuch a Grace, as that it may yield a pleaſure to the Conceit of the Reader. There muſt be ſtore, though no Exceſs of Terms; as if you are to name *Store*, ſometimes you may call it Choice, ſometimes Plenty, ſometimes Copiouſneſs, or Variety: but ever ſo, that the word which comes in lieu, have not ſuch difference of meaning, as that it may put the Senſe of the firſt in hazard to be miſtaken. You are not to caſt a Ring for the perfumed Terms of the Time, as *Accommodation*, *Complement*, *Spirit*, &c. But uſe them properly in their place, as others. There followeth *Life* and *Quickneſs*, which is the Strength and

Quintilian.

2. *Perſpicuitas.*

3. *Vigor.*

Sinews (as it were) of your penning by pretty Sayings, Similitudes, and Conceits, Alluſions, ſome known Hiſtory, or other common place, ſuch as are in the Courtier, and the ſecond Book of *Cicero de Oratore.*

4. Diſcretio. The laſt is, Reſpect to diſcern what fits your ſelf, him to whom you write, and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the reſt, becauſe it doth include all. And that muſt proceed from Ripeneſs of Judgment, which as one truly ſaith, is gotten by four means, *God*, *Nature*, *Diligence* and *Converſation.* Serve the firſt well, and the reſt will ſerve you.

De Poetica. *We have* ſpoken ſufficiently of Oratory; let us now make a diverſion to *Poetry. Poetry* in the Primogeniture had many peccant Humours, and is made to have more now, through the Levity and Inconſtancy of Mens Judgments. Whereas indeed, it is the moſt prevailing Eloquence, and of the moſt exalted *Charakt.* Now the Diſcredits and Diſgraces are many it hath receiv'd, through Mens ſtudy of Depravation or Calumny; their Practice being to give it Diminution of Credit, by leſſening the Profeſſors Eſtimation, and making the Age afraid of their Liberty: And the Age is grown ſo tender of her Fame, as ſhe calls all Writings *Aſperſions.*

That is the State-word, the Phraſe of Court, (*Placentia Colledge*) which ſome call *Paraſites Place*, the Inn of *Ignorance.*

Whilſt I name no perſons, but deride Follies; why ſhould any Man confeſs, or betray himſelf? why doth not that of S. *Hie-*

D. Hieronymus. *rome* come into their Mind; *Ubi generalis eſt de vitiis diſputatio, ibi nullius eſſe perſonæ injuriam?* It is ſuch an inexpiable Crime in *Poets*, to tax Vices generally; and no Offence in them, who, by their Exception, confeſs they have committed them particularly. Are we fall'n into thoſe Times that we muſt not

Perſ. Stat. 1. *Auriculas teneras mordaci radere vero?*

Livius. *Remedii votum ſemper verius erat, quàm ſpes.* If Men may by no means write freely, or ſpeak Truth, but when it offends not; why do *Phyſicians* cure with ſharp Medicines, or Corroſives? Is not the ſame equally lawful in the cure of the Mind, that is in the cure of the Body? Some Vices (you will ſay) are ſo foul, that it is better they ſhould be done than ſpoken. But they that take Offence where no Name, Character, or Signature doth blazon them, ſeem to me like affected as Women; who, if they hear any thing ill ſpoken of the Ill of their Sex, are

Sexus fœmin': preſently mov'd, as if the contumely reſpected their particular: and, on the contrary, when they hear good of good Women, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I ſee any thing that toucheth me, ſhall I come forth a Betrayer of my ſelf preſently? No; if I be wiſe, I'll diſſemble it; if honeſt, I'll avoid it; leſt I publiſh that on my own Forehead, which I ſaw there noted without a Title. A Man that is on the mending hand, will either ingeniouſly confeſs, or wiſely diſſemble his Diſeaſe. And the wiſe and vertuous will never think any thing belongs to themſelves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warn'd not to be ſuch; and the ill to leave to be ſuch. The Perſon offended hath no reaſon to be offended with the Writer, but with himſelf; and ſo to declare that properly to belong to him, which was ſo ſpoken of all Men, as it could be no Man's ſeveral, but his that would wilfully and deſperately claim it. It ſufficeth, I know, what kind of Perſons I diſpleaſe, Men bred in the declining and decay of Vertue, betroth'd to their own Vices; that have abandoned, or proſtituted their good Names: hungry and ambitious of Infamy, inveſted in all deformity, enthrall'd to Ignorance and Malice, of a hidden and conceal'd Malignity, and that hold a Concomitancy with all Evil.

What is a Poet?

A Poet is that which by the *Greeks* is call'd κατ' ἐξοχὴν, ὁ Ποιητὴς, a Maker, or a Feigner: *Poeta.* His Art, an Art of Imitation or Feigning; expreſſing the Life of Man in fit Meaſure, Numbers and Harmony, according to *Ariſtotle:* From the word ποιεῖν, which ſignifies to make, or feign. Hence he is call'd a *Poet*, not he which writeth in meaſure only, but that feigneth and formeth a Fable, and writes things like the Truth. For the Fable and Fiction is (as it were) the Form and Soul of any Poetical Work, or *Poem.*

What mean you by a Poem?

A Poem is not alone any Work, or Compoſition of the Poets in many, or few Verſes; but even one alone Verſe ſometimes makes a perfect *Poem.* As when *Æneas* hangs up, and conſecrates the Arms of *Abas* with this Inſcription; *Poema.*

Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma. *Virgilius Æneid. lib. 3.*

And calls it a *Poem*, or *Carmen.* Such are thoſe in *Martial:*

Omnia, Caſtor, emis: ſic fiet, ut omnia vendas. And, *Martial. lib. 8. Epigr. 19.*
Pauper videri Cinna vult, & eſt pauper.

So were *Horace* his *Odes* call'd, *Carmina*; his *Lyrick*, Songs. And *Lucretius* deſigns a whole Book, in his ſixth: *Horatius. Lucretius.*

Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.

And anciently, all the Oracles were call'd *Carmina*; or, whatever Sentence was expreſs'd, were it much, or little, it was call'd, an *Epick*, *Dramatick*, *Lyrick*, *Elegiak*, or *Epigrammatick Poem.* *Epicum. Dramaticum. Lyricum. Elegiacum. Epigrammat.*

But, how differs a Poem from what we call Poeſie?

A Poem, as I have told you, is the Work of the Poet; the End and Fruit of his Labour and Study. *Poeſie* is his Skill, or Craft *Poeſis.* of making: the very Fiction it ſelf, the Reaſon, or Form of the Work. And theſe Three

Three Voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feign'd, the feigning and the feigner; so the *Poem*, the *Poesie*, and the *Poet*. Now the *Poesie* is the Habit, or the Art: Nay, rather the Queen of Arts: which had her Original from Heaven, received thence from the *Hebrews*, and had in prime Estimation with the *Greeks*, transmitted to the *Latines*, and all Nations that profess'd Civility. The Study of it (if we will trust *Aristotle*) offers to Mankind a certain Rule and Pattern of living well and happily; disposing us to all Civil Offices of Society. If we will believe *Tully*, it nourisheth and instructeth our Youth; delights our Age, adorns our Prosperity, comforts our Adversity, entertains us at home, keeps us company abroad, travels with us, watches, divides the Times of our Earnest and Sports; shares in our Countrey Recesses and Recreations; insomuch as the wisest and best learned have thought her the absolute Mistress of Manners, and nearest of Kin to Vertue. And whereas they entitle *Philosophy* to be a rigid and austere *Poesie*: they have (on the contrary) stiled *Poesie* a dulcet and gentle *Philosophy*, which leads on, and guides us by the hand to Action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible Sweetness. But before we handle the Kinds of *Poems*, with their special Differences; or make Court to the Art it self, as a Mistress, I would lead you to the Knowledge of our *Poet*, by a perfect Information, what he is, or should be by Nature, by Exercise, by Imitation, by Study; and so bring him down through the Disciplines of *Grammar*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, and the *Ethicks*, adding somewhat, out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your Admittance or Reception.

Artium Regina. *Aristotle.* *M. T. Cicero.* *Poet. differentiæ.* *Grammatica.* *Logic.* *Rhetoric.* *Ethica.*

First, we require in our *Poet*, or Maker, (for that Title our Language affords him, elegantly, with the *Greek*) a goodness of Natural Wit. For, whereas all other Arts consist of Doctrine and Precepts; the *Poet* must be able, by Nature and Instinct, to pour out the Treasure of his Mind; and, as *Seneca* saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse*: by which he understands, the *Poetical Rapture*. And, according to that of *Plato*; *Frustrà Poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*: And of *Aristotle*; *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, & supra cæteros loqui, nisi mota mens.* Then it riseth higher, as by a Divine Instinct, when it contemns common, and known Conceptions. It utters somewhat above a Mortal Mouth. Then it gets aloft, and flies away with his Rider, whither, before, it was doubtful to ascend. This the *Poets* understood by their *Helicon*, *Pegasus*, or *Parnassus*; and this made *Ovid* to boast:

1. *Ingenium.* *Seneca.* *Plato.* *Aristotle.* *Helicon.* *Pegasus.* *Parnassus.* *Ovidius.*

> *Est, Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:*
> *Sedibus ætheris spiritus ille venit.*

And *Lipsius*, to affirm; *Scio, Poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divinæ auræ.* And hence it is, that the coming up of good Poets, (for I mind not *Mediocres*, or *Imos*) is so thin and rare among us; Every beggarly Corporation affords the State a *Mayor*, or Two *Bailiffs*, yearly: but *solus Rex, aut Poeta, non quotannis nascitur.* To this perfection of Nature in our *Poet*, we require Exercise of those parts, and frequent. If his Wit will not arrive suddenly at the Dignity of the Ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel, or be over-hastily Angry: offer to turn it away from Study, in a Humor; but come to it again upon better Cogitation; try another time, with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the Quills yet: nor scratch the Wainscot, beat not the poor Desk; but bring all to the Forge and File again; turn it a-new. There is no *Statute-Law* of the Kingdom bids you be a Poet against your Will; or the first Quarter. If it come in a Year or Two, it is well. The common Rhymers pour forth Verses, such as they are, (*ex tempore*) but there never come from them one Sense, worth the Life of a Day. A Rhymer and a *Poet* are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, That he brought forth his Verses like a Bear, and after form'd them with licking. *Scaliger*, the Father, writes it of him, That he made a quantity of Verses in the Morning, which a-fore Night he reduced to a less number. But that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides*, the *Tragick Poet*, his Answer to *Alcestis*, another *Poet*, is as memorable as modest: who, when it was told to *Alcestis*, That *Euripides* had in Three Days brought forth but Three Verses, and those with some difficulty and throwes; *Alcestis*, glorying he could with ease have sent forth an Hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly reply'd, Like enough. But here is the difference; Thy Verses will not last those Three Days; mine will to all Time. Which was, as much as to tell him, he could not write a Verse. I have met many of these Rattles, that made a noise, and buzz'd. They had their Hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with Labour, deserve to be so read, and will last their Age. The Third Requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to be able to convert the Substance, or Riches of another *Poet*, to his own use. To make choice of one Excellent Man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very *He*; or so like him, as the Copy may be mistaken for the Principal. Not as a Creature, that swallows what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but that feeds with an Appetite, and hath a Stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into Nourishment. Not to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch at Vices for Vertue: but to draw forth out of the best, and choicest Flowers, with the Bee, and turn all into Honey, work it into one relish and savour: make our *Imitation* sweet: observe, how the best Writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil* and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*; how *Alcæus*, and the other *Lyricks*: and so of the rest. But that which we especially require in him, is an Exactness of Study, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full Man, not alone enabling

Petron. in fragm. 2. *Exercitatio.* *Virgil.* *Scaliger.* *Valer. Maximus.* *Euripides.* *Alcestis.* 3. *Imitatio.* *Horatius.* *Virgilius.* *Statius. Homer.* *Horat. Archil.* *Alcæus, &c.* 4. *Lectio.*

abling him to know the *History*, or Argument of a *Poem*, and to report it: but so to master the Matter, and Stile, as to shew, he knows, how to handle, place, or dispose of either, with *elegancy*, when need shall be. And not think, he can leap forth suddenly a *Poet*, by dreaming he hath been in *Parnassus*, or, having washt his Lips (as they say) in *Helicon*. There goes more to his making, than so. For to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Study, *Art* must be added, to make all these perfect. And, though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our Maker, it is Art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her Hand. It is the assertion of *Tully*, It to an excellent nature, there happen an accession, or confirmation of Learning, and Discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble, and singular. For, as *Simylus* saith in *Stobæus*; Ὅυτε φύσις ἰκανὴ γίνεται τέχνης ἄτερ, ὅυτε πᾶν τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κακπιμόν· without Art, Nature can ne'er be perfect; and, without Nature, Art can claim no being. But, our Poet must beware, that his Study be not only to learn of himself; for, he that shall affect to do that, confesseth his ever having a Fool to his Master. He must read many; but, ever the best, and choisest: those, that can teach him any thing, he must ever account his Masters, and reverence: among whom *Horace*, and (he that taught him) *Aristotle*, deserv'd to be the first in estimation. *Aristotle*, was the first accurate *Critick*, and truest Judge; nay, the greatest *Philosopher*, the World ever had: for, he noted the Vices of all knowledges, in all Creatures, and out of many Mens perfections in a Science, he formed still one Art. So he taught us two Offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what we ought to imitate specially in our selves. But all this in vain, without a natural wit, and a Poetical nature in chief. For, no Man, so soon as he knows this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by Nature, he shall grow the perfecter Writer. He must have *Civil Prudence*, and *Eloquence*, and that whole; not taken up by snatches, or pieces, in sentences, or remnants, when he will handle Business, or carry Counsels, as if he came then out of the Declamors Gallery, or Shadow, furnish'd but out of the body of the State, which commonly is the School of Men. The *Poet* is the neerest Borderer upon the Orator, and expresseth all his Vertues, though he be tyed more to numbers; is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And, (of the kind) the *Comick* comes neerest: Because, in moving the Minds of Men, and stirring of Affections (in which Oratory shews, and especially approves her eminence) he chiefly excels. What Figure of a Body was *Lysippus* ever able to form with his Graver; or *Apelles* to paint with his Pencil, as the Comedy to life expresseth so many, and various affections of the Mind? There shall the Spectator see some, insulting with Joy; others, fretting with Melancholy; raging with Anger; mad with Love; boiling with Avarice; undone with Riot; tortur'd with Expectation; consum'd with Fear: no perturbation in common Life, but the Orator finds an example of it in the Scene. And then, for the Elegancy of Language, read but this Inscription on the *Grave* of a *Comick Poet*:

Parnassius. *Helicon.* *Art coron.* *M. T. Cicero.* *Simylus. Stob.* *Horatius.* *Aristoteles.* *Virorum schola Respub.* *Lysippus.* *Apelles.* *Nævius.*

Immortales mortales, si fas esset flere,
Flerent divæ Camænæ Nævium Poetam;
Itaq; postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliti sunt Romæ linguâ loqui Latinâ.

Or, that modester Testimony given by *Lucius Ælius*. *Stilo* upon *Plautus*; who affirmed, *Musas, si latinè loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas.* And that illustrious judgment by the most learned *M. Varro* of him; who pronounced him the *Prince* of *Letters*, and *Elegancy*, in the *Roman* Language. *L. Ælius.* *Stilo. Plautus.* *M. Varro.*

I am not of that opinion to conclude a *Poet*'s liberty within the narrow limits of Laws, which either the *Grammarians*, or *Philosophers* prescribe. For, before they found out those Laws, there were many excellent Poets, that fulfill'd them. Amongst whom none more perfect than *Sophocles*, who liv'd a little before *Aristotle*. *Sophocles.*

Which of the *Greeklings* durst ever give Precepts to *Demosthenes*? or to *Pericles*, (whom the Age surnam'd *heavenly*) because he seem'd to Thunder, and Lighten, with his Language? or to *Alcibiades*, who had rather Nature for his Guide, than Art for his Master? *Demosthenes.* *Pericles.* *Alcibiades.*

But, whatsoever Nature at any time dictated to the most happy; or long Exercise to the most laborious, that the Wisdom, and Learning of *Aristotle*, hath brought into an Art: because, he understood the Causes of things: and what other Men did by chance or custom, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take, not to err. *Aristotle.*

Many things in *Euripides* hath *Aristophanes* wittily reprehended; not out of Art, but out of Truth. For, *Euripides* is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But, Judgment when it is greatest, if Reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute. *Euripides.* *Aristophanes.*

To judge of Poets is only the faculty of Poets; and not of all Poets, but the best. *Nemo infœlicius de Poetis judicavit, quàm qui de Poetis scripsit.* But, some will say, *Criticks* are a kind of Tinkers; that make more faults, than they mend ordinarily. See their Diseases, and those of *Grammarians*. It is true, many Bodies are the worse for the medling with: And the multitude of *Physicians* hath destroyed many sound Patients, with their wrong practise. But the office of a true *Critick*, or *Censor*, is, not to throw by a Letter any where, or damn an innocent Syllable, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the Author, and his matter, which is the sign of solid, and perfect Learning in a Man. Such was *Horace*, an Author of much Civility; and (if any one among the Heathen can be) the best *Cens. Scal. in Lil.* *Germ. Senec. de brev. vit. cap. 13. & epist. 88.* *Horace.*

beſt Maſter, both of Vertue, and Wiſdom; an excellent, and true Judge upon Cauſe, and Reaſon; not becauſe he thought ſo; but becauſe he knew ſo, out of Uſe and Experience.

Heinſ. de Sat. 265. *Cato*, the *Grammarian*, a defender of *Lucilius*.

Cato Grammaticus, Latina Syren,
Qui ſolus legit, & facit Poetas.

Pag. 267. *Pag.* 270, 271. *Pag.* 273. *&* ſeq. *Pag. in comm.* 153. *&* ſeq. *Quintilian* of the ſame Hereſie, but rejected. *Horace* his judgment of *Chœrillus*, defended againſt *Joſeph Scaliger*. And, of *Laberius*, againſt *Julius*.

But chiefly his opinion of *Plautus*, vindicated againſt many, that are offended, and ſay, it is a hard Cenſure upon the parent of all conceit, and ſharpneſs. And, they wiſh it had not fallen from ſo great a Maſter, and Cenſor in the Art: whoſe Bondmen knew better how to judge of *Plautus*, than any that dare Patronize the Family of Learning in this Age; who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times, in which he liv'd, when *Poetry*, and the *Latin* Language were at the height: eſpecially, being a Man ſo converſant, and inwardly familiar with the cenſures of great Men, that did diſcourſe of theſe things daily amongſt themſelves. Again, a Man ſo gracious, and in high favour with the Emperour, as *Auguſtus* often called him his witty *Manling*, (for the littleneſs of his ſtature;) and (if we may truſt Antiquity) had deſign'd him for a Secretary of Eſtate; and invited him to the place, which he modeſtly pray'd off, and refus'd.

Terence. *Horace* did ſo highly eſteem *Terence* his Comedies, as he aſcribes the Art in Comedy to him alone, among the *Latins*, and joyns him with *Menander*. *Menander.*

Now, let us ſee what may be ſaid for either, to defend *Horace* his judgment to Poſterity; and not wholly to condemn *Plautus*.

The parts of a Comedy and Tragedy. The parts of a Comedy are the ſame with a *Tragedy*, and the end is partly the ſame. For, they both delight, and teach; the *Comicks* are call'd διδάσκαλοι, of the *Greeks*; no leſs than the *Tragicks*.

Nor, is the moving of Laughter always the end of *Comedy*, that is rather a fooling for the Peoples Delight, or their Fooling. *Ariſtotle.* For, as *Ariſtotle* ſays rightly, the moving of Laughter is a fault in Comedy, a kind of turpitude, that depraves ſome part of a Man's Nature without a Diſeaſe. As a wry Face without pain moves Laughter, or a deformed Vizard, or a rude Clown, dreſt in a Ladies Habit, and uſing her actions, we diſlike, and ſcorn ſuch repreſentations; which made the ancient Philoſophers ever think Laughter unfitting in a wiſe Man. And this induc'd *Plato. Homer.* *Plato* to eſteem of *Homer*, as a ſacrilegious Perſon; becauſe he preſented the *Gods* ſometimes Laughing. As, alſo it is divinely ſaid of *Ariſtotle*, that to ſeem ridiculous is a part of diſhoneſty, and fooliſh.

The wit of the old Comedy. So that, what either in the words, or ſenſe of an Author, or in the language, or actions of Men, is awry, or depraved, doth ſtrangely ſtir mean Affections, and provoke for the moſt part to Laughter. And therefore it was clear, that all inſolent, and obſcene Speeches, jeſt upon the beſt Men; injuries to particular Perſons; perverſe, and ſiniſter Sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old Comedy did move Laughter; eſpecially, where it did imitate any diſhoneſty; and ſcurrility came forth in the place of wit: which who underſtands the nature and *Genius* of Laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Ariſtophanes. Plautus. Of which *Ariſtophanes* affords an ample Harveſt, having not only outgone *Plautus*, or any other in that kind; but expreſs'd all the Moods, and Figures, of what is ridiculous, oddly. In ſhort, as Vinegar is not accounted good, until the Wine be corrupted: ſo Jeſts that are true and natural, ſeldom raiſe Laughter, with the Beaſt, the Multitude. They love nothing, that is right, and proper. The farther it runs from reaſon, or poſſibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates. What could have made them laugh, like to ſee *Socrates* preſented, that Example of all good Life, Honeſty, and Vertue, to have him hoiſted up with a Pully, and there play the Philoſopher, in a Basket. Meaſure, how many Foot a Flea could skip *Geometrically*, by a juſt Scale, and edifie the People from the Engine. This was *Theatrical* wit, right Stage-jeſting, and reliſhing a Play-houſe, invented for ſcorn and laughter; whereas, if it had ſavour'd of equity, Truth, Perſpicuity, and Candor, to have taſten a wiſe, or a learned Palate, ſpit it out preſently; this is bitter and profitable, this inſtructs, and would inform us: what need we know any thing, that are nobly born, more than a Horſe-race, or a Hunting-match, our Day to break with Citizens, and ſuch innate myſteries? Theatrical wit.

The Cart. This is truly leaping from the Stage, to the Tumbrel again, reducing all wit to the Original Dungcart.

Of the magnitude, and compaſs of any Fable, Epick, or Dramatick.

What the meaſure of a Fable is. The Fable, or Plot of a Poem, defin'd. To the reſolving of this *Queſtion*, we muſt firſt agree in the definition of the Fable. The Fable is call'd the *Imitation* of one intire, and perfect Action; whoſe parts are ſo joyned, and knit together, as nothing in the ſtructure can be chang'd; or taken away, without impairing, or troubling the whole; of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example; if a Man would build a Houſe, he would firſt appoint

appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds: So in the Conſtitution of a *Poem*, the Action is aim'd at by the *Poet*, which anſwers Place in a Building; and that Action hath his largeneſs, compaſs, and proportion. But, as a Court or King's Palace requires other dimenſions than a private Houſe: So the *Epick* asks a magnitude, from other Poems. Since, what is Place in the one, is Action in the other, the difference is in ſpace. So that by this definition we conclude the Fable, to be the *imitation* of one perfect, and intire Action; as one perfect, and intire place is requir'd to a Building. By perfect, we underſtand that, to which nothing is wanting; as Place to the Building, that is rais'd, and Action to the Fable, that is form'd. It is perfect, perhaps, not for a Court, or Kings Palace, which requires a greater Ground; but for the ſtructure we would raiſe, ſo the ſpace of the Action, may not prove large enough for the *Epick Fable*, yet be perfect for the *Dramatick*, and whole.

The *Epick* Fable.

Differing from the *Dramatick*.

Whole, we call that, and perfect, which hath a *beginning*, a *mid'ſt*, and an *end*. So the place of any Building may be whole, and intire, for that work; though too little for a Palace. As, to a *Tragedy* or a *Comedy*, the Action may be convenient, and perfect, that would not fit an *Epick Poem* in Magnitude. So a Lyon is a perfect Creature in himſelf, though it be leſs, than that of a *Buffalo*, or a *Rhinocerote*. They differ but in *ſpecie*: either in the kind is abſolute. Both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every Body, ſo in every Action, which is the ſubject of a juſt work, there is requir'd a certain proportionable greatneſs, neither too vaſt, nor too minute. For that which happens to the Eyes, when we behold a body, the ſame happens to the Memory, when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monſtrous Giant, as *Tityus*, whoſe body cover'd nine Acres of Land, and mine Eye ſticks upon every part: the whole that conſiſts of thoſe parts, will never be taken in at one intire view. So in a *Fable*, if the Action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our Imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariſeth no pleaſure out of the object, it affords the view no ſtay: It is beheld and vaniſheth at once. As if we ſhould look upon an Ant or Piſmire, the parts fly the ſight, and the whole conſidered is almoſt nothing. The ſame happens in Action, which is the object of Memory, as the body is of ſight. Too vaſt oppreſſeth the Eyes, and exceeds the Memory: too little ſcarce admits either.

What we underſtand by Whole.

Now, in every Action it behoves the *Poet* to know which is his utmoſt bound, how far with fitneſs, and a neceſſary proportion, he may produce, and determine it. That is, till either good fortune change into the worſe, or the worſe into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the Action, either in Comedy, or Tragedy without his fit bounds. And every bound for the nature of the Subject, is eſteem'd the beſt that is largeſt, till it can increaſe no more: ſo it behooves the Action in *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*, to be let grow, till the neceſſity ask a Concluſion: wherein two things are to be conſidered; Firſt, that it exceed not the compaſs of one Day: Next, that there be place left for Digreſſion, and Art. For the *Epiſodes*, and Digreſſions in a Fable, are the ſame that Houſhold-ſtuff, and other Furniture are in a Houſe. And ſo far for the meaſure, and extent of a *Fable Dramatick*.

What the utmoſt bound of a Fable.

Now, that it ſhould be one, and intire. One is conſiderable two ways: either, as it is only ſeparate, and by it ſelf: or as being compos'd of many parts, it begins to be one, as thoſe parts grow, or are wrought together. That it ſhould be one the firſt way alone, and by it ſelf, no Man that hath taſted Letters ever would ſay, eſpecially having required before a juſt Magnitude, and equal Proportion of the parts in themſelves. Neither of which can poſſibly be, if the Action be ſingle and ſeparate, not compos'd of parts, which laid together in themſelves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the ſame end; which thing out of Antiquity it ſelf, hath deceiv'd many; and more this Day it doth deceive.

What by one, and intire.

So many there be of old, that have thought the Action of one Man to be one: As of *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*, and other *Heroes*; which is both fooliſh and falſe; ſince by one and the ſame Perſon many things may be ſeverally done, which cannot fitly be referred, or joyned to the ſame end: which not only the excellent *Tragick-Poets*, but the beſt Maſters of the *Epick*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* ſaw. For though the Argument of an *Epick-Poem* be far more diffus'd, and pour'd out, than that of *Tragedy*; yet *Virgil* writing of *Æneas* hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was born, how brought up; how he fought with *Achilles*; how he was ſnatch'd out of the Battel by *Venus*; but that one thing, how *he came into Italy*, he proſecutes in twelve Books. The reſt of his journey, his error by Sea, the Sack of *Troy*, are put not as the Argument of the work, but *Epiſodes* of the Argument. So *Homer* laid by many things of *Ulyſſes* and handled no more, than he ſaw tended to one and the ſame end.

Hercules, *Theſeus*, *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*.

Homer, and *Virgil*.

Æneas.

Venus.

Homer.

Contrary to which and fooliſhly thoſe *Poets* did, whom the *Philoſopher* taxeth; of whom one gather'd all the Actions of *Theſeus*: another put all the Labours of *Hercules* in one work. So did he, whom *Juvenal* mentions in the beginning, *hoarſe Codrus*, that recited a Volume compil'd, which he call'd his *Theſeide*, not yet finiſh'd, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himſelf: Amongſt which there were many parts had no coherence, nor kindred one with other, ſo far they were from being one Action, one *Fable*. For as a Houſe, conſiſting of divers materials, becomes one ſtructure, and one dwelling; ſo an Action, compos'd of divers parts, may become one *Fable Epick*, or *Dramatick*. For *example*, in a *Tragedy* look upon *Sophocles* his *Ajax*: *Ajax* depriv'd of

Theſeus, *Hercules*, *Juvenal*, *Codrus*.

Sophocles, *Ajax*.

of *Achilles*'s Armour, which he hop'd from the ſuffrage of the *Greeks*, diſdains; and, growing impatient of the Injury, rageth, and turns mad. In that humour he doth many ſenſleſs things; and at laſt falls upon the *Grecian* Flock, and kills a great Ram for *Ulyſſes*: Returning to his Senſe, he grows aſham'd of the ſcorn, and kills himſelf; and is by the *Chiefs* of the *Greeks* forbidden Burial. Theſe things agree, and hang together, not as they were done; but as ſeeming to be done, which made the Action whole, intire, and abſolute.

Ulyſſes.

The concluſion concerning the Whole, and the Parts.

For the *whole*, as it conſiſteth of parts; ſo without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it abſolute, is requir'd, not only the parts, but ſuch parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be ſuch a part, as being preſent or abſent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be call'd a part of the whole: and ſuch are the *Epiſodes*, of which hereafter. For the preſent, here is one example; The ſingle Combat of *Ajax* with *Hector*, as it is at large deſcrib'd in *Homer*, nothing belongs to this *Ajax* of *Sophocles*.

Which are *Epiſodes*, *Ajax*, and *Hector*. *Homer*.

You admire no *Poems*, but ſuch as run like a Brewers-Cart upon the Stones, hobling,

Et, quæ per ſalebras, altaque ſaxa cadunt.
Actium, & quidquid Pacuviuſque vomunt.
Attonituſque legis terrai, frugiferai.

Martial. lib. 11. *Epig.* 91.

FINIS.

THE

NEW INN:

OR,

The Light Heart.

A COMEDY.

As it was never Acted, but moſt negligently Play'd by ſome, the KINGS SERVANTS.

And more ſqueamiſhly Beheld and Cenſured by others, the KINGS SUBJECTS.

Now at laſt ſet at Liberty to the READERS, His Majeſty's Servants and Subjects, to be judg'd of. 1631.

By the Author, B. Johnſon.

——*Me lectori credere Mallem:*
Quàm ſpectatoris faſtidiis ferre ſuperbi. Hor.

The DEDICATION to the READER.

IF thou be ſuch, I make thee my Patron, and dedicate the Piece to thee: If not ſo much, would I had been at the Charge of thy better Litterature. Howſoever, if thou canſt but ſpell, and join my Senſe, there is more hope of thee, than of a Hundred faſtidious Impertinents, *who were there preſent the firſt Day, yet never made piece of their Proſpect the right way. What did they come for, then? thou will't ask me. I will as punctually anſwer: To ſee, and to be ſeen: To make a general muſter of themſelves in their Clothes of Credit: and poſſeſs the Stage againſt the Play: To diſlike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence of riſing between the Acts, in Oblique Lines, make* Affidavit *to the whole Houſe, of their not underſtanding one Scene. Arm'd with this Prejudice, as the* Stage-furniture, *or* Arras-cloaths, *they were there, as Spectators, away. For the Faces in the Hangings, and they beheld alike; ſo I wiſh they may do ever, and do truſt my ſelf and my Book, rather to thy ruſtick Candor, than all the Pomp of their Pride, and ſolemn Ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall too. Read*

BEN. JONSON.

But firſt The ARGUMENT.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Lord *FRAMPUL*, a Noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar in *Oxford*, was married young, to a Vertuous Gentlewoman, *Sylly*'s Daughter of the *South*, whose worth (though he truly enjoy'd) he never could rightly value; but, as many green Husbands (given over to their extravagant Delights, and some peccant Humors of their own) occasion'd in his over loving Wife, so deep a Melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying in of her second Daughter, she having brought him only two Daughters, *Frances* and *Lætitia*: and (out of her hurt Fancy) interpreting that to be a Cause of her Husband's coldness in Affection, her not being blest with a Son, took a Resolution with her self, after her Months time, and Thanksgiving rightly in the *Church*, to quit her home, with a Vow never to return, till by reducing her *Lord*, she could bring a wish'd happiness to the Family.

He in the mean time returning, and hearing of this departure of his *Lady*, began, though over-late, to resent the Injury he had done her: and out of his Cock-braind Resolution, entred into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest Daughter *Frances*, by the Title of *Lady Frampul*, enjoyed the Sate, her Sister being lost young, and is the sole Relict of the Family.

Act I. *Here begins our* Comedy.

This *Lady*, being a Brave, Bountiful *Lady*, and enjoying this free, and plentiful Estate, hath an ambitious Disposition to be esteemed the Mistress of many Servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous *New-Inn*, that is kept by a merry *Host*, call'd *Good-stock* in *Barnet*, invites some *Lords* and Gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the Fashions of the Place, as to make themselves merry, with the Accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melancholick *Gentleman*, one Master *Lovel*, hath been lodg'd there some days before in the *Inn*, who, (unwilling to be seen) is surpriz'd by the *Lady*, and invited by *Prudence*, the *Ladies* Chamber-maid, who is elected *Governess* of the *Sports* in the *Inn* for that day, and instal'd their *Soveraign*. *Lovel* is perswaded by the *Host*, and yields to the *Ladies* invitation, which concludes the First *Act*. Having reveal'd his Quality before to the *Host*.

In the Second Act.

Prudence and her *Lady* express their Anger conceiv'd at the *Taylor*, who had promised to make *Prudence* a new Suit, and bring it home, as on the *Eve*, against this day. But he failing of his word, the *Lady* had commanded a Standard of her own best Apparel to be brought down; and *Prudence* is so fitted. The *Lady* being put in mind, that she is there alone without other Company of Women, borrows (by the advice of *Pru*) the *Hosts* Son of the House, whom the dress with the *Hosts* consent, like a *Lady*, and send out the Coachman, with the empty Coach, as for a Kinswoman of her Ladiships, Mistress *Lætitia Sylly*, to bear her Company: Who attended with his *Nurse*, an old Chair-woman in the *Inn*, dress oddly by the *Hosts* Council, is believed to be a *Lady* of Quality, and so receiv'd, entertain'd, and *Love* made to her by the young Lord *Beaufort*, &c. In the mean time the *Fly* of the *Inn* is discover'd to *Colonel Glorious*, with the *Militia* of the House, below the Stairs, in the Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain, and Hostler, inferiour Officers; with the Coochman *Trundle*, *Ferret*, &c. And, the preparation is made, to the *Ladies* design upon *Lovel*, his upon her, and the *Soveraigns* upon both.

Here begins, at the Third Act, *the* Epitasis, *or business of the* Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the *Soveraign* of the *Sports*, *Prudence*; having two hours assigned him, of free Colloquy, and Love-making to his *Mistress*, one after Dinner, the other after Supper; the *Court* being set, is demanded by the *Lady Frampul*, what *Love* is? as doubting if there were any such Power, or no. To whom he first by Definition, and after by Argument answers, proving and describing the effects of *Love*, so vively, as she who had derided the Name of *Love* before, hearing his Discourse, is now so taken both with the Man and his Matter, as she confesseth her self enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other Hour, had presently declar'd her self: which gives both him and the *Spectators* occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he Celebrates. And the *Court* dissolves, upon a news brought, of a new *Lady*, a newer Coach, and a new Coachman call'd *Barnaby*.

Act. IV. The House being put into a noise, with the Rumor of this new *Lady*, and there being drinking below in the Court, the *Colonel*, Sir *Glorious*, with *Bat Burst*, a broken Citizen, and *Hodge Huffle* his Champion; she falls into their Hands, and being attended but with one Foot-man, is uncivilly entreated by them, and a Quarrel commenc'd, but is rescued by the Valour of *Lovel*; which beheld by the *Lady Frampul*, from the Window, she is invited up for safety, where coming, and conducted by the *Host*, her Gown is first discover'd to be the same with the whole Suit, which was bespoken for *Pru*, and she her self, upon examination, found to be *Pinnacia Stuff*, the *Taylors* Wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his Customers best Clothes, by the Foot-man her Husband. They are both condemn'd and censur'd, she stript like a *Doxey*, and sent home a foot. In the *interim*, the second hour goes on, and the question, at suite of the *Lady Frampul*, is chang'd from *Love* to *Valour*; which ended, he receives his second kiss, and by the Rigor of the *Soveraign*, falls into a Fit of Melancholy, worse, or more desperate than the first.

The Fifth and last *Act* is the *Catastrophe*, or knitting up of all, where *Fly* brings word to the *Host*, of the *Lord Beaufort*s being married privately in the New-Itable, to the suppos'd *Lady*, his Son; which the *Host* receives as an *omen* of Mirth; But complains that *Lovel* is gone to Bed melancholick, when *Prudence* appears dress't in the new Suit, applauded by her *Lady*, and employ'd to retrive *Lovel*. The *Host* encounters them, with this relation of L. *Beaufort*'s marriage, which is seconded by the L. *Latimer*, and all the Servants of the House. In this while, L. *Beaufort* comes in, and professes it, calls for his Bed and Bride-bowl, to be made ready, the *Host* forbids both, shews whom he hath married, and discovers him to be his *Son*, a Boy. The Lord Bridegroom confounded, the *Nurse* enters like a frantick Bedlam, cries out on *Fly*, says she is undone in her Daughter, who is confessed to be the Lord *Frampul*'s Child, Sister to the other Lady, the *Host* to be their Father, She his Wife. He finding his Children, bestows them one on *Lovel*, the other on the Lord *Beaufort*, the Inn upon *Fly*, who had been a *Gipsey* with him; offers a Portion with *Prudence*, for her Wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the Lord *Latimer*, to Wife; for the Crown of her Vertue and Goodness. And all are contented.

THE

The SCENE

BARNET.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With ſome ſhort Characteriſm of the Chief Actors.

GOod-ſtock, *the* Hoſt (*plaid well*) alias, *the Lord* Frampul. *He pretends to be a Gentleman and a Scholar, neglected by the Times, turns* Hoſt, *and keeps an Inn, the Sign of the Light Heart in* Barnet: *is ſuppoſed to have one only Son, but is found to have none, but two Daughters,* Frances *and* Lætitia, *who was loſt young,* &c.

Lovel. *A compleat Gentleman, a Soldier and a Scholar, is a melancholy Gueſt in the Inn: firſt quarrell'd, after much honour'd and belov'd by the* Hoſt. *He is known to have been* Page *to the old Lord* Beaufort, *follow'd him in the* French *Wars, after a Companion of his Studies, and left* Guardian *to his Son. He is aſſiſted in his Love to the Lady* Frampul, *by the* Hoſt, *and the Chambermaid* Prudence. *He was one that acted well too.*

Ferret. *Who is alſo called* Stote *and* Vermin, *is* Lovel's *Servant, a Fellow of a quick nimble Wit, knows the Manners and Affections of People, and can make profitable and timely diſcoveries of them.*

Frank. *Suppos'd a Boy, and the* Hoſts *Son, borrowed to be dreſt for a* Lady, *and ſet up as a ſtale by* Prudence, *to catch* Beaufort *or* Latimer, *proves to be* Lætitia, *Siſter to* Frances, *and Lord* Frampul's *younger Daughter, ſtoln by a Beggar-woman, ſhorn, put into Boys Apparel, ſold to the* Hoſt, *and brought up by him as his Son.*

Nurſe. *A poor Chair-woman in the Inn, with one Eye, that tends the Boy, is thought the Iriſh Beggar that ſold him, but is truly the Lady* Frampul, *who left her home melancholick, and jealous that her Lord lov'd her not, becauſe ſhe brought him none but Daughters, and lives unknown to her Husband, as he to her.*

Frances. *Suppoſed the* Lady Frampul, *being reputed his ſole Daughter and Heir, the* Barony *deſcending upon her, is a Lady of great Fortunes, and Beauty, but phantaſtical: thinks nothing a felicity, but to have a multitude of Servants, and be call'd* Miſtreſs *by them, comes to the Inn to be merry, with a Chambermaid only, and her Servants her Gueſts,* &c.

Prudence. *The Chamber-maid is elected* Sovereign *of the* Sports *in the Inn, Governs all, Commands, and ſo orders, as the Lord* Latimer *is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his Wife, in concluſion.*

Lord Latimer *and Lord* Beaufort, *are a pair of young* Lords, *Servants and Gueſts to the Lady* Frampul, *but as* Latimer *falls enamour'd of* Prudence, *ſo doth* Beaufort *on the Boy, the* Hoſts *Son, ſet up for* Lætitia, *the younger Siſter, which ſhe proves to be indeed.*

Sir Glorious Tipto. *A Knight, and* Colonel, *hath the luck to think well of himſelf, without a Rival, talks glorioſly of any thing, but very ſeldom is in the right. He is the Ladies Gueſt, and her Servant too; but this day utterly neglects his Service, or that him. For he is ſo enamour'd on the* Fly *of the Inn, and the* Militia *below Stairs, with* Hodge Huffle, *and* Bat Burſt, *Gueſts that come in, and* Trundle, Barnabe, *&c. as no other Society reliſheth with him.*

Fly. *Is the Paraſite of the Inn, Viſiter general of the Houſe, one that had been a ſtrolling* Gipſee, *but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the Reckonings.*

Peirce. *The Drawer, Knighted by the* Colonel, *ſtil'd Sir* Pierce, *and young* Anone, *one of the chief of the Infantry.*

Jordan. *The Chamberlain, another of the* Militia, *and an Officer, Commands the* Tertia *of the Beds.*

Jug. *The Tapſter, a Through-fare of News.*

Peck. *The Hoſtler.*

Bat Burſt. *A broken Citizen, an in and in Man.*

Hodge Huffle. *A Cheater, his Champion.*

Nick Stuff. *The* Ladies *Taylor.*

Pinnacia Stuff. *His Wife.*

Trundle. *A Coachman.*

Barnabe. *A hir'd Coachman.*

Staggers. *The Smith.* } *Only talk'd on.*
Tree. *The Sadler.* }

The PROLOGUE.

YOu are welcome, welcome all to the New Inn;
Though the old Houſe, we hope our Chear will win
Your Acceptaion: we ha' the ſame Cook
Still, and the fat, who ſays, you ſha' not look
Long for your Bill of Fare, but every Diſh
Be ſerv'd in i' the time, and to your wiſh:
If any thing be ſet to a wrong taſte,
'Tis not the Meat, there, but the Mouth's diſplac'd,
Remove but that ſick Palate, all is well.
For this, the ſecure Dreſſer bad me tell,
Nothing more hurts juſt Meetings, than a Croud;
Or, when the Expectation's grown too loud:
That the nice Stomach would ha' this or that,
And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knows not what:
When ſharp or ſweet, have been too much a Feaſt,
And both out liv'd the Palate of the Gueſt.
Beware to bring ſuch Appetites to the Stage,
They do confeſs a weak, ſick, queaſie Age;
And a ſhrew'd grudging too of Ignorance,
When Clothes and Faces 'bove the Men advance:
Hear for your Health, then, But at any hand,
Before you judge, vouchſafe to underſtand,
Concoct, digeſt: if then, it do not hit,
Some are in a Conſumption *of* Wit,
Deep, he dares ſay, he will not think, that all--
For Hecticks *are not* Epidemical.

THE NEW INN.

Act I. Scene I.

Hoſt, Ferret.

I Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i' the right;
Nor is my Houſe pleas'd, if my Sign could ſpeak,
The Sign o' the Light-Heart. There you may read it;
So may your Maſter too, if he look on't.
A Heart weigh'd with a Feather, and out weigh'd too:
A Brain-child o' my own! and I am proud on't!
And if his Worſhip think, here, to be melancholy,
In ſpight of me or my Wit, he is deceiv'd;
I will maintain the *Rebus* 'gainſt all Humours,
And all Complexions i' the Body of Man,
That's my word, or i' the Iſle of *Britain!*
Fer. You have Reaſon good mine Hoſt. *Hoſ.* Sir I have
Whether it be by chance or Art, (Rhime too.
A heavy Purſe makes a light Heart.
There 'tis expreſt! firſt, by a Purſe of Gold,
A heavy Purſe, and then two Turtles, *makes*,
A Heart with a Light ſtuck in't, *a Light-heart!*
Old Abbot *Iſlip* could not invent better,
Or Prior *Bolton* with his *Bolt* and *Ton.*
I am an Inn-keeper, and know my Grounds,
And ſtudy 'em; Brain o' Man, I ſtudy 'em:
I muſt ha' jovial Gueſts to drive my Ploughs,
And whiſtling Boys to bring my Harveſt home,
Or I ſhall hear no Flails thwack. Here, your Maſter
And you ha' been this Fortnight, drawing Fleas
Out of my Mats, and pounding 'em in Cages
Cut out of Cards, and thoſe rop'd round with Pack-thred,
Drawn thorow Birdlime! a fine ſubtilty!
Or poring through a Multiplying-glaſs,
Upon a captiv'd Crab-louſe, or a Cheeſe-mite
To be diſſected, as the Sports of Nature,
With a neat *Spaniſh* Needle! Speculations
That do become the Age, I do confeſs!
As meaſuring an Ants Eggs, with the Silk-worms,
By a Phantaſtick Inſtrument of Thred,
Shall give you their juſt difference to a Hair!
Or elſe recovering o' dead Flies with Crums!
(Another quaint concluſion i' the *Phyſicks*)
Which I ha' ſeen you buſie at, through the Key-hole—
But never had the Fate to ſee a Fly——— *Ent. Lovel.*
Alive i' your Cups, or once heard, drink mine *Hoſt*,
Or ſuch a chearful chirping Charm come from you.

Act I. Scene II.

Lovel, Ferret, Hoſt.

WHat's that? what's that? *Fer.* A buzzing of mine
About a Fly! a murmur that he has. (*Hoſt*
Hoſt. Sir I am telling your *Stote* here, Monſieur *Ferret*,
(For that I hear's his Name) and dare tell you, Sir,
If you have a mind to be melancholy, and muſty,
There's Footmans Inn, at the Towns end, the Stocks,
Or Carriers Place, at Sign o' the broken Wain,
Manſions of State! Take up your Harbour there,
There are both Flies and Fleas, and all variety
Of Vermin, for inſpection or diſſection.
Lov. We ha' ſet our reſt up here, Sir, i' your Heart.
Hoſt. Sir ſet your Heart at reſt, you ſhall not do it:
Unleſs you can be jovial. Brain o' Man,
Be jovial firſt, and drink, and dance, and drink.
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps,
Is a meer Libel 'gain my Houſe and me; (*Hoſt?*
And, then, your ſcandalous Commons. *Lov.* How, mine
Hoſt. Sir, they do ſcandal me, upo' the Road, here.
A poor quotidian Rack o' Mutton, roaſted
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With Bear and Butter-Milk, mingled together,
Or clarified Whey inſtead of Claret!
It is againſt my Free-hold, my Inheritance,
My *Magna Charta, Cor lætificat*,
To drink ſuch Balder-daſh, or Bonny-clabbee!
Gi' me good Wine, or Catholick, or Chriſtian,
Wine is the Word that glads the Heart of Man:
And mine's the Houſe of Wine, *Sack*, ſays my Buſh,
Be merry, and drink Sherry; that's my Poeſie!
For I ſhall never joy i' my Light-heart,
So long as I conceive a ſullen Gueſt,
Or any thing that's earthy! *Lov.* Humorous Hoſt.
Hoſt. I care not if I be. *Lov.* But airy alſo,
Not to defraud you of your Rights, or trench
Upo' your Privileges, or great Charter,
(For thoſe are every Hoſtlers Language now)
Say, you were born beneath thoſe ſmiling Stars,
Have made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light-heart in *Barnet*; ſuffer us
Who are more *Saturnine*, t' enjoy the Shade
Of your round Roof yet. *Hoſt.* Sir I keep no Shades
Nor Shelters, I: for either Owls or Rere-mice.

Act I. Scene III.

Ferret, Hoſt, Lovel.

HE'll make you a Bird of Night, Sir. *Hoſt.* Bleſs you
You'll make your ſelves ſuch. (Child,
Lov. That your Son, mine Hoſt? { *En. Fra. (the Hoſt ſpeaks to his Child o' the by.*
Hoſt. He's all the Sons I have, Sir. *Lov.* Pretty Boy!
Goes he to School? *Fer.* O Lord, Sir, he prates *Latin*
And 'twere a Parrot, or a Play-boy. *Lov.* Thou——
Commend'ſt him fitly. *Fer.* To the pitch, he flies, Sir,
He'll tell you what is *Latin* for a Looking-glaſs,
A Beard-bruſh, Rubber, or Quick-warming Pan.
Lov. What's that? *Fer.* a Wench, i' the Inn-phraſe, is
{A Looking-Glaſs in her Eye, (all thoſe;
{A Beard-bruſh with her Lips,
{A Rubber with her Hand,
{And a Warming-pan with her Hips.
Hoſt. This, in your ſcurril *Dialect*. But my Inn
Knows no ſuch Language. *F.* That's becauſe, mine *Hoſt*,
You do profeſs the teaching him your ſelf.

Hoſt. Sir,

Hoſt. Sir, I do teach him ſomewhat. By degrees,
And with a Funnel, I make ſhift to fill
The narrow Veſſel, he is but yet a Bottle. (not.
Lov. O let him loſe no time though. *Hoſ.* Sir, he do's
Lov. And leſs his manners. *Hoſ.* I provide for thoſe, too.
Come hither *Frank*, ſpeak to the Gentleman
In *Latin*: He is melancholy; ſay,
I long to ſee him merry, and ſo would treat him.
Fra. Subtriſtis viſu' es eſſe aliquantulùm patri,
Qui te lautè excipere, etiam ac tractare geſtit. Lov. *Pulchrè.*
Hoſt. Tell him, I fear it bodes us ſome ill luck,
His too reſervedneſs. *Fra. Veretur pater,*
Ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iſte
Nimis præcluſus vultus. Lov. Bellè. A fine Child!
You wo' not part with him, mine Hoſt? *H.* Who told you
I would not? *Lov.* I but ask you. *Hoſ.* And I anſwer,
To whom? for what? *Lov.* To me, to be my Page.
Hoſt. I know no miſchief yet the Child hath done,
To deſerve ſuch a deſtiny. *Lov.* Why? *Ho.* Go down Boy,
And get your Breakfaſt. Truſt me, I had rather
Take a fair Halter, waſh my Hands, and hang him
My ſelf, make a clean riddance of him, than— *Lo.* What?
Hoſt. Than damn him to that deſperate courſe of Life.
Lov. Call you that deſperate, which by a Line
Of Inſtitution, from our Anceſtors,
Hath been deriv'd down to us, and receiv'd
In a Succeſſion, for the Nobleſt way
Of breeding up our Youth, in Letters, Arms,
Fair Mein, Diſcourſes, civil Exerciſe,
And all the Blazon of a Gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his Body gracefuller? to ſpeak
His Language purer? or to tune his Mind,
Or Manners, more to the harmony of Nature,
Than in theſe Nurſeries of Nobility?—
Hoſt. I that was, when the Nurſeries ſelf was Noble,
And only Vertue made it, not the Market,
That Titles were not vented at the Drum,
Or common out-cry; Goodneſs gave the Greatneſs,
And Greatneſs Worſhip: Every Houſe became
An Academy of Honour, and thoſe Parts—
We ſee departed, in the Practice, now,
Quite from the Inſtitution. *Lov.* Why do you ſay ſo?
Or think ſo enviouſly? do they not ſtill
Learn there the *Centaures* Skill, the Art of *Thrace*,
To ride? or *Pollux* Myſtery, to Fence?
The *Pyrrhick* Geſtures, both to Dance and Spring
In Armour, to be active for the Wars?
To ſtudy Figures, Numbers, and Proportions,
May yield 'em great in Counſels, and the Arts
Grave *Neſtor*, and the wiſe *Ulyſſes* practis'd?
To make their *Engliſh* ſweet upon their Tongue!
As Rev'rend *Chaucer* ſays? *Hoſt.* Sir you miſtake,
To play Sir *Pandarus* my Copy hath it,
And carry Meſſages to Madam *Creſſide*.
Inſtead of backing the brave Steed, o' Mornings,
To mount the Chambermaid; and for a leap
O' the vaulting Horſe, to ply the vaulting Houſe:
For exerciſe of Arms, a Bale of Dice,
Or two or three Packs of Cards to ſhew the Cheat,
And nimbleneſs of Hand: miſtake a Cloak
From my Lords back, and pawn it. Eaſe his Pockets
Of a ſuperfluous Watch. Or geld a Jewel
Of an odd Stone or ſo. Twinge three or four Buttons
From off my Ladies Gown. Theſe are the Arts,
Or Seven liberal deadly Sciences
Of Pagery, or rather Paganiſm,
As the Tides run. To which, if he apply him,
He may, perhaps, take a degree at *Tyburn*,
A year the earlier: come to read a Lecture
Upon *Aquinas* at S. *Thomas* a Waterings,
And ſo go forth a *Laureat* in Hemp circle! (ſoning,
Lov. You're tart, mine Hoſt, and talk above your ſea-
O're what you ſeem: it ſhould not come, methinks,
Under your Cap, this Vein of ſalt and ſharpneſs!
Theſe ſtrikings upon Learning, now and then?
How long have you, (if your dull Gueſt may ask it,)
Drove this quick Trade, of keeping the Light-heart,
Your Manſion, Palace here, or Hoſtelry?
Hoſt. Troth, I was born to ſomewhat, Sir, above it.
Lov. I eaſily ſuſpect that: Mine Hoſt, your Name.
Hoſ. They call me *Good-ſtock*. *Lov.* Sir, and you con-
Both i' your Language, Treaty, and your Bearing. (feſs it,
Hoſ. Yet all, Sir, are not Sons o' the white Hen;
Nor can we, as the *Songſter* ſays, come all
To be wrapt ſoft and warm in Fortunes Smock:
When ſhe is pleas'd to trick or tromp Mankind,
Some may be Coats, as in the Cards; but, then
Some muſt be Knaves, ſome Varlets, Bauds, and Oſtlers,
As Aces, Duizes, Cards o'ten, to face it
Out i' the Game, which all the World is. *Lov.* But,
It being i' your free will (as 'twas) to chooſe
What Parts you would ſuſtain, methinks, a Man
Of your ſagacity, and clear Noſtril, ſhould
Have made, another choiſe, than of a Place
So ſordid, as the keeping of an Inn:
Where every *jovial* Tinker, for his Chink,
May cry, mine Hoſt, to *Crambe, give us Drink*;
And do not ſlink, but ſkink, or elſe you ſtink.
Rogue, Baud, and *Cheater*, call you by the Surnames,
And known *Synonyma* of your Profeſſion.
Hoſ. But if I be no ſuch; who then's the Rogue,
In underſtanding, Sir, I mean? who errs?
Who tinkleth then? or Perſonates *Thom* Tinker?
Your Weazil here may tell you I talk baudy,
And teach my Boy it; and you may believe him:
But Sir, at your own Peril, if I do not:
And at his too, if he do lye, and affirm it.
No Slander ſtrikes, leſs hurts, the Innocent.
If I be honeſt, and that all the Cheat
Be of my ſelf, in keeping this Light Heart,
Where, I imagine all the World's a Play;
The State, and Mens Affairs, all Paſſages
Of Life, to ſpring new *Scenes*; come in, go out,
And ſhift, and vaniſh; and if I have got
A Seat, to ſit at eaſe here, i' mine Inn,
To ſee the *Comedy*; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety and throng of Humors
And Diſpoſitions, that come juſtling in,
And out ſtill, as they one drove hence another:
Why, will you envy me my happineſs?
Becauſe you are ſad and lumpiſh; carry a Load-ſtone
I' your Pocket, to hang Knives on; or jet Rings,
T' entice light Straws to leap at 'em; are not taken
With the alacrities of an Hoſt! 'Tis more,
And juſtlier, Sir, my wonder, why you took
My Houſe up, *Fidlers* Hall, the Seat of noiſe,
And mirth, an Inn here, to be drouſie in,
And lodge your Lethargy in the Light Heart,
As if ſome Cloud from Court had been your Harbinger,
Or *Cheap-ſide* Debt-Books, or ſome Miſtreſs charge,
Seeing your Love grow corpulent, gi' it a Dyet,
By abſence, ſome ſuch mouldy Paſſion!
Lo. 'Tis gueſs'd unhappily. *Fe.* Mine Hoſt, yo're call'd.
H. I come, Boys. *L. Ferret*, have not you been ploughing
With this mad Ox, mine Hoſt? Nor he with you?
Fer. For what Sir? *Lov.* Why, to find my Riddle out.
Fer. I hope, you do believe, Sir, I can find
Other Diſcourſe to be at, than my Maſter
With Hoſts and Hoſtlers. *Lov.* If you can, 'tis well.
Go down, and ſee, who they are come in, what Gueſts;
And bring me word.

Act I. Scene IV.

Lovel.

O Love, what Paſſion art thou!
So tyrannous! and treacherous! firſt t'enſlave,
And then betray, all that in truth do ſerve thee!
That not the wiſeſt, nor the varieſt creature,
Can more diſſemble thee, than he can bear
Hot burning Coals, in his bare Palm, or Boſom!
And leſs, conceal, or hide thee, than a flaſh
Of enflam'd Powder, whoſe whole light doth lay it
Open to all diſcovery, even of thoſe
Who have but half an eye, and leſs of noſe!
An Hoſt, to find me! who is, commonly,
The Log, a little o' this ſide the Sign-poſt!
Or at the beſt ſome round grown thing, a Jug,
Fac'd with a Beard, that fills out to the Gueſts,
And takes in fro' the fragments o' their Jeſts?
But I may wrong this out of ſullenneſs,
Or my miſtaking Humour? Pray thee, Phant'ſie,
Be lay'd again. And gentle Melancholy,
Do not oppreſs me, I will be as ſilent,
As the tame Lover ſhould be, and as fooliſh.

Act I. Scene V.

Hoſt, Ferret, Lovel.

MY Gueſt, my Gueſt, be jovial, I beſeech thee.
I have freſh golden Gueſts, Gueſts o'the Game:
Three Coach full! Lords! and Ladies! new come in.
And I will cry them to thee, and thee to them,
So can I ſpring a Smile, but i'this Brow,
That like the rugged Roman Alderman———
Old Maſter Groſs, ſurnam'd Ἀγέλαστος. [*Enter Ferret.*
Was never ſeen to laugh, but as an Aſs.
Fer. Sir, here's the Lady *Frampul*. *Lov.* How! *Fer.* And
Lord *Beaufort*, and Lord *Latimer*, the Colonel (her train,
Tipto', with Mrs. *Cis*, the Chamber-maid:
Trundle, the Coachman— *Lov.* Stop, diſcharge the Houſe:
And get my Horſes ready, bid the Groom
Bring them to the back Gate. *Hoſ.* What mean you, Sir?
Lov. To take fair leave, mine Hoſt. *Hoſ.* I hope, my
Though I have talked ſomewhat above my ſhare, (Gueſt,
At large, and been i'the Altitudes, th'Extravagants,
Neither my ſelf, nor any of mine have gi'n you
The cauſe to quit my Houſe thus on the ſudden.
Lov. No, I affirm it on my Faith. Excuſe me
From ſuch a rudeneſs; I was now beginning
To taſte and love you: and am heartily ſorry,
Any occaſion ſhould be ſo compelling,
To urge my abrupt departure thus. But——
Neceſſity is a Tyrant, and commands it.
Hoſ. She ſhall command me firſt to fire my Buſh;
Then break up Houſe: Or, if that will not ſerve,
To break with all the World. Turn Country Bankrupt,
I' mine own Town, upo' the Market-day,
And be proteſted for my Butter and Eggs,
To the laſt Bodge of Oats, and Bottle of Hay;
Ere you ſhall leave me I will break my Heart:
Coach, and Coach-horſes, Lords, and Ladies Pack?
All my freſh Gueſts ſhall ſtink! I'll pull my Sign down,
Convert mine Inn to an Alms-houſe! or a Spittle
For Lazers, or Switch-ſellers! Turn it to
An Academy o' Rogues! or g'it away
For a Free-School to breed up Beggars in,
And ſend 'em to the canting Univerſities
Before you leave me. *Lov.* Troth, and I confeſs
I am loth, mine Hoſt, to leave you: your Expreſſions
Both take and hold me. But, in caſe I ſtay,
I muſt enjoin you and your whole Family
To privacy, and to conceal me. For,
The Secret is, I would not willingly
See, or be ſeen, to any of this Ging,
Eſpecially the Lady. *Hoſ.* Brain o' man,
What Monſter is ſhe? or Cocatrice in Velvet,
That kills thus? *Lov.* O good words, mine Hoſt. She is
A noble Lady! great in Blood and Fortune!
Fair! and a Wit! but of ſo bent a Phant'ſie,
As ſhe thinks naught a Happineſs, but to have
A multitude of Servants! and to get them,
(Though ſhe be very honeſt) yet ſhe ventures
Upon theſe Precipices, that would make her
Not ſeem ſo, to ſome prying, narrow natures.
We call her, Sir, the Lady *Frances Frampul*,
Daughter and Heir to the Lord *Frampul*. *Hoſ.* Who?
He that did love in *Oxford*, firſt a Student,
And after, married with the Daughter of-- *Lov. Silly*. (ſter.
Hoſ. Right, of whom the Tale went, to turn Puppet-ma-
Lov. And travel with young *Gooſe*, the Motion-man.
Hoſ. And lie, and live with the *Gipſies* half a year
Together, from his Wife. *Lov.* The very ſame:
The mad Lord *Frampul*! And this ſame is his Daughter!
But as Cock-brain'd as ere the Father was!
There were Two of 'em, *Frances* and *Lætitia*;
But *Lætice* was loſt young; and, as the Rumour
Flew then, the Mother upon it loſt her ſelf.
A fond weak Woman, went away in a Melancholy,
Becauſe ſhe brought him none but Girls, ſhe thought
Her Husband lov'd her not. And he, as fooliſh,
Too late reſenting the cauſe giv'n, went after,
In queſt of her, and was not heard of ſince.
Hoſ. A ſtrange diviſion of a Family!
Lov. And ſcattered as i' the great confuſion!
Hoſ. But yet the Lady, th' Heir, enjoys the Land.
Lov. And takes all lordly ways how to conſume it
As nobly as ſhe can; if Clothes, and Feaſting,
And the authoriz'd means of Riot will do it.
[*Enter Ferret.*
Hoſt. She ſhews her Extract, and I honour her for it.

Act I. Scene VI.

Ferret, Lovel, Hoſt, Cicelie.

YOur Horſes, Sir, are ready; and the Houſe
Diſ— *Lov.* Pleas'd thou think'ſt?
Fer. I cannot tell, diſcharg'd
I'm ſure it is. *Lov.* Charge it again good *Ferret*.
And make unready the Horſes: Thou knoweſt how.
Chalk, and renew the Rondels, I am now
Reſolv'd to ſtay. *Fer.* I eaſily thought ſo, (To throw
When you ſhould hear what's purpos'd. *Lov.* What? *Fer.*
The Houſe out o'the Windo'? *Hoſt.* Brain o' man,
I ſhall ha' the worſt o' that! will they not throw
My Houſhold-ſtuff out firſt, Cuſhions, and Carpets,
Chairs, Stools, and Bedding? is not their ſport my ruin?
Lov. Fear not, mine Hoſt, I am not o' the Fellowſhip.
Fer. I cannot ſee, Sir, how you will avoid it;
They know already, all, you are i'the Houſe. (enquir'd it.
Lov. Who know? *F.* The Lords: they have ſeen me, and
Lov. Why where you ſeen? *Fer.* Becauſe indeed I had
No Med'cine, Sir, to go inviſible:
No Fern-ſeed in my Pocket; nor an Opal
Wrapt in a Bay-leaf i'my left Fiſt,
To charm their Eyes with. *H.* He does give you reaſons
As round as *Giges* Ring: Which, ſay the Ancients,
Was a hoop Ring; and that is, round as a Hoop.
Lov. You will ha' your *Rebus* ſtill, mine Hoſt. *Hoſ.* I muſt.
Fer. My Lady too, look't out o'the windo', and call'd me.
And ſee where Secretary *Pru.* comes from her,
[*Enter Prudence.*
Employ'd upon ſome Embaſſy unto you——
Hoſt. I'll meet her if ſhe come upon Employment;
Fair Lady, welcome, as your Hoſt can make you.
Pru. Forbear, Sir, I am firſt to have mine Audience,
Before

Before the Complement. This Gentleman
Is my Addreſs to. *Hoſt.* And it is in ſtate.
Pru. My Lady, Sir, as glad o' the encounter
To find a Servant here, and ſuch a Servant,
Whom ſhe ſo values; with her beſt reſpects,
Deſires to be remembred: and invites
Your Nobleneſs, to be a part, to day,
Of the Society, and Mirth intended
By her, and the young Lords, your Fellow-ſervants.
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The fair requeſt; and to that end have ſent
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtain it:
Which if I may, they have Elected me,
And Crown'd me, with the Title of a Soveraign
Of the days Sports deviſed i' the Inn,
So you be pleas'd to add your ſuffrage to it.
Lov. So I be pleas'd, my gentle Miſtreſs *Prudence*;
You cannot think me of that courſe Condition,
T' envy you any thing. *Hoſt.* That's nobly ſaid!
And like my Gueſt! *Lov.* I gratulate your Honour;
And ſhould, with chear, lay hold on any Handle
That could advance it. But for me to think,
I can be any Rag or Particle
O' your Ladies care, more than to fill her Liſt,
She being the Lady, that profeſſeth ſtill
To love no Soul or Body, but for ends;
Which are her Sports: And is not nice to ſpeak this,
But doth proclaim it, in all Companies:
Her Ladiſhip muſt pardon my weak Counſels,
And weaker will, if it decline t' obey her.
Pru. O Maſter *Lovel*, you muſt not give credit
To all that Ladies publickly profeſs,
Or talk, o' th' Volle, unto their Servanrs.
Their Tongues and Thoughts oft times lye far aſunder.
Yet, when the pleaſe, they have their Cabinet-counſels,
And reſerv'd Thoughts, and can retire themſelves
As well as others. *Hoſt.* I, the ſubtleſt of us!
All that is born within a Ladies Lips——
Pru. Is not the Iſſue of their Hearts, mine Hoſt.
Hoſ. Or kiſs, or drink afore me. *Pru.* Stay, excuſe me;
Mine Errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladiſhips
Slighting, or diſeſteem, Sir, of your Service,
Hath formerly begot any diſtaſte,
Which I not know of: here, I vow unto you,
Upon a Chamber-maids ſimplicity,
Reſerving, ſtill, the Honour of my Lady,
I will be bold to hold the Glaſs up to her,
To ſhew her Ladiſhip where ſhe hath err'd,
And how to tender ſatisfaction:
So you vouchſafe to prove, but the days venture.
Hoſ. What ſay you Sir? where are you? are you within?
Lov. Yes, I will wait upon her, and the Company.
Hoſ. It is enough, Queen *Prudence*; I will bring him:
And, o' this kiſs. I long'd to kiſs a Queen!
Lov. There is no Life on Earth, but being in Love!
There are no Studies, no Delights, no Buſineſs,
No entercourſe, or trade of Senſe, or Soul,
But what is Love! I was the lazieſt Creature,
The moſt unprofitable ſign of nothing,
The verieſt Drone, and ſlept away my Life
Beyond the Dormouſe, till I was in Love!
And, now, I can out wake the Nightingale,
Out-watch an Uſurer, and Out-walk him too,
Stalk like a Ghoſt, that haunted 'bout a Treaſure,
And all that phant'ſi'd Treaſure, it is Love!
Hoſt. But is your name *Love-ill*, Sir, or *Love-well*?
I would know that. *Lov.* I do not know't my ſelf,
Whether it is. But it is Love hath been
The Hereditary Paſſion of our Houſe,
My gentle Hoſt, and, as I gueſs, my Friend;
The truth is, I have lov'd this Lady long,
And impotently, with deſire enough,
But no ſucceſs: for I have ſtill forborn
To expreſs it, in my Perſon, to her. *Hoſ.* How then?
Lov. I ha' ſent her Toys, Verſes, and *Anagram's*,
Trials o' Wit, mere Trifles ſhe has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could ſhe gueſs.
Hoſt. This was a pretty ridling way of wooing!
Lov. I oft have been, too, in her Company;
And look'd upon her, a whole day; admir'd her;
Lov'd her, and did not tell her ſo; lov'd ſtill,
Look'd ſtill, and lov'd; and lov'd, and look'd, and ſigh'd;
But, as a Man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded— *Heſt.* Could you blame her, Sir,
When you were ſilent, and not ſaid a word?
Lov. O but I lov'd the more; and ſhe might read it
Beſt, in my ſilence, had ſhe been— *Hoſt.* As melancholick
As you are. 'Pray you, why would you ſtand mute, Sir?
Lov. O thereon hangs a Hiſtory, mine Hoſt.
Did you ever know, or hear, of the Lord *Beaufort*,
Who ſerv'd ſo bravely in *France*? I was his Page,
And ere he dy'd, his Friend! I follow'd him,
Firſt, i' the Wars, and i' the times of Peace,
I waited on his Studies; which were right.
He had no *Arthurs*, nor no *Roſicker's*,
No *Knights o' the Sun*, nor *Amadis de Gauls*,
Primalions, and *Pantagruel's*, publick Nothings;
Abortives of the Fabulous, dark Cloyſter,
Sent out to poiſon Courts and infeſt Manners:
But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnons* Acts,
Sage *Neſtors* Counſels, and *Ulyſſes* Slights,
Tydides Fortitude, as *Homer* wrought them
In his immortal Phant'ſie, for Examples
Of the *Heroick* Vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,
That Maſter of the *Epick* Poem, limn'd
Pious *Æneas*, his religious Prince,
Bearing his aged Parent on his Shoulders,
Rapt from the Flames of *Troy*, with his young Son.
And theſe he brought to practiſe, and to uſe.
He gave me firſt my Breeding, I acknowledge,
Then ſhowr'd his Bounties on me, like the Howres,
That open-handed ſit upon the Clouds,
And preſs the Liberality of Heaven
Down to the Laps of thankful Men! But then!
The truſt committed to me, at his death,
Was above all! and left ſo ſtrong a tye
On all my Powers! as time ſhall not diſſolve!
Till it diſſolve it ſelf, and bury all!
The care of his brave Heir, and only Son!
Who being a Vertuous, ſweet, young, hopeful Lord,
Hath caſt his firſt Affections on this Lady.
And though I know, and may preſume her ſuch,
As, out of Humor, will return no Love;
And therefore might indifferently be made
The Courting-ſtock, for all to practiſe on,
As ſhe doth practiſe on all us, to ſcorn:
Yet, out of a Religion to my Charge,
And Debt profeſs'd, I ha' made a Self-decree,
Nere to expreſs my Perſon, though my Paſſion
Burn me to Cinders. *Hoſt.* Then yo'are not ſo ſubtil,
Or half ſo read in Love-craft, as I took you.
Come, come, you are no Phœnix, an' you were,
I ſhould expect no Miracle from your Aſhes.
Take ſome advice. Be ſtill that Rag of Love,
You are. Burn on till you turn Tinder.
This Chamber-maid may hap to prove the Steel,
To ſtrike a ſparkle out o' the Flint, your Miſtreſs
May beget Bonfires yet, you do not know,
What light may be forc'd out, and from what darkneſs.
Lov. Nay, I am ſo reſolv'd, as ſtill I'll love
Tho' not confeſs it. *Hoſt.* That's, Sir, as it chances:
We'll throw the Dice for it: Chear up. *Lov.* I do.

Act II. Scene I.

Lady, Prudence.

COme Wench, this Suit will ſerve: diſpatch, make ready.
It was a great deal with the biggeſt for me;
Which made me leave it off after once wearing.
How do's it fit? wilt come together? *Pru.* Hardly.
Lad. Thou muſt make ſhift with it. Pride feels no Pain.
Girt thee hard, *Pru.* Pox o' this errand Taylour,
He angers me beyond all mark of Patience.
Theſe baſe *Mechanicks* never keep their word,
In any thing they promiſe. *Pru.* 'Tis their Trade, Madam,
To ſwear and break, they all grow rich by breaking,
More then their Words; their Honeſties, and Credits,
Are ſtill the firſt Commodity they put off.
Lad. And worſt, it ſeems, which makes 'em do't ſo often.
If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,
But, with the Company, the Body Politick—
Pru. Fruſtrate our whole deſign, having that time,
And the Materials in ſo long before?
Lad. And he to fail in all, and diſappoint us?
The Rogue deſerves a torture— *Pru.* To be crop'd
With his own Scizzars. *Lad.* Let's deviſe him one.
Pru. And ha' the Stumps ſear'd up with his own ſea-
ring Candle?
Lad. Cloſe to his Head, to trundle on his Pillow?
I'll ha' the Leaſe of his Houſe cut out into Meaſures.
Pru. And he be ſtrangl'd with 'em? *Lad.* No, no Life
I would ha' toucht, but ſtretch'd on his own Yard
He ſhould be a little ha' the *ſtrappado!* *Pru.* Or an Ell of Taf-
Drawn thorough his Guts, by way of Gliſter, & fir'd (fata
With *Aqua vitæ*? *Lad.* Burning i' the Hand
With the preſſing Iron cannot ſave him. *Pru.* Yes,
Now I have got this on: I do forgive him, (cruel,
What Robes he ſhould ha' brought. *Lad.* Thou art not
Although ſtreight-lac'd, I ſee, *Pru! Pru!* This is well.
Lad. 'Tis rich enough! But 'tis not what I meant thee!
I would ha' had thee braver then my ſelf,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the *Players* yet,
When thou haſt done with it, and yield thee ſomewhat.
Pru. That were illiberal, Madam, and mere ſordid
In me, to let a Suit of yours come there.
Lad. Tut, all are *Players*, and but ſerve the *Scene*, *Pru*,
Diſpatch; I fear thou doſt not like the Province,
Thou art ſo long a fitting thy ſelf for it.
Here is a Scarf, to make thee a Knot finer.
Pr. You ſend me a feaſting, Madam. *La.* Wear it Wench.
Pru. Yes, but, with leave o' your Ladiſhip, I would tell you
This can but bear the Face of an odd Journey.
Lad. Why *Pru*? *Pru.* A Lady of your Rank and Quality,
To come to a publick Inn, ſo many Men,
Young Lords, and others, i' your Company!
And not a Woman but my ſelf, a Chamber-maid!
Lad. Thou doubt'ſt to be over-laid *Pru*? Fear it not,
I'll bear my Part, and ſhare with thee, i' the Venture.
Pru. O but the Cenſure, Madam, is the main,
What will they ſay of you? or judge of me?
To be tranſlated thus, 'bove all the bound
Of fitneſs, or *decorum*? *Lad.* How, now! *Pru!*
Turn'd Fool upo' the ſudden, and talk idly
I' thy beſt Clothes! ſhoot Bolts and Sentences
T' affright Babies with? as if I liv'd
To any other *Scale* than what's my own?
Or fought my ſelf, without my ſelf, from home?
Pru. Your Ladiſhip will pardon me, my fault,
If I have over ſhot, I'll ſhoot no more.
Lad. Yes ſhoot again, good *Pru*, I'll ha thee ſhoot,
And aim, and hit: I know 'tis love in thee,
And ſo I do interpret it. *Pru.* Then Madam,
I'd crave a farther leave. *Lad.* Be it to Licence,
It ſha' not want an Ear, *Pru*, Say, what is it?
Pru. A Toy I have, to raiſe a little Mirth
To the deſign in hand. *Lad.* Out with it *Pru.*
If it but chime of Mirth. *Pru.* Mine Hoſt has, Madam,
A pretty Boy i' the Houſe, a dainty Child,
His Son, and is of your Ladiſhips Name too, *Frances*,
Whom if you Ladiſhip would borrow of him,
And give me leave to dreſs him, as I would,
Should make the fineſt Lady and Kinſwoman,
To keep you Company, and deceive my Lords,
Upo' the Matter, with a Fountain o' ſport.
Lad. I apprehend thee, and the ſource of Mirth
That it may breed, but is he bold enough,
The Child? and well aſſur'd? *Pru.* As I am, Madam,
Have him in no ſuſpicion, more than me.
Here comes mine Hoſt; will you but pleaſe to ask him,
Or let me make the Motion? *Lad.* Which thou wilt, *Pru.*

Act II. Scene II.

Hoſt, Lady, Prudence, Frank.

YOur Ladiſhip, and all your Train are welcome.
Lad. I thank my hearty Hoſt. *Hoſ.* So is your Sove-
Madam, I wiſh you joy o' your new Gown. (raignty,
Lad. It ſhould ha' been, my Hoſt, but *Stuff*; our Taylor
Has broke with us, you ſhall be o' the Counſel.
Pru. He will deſerve it, Madam, my Lady has heard
You have a pretty Son, mine Hoſt, ſhe'ld ſee him.
Lad. I very fain, I pr'y thee let me ſee him, Hoſt.
Hoſt. Your Ladiſhip ſhall preſently:
Bid *Frank* come hither, anon, unto my Lady,
It is a baſhful Child, homely brought up,
In a rude Hoſtelry. But the Light Heart
Is his Fathers, and it may be his.
Here he comes. *Frank*, ſalute my Lady. *Fra.* I do.
What, Madam, I am deſign'd to do, by my Birth-right,
As Heir of the Light Heart, bid you moſt welcome.
Lad. And I believe you moſt, my pretty Boy,
Being ſo emphaſed by you. *Fra.* Your Ladiſhip,
If you believe it ſuch, are ſure to make it. (Madam.
Lad. Prettily anſwer'd! Is your Name *Francis*? *Fra.* Yes,
Lad. I love mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours,
I ſhould make haſte to do ſo too, good Madam.
Lad. It is the ſame with yours. *Fra.* Mine then ac-
knowledgeth (ſilence.
The Luſtre it receives, by being nam'd after. (
Lad. You will win upon me in Complement. *Fra.* By
Lad. A modeſt and fair well-ſpoken Child.
Hoſ. Her Ladiſhip ſhall have him, Soveraign *Pru*,
Or what I have beſide; divide my Heart
Between you and your Lady. Make your uſe of it:
My Houſe is yours, my Son is yours. Behold,
I tender him to your Service; *Frank*, become
What theſe brave Ladies would ha' you. Only this,
There is a Chair-woman i' the Houſe, his Nurſe,
An *Iriſh* Woman, I took in a Beggar,
That waits upon him; a poor ſilly Fool,
But an impertinent and ſedulous one
As ever was; will vex you on all occaſions,
Never be off, or from you, but in her ſleep;
Or drink which makes it; She doth love him ſo,
Or rather doat on him. Now, for her, a ſhape,
As we may dreſs her (and I'll help) to fit her,
With a Tuft Taffata-Cloak, an old *French* Hood,
And other Pieces, *beterogene* enough.
Pru. We ha' brought a Standard of Apparel down,
Becauſe this Taylor fail'd us i' the main.
Hoſ. She ſhall advance the Game. *Pru.* About it then.
And ſend but *Trundle* hither, the Coachman, to me.
Hoſ. I ſhall: But *Pru*, let *Lovel* ha' fair quarter. (ſom!
Pru. The beſt. *Lad.* Our Hoſt (me thinks) is very game-
Pru. How like you the Boy? *Lad.* A Miracle! *Pru.* Good
But take him in, and ſort a Suit for him, (Madam,
I'll give our *Trundle* his Inſtructions;
And wait upon your Ladiſhip i' the Inſtant.

Lad. But

Lad. But *Pru*, what ſhall we call him when we ha' dreſt
Pr. My Lady-*No body*, any thing, what you will. (him?
Lad. Call him *Lætitia*, by my Siſters name,
And ſo 'twill mind our Mirth too we have in hand.

Act II. Scene III.

Prudence, Trundle.

GOod *Trundle* you muſt ſtraight make ready the
And lead the Horſes out but half a Mile, (Coach,
Into the Fields, whether you will, and then
Drive in again, with the Coach-leaves put down,
At the back Gate, and ſo to the back Stairs,
As if you brought in ſome body to my Lady,
A Kinſwoman that ſhe ſent for. Make that anſwer,
If you be ask'd; and give it out i'the Houſe ſo.
Tru. What Trick is this, good Miſtreſs Secretary,
You'ld put upon us? *Pru.* Us? Do you ſpeak plural?
Tru. Me and my Mares are us. *Pru.* If you ſo join
Elegant *Trundle*, you may uſe your Figures: ('em.
I can but urge, it is my Ladies Service.
Tru. Good Miſtreſs *Prudence*, you can urge enough.
I know you are Secretary to my Lady,
And Miſtreſs Steward. *Pru.* You'll ſtill be *trundling*,
And ha' your Wages ſtopt, now at the *Audite*.
Tru. Tis true, you're Gentlewoman o'the Horſe too;
Or what you will beſide, *Pru.* I do think it:
My beſt t'obey you. *Pru.* And I think ſo too, *Trundle*.

Act II. Scene IV.

Beaufort, Latimer, Hoſt.

WHy, here's return enough of both our Venters,
If we do make no more diſcovery. *Lat.* What?
Then o'this Paraſite? *Bea.* O he's a dainty one.
The Paraſite o'the Houſe. *Lat.* Here comes mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. My Lords you both are welcome to the Heart.
Bea. To the light heart we hope. *Lat.* And merry I ſwear.
We never yet felt ſuch a fit of Laughter,
As your glad heart hath offered us ſin' we entred. (Fly?
Bea. How came you by this property? *Hoſ.* who! my
Bea. Your Fly, if you call him ſo. *Hoſ.* Nay, he is that;
And will be ſtill. *Beau.* In every Diſh and Pot?
Hoſ. In every Cup and Company, my Lords,
A Creature of all Liquors, all Complexions,
Be the Drink what it will he'll have his ſip.
Lat. He's fitted with a Name. *Hoſ.* And he joys in't.
I had him when I came to take the Inn here,
Aſſign'd me over in the Inventory,
As an old Implement, a piece of Houſhold-ſtuff,
And ſo he doth remain. *Bea.* Juſt ſuch a thing (leſs.
We thought him. *Lat.* Is he a Scholar? *Hoſ.* Nothing
But colours for it, as you ſee: wear's black,
And ſpeaks a little tainted, fly-blown *Latin*,
After the School. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow:
For *Lillies Latin* is to him unknown.
Lat. What calling has he? *Hoſ.* Only to call in ſtill,
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a Bill,
Bring up the Shot i'the rear, as his own word is.
Bea. And do's it in the diſcipline of the Houſe?
As Corporal o' the Field, *Maeſtro del Campo*,
Hoſ. And Viſiter general of all the Room:
He has form'd a fine *Militia* for the Inn too.
Bea. And means to publiſh it? *Hoſ.* With all his Titles;
Some call him Deacon *Fly*, ſome Doctor *Fly*;
Some Captain, ſome Lieutenant: But my Folks
Do call him Quarter-maſter *Fly*, which he is.

Act II. Scene V.

Tipto, Hoſt, Fly, L. *Beaufort,* L. *Latimer.*

COme Quarter maſter *Fly*. *Hoſ.* Here's one already
Hath got his Titles. *Tip.* Doctor! *Fly.* Noble Colonel!
No Doctor, yet, a poor profeſſor of Ceremony,
Here i' the Inn, retainer to the Hoſt,
I diſcipline the Houſe. *Tip.* Thou read'ſt a Lecture
Unto the Family here: when is the Day? (a Doctor,
Fly. This is the day. *Tip.* I'll hear thee, and I'll ha' thee
Thou ſhalt be one, thou haſt a Doctors look!
A face, diſputative of *Salamanca*.
Hoſ. Who's this? *Lat.* The glorious Colonel *Tipto*, Hoſt.
Bea. One talks upon his Tiptoes, if you'll hear him.
Tip. Thou haſt good Learning in thee, *mactè Fly*.
Fly. And I ſay *mactè* to my Colonel. (i'faith.
Hoſt. Well *mactèd* of 'em both. *Bea.* They are match'd
Tip. But *Fly*, why *mactè*? *Fly. Quaſi magis auctè*,
My honourable Colonel. *Tip.* What a *Critique*?
Hoſt. There's another acceſſion, *Critique Fly*.
Lat. I fear a taint here i'the *Mathematicks*.
They ſay, Lines *parallel* do never meet;
He has met his parallel in Wit and School-craft.
Bea. They ſide, not meet man, mend your *Metaphor*,
And ſave the credit of your *Mathematicks*.
Tip. But *Fly*, how cam'ſt thou to be here, committed
Unto this Inn? Upon ſuſpicion o' drink Sir.
I was taken late one night here with the Tapſter,
And the Under-Officers, and ſo depoſited.
Tip. I will redeem thee, *Fly*, and place thee better,
With a fair Lady. *Fly.* A Lady, ſweet Sir *Glorious*!
Tip. A Sov'reign Lady. Thou ſhalt be the Bird
To Sovereign *Pru*, Queen of our Sports, her *Fly*,
The *Fly* in houſhold and in ordinary;
Bird of her Ear, and ſhe ſhall wear thee there!
A *Fly* of Gold, enamell'd, and a School-*Fly*.
Hoſt. The School then, are my Stables, or the Cellar,
Where he doth ſtudy deeply, at his Hours,
Caſes of Cups, I do not know how ſpic'd
With Conſcience, for the Tapſter and the Hoſtler; as
Whoſe Horſes may be couſen'd? or what Jugs
Fill'd up with Froth? that is his way of Learning.
Tip. What antiquated Feather's that that talks?
Fly. The worſhipful Hoſt, my Patron, Mr. *Good-ſtock*,
A merry *Greek*, and cants in *Latin* comly,
Spins like the Pariſh Top. *Tip.* I'll ſet him up then.
Art thou the *Dominus*? *Hoſt. Fac-totum* here, Sir.
Tip. Hoſt real o'the Houſe? and Cap of Maintenance?
Hoſt. The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, *Cap a pie*;
Whereof the Feather is the Emblem, Colonel,
Put up with the Ace of Hearts! *Tip.* But why in *Cuerpo*?
I hate to ſee an Hoſt, and old, in *Cuerpo*. (Doublet.
Hoſt. Cuerpo? what's that. *Tip.* Light skipping Hoſe and
The Horſe-boys Garb! poor blank, and half blank
They reliſh not the gravity of an Hoſt, (*Cuerpo*,
Who ſhould be the King at Arms, and Ceremonies
In his own Houſe! know all, to the Gold weights.
Bea. Why that his *Fly* doth for him here, your Bird.
Tip. But I would do it my ſelf were I my Hoſt,
I would not ſpeak unto a Cook of quality,
Your Lordſhips Footman, or my Ladies *Trundle*,
In *Cuerpo*! If a Dog but ſtay'd below,
That were a Dog of Faſhion, and well nos'd,
And could preſent himſelf; I would put on
The *Savoy* Chain about my Neck, the Ruff
And Cuffs of *Flanders*, then the *Naples* Hat,
With the *Rome* Hatband, and the *Florentin* Agate,
The *Millan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa* ſet
With *Brabant* Buttons; all my given Pieces
Except my Gloves, the Natives of *Madrid*,
To entertain him in; and complement
With a tame Coney, as with a Prince that ſent it.

Hoſt. The ſame deeds, though, become not every man ;
That fits a Colonel, will not fit an Hoſt.
Tip. Your *Spaniſh* Hoſt is never ſeen in *Cuerpo*, (the father
Without his *Paramento's* Cloak and Sword. *Fly.* Sir he has
Of Swords, within a long Sword ; Blade *corniſh* ſtil'd
Of Sir *Rud Hughdebras.*
Tip. And with a long Sword, bully Bird? thy ſence ?
Fly. To note him a tall Man, and a Maſter of Fence.
Tip. But doth he teach the *Spaniſh* way of *Don Lewis* ?
Fly. No, the Greek Maſter he.
Tip. What call you him ? *Fly. Euclide.*
Tip. Fart upon *Euclide*, he is ſtale and antick.
Gi'me the Moderns. *Fly.* Sir, he minds no Moderns,
Go by, *Hieronimo ! Tip.* What was he ? *Fly.* The *Italian*,
That plaid with Abbot *Antony* i' the Fryars,
And *Blinkin-ſops* the bold. *Tip.* I marry, thoſe,
Had fencing Names, what's become o'them ?
Hoſt. They had their times, and we can ſay, they were.
So had *Caranza* his : ſo had *Don Lewis.*
Tip. Don Lewis of *Madrid*, is the ſole Maſter
Now of the World. *Hoſt.* But this o'the other World
Euclide demonſtrates ! he ! Hee's for all !
The only Fencer of Name, now in *Elyſium.*
Fly. He do's it all by Lines and Angles, *Colonel* ;
By Parallels and Sections, has his *Diagramm* !
Bea. Wilt thou be flying, *Fly ? Lat.* At all, why not ?
The Air's as free for a Fly as for an Eagle.
Bea. A Buzzard ! he is in his contemplation !
Tip. Euclide a Fencer, and in the *Elyſium* !
Hoſt. He play'd a Prize laſt week with *Archimedes*,
And beat him I aſſure you. *Tip.* Do you aſſure me ?
For what ? *Hoſ.* For four i' the hundred. Gi' me five,
And I aſſure you again. *Tip.* Hoſt, Peremptory,
You may be tane, but where ? whence had you this ?
Hoſ. Upo' the Road, A Poſt that came from thence,
Three days ago, here, left it with the Tapſter.
Fly. Who is indeed a Thorough-fare of news,
Jack Jug with the broken Belly, a witty fellow ! (Bird ?
Hoſ. Your Bird here heard him. *Tip.* Did you hear him,
Hoſ. Speak i' the faith of a Fly. *Fly.* Yes, and he told us,
Of one that was the Prince of *Oranges* Fencer,
Tip. Stevinus ? Fly. Sir, the ſame had challeng'd *Euclide*
At thirty weapons more than *Archimedes*
E'er ſaw, and Engines ; moſt of his own Invention.
Tip. This may have credit, and chimes reaſon, this !
If any man endanger *Euclide*, Bird,
Obſerve, that had the Honour to quit *Europe*
This forty year, 'tis he. He put down *Scaliger.*
Fly. And he was a great Maſter. *Bea.* Not of Fence, *Fly.*
Tip. Excuſe him, Lord, he went o' the ſame grounds.
Bea. On the ſame earth I think, with other Mortals ?
Tip. I mean, ſweet Lord, the *Mathematicks. Baſta !*
When thou know'ſt more, thou wilt take leſs green
He had his Circles, Semicircles, Quadrants— (honour.
Fly. He writ a Book o' the quadrature o'the Circle,
Tip. Cyclometria, I read— *Bea.* The Title only.
Lat. And *Indice. Bea.* If it had one of that *quære*,
What inſolent, half-witted things theſe are ?
Lat. So are all Smatterers, inſolent, and impudent.
Bea. They lightly go together. *Lat.* 'Tis my wonder
Two *Animals* ſhould hawk at all diſcourſe thus !
Flie every Subject to the Mark, or retrieve——
Bea. And never ha' the luck to be i'the right ?
Lat. 'Tis ſome folks fortune ! *Bea.* Fortune's a Bawd,
And a blind Beggar : 'tis their vanity !
And ſhews moſt vilely ! *Tip.* I could take the heart now
To write unto *Don Lewis* into *Spain*,
To make a progreſs to the *Elyſium* Fields
Next Summer— *Bea.* And perſwade him die for fame,
Of fencing with a ſhadow ! Where's mine Hoſt ?
I would he had heard this Bubble break, i'faith.

Act II. Scene VI.

Hoſt, Tipto, Prudence, Beaufort, Latimer, Franck, Nurſe, Lady, Fly, Level.

MAke place, ſtand by, for the Queen Regent, Gen- (tlemen.
Tip. This is thy Queen that ſhall be, Bird, our Sove- (raign.
Bea. Tranſlated *Prudence* ! *Pru.* Sweet my Lord, hand off ;
It is not now, as when plain *Prudence* liv'd
And reach'd her Ladiſhip— *Hoſt.* The Chamber-pot.
Pru. The Looking-glaſs, mine Hoſt, looſe your Houſe
You've a negligent Memory indeed ; (*Metaphor ?*
Speak the Hoſt's Language. Here's a young Lord
Will make't a precedent elſe. *Lat.* Well acted *Pru.*
Hoſt. Firſt minute of her Reign ! what will ſhe do
Forty year hence ? God bleſs her ! *Pru.* If you'll kiſs,
Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,
A ſtranger, and my Ladies Kinſwoman.
Bea. I do confeſs my rudeneſs, that had need
To have mine Eye directed to this Beauty.
Fra. It was ſo little, as it ask'd a *Perſpicill.*
Bea. Lady, your name ? *Fra.* My Lord, it is *Lætitia.*
Bea. Lætitia ! a fair *Omen !* and I take it.
Let me have ſtill ſuch *Lettice* for my Lips :
But that o' your Family, Lady *Fra. Silly*, Sir.
Bea. My Ladies Kinſwoman ? *Fra.* I am ſo honour'd.
Hoſt. Already, it takes ! *Lad.* An excellent fine Boy.
Nur. He is deſcended of a right good Stock, Sir.
Bea. What's this ? an Antiquary ? *Hoſt.* An Antiquity,
By th'dreſs, you'ld ſwear ! An old Welſh Heralds widdow :
She's a wild-*Iriſh* born ! Sir, and a Hybride,
That lives with this young Lady, a mile off here,
And ſtudies *Vincent* againſt *York. Bea.* She'll conquer
If ſhe read *Vincent.* Let me ſtudy her.
Hoſt. She's perfect in moſt Pedigrees, moſt Deſcents.
Bea. A Baud, I hope, and knows to blaze a Coat.
Hoſt. And judgeth all things with a ſingle Eye.
Fly, come you hither ; no diſcovery
Of what you ſee, to your Colonel *Toe*, or *Tip* here,
But keep all cloſe, tho' you ſtand i' the way o' preferment,
Seek it off from the Road ; no Flattery for't :
No Lick-ſoot, pain of looſing your *proboſcis* :
My Liquoriſh *Fly. Tip.* What ſays old Velvet-head ?
Fly. He will preſent me himſelf, Sir, if you will not.
Tip. Who ? he preſent ? what ? whom ? An Hoſt ? (A Groom ?
Divide the thanks with me ? ſhare in my Glories ?
Lay up. I ſay no more. *Hoſt.* Then ſilence Sir,
And hear the Sov'raign. *Tip.* Hoſtlers ? to uſurp
Upon my *Sparta* or *Province*, as they ſay ?
No Broom but mine ? *Hoſt.* Still Colonel you mutter !
Tip. I dare ſpeak out, as *Cuerpo. Fly.* Noble Colonel—
Tip. And carry what I ask— *Hoſ.* Ask what you can Sir,
So't be i'th Houſe. *Tip.* I ask my Rights and Priviledges ;
And though for form I pleaſe to call it a Suit,
I have not been accuſtomed to repulſe.
Pru. No, ſweet Sir *Glorious*, you may ſtill command—
Hoſt. And go without. *Pru.* But yet, Sir, being the firſt,
And call'd a Suit, you'll look it ſhall be ſuch
As we may grant. *Lad.* It elſe denies it ſelf.
Pru. You hear the opinion of the Court. *Tip.* I mind
No Court Opinions. *Pru.* 'Tis my Ladies though.
Tip. My Lady is a Spinſter at the Law,
And my Petition is of right. *Pru.* What is it ?
Tip. It is for this poor learned Bird. *Hoſt.* The *Fly ?*
Tip. Profeſſor in the Inn, here, of ſmall matters.
Lat. How he commends him ! *Hoſt.* As to ſave himſelf (in him.
Lad. So do all *Politicks* in their Commendations.
Hoſt. This is a State-bird, and the verier Fly ;

Tip.

Tip. Hear him *problematize*. *Pru.* Bleſs us, what's that?
Tip. Or *ſyllogize*, *elenchize*. *Lad.* Sure, petard's,
To blow us up. *Lat.* Some inginous ſtrong words!
Hoſ. He means to erect a Caſtle i' the Air,
And make his Fly an Elephant to carry it.
Tip. Bird of the Arts he is, and *Fly* by Name! (elſe.
Pru. Buz. Hoſ. Blow him off good *Pru*, they'll mar all
Tip. The Soveraign's Honour is to cheriſh Learning.
Pru. What in a Fly? *Tip.* In any thing induſtrious.
Pr. But Flies are buſie! *Lad.* Nothing more troubleſom,
Or importune! *Tip.* There's nothing more domeſtick,
Tame or familiar then your Fly in *Cuerpo*.
Hoſ. That is when his Wings are cut, he is tame indeed,
Nothing more impudent and greedy; licking: (elſe
Lad. Or ſawcy, good Sir *Glorious*. *Pru.* Leave your Ad-
Except that we ſhall call you Orator Fly, (vocate-ſhip
And ſend you down to the Dreſſer and the Diſhes.
Hoſ. A good flap, that! *Pru.* Commit you to the Steem!
Lad. Or elſe condemn you to the Bottles. *Pr.* And Pots.
There is his quarry. *Hoſ.* He will chirp far better,
Your Bird, below. *Lad.* And make you finer *Muſick*.
Pru. His *Buz* will there become him. *Tip.* Come away,
Buz, in their Faces: Give 'em all the *Buz*,
Dor in their Ears and Eyes, *Hum*, *Dor*, and *Buz*!
I will ſtatuminate and under-prop thee.
If they ſcorn us, let us ſcorn them— We'll find
The Thorough-fare below, and *Quære* him,
Leave theſe Relicts, *Buz*; they ſhall ſee that I,
Spight of their jears, dare drink, and with a Fly.
Lat. A fair remove at once, of two Impertinents!
Excellent *Pru!* I love thee for thy Wit,
No leſs then State. *Pru.* One muſt preſerve the other.
Lad. Who's here? *Pru.* O *Lovel*, Madam, your ſad Servant.
Lad. Sad? he is ſullen ſtill, and wears a Cloud
About his Brows; I know not how to approach him.
Pru. I will inſtruct you, Madam, if that be all,
Go to him and kiſs him. *Lad.* How, *Pru*? *Pru.* Go, and
kiſs him,
I do command it. *Lad.* Th'art not wild, Wench! *Pru.* No,
Tame, and exceeding tame, but ſtill your Sov'raign.
Lad. Hath too much bravery made thee mad? *Pru.* Nor
Do what I do enjoyn you. No diſputing (proud.
Of my Prerogative, with a front or frown;
Do not detract; you know th' Authority
Is mine, and I will exerciſe it ſwiftly,
If you provoke me. *Lad.* I have woven a Net
To ſnare my ſelf in! Sir, I am enjoyn'd
To tender you a kiſs; but do not know
Why, or wherefore, only the Pleaſure Royal
Will have it ſo, and urges— Do not you
Triumph on my Obedience, ſeeing it forc'd thus.
There 'tis. *Lov.* And welcome. Was there ever kiſs
That reliſh'd thus! or had a Sting like this,
Of ſo much *Nectar*, but, with *Aloes* mixt.
Pru. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.
Lov. It had, me thinks, a *quinteſſence* of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How ſoon it paſs'd away! how unrecovered!
The diſtillation of another Soul
Was not ſo ſweet! and till I meet again,
That kiſs, thoſe Lips, like reliſh, and this taſte.
Let me turn all Conſumption, and here waſt.
Pru. The Royal Aſſent is paſt, and cannot alter.
Lad. You'll turn a Tyran. *Pru.* Be not you a Rebel,
It is a Name is alike odious.
Lad. You'll hear me? *Pru.* No, not o' this Argument.
Would you make Laws, and be the firſt that break 'em?
The Example is pernicious in a Subject,
And of your quality, moſt. *Lat.* Excellent Princeſs!
Hoſt. Juſt Queen! *Lat.* Brave Sov'raign. *Hoſt.* A ſhe
(*Trajan*! this!
Bea. What is't? Proceed incomparable *Pru!*
I am glad I am ſcarce at leiſure to applaud thee.
Lat. It's well for you, you have ſo happy Expreſſions.
Lad. Yes, cry her up; with Acclamations, do,
And cry me down, run all with Soveraignty:
Prince, *Power* will never want her *Paraſites*.
Pru. Nor *Murmur* her Pretences: Maſter *Lovel*,
For ſo your Libel here, or Bill of Complaint,
Exhibited, in our High Court of Sov'raignty,
At this firſt hour of our Reign, declares
Againſt this noble Lady, a diſ-reſpect
You have conceiv'd, if not receiv'd, from her.
Hoſt. Received, ſo the Charge lies in our Bill.
Pru. We ſee it, his learned Council, leave your planing,
We that do love our Juſtice, above all
Our other Attributes; and have the nearneſs,
To know your extraordinary Merit,
As alſo to diſcern this Ladies Goodneſs;
And find how loth ſhe'd be to loſe the Honour,
And Reputation, ſhe hath had, in having
So worthy a Servant, though but for few Minutes.
Do here Enjoyn. *Hoſ.* Good. *Pru.* Charge, Will and Com-
Her Ladiſhip, pain of our high Diſpleaſure, (mand
And committing an extream Contempt,
Unto the Court, our Crown and Dignity.
Hoſt. Excellent Soveraign! And egregious *Pru*!
Pru. To entertain you for a pair of Hours,
(Chooſe, when you pleaſe, this day) with all reſpects,
And valuation of a principal Servant,
To give you all the Titles, all the Priviledges,
The Freedoms, Favours, Rights, ſhe can beſtow.
Hoſ. Large, ample Words, of a brave Latitude!
Pru. Or can be expected, from a Lady of Honour,
Or Quality, in Diſcourſe, Acceſs, Addreſs. (*Hoſ.* Good.
Pru. Not to give Ear, or admit Conference
With any Perſon but your ſelf. Nor there,
Of any other Argument but Love,
And the Companion of it, gentile Courtſhip,
For which your two hours Service, you ſhall take
Two kiſſes. *Hoſ.* Noble! *Pru.* For each hour a kiſs,
To be tane freely, fully, and legally,
Before us: in the Court here, and our Preſence. *Hoſ.* Rare!
Pru. But thoſe hours paſt, and the two kiſſes paid,
The binding Caution is, never to hope
Renewing of the Time, or of the Suit,
On any Circumſtance. *Hoſ.* A hard Condition!
Lat. Had it been eaſier, I ſhould have ſuſpected
The Sov'raign's Juſtice. *Hoſ.* O you are Servant,
My Lord, unto the Lady, and a Rival:
In point of Law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.
Lat. I am not jealous! *Hoſt.* Of ſo ſhort a time
Your Lordſhip needs not, and being done, *in foro*.
Pru. What is the anſwer? *Hoſt.* He craves reſpite, Ma-
(dam,
To adviſe with his Learned Council. *Pru.* Be you he,
And go together quickly. *Lad.* You are no Tyran?
Pru. If I be Madam, you were beſt appeal me!
Lat. Beaufort— *Bea.* I am buſie, pr'ythee let me alone:
I have a Cauſe in hearing too. *Lat.* At what Bar?
Bea. Love's Court o' Requeſts! *Lat.* Bring't into the So-
It is the Nobler Court, afore Judge *Pru*, (veraignty:
The only Learned Mother of the Law!
And Lady o' Conſcience, too! *Bea.* 'Tis well enough
Before this Miſtreſs of Requeſts, where it is.
Hoſt. Let 'em not ſcorn you. Bear up Maſter *Lovel*,
And take your Hours and Kiſſes, They are a Fortune.
Lov. Which I cannot approve, and leſs make uſe of.
Hoſt. Still i' this Cloud! why cannot you make uſe of?
Lov. Who would be rich to be ſo ſoon undone?
The Beggars beſt is Wealth, he doth not know:
And, but to ſhew it him, inflames his want:
Hoſt. Two hours at height? *Lov.* That Joy is too too
Would bound a Love, ſo infinite as mine: (narrow.
And being paſt, leaves an eternal loſs.
Who ſo prodigiouſly affects a Feaſt,
To forfeit Health and Appetite, to ſee it?
Or but to taſte a Spoon full, would forgo

All guſt of Delicacy ever after?
Hoſt. Theſe, yet, are hours of hope. *Lov.* But all hours
Years of Deſpair, ages of Miſery! (following
Nor can ſo ſhort a happineſs, but ſpring
A World of fear, with thought of looſing it;
Better be never happy, then to feell
A little of it, and then looſe it ever.
Hoſt. I do confeſs, it is a ſtrict injunction;
But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thouſand things may intervene, we ſee
The Wind ſhift often, thrice a day ſometimes;
Decrees may alter upon better motion,
And riper hearing. The beſt Bow may ſtart,
And th' Hand may vary. *Pru* may be a Sage
In Law, and yet not ſour, ſweet *Pru*, ſmooth *Pru*,
Soft, *debonaire*, and amiable *Pru*,
May do as well as rough and rigid *Pru*;
And yet maintain her, Venerable *Pru*,
Majeſtick Pru, and *Sereniſſimous Pru*.
Try but one hour firſt, and as you like
The looſe o' that, draw home and prove the other.
Lov. If one hour could, the other happy make,
I ſhould attempt it. *Hoſ.* Put it on: and do.
Lov. Or in the bleſt Attempt that I might dye!
Hoſ. I marry, there were happineſs indeed;
Tranſcendent to the Melancholy, meant.
It were a Fate above a Monument,
And all Inſcription, to die ſo. A Death
For Emperors to enjoy! And the Kings
Of the Rich Eaſt to pawn their Regions for;
To ſow their Treaſure, open all their Mines,
Spend all their Spices to embalm their Corps,
And wrap the Inches up in Sheets of Gold,
That fell by ſuch a Noble deſtiny!
And for the wrong to your Friend, that fear's away,
He rather wrongs himſelf, following freſh Light,
New Eyes to ſwear by. If Lord *Beaufort* change,
It is no Crime in you to remain conſtant.
And upon theſe Conditions, at a Game
So urg'd upon you. *Pru.* Sir you Reſolution——
Hoſ. How is the Lady affected? *Pru.* Sov'raigns uſe not
To ask their Subjects ſuffrage where 'tis due;
But where Conditional. *Hoſt.* A Royal Sov'raign!
Lat. And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing
In her new Regiment. *Hoſt.* Come chooſe your hours,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Then not the whole: and a ſhort Part, then never.
Shall I appoint 'em, pronounce for you? *Lov.* Your plea- (ſure.
Hoſt. Then he deſigns his firſt hour after Dinner;
His ſecond after Supper. Say ye? Content?
Pru. Content. *Lad.* I am content. *Lat.* Content. *Fra.* (Content.
Bea. What's that? I am content too. *Lat.* You have
You had it on the by, and we obſerv'd it. (reaſon,
Nur. Trot I am not content: in fait' I am not.
Hoſt. Why art not thou content, Good *ſhelee-nien*?
Nur. He tauk ſo deſperate, and ſo debauſht,
So baudy like a Courtier and a Lord, (mixt.
God bleſs him, one that tak'th Tobacco. *Hoſt.* Very well
What did he ſay? *Nur.* Nay, nothing to the purpoſh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purpoſh.
Hoſt. Let him alone Nurſe. *Nur.* I did tell him of *Serly*
Was a great Family come out of *Ireland*,
Deſcended of *O Neal*, *Mac Con*, *Mac Dermot*,
Mac Murrogh, but he mark'd not. *Hoſt.* Nor do I,
Good Queen of Heralds, ply the Bottle, and ſleep.

Act III. Scene I.

Tipto, Fly, Jug, Peirce, Jordan, Ferret, Trundle.

I Like the Plot of your *Militia*, well!
It is a fine *Militia*, and well order'd!
And the Diviſion's neat! 'Twill be deſir'd
Only, the Expreſſions were a little more *Spaniſh*:
For there's the beſt *Militia* o' the World!
To call 'em *Tertias*. *Tertia* of the Kitchin,
The *Tertia* of the Cellar, *Tertia* of the Chamber,
And *Tertia* of the Stables. *Fly.* That I can Sir,
And find out very able, fit Commanders.
In every *Tertia*. *Tip.* Now you are i' the right!
As i' the *Tertia* o' the Kitchin, your ſelf
Being a Perſon, elegant in Sawces,
There to Command, as prime *Maeſtro del Campo*,
Chief Maſter of the Palate, for that *Tertia*;
Or the Cook under you, 'cauſe you are the Marſhal;
And the next Officer i' the Field, to the Hoſt.
Then for the Cellar, you have young *Anon*,
Is a rare Fellow, what's his other Name?
Fly. Pierce, Sir *Tip.* Sir *Pierce*, I'll ha' him a Cavalier.
Sir *Pierce Anon*, will peirce us a new Hogs-head!
And then your Thorow-fare, *Jug* here, his *Alferez*:
An able Officer, gi' me thy Beard, round *Jug*,
I take thee by this Handle, and do love
One of thy Inches! I' the Chambers, *Jordan*, here!
He is the *Don*, *del Campo* o' the Beds.
And for the Stables, what's his Name? *Fly.* Old *Peck.*
Tip. Maeſtro del Campo, Peck! His name is *curt*,
A Monoſyllable, but Commands the Horſe well.
Fly. O, in a Inn, Sir, we have other Horſe,
Let thoſe Troops reſt a while. Wine is the Horſe,
That we muſt charge with here. *Tip.* Bring up the
Or call ſweet *Fly*, 'tis an exact *Militia*, (Troops,
And thou an exact Profeſſor, *Lipſius Fly*,
Thou ſhalt be call'd, and *Jouſe*: *Jack Ferret*, welcome,
Old Trench-maſter, and *Colonel* o' the *Pyoneers*,
What canſt thou bolt us now? a Coney? or two
Out of *Tom. Trundle*'s Burrow, here, the Coach?
This is the Maſt of the Carriages!
How is thy driving *Tom.* good, as 'twas?
Tru. It ſerves my Lady, and our Officer *Pru.*
Twelve Mile an hour! *Tom* has the old Trundle ſtill.
Tip. I am taken with the Family, here, fine Fellows?
Viewing the Muſter-roll. *Tru.* They are brave Men!
Fer. And of the *Fly*-blown diſcipline all, the Quarter-
Tip. The *Fly*'s a rare Bird, in his Profeſſion! (Maſter!
Let's ſip a private Pint with him, I would have him
Quit this Light Sign of the Light Heart, my Bird:
And lighter Houſe. It is not for his tall
And growing Gravity ſo Cedar-like,
To be the ſecond to an Hoſt in *Cuerpo*,
That knows no *Elegancies*, uſe his own
Dictamen, and his *Genius*, I would have him
Fly high, and ſtrike at all. Here's young *Anon*, too.
Pei. What Wine is't Gentlemen, White or Claret?
Tip. White. My briſk *Anon*.
Pei. I'll draw you *Juno's* Milk
That died the Lillies, Colonel. *Tip.* Do ſo *Pierce*.
Pec. A Plague of all Jades, what a Clap he has gi'n me?
Fly. Why, how now Couſen? *Tip.* Who's that?
Fer. The Hoſtler.
Fly. What ail'ſt thou Couſen *Peck*? *Pec.* O me, my
As ſure as you live, Sir, he knew perfectly (hanches!
I meant to couzen him. He did leer ſo on me,
And then he ſnear'd. As who would ſay take heed Sirrah;
And when he ſaw our Half-peck, which you know
Was but an old Court-diſh, Lord how he ſtampt!
I thought, 't had been for Joy. When ſuddenly
He cuts me a back Caper with his Heels,
And takes me juſt o' the Crooper. Down come I

And

And my whole Ounce of Oats! Then he neighed out,
As if he had a Mare by the Tail. *Fly.* Troth Couſen,
You are to blame to uſe the poor dumb Chriſtians
So cruelly, defraud 'em o' their *dimenſum.*
Yonder's the Colonels Horſe (there I look'd in)
Keeping our Ladies Eve! The Devil a bit
He has got, ſin' he came in yet! There he ſtands,
And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleaſure, Couſs,
He ſhould look lean enough.
Pec. He has Hay before him (choak him,
Fly. Yes, but as groſs as Hemp, and as ſoon will
Unleſs he eat it butter'd. H' had four Shooes,
And good ones, when he came in: It is a wonder,
With ſtanding ſtill he ſhould caſt three. *Pec.* Troth
(Quarter-Maſter,
This Trade is a kind of Myſtery, that corrupts
Our ſtanding Manners quickly: Once a Week,
I meet with ſuch a Bruſh to mollifie me.
Sometimes a Brace, to awake my Conſcience,
Yet ſtill, I ſleep ſecurely. *Fly.* Couſin *Peck,*
You muſt uſe better dealing, faith you muſt.
Pec. Troth to give good Example to my Succeſſors,
I could be well content to ſteal but two Girts,
And now and then a Saddle cloth, change a Bridle,
For Exerciſe: and ſtay there. *Fly.* If you could
There were ſome hope, on you, Couſs. But the Fate is
You're drunk ſo early, you miſtake whole Saddles:
Sometimes a Horſe. *Pec.* I there's——
Fly. The Wine, come Couſs, I'll talk with you anon.
Pec. Do, looſe no time, good Quarter-Maſter.
Tip. There are the Horſe, come, *Fly.*
Fly. Charge, in Boys, in; Lieutenant o' the Ordnance,
Tobacco and Pipes. *Tip.* Who's that? Old *Jordan,* good!
A comely Veſſel, and a neceſſary.
New-ſcour'd he is: Here's to thee, Martial *Fly.*
In Milk, my young *Anon* ſays. *Pei.* Cream o' the Grape!
That dropt from *Juno's* Breaſts, and ſprung the Lilly!
I can recite your Fables, *Fly,* Here is, too,
The Blood of *Venus,* Mother o' the Roſe!
For. The Dinner is gone up. *Fug.* I hear the Whiſtle.
For. I, and the Fidlers. We muſt all go wait.
Pei. Pox o' this waiting, Quarter-Maſter, *Fly.*
Fly. When Chambermaids are Soveraigns, wait their
(Ladies.
Fly ſcorns to breath. *Pec.* Or blow upon them, he.
Pei. Old Parcel *Peck*! Art thou there? how now? lame?
Pec. Yes faith: it is ill halting afore Criples,
I ha' got a daſh of a Jade, here, will ſtick by me.
Pei. O you have had ſome Phant'ſie, fellow *Peck,*
Some Revelation— *Pec.* What? *Pei.* To ſteal the Hay,
Out o' the Racks again. *Fly.* I told him ſo, (Peck
When the Gueſts backs were turn'd. *Pei.* Or bring his
The bottom upwards, heap'd with Oats; and cry,
Here's the beſt Meaſure upon all the Road! when
You know the Gueſt, put in his Hand, to feel,
And ſmell to the Oats, that grated all his Fingers
Upo' the Wood—*Pec.* Mum! *Pei.* And found out your cheat.
Pec. I ha' been i' the Cellar, *Peirce.* *Pei.* You were then
Upo' your Knees; I do remember it: (there,
To ha' the Fact conceal'd. I could tell more,
Soping of Saddles, cutting of Horſe Tails,
And cropping— Pranks of Ale, and Hoſtelry——
Fly. Which he cannot forget, he ſays, young *Knight:*
No more then you can other Deeds of Darkneſs,
Done i' the Cellar. *Tip.* Well ſaid, bold Profeſſor.
Fer. We ſhall ha' ſome truth explain'd. *Pei.* We are all
(mortal,
And have our Viſions. *Pec.* Truly it ſeems to me
That every Horſe has his whole Peck, and tumbles
Up to the Ears in Litter, *Fly.* When, indeed
There's no ſuch Matter; not a ſmell of Provender.
Fer. Not ſo much Straw as would tye up a Horſe-tail!
Fly. Nor any thing i' the Rack, but two old Cob-webs!
And ſo much rotten Hay as had been a Hens Neſt!
Tru. And yet he's ever apt to ſweep the Mangers!
Fer. But puts in nothing. *Pei.* Theſe are Fits and Fancies.
Which you muſt leave, good *Peck.* *Fly.* And you muſt
It may be reveal'd to you at ſome times, (pray
Whoſe Horſe you ought to cozen; with what Conſcience,
The how; and when, a Parſons Horſe may ſuffer—
Pei. Who's Maſter's double Benefic'd; put in that.
Fly. A little greaſing i' the Teeth; 'tis wholeſom;
And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle. *Pei.* His Saddle too
May want a ſtirrop. *Fly.* And, it may be ſworn,
His learning lay o' one ſide, and ſo broke it,
Pec. They have ever Oats i' their Cloak-bags, to affront
Fly, And therefore 'tis an Office meritorious, (us,
To tithe ſuch ſoundly. *Pei.* And a Graziers may.
Fer. O they are pinching Puckfiſts! *Tru.* And ſuſpicious.
Pei. Suffer before the Maſters Face, ſometimes.
Fly. He ſhall think he ſees his Horſe eat half a Buſhel,
Pei, When the ſlight is, rubbing his Gums with Salt,
Till all the Skin come off, he ſhall but mumble,
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again. *Tip.* Well argued Cavalier.
Fly. It may do well: and go for an Example:
But Couſs, have care of underſtanding Horſes,
Horſes with angry Heels, Nobility Horſes,
Horſes that know the World; let them have Meat
Till their Teeth ake; and rubbing till their Ribs
Shine like a Wenches Forehead. They are Divels elſe
Will look into your Dealings. *Pec.* For mine own part,
The next I cozen o' the pampred breed,
I wiſh he may be found'red. *Fly.* Foun-de-red.
Prolate it right. *Pec.* And of all Four, I wiſh it,
I love no Crouper-complements. *Pei.* Whoſe Horſe was it?
Pec. Why, Mr. *Burſts.* *Pei.* Is *Bat Burſt* come?
Pec. An hour he has been here.
Tip. What *Burſt*? *Pei.* Mas, *Bartolmew Burſt.*
One that hath been a Citizen, ſince a Courtier,
And now a Gameſter. Hath had all his Whirls,
And bouts of Fortune, as a Man would ſay,
Once a *Bat* and ever a *Bat!* a Rere-mouſe,
And Bird o' Twilight, he has broken thrice.
Tip. Your better Man, the *Geno'way* Proverb ſays,
Men are not made of Steel. *Pei.* Nor are they bound
Always to hold. *Fly.* Thrice Honourable Colonel!
Hinges will crack. *Tip.* Though they be *Spaniſh* Iron.
Pei. He is a Merchant ſtill, Adventurer,
At in and in; and is our thorough-fares Friend.
Tip. Who? *Jugs?* *Pei.* The ſame: and a fine Gentleman
Was with him! *Pec.* Mr. *Huffle.* *Pei.* Who? *Hodge Huffle?*
Tip. What's he? *Pei.* A Cheater, and another fine Gen-
(tleman,
A Friend o' the Chamberlains! *Jordans!* Mr. *Huffle.*
He is *Burſt*'s Protection. *Fly.* Fights, and vapours for him.
Pei. He will be drunk ſo civily. *Fly* So diſcreetly—
Pei. And punctually! juſt at his Hour. *Fly.* And then,
Call for his *Jordan,* with that *bum* and ſtate,
As if he piſs'd the *Politicks*! *Pei.* And ſup
With his Tuſt-taffata Night-gear, here, ſo ſilently!
Fly. Nothing but Muſick! *Pei.* A dozen of bawdy Songs,
Tip. And knows the General this? *Fl.* O no, Sir *Dormit*
Dormit Patronus, ſtill, the Maſter ſleeps.
They'll ſteal to Bed. *Pei.* In private Sir, and pay,
The Fidlers with that modeſty, next Morning.
Fly. Take a *diſiune* of Muſcadel and Eggs! (*Gipſies.*
Pei. And pack away i' their trundling Cheats, like
Tru. Myſteries, myſteries, *Ferret.* *Fer.* I we ſee, *Trundle*
What the great Officers in an Inn may do;
I do not ſay the Officers of the Crown,
But the Light-Heart. *Tip.* I'll ſee the *Bat* and *Huffle.*
Fer. I ha' ſome Buſineſs, Sir, I crave your Pardon—
Tip. What? *Fer.* To be ſober. *Tip.* Pox, go get you
(gone then.
Trundle ſhall ſtay. *Tru.* No I beſeech you Colonel,
You Lordſhip has a mind to be drunk private,
With theſe brave Gallants; I will ſtep aſide

Into

Into the Stables, and ſalute my Mares.
Pei. Yes, do, and ſleep with 'em, let him go, baſe (Whip-ſtock.
He's as drunk as a Fiſh now, almoſt as dead.
Tip. Come I will ſee the flicker Mouſe, my Flie.

Act III. Scene II.

Prudence *uſher'd by the* Hoſt, *takes her Seat of Judicature,* Nurſe, Frank, *the Two Lords,* Beaufort, *and* Latimer, *aſſiſt of the Bench: The* Lady *and* Lovel *are brought in, and ſit on the Two ſides of the Stage, confronting each the other.*

Ferret, Trundle.

Pru. HEre ſet the hour; but firſt produce the parties; And clear the Court. The time is now of price.
Hoſt. Jug, get you down, and *Trundle* get you up, You ſhall be Crier. *Ferret,* here, the Clerk.
Jordan, ſmell you without, till the Ladies call you; Take down the Fiddlers too, ſilence that noiſe, Deep, i'the Cellar, ſafe. *Pru.* Who keeps the Watch?
Hoſt. Old *Sheelinin* here, is the Madam Tell-clock.
Nur. No fait and trot, ſweet Maiſter, I ſhall ſleep; I fait I ſhall. *Bea.* I prithee do then, *Scrich-Owl.* She brings to mind the Fable o'the Dragon, (her. That kept the *Heſperian* Fruit. Would I could charm
Hoſt. Trundle will do it with his *Hum.* Come *Trundle.* Precede him *Ferret,* i'the form.

Fer. O yes, O yes, O yes,	*Tru. O yes,* &c.
Whereas there hath been awarded,	Whereas, *&c.*
By the Queen Regent of Love.	By the Queen, *&c.*
In this high Court of Soveraignty,	In this high, *&c.*
Two ſpecial hours of Addreſs,	Two ſpecial, *&c.*
To *Herebert Lovel,* Appellant,	To *Herebert,* &c.
Againſt the Lady *Frampul,* Defendant.	Againſt the, *&c.*
Herebert Lovel, Come into the Court,	*Herebert Lov.* &c.
Make challenge to thy firſt hour,	Make, *&c.*
And ſave thee and thy Bail.	And ſave, *&c.*

Hoſt. Lo, louting where he comes into the Court! Clerk of the Soveraignty take his appearance. And how accoutred, how deſign'd he comes!
Fer. T's done. Now Cryer, call the Lady *Frampul,* And by the name of,

Frances, Lady *Frampul,* Defendant,	*Tru. Francis,* &c.
Come into the Court,	Come into the, *&c.*
Make anſwer to the Award,	Make anſwer, *&c.*
And ſave thee and thy Bail.	And ſave thee, *&c.*

Enter Lady.

Hoſt. She makes a noble, and a juſt Appearance. Set it down likewiſe, and how arm'd ſhe comes.
Pru. Uſher of Loves Court give 'em their Oath, According to the Form, upon Loves *Miſſal.*
Hoſt. Ariſe and lay your hands upon the Book.
Herebert Lovel, Appellant, and Lady *Frances Frampul,* Defendant, you ſhall ſwear upon the Liturgy of Love, *Ovid de arte amandi,* That you neither have, ne will have, nor in any wiſe bear about you, thing, or things, pointed, or blunt, within theſe Liſts, other than what are natural and allow'd by the Court: No inchanted Arms, or Weapons, Stones of Vertue, *Herb of Grace,* Charm, Character, Spell, Philtre, or other Power than *Loves* only, and the juſtneſs of your Cauſe. So help you Love, his Mother, and the Contents of this Book: Kiſs it. Return unto your Seats. Crier bid ſilence.
Tru. O yes, O yes, O yes.

Fer. I'the name o'the Soveraign of Love,	*Tru.* I'the *&c.*
Notice is given by the Court,	Notice is, *&c.*
To the Appellant, and Defendant,	To the Ap. *&c.*
That the firſt hour of Addreſs proceeds.	That the, *&c.*
And *Love* ſave the Soveraign.	And love, *&c.*

Tru. Every man or woman keep ſilence pain of impri- (ſonment.

Pru. Do your endeavours in the name of *Love.*
Lov. To make my firſt Approaches, then, in *Love.*
Lad. Tell us what *Love* is, that we may be ſure There is ſuch a thing, and that it is in nature.
Lov. Excellent Lady, I did not expect To meet an Infidel! much leſs an Atheiſt! Here in *Love's* Liſts! of ſo much unbelief! To raiſe a Queſtion of his being—— *Hoſt.* Well charg'd!
Lov. I rather thought, and, with Religion, think, Had all the Character of Love been loſt, His Lines, Demenſions, and whole Signature Raz'd and defac'd, with dull humanity: That both his Nature, and his Eſſence might Have found their mighty inſtauration here, Here where the confluence of Fair and Good, Meets to make up all Beauty. For, what elſe Is *Love,* but the moſt noble, pure affection Of what is truly Beautiful and Fair? Deſire of union with the thing beloved?
(*Bea.* Have the Aſſiſtants of the Court their Votes, And writ of Priviledge, to ſpeak them freely?)
Pru. Yes, to aſſiſt; but not to interrupt.
Bea. Then I have read ſomewhere, that man and woman, Were, in the firſt Creation, both one piece, And being cleft aſunder, ever ſince, Love was an appetite to be rejoin'd. As for Example— *Nur. Cramo-cree!* what mean'ſh tou?
Bea. Only to kiſs, and part. *Hoſt.* So much is lawful.
Lat. And ſtands with the Prerogative of Loves Court!
Lov. It is a Fable of *Plato's,* in his Banquet, And uttered there by *Ariſtophanes.*
Hoſt. 'Twas well remembred here, and to good uſe.) But on with your Deſcription, what Love is. Deſire of union with the thing belov'd.
Lov. I meant a Definition. For I make The efficient cauſe, what's Beautiful, and Fair. The formal cauſe, the appetite of Union. The final cauſe the union it ſelf. But larger, if you'll have it, by deſcription: It is a flame and ardour of the mind, Dead, in the proper Corps, quick in another's: Transfers the Lover into the Loved. That he or ſhe, that loves, engraves, or ſtamps Th' *Idea* of what they love, firſt in themſelves: Or, like to Glaſſes, ſo their minds take in The Forms of their belov'd, and them reflect. It is the likeneſs of Affections, Is both the parent and the nurſe of Love. Love is a ſpiritual coupling of two Souls, So much more excellent, as it leaſt relates Unto the Body; circular, eternal; Not fain'd, or made, but born: And then, ſo precious, As nought can value it, but it ſelf. So free As nothing can command it but it ſelf. And in it ſelf ſo round, and liberal, As where it favours, it beſtows it ſelf.
(*Bea.* And that do I; here my whole ſelf I tender, According to the practice o'the Court.
Nur. I'tiſh a naughty practiſh, a lewd Practiſh, Be quiet man, dou ſhalt not leip her here.
Bea. Leap her? I lip her fooliſh Queen at Arms, Thy Blazon's falſe: wilt thou blaſpheme thine Office?)
Lov. But we muſt take and underſtand this Love Along ſtill as a name of Dignity: (Lord?) Not pleaſure. (*Hoſt.* Mark you that, my light young
Lov. True love hath no unworthy thought, no light, Looſe unbecoming Appetite, or Strain. But fixed, conſtant, pure, immutable.
(*Bea.* I reliſh not theſe *Philoſophical* Feaſts; Give me a Banquet o' Senſe, like that of *Ovid*: A Form to take the Eye; a Voice mine Ear; Pure *Aromaticks,* to my Scent; a ſoft, Smooth, dainty Hand to touch; and, for my taſte, *Ambroſiack* Kiſſes to melt down the Palat.)

Lov.

Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of Lovers,
Are only taken with what ſtrikes the Senſes!
And love by that looſe ſcale. Altho I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an Object,
And (true) would uſe it, in them all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domeſtick deeds,
In ordering of an Army, in our Stile,
Apparel, Geſture, Building, or what not?
All arts and actions do affect their Beauty.
But put the caſe, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous Structure, a brave Frontiſpiece,
Shall I ſtay Captive i' the outer Court,
Surpriz'd with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the Houſe?
There is my Friendſhip to be made, within;
With what can love me again: not with the Walls,
Doors, Windows, Architrabes, the Frieze, and Coronice.
My End is loſt in loving of a Face,
An Eye, Lip, Noſe, Hand, Foot, or other part,
Whoſe all is but a Statue, if the Mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The End of Love is, to have Two made One
In will, and in affection, that the Minds
Be firſt inoculated, not the Bodies.
Bea. Gi' me the Body, if it be a good one.
Fra. Nay, ſweet, my Lord, I muſt appeal the Soveraign
For better Quarter, if you hold your practice.
Tru. Silence, pain of Impriſonment: Hear the Court.
Lov. The Bodies Love is frail, ſubject to change,
And alter ſtill with it: The Mind's is firm,
One and the ſame, proceedeth firſt from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good;
Then what is like in Reaſon, fit in Manners;
That breeds good will: good will deſire of Union.
So Knowledge firſt begets Benevolence,
Benevolence breeds Friendſhip, Friendſhip loves:
And where it ſtarts or ſteps aſide from this,
It is a meer degenerous appetite,
A loſt, oblique, deprav'd affection,
And bears no mark or character of Love.
Lad. How am I changed! By what Alchimy
Of Love, or Language, am I thus tranſlated!
His Tongue is tip'd with the *Philoſophers Stone*,
And that hath touch'd me through every Vein!
I feel that tranſmutation o' my Blood,
As I were quite become another creature,
And all he ſpeaks, it is Projection!
Pru. Well feign'd, my Lady: now her Parts begin!
Lat. And ſhe will act 'em ſubtilly.
Pru. She fails me elſe.
Lov. Nor do they treſpaſs within bounds of pardon,
That giving way, and licenſe to their love,
Diveſt him of his nobleſt Ornaments,
Which are his Modeſty, and Shamfac'dneſs:
And ſo they do, that have unfit deſigns
Upon the Parties they pretend to love.
For what's more monſtrous, more a Prodigy,
Than to hear me proteſt truth of affection
Unto a perſon that I would diſhonour?
And what's a more diſhonour, than defacing
Another's good with forfeiting mine own?
And drawing on a Fellowſhip of ſin;
From note of which, tho (for a while) we may
Be both kept ſafe, by caution, yet the Conſcience
Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
Call'd by the Name of Love, becomes deſtroy'd
Then, with the Fact; the Innocency loſt,
The bating of affection ſoon will follow:
And Love is never true that is not laſting.
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one Object, *Dixi.*
Lad. O ſpeak, and ſpeak for ever! let min' ear
Be feaſted ſtill, and filled with this Banquet!
No ſenſe can ever ſurfeit on ſuch truth!
It is the Marrow of all Lovers Tenents!
Who hath read *Plato*, *Heliodore*, or *Tatius*,
Sidney, *D' Urfe*, or all Loves *Fathers*, like him?
He, is there the Maſter of the Sentences,
Their School, their Commentary, Text, and Gloſs,
And breathes the true Divinity of Love!
Pru. Excellent Actor! how ſhe hits this Paſſion!
Lad. Where have I liv'd, in Hereſie, ſo long
Out o' the Congregation of Love,
And ſtood irregular, by all his Canons?
Lat. But do you think ſhe plays?
Pru. Upo' my Soveraignty,
Mark her anon.
Lat. I ſhake, and am half jealous.
Lad. What Penance ſhall I do to be receiv'd,
And reconcil'd to the Church of Love?
Go on Proceſſion, bare-foot, to his Image,
And ſay ſome hundred penitential Verſes,
There, out of *Chaucers Troilus*, and *Creſſide*?
Or to his Mothers Shrine, vow a Wax-Candle
As large as the Town May-Pole is, and pay it?
Enjoyn me any thing this Court thinks fit,
For I have treſpaſs'd, and blaſphemed Love:
I have, indeed, deſpis'd his Deity,
Whom (till this Miracle wrought on me) I knew not.
Now I adore Love, and would kiſs the Ruſhes
That bear this Reverend Gentleman, his Prieſt,
If that would expiate——but I fear it will not.
For, tho he be ſomewhat ſtruck in years, and old
Enough to be my Father, he is wiſe,
And only wiſe men love, the other covet.
I could begin to be in love with him,
But will not tell him yet, becauſe I hope
T' enjoy the other Hour with more delight,
And prove him farther.
Pru. Moſt *Socratick* Lady!
Or, if you will *Ironick!* gi' you joy
O' your *Platonick* Love here, Mr. *Lovel.*
But pay him his firſt Kiſs, yet, i' the Court,
Which is a Debt, and due: For the Hour's run.
Lad. How ſwift is Time, and ſlily ſteals away
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?
I ſhould have thought it ſcarce had run ten minutes,
When the whole Hour is fled. Here, take your Kiſs, Sir,
Which I moſt willing tender you in Court.
(*Bea.* And we do imitate——)
Lad. And I could wiſh,
It had been twenty—ſo the Soveraigns
Poor narrow Nature had decreed it ſo——
But that is paſt, irrevocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her latitude—
Pru. Beware, you do not conjure up a Spirit
You cannot lay.
Lad. I dare you, do your worſt,
Shew me but ſuch an injuſtice: I would thank you
To alter your award.
Lat. Sure ſhe is ſerious!
I ſhall have another fit of Jealouſie!
I feel a grudging!
Hoſt. Chear up, Noble Gheſt,
We cannot gueſs what this may come to yet;
The Brain of Man, or Woman, is uncertain!
Lov. Tut, ſhe diſſembles! all is perſonated,
And counterfeit comes from her! If it were not,
The *Spaniſh* Monarchy, with both the *Indies*,
Could not buy off the treaſure of this Kiſs,
Or half give balance for my happineſs.
Hoſt. Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heart
To ſee you rouz'd thus from a ſleepy humor
Of drouzy, accidental melancholy;
And all thoſe brave parts of your Soul awake,
That did before ſeem drown'd, and buried in you!
That you expreſs your ſelf, as you had back'd
The *Muſes* Horſe! or got *Bellerophons* arms!

What

What news with *Fly*?
Fly. News of a newer Lady,
A finer, freſher, braver, bonnier Beauty,
A very *bona Roba*, and a Bouncer!
In yellow, gliſtering, golden Satten. *Lad. Pru*,
Adjourn the Court.
Pru. Cry, *Trundle*—— *Tru.* O yes,
Any Man, or Woman, that hath any perſonal attendance
To give unto the Court; Keep the Second Hour,
And Love ſave the Sov'raign.

Act IV. Scene I.

Jug, Barnabe, Jordan.

O *Barnabe!* *Jor.* Welcome, *Barnabe?* Where haſt thou been?
Bar. I' the foul weather.
Jug. Which has wet thee, *Ban.*
Bar. As dry as a chip! Good *Jug*, a caſt o' thy Name,
As well as thy Office: two Jugs!
Jug. By and by.
Jor. What Lady's this thou haſt brought here?
Bar. A great Lady!
I know no more; one that will try you, *Jordan.*
Shee'll find your Gage, your Circle, your Capacity.
How do's Old *Staggers* the Smith, and *Tree* the Sadler?
Keep they their Penny-Club ſtill?
Jor. And th' old *Catch* too,
Or whoop *Barnaby*. *Bar.* Do they ſing at me?
Jor. They are reeling at it in the Parlour now.
Bar. I'll to 'em: Gi' me a drink firſt.
Jor. Where's thy Hat?
Bar. I loſt it by the way—Gi' me another.
Jug. A Hat? *Bar.* A drink.
Jug. Take heed of taking cold, *Ban*——
Bar. The wind blew't off at *High-gate*, and my Lady
Would not endure me light to take it up,
But made me drive bare-headed i' the Rain.
Jor. That ſhe might be miſtaken for a Counteſs?
Bar. Troth, like enough! She might be an ore-grown Dutcheſs,
For ought I know.
Jug. What! with one Man! *Bar.* At a time,
They carry no more, the beſt of 'em.
Jor. Nor the braveſt.
Bar. And ſhe is very brave!
Jor. A ſtately Gown!
And Petticoat, ſhe has on!
Bar. Ha' you ſpy'd that, *Jordan?*
You are a notable Peerer, an old *Rabbi*,
At a Smocks-hem, Boy.
Jug. As he is *Chamberlain*,
He may do that by his Place.
Jor. What's her Squire?
Bar. A toy, that ſhe allows Eight Pence a day.
A ſlight Man-net, to port her up and down.
Come, ſhew me to my Play-fellows, Old *Staggers*,
And Father *Tree*.
Jor. Here, this way, *Barnabe.*

Act IV. Scene II.

Tipto, Burſt, Huffle, Fly.

COme, let us take in *Freſco*, here, one Quart.
Bar. Two Quarts, my Man of War, let us not be ſtinted.
Huf. Advance three *Jordans*, Varlet o' the Houſe.
Tip. I do not like your *Burſt* Bird; He is ſawcy:
Some Shop-keeper he was?
Fly. Yes, Sir. *Tip.* I knew it,
A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper? I noſe 'em ſtreight.
He had no Father, I warrant him, that durſt own him;
Some Foundling in a Stall, or the Church-porch;
Brought up i' the *Hoſpital*; and ſo bound Prentice;
Then Maſter of a Shop; then one o' th' Inqueſt;
Then breaks out Bankrupt, or ſtarts Alderman:
The Original of both is a Church-Porch——
Fly. Of ſome, my Colonel.
Tip. Good Faith, of moſt!
O' your Shop-Citizens, th' are rude animals!
And let 'em get but ten mile out a Town,
Th' out ſwagger all the *Wapen-take.*
Fly. What's that?
Tip. A *Saxon* word to ſignifie the *Hundred.*
Bar. Come let us drink, Sir *Glorious*, ſome brave Health
Upon our tip-toes. *Tip.* To the Health o' the *Burſts.*
Bur. Why *Burſts?* *Tip.* Why *Tipto's?*
Bur. O' I cry you mercy!
Tip. It is ſufficient.
Huf. What is ſo ſufficient?
Tip. To drink to you is ſufficient.
Huf. On what terms?
Tip. That you ſhall give Security to pledge me.
Huf. So you will name no *Spaniard*, I will pledge you.
Tip. I rather chuſe to thirſt; and will thirſt ever,
Than leave that Cream of Nations un-cry'd up.
Periſh all Wine, and guſt of Wine.
Huf. How! ſpill it?
Spill it at me? *Tip.* I wreck not, but I ſpilt it.
Fly. Nay, pray you be quiet, Noble Bloods.
Bur. No *Spaniards*,
I cry, with my Cozen *Huffle.*
Huf. Spaniards? Pilchers?
Tip. Do not provoke my patient Blade. It ſleeps,
And would not hear thee: *Huffle*, thou art rude,
And doſt not know the *Spaniſh* compoſition.
Bur. What is the *Recipe?* Name the *Ingredients.*
Tip. Valour. *Bur.* Two Ounces!
Tip. Prudence. *Bur.* Half a Dram!
Tip. Juſtice. *Bur.* A Penny weight!
Tip. Religion. *Bur.* Three Scruples!
Tip. And of *Gravidda.* *Bur.* A Face-full!
Tip. He carries ſuch a Doſe of it in his Looks,
Actions, and Geſtures, as it breeds Reſpect
To him from *Savages*, and Reputation
With all the Sons of Men.
Bur. Will it give him Credit
With Gameſters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradeſmen?
Tip. He'll borrow Money on the ſtroke of his Beard!
Or turn off his *Muſtaccio!* His meer *Cuello*,
Or Ruff about his Neck, is a Bill of *Exchange*
In any Bank in *Europe!* Not a Merchant
That ſees his Gate, but ſtraight will furniſh him
Upon his Paſe!
Huf. I have heard the *Spaniſh* Name
Is terrible, to Children, in ſome Countries;
And us'd to make them eat their Bread and Butter,
Or take their Worm-ſeed.
Tip. Huffle, you do ſhuffle:

——To them, *Stuffe*, *Pinnacia.*

Bur. 'Slid here's a Lady!
Huf. And a Lady gay!
Tip. A well-trimm'd Lady!
Huf. Let's lay her aboard.
Bur. Let's hail her firſt.
Tip. By your ſweet Favour, Lady.
Stu. Good Gentlemen be civil, we are Strangers.
Bur. And you were *Flemings*, Sir!
Huf, Or *Spaniards*!
Tip. They are here, have been at *Sevil* i' their days,
And at *Madrid* too! *Pin.* He is a fooliſh Fellow,

I pray

I pray you mind him not, he is my *Protection.*
Tip. In your protection he is ſafe, ſweet Lady.
So ſhall you be in mine.
Huf. A ſhare, good Coronel.
Tip. Of what?
Huf. Of your fine Lady! I am *Hodge*,
My Name is *Huffle.*
Tip. Huffling *Hodge*, be quiet.
Bur. And I pray you, be you ſo, *Glorious Coronel*
Hodge Huffle ſhall be quiet.
Huf. A Lady gay, gay:
For ſhe is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For ſhe's a Lady gay.
Tip. Bird o' the *Veſpers*, *Veſpertilio*, Burſt;
You are a Gentleman o' the firſt Head.
But that Head may be broke, as all the Body is——
Burſt, if you tie not up your *Huffle* quickly.
Huf. Tie Dogs, not Man.
Bur. Nay, pray thee, *Hodge*, be ſtill.
Tip. This Steel here rides not on this Thigh in vain.
Huf. Shew'ſt thou thy Steel and Thigh, thou *glorious Dirt?*
Then *Hodge* ſings *Sampſon*, and no ties ſhall hold.

——*Peirce, Jug, Jorden.* [to them.

Peir. Keep the Peace, Gentlemen: what do you mean?
Tip. I will not diſcompoſe my ſelf for *Huffle.*
Pin. You ſee what your Entreaty and Preſſure ſtill
Of Gentlemen, to be civil, doth bring on?
A Quarrel? and perhaps Man-ſlaughter? You
Will carry your Gooſe about you ſtill? your Planing Iron?
Your Tongue to ſmooth all! is not here fine ſtuff?
Stu. Why Wife?
Pin. Your Wife? Ha' not I forbidden you that?
Do you think I'll call you Husband i' this Gown,
Or any thing in that Jacket, but *Protection?*
Here tie my Shooe, and ſhew my Velvet Petticoat,
And my Silk Stocking! why do you make me a Lady,
If I may not do like a Lady, in fine Cloathes.
Stu. Sweet Heart, you may do what you will with me.
Pin. I: I knew that at home; what to do with you;
But why was I brought hither? to ſee Faſhions?
Stu. And wear them too, Sweet Heart, but this wild Company——
Pin. Why do you bring me in wild Company?
You'd ha' me tame, and civil, in wild Company?
I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,
And in fine Company, where I am fine my ſelf,
A Lady may do any thing, deny nothing
To a fine Party, I have heard you ſay't.

——To them *Peirce.*

Peir. There are a Company of Ladies above
Deſire your Ladiſhips Company, and to take
The Surety of their Lodgings from the affront
Of theſe half Beaſts, were here e'en now, the *Centaures.*
Pin. Are they fine Ladies?
Peir. Some very fine Ladies.
Pin. As fine as I?
Peir. I dare uſe no Compariſons,
Being a Servant, ſent——
Pin. Spoke, like a fine Fellow!
I would thou wert one; I'd not then deny thee:
But, thank my Lady.

——To them *Hoſt.*

Hoſ. Madam, I muſt crave you
To afford a Lady a Viſit, would excuſe
Some Harſhneſs o' the Houſe, you have receiv'd
From the brute Gheſts.
Pin. This's a fine Old Man!
I'ld go with him an' he were a little finer:
Stu. You may, Sweet Heart, it is mine *Hoſt.*
Pin. Mine *Hoſt!*
Hoſt. Yes, *Madam*, I muſt bid you welcome.
Pin. Do then.
Stu. But do not ſtay,
Pin. I'll be adviſ'd by you; yes!

Act IV. Scene III.

——To them *Latimer, Beaufort, Lady, Pru. Frank, Hoſt, Pinnacia, Stuffe.*

WHat more than *Thracian* Barbariſm was this!
Bea. The Battel o' the *Centaures*, with the *Lapithes!*
Lad. There is no taming o' the *Monſter* Drink.
Lat. But what a *glorious* Beaſt our *Tipto* ſhew'd!
He would not diſcompoſe himſelf, the *Don!*
Your *Spaniard* ne'er doth diſcompoſe himſelf.
Bea. Yet, how he talkt, and roar'd i' the beginning!
Pru. And ran as faſt as a knock'd Marro'bone.
Bea. So they did all at laſt, when *Lovel* went down,
And chas'd 'em 'bout the Court.
Lat. For all's *Don Lewis!*
Or fencing after *Euclide!* *Lad.* I ne'er ſaw
A lightning ſhoot ſo, as my Servant did,
His Rapier was a *Meteor*, and he wav'd it
Over 'em, like a *Comet*, as they fled him!
I mark'd his Manhood! every ſtoop he made
Was like an Eagles at a Flight of Cranes!
(As I have read ſomewhere.)
Bea. Bravely expreſt.
Lat. And like a Lover!
Lad. Of his Valour, I am!
He ſeem'd a Body, rarifi'd to air!
Or that his Sword, and arm were of a peice,
They went together ſo! Here comes the Lady.
Bea. A bouncing *Bona roba!* as the *Fly* ſaid.
Fra. She is ſome Gianteſs! I'll ſtand off,
For fear ſhe ſwallow me.
La. Is not this our Gown, *Pru?*
That I beſpoke of *Stuffe?*
Pru. It is the Faſhion!
Lad. I, and the Silk! Feel: ſure it is the ſame!
Pru. And the ſame Petticoat, Lace, and all!
Lad. I'll ſwear it.
How came it hither? make a Bill of Inquiry.
Pru. Yo' have a fine Sute on, Madam! and a rich one
Lad. And of a curious making!
Pru. And a new!
Pin. As new as Day.
Lat. She anſwers like a Fiſh-Wife!
Pin. I put it on ſince Noon, I do aſſure you.
Pru. Who is your Taylor?
Lad. 'Pray you, your Faſhioners Name.
Pin. My Faſhioner is a certain Man o' mine own,
He is i' the Houſe: no matter for his Name.
Hoſt. O, but to ſatisfie this bevy of Ladies,
Of which a Brace, here, long'd to bid you welcome.
Pin. He is one, in truth, I title my *Protection:*
Bid him come up.
Hoſt. Our new Ladies *Protection!*
What is your Ladiſhips Stile?
Pin. Counteſs *Pinnacia.*
Hoſt. Counteſs *Pinnacia*'s Man, come to your Lady!
Pru. Yout Ladiſhips Taylor! Maſs, *Stuffe!*
Lad. How *Stuffe!* He the *Protection!*
Hoſ. *Stuffe* looks like a Remnant.
Stu. I am undone, diſcover'd!
Pru. 'Tis the Suit, Madam,
Now, without Scruple! and this ſome Device
To bring it home with.

Pin. Why upon your Knees?
Is this your Lady Godmother?
Stu. Mum, *Pinnacia.*
It is the Lady *Frampul*; my beſt Cuſtomer.
Lad. What Shew is this that you preſent us with?
Stu. I do beſeech your Ladiſhip forgive me.
She did but ſay the Suit on. *Lad.* Who? Which ſhe?
Stu. My Wife, forſooth.
Lad. How? Miſtreſs *Stuffe*? Your Wife!
Is that the Riddle? *Pru.* We all look'd for a Lady,
A Dutcheſs, or a Counteſs at the leaſt.
Stu. She is my own lawfully begotten Wife,
In Wedlock. We ha' been coupled now ſeven years.
Lad. And why thus maſqu'd? You like a Footman, ha!
And ſhe your Counteſs! *Pin.* To make a Fool of himſelf,
And of me too. *Stu.* I pray thee, *Pinnace*, peace.
Pin. Nay, it ſhall out, ſince you have call'd me Wife,
And openly diſ-Ladied me! though I am diſ-Counteſs'd
I am not yet diſ-countenanc'd. Theſe ſhall ſee.
Hoſt. Silence!
Pin. It is a fooliſh trick, Madam, he has;
For though he be your Taylor, he is my Beaſt.
I may be bold with him, and tell his Story.
When he makes any fine Garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,
Then muſt I put it on, and be his *Counteſs*,
Before he carry it home unto the Owners.
A Coach is hir'd, and Four Horſes; he runs
In his Velvet Jacket thus, to *Rumford*, *Croyden*,
Hounſlow, or *Barnet*, the next bawdy Road:
And takes me out, carries me up, and throw's me
Upon a Bed. *Lad.* Peace, thou immodeſt Woman.
She glories in the Bravery o' the Vice.
Lat. 'Tis a queint one! *Bea.* A fine *ſpecies*,
Of fornicating with a Man's own Wife,
Found out by (what's his Name?)
Lat. Mr. *Nic. Stuffe.*
Hoſt. The very Figure of Preoccupation
In all his Cuſtomers beſt Cloathes. *Lat.* He lies
With his own *Succuba*, in all your Names.
Bea. And all your Credits.
Hoſt. I, and at all their coſts.
Lat. This Gown was then beſpoken for the *Soveraign*?
Bea. I, marry was it. *Lat.* And a main Offence
Committed 'gainſt the *Soveraignty*; being not brought
Home i' the time. Beſide, the prophanation,
Which may call on the Cenſure of the Court.
Hoſt. Let him be blanketed. Call up the Quarter-maſter.
Deliver him o'er to *Fly*. *Stu.* O good, my Lord.
Hoſt. Pillage the Pinnace. *Lad.* Let his Wife be ſtript.
Bea. Blow off her Upper Deck.
Lat. Tear all her Tackle.
Lad. Pluck the polluted Robes over her Ears;
Or cut them all to peices, make a fire o' them.
Pru. To Rags and Cinders, burn th' idolatrous Veſtures.
Hoſ. Fly, and your Fellows, ſee that the whole cenſure
Be throughly executed. *Fly.* We'll toſs him bravely,
Till the ſtuff ſtink again.
Hoſt. And ſend her home,
Diveſted to her Flannel, in a Cart.
Lat. And let her Footman beat the Baſon afore her.
Fly. The Court ſhall be obey'd.
Hoſ. Fly, and his Officers,
Will do it fiercely. *Stu.* Merciful Queen *Pru.*
Pru. I cannot help you.
Bea. Go thy ways, *Nic. Stuffe*,
Thou haſt nickt it for a Faſhioner of Venery!
Lat. For his own Hell, though he run ten mile for't.
Pru. O, here comes *Lovel*, for his ſecond Hour.
Bea. And after him the type of *Spaniſh* Valour.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Lady, Lovel, Tipto, Latimer, Beaufort, Pru, Frank, Nurſe, Hoſt.

SErvant, what have you there? *Lov.* A Meditation,
Or rather a Viſion, Madam, and of Beauty,
Our former Subject. *Lad.* Pray you let us hear it.

Lov. *It was a Beauty that I ſaw*
So pure, ſo perfect, as the frame
Of all the Univerſe was lame,
To that one Figure could I draw,
Or give leaſt line of it a law!

A Skein of Silk without a Knot!
A fair March made without a Halt!
A curious Form without a Fault!
A printed book without a blot.
All beauty, and without a ſpot.

Lad. They are gentle Words, and would deſerve a Note,
Set to 'em, as gentle. *Lov.* I have try'd my Skill.
To cloſe the ſecond Hour, if you will hear them,
My Boy by that time will have got it perfect.
Lad. Yes, gentle Servant. In what calm he ſpeaks,
After this noiſe and tumult, ſo unmov'd,
With that ſerenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquieſce in that
Which is the Object of the ſecond Hour,
And nothing elſe. *Pru.* Well then, ſummon the Court.
Lad. I have a Sute to the Soveraign of Love,
If it may ſtand with the Honour of the Court,
To change the Queſtion but from Love to Valour,
To hear it ſaid, but what true Valour is,
Which oft begets true Love. *Lat.* It is a Queſtion
Fit for the Court to take true knowledge of,
And hath my juſt aſſent. *Pru.* Content. *Bea.* Content.
Fra. Content. I am content, give him his Oath.
Hoſt. Herebert Lovel, *Thou ſhalt ſwear upon the Teſtament of Love, To make Anſwer to this Queſtion propounded to thee by the Court, What true Valour is? And therein to tell the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. So help thee Love, and thy bright Sword at need.*
Lov. So help me Love, and my good Sword at need.
It is the greateſt Vertue, and the Safety
Of all Mankind, the Object of it is danger.
A certain Meen 'twixt Fear and Confidence:
No inconſiderate Raſhneſs, or vain appetite
Of falſe encountring formidable things;
But a true Science of diſtinguiſhing
What's good or evil. It ſprings out of Reaſon,
And tends to perfect Honeſty, the Scope
Is always Honour, and the Publick Good:
It is no Valour for a private Cauſe.
Bea. No? not for Reputation?
Lov. That's Man's Idol,
Set up againſt God, the Maker of all Laws,
Who hath commanded us we ſhould not kill;
And yet we ſay, we muſt for Reputation.
What honeſt Man can either fear his own,
Or elſe will hurt another's Reputation?
Fear to do baſe, unworthy things, is Valour;
If they be done to us, to ſuffer them,
Is Valour too. The Office of a Man
That's truly Valiant, is conſiderable
Three ways: The firſt is in reſpect of *Matter*,
Which ſtill is danger; in reſpect of *Form*,
Wherein he muſt preſerve his Dignity;
And in the *End*, which muſt be ever lawful.
Lat. But Men, when they are heated, and in paſſion,
Cannot conſider. *Lov.* Then it is not Valour.

I ne-

I never thought an angry perſon valiant:
Vertue is never aided by a Vice.
What need is there of anger, and of tumult?
When reaſon can do the ſame things, or more?
Bea. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of uſe,
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.
Lov. Why, ſo will Drink make us both bold and raſh,
Or phrenſie if you will, do theſe make valiant?
They are poor helps, and Vertue needs them not.
No Man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without:
So that it comes not in the aid of Vertue,
But in the ſtead of it. *Lat.* He holds the right.
Lov. And 'tis an odious kind of Remedy,
To owe our health to a diſeaſe. *Tip.* If Man
Should follow the *Dictamen* of his Paſſion,
He could not ſcape———
Bea. To diſcompoſe himſelf.
Lat. According to *Don Lewis!*
Hoſt. Or *Carenza!*
Lov. Good Colonel *Glorious*, whilſt we treat of Valour,
Diſmiſs your ſelf. *Lat.* You are not concern'd.
Lov. Go drink,
And congregate the Hoſtlers and the Tapſters,
The Under-Officers o' your Regiment;
Compoſe with them, and be not angry valiant?
[Tipto *goes out.*
Bea. How do's that differ from true Valour?
Lov. Thus.
In the *Efficient*, or that which makes it:
For it proceeds from Paſſion, not from Judgment:
Then brute beaſts have it, wicked perſons: there
It differs in the *Subject*; in the *Form*,
'Tis carried raſhly, and with Violence:
Then i' the *End*, where it reſpects not Truth,
Or Publick Honeſty; but meer Revenge.
Now confident, and undertaking Valour,
Sways from the true, two other ways, as being
A truſt in our own Faculties, Skill, or Strength,
And not the Right, or Conſcience o' the *Cauſe*,
That works it: Then i' the *End*, which is the Victory,
And not the Honour.
Bea. But the ignorant Valour,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
T' eſcape the Infamy meerly———
Lov. Is worſt of all:
That Valour lies i' the Eyes o' the lookers on;
And is call'd Valour with a witneſs. *Bea.* Right.
Lov. The things true Valour is exercis'd about,
Are Poverty, Reſtraint, Captivity,
Baniſhment, loſs of Children, long Diſeaſe:
The leaſt is Death. Here Valour is beheld,
Properly ſeen; about theſe it is preſent:
Not trivial things, which but require our Confidence.
And, yet to thoſe, we muſt object our ſelves,
Only for Honeſty: if any other
Reſpect be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all Knowledge, when it is remov'd,
Or ſeparate from Juſtice, is call'd Craft,
Rather than Wiſdom: So a Mind affecting,
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any Self-Pretext, not for the Publick,
Deſerves the Name of Daring, not of Valour.
And over-daring is as great a Vice,
As over-fearing. *Lat.* Yes, and often greater.
Lov. But as it is not the meer Puniſhment,
But Cauſe, that makes a Martyr, ſo it is not
Fighting, or dying, but the manner of it
Renders a Man himſelf: A Valiant Man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by ſelected ways
He undertakes with Reaſon, not by Chance.
His Valour is the Salt to his other Vertues,
They are all unſeaſon'd without it. The Waiting-maids,
Or the Concomitants of it, are his Patience,
His Magnanimity, his Confidence,
His Conſtancy, Security, and Quiet;
He can aſſure himſelf againſt all Rumor!
Deſpairs of nothing! laughs at Contumelies!
As knowing himſelf advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aſperſion
Touch him with Soyle!
Lad. Moſt manly utter'd all:
As if *Achilles* had the Chair in Valour,
And *Hercules* were but a Lecturer!
Who would not hang upon thoſe lips for ever!
That ſtrike ſuch Muſick? I could run on them;
But Modeſty is ſuch a School-miſtriſs,
To keep our Sex in awe.
Pru. Or you can fain; my
Subtle and diſſembling Lady Miſtriſs.
Lat. I fear ſhe means it, *Pru*, in too good earneſt!
Lov. The purpoſe of an Injury 'tis to vex
And trouble me: now nothing can do that
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the leaſt Injury, is leſs than it.
It is but reaſonable to conclude
That ſhould be ſtronger, ſtill, which hurts, than that
Which is hurt. Now no Wickedneſs is ſtronger
Than what oppoſeth it: Not Fortunes ſelf,
When ſhe encounters Vertue, but comes off
Both lame and leſs! Why ſhould a Wiſe Man then
Confeſs himſelf the weaker, by the feeling
Of a Fool's wrong? There may an Injury
Be meant me. I may chuſe, if I will take it.
But we are, now come to that delicacy
And tenderneſs of ſenſe, we think an inſolence
Worſe than an injury, bare words worſe than deeds;
We are not ſo much troubled with the wrong,
As with the Opinion of the wrong: like Children,
We are made afraid with Viſors! Such poor ſounds
As is the lie, or common words of Spight.
Wiſe Laws thought never worthy a Revenge;
And 'tis the narrowneſs of Humane Nature,
Our Poverty, and Beggery of Spirit,
To take exception at theſe things. He laugh'd at me!
He broke a Jeſt! a third took place of me!
How moſt ridiculous Quarrels are all theſe?
Notes of a queaſie, and ſick Stomach, labouring
With want of a true injury! the main part
Of the wrong, is our Vice of taking it.
Lat. Or our interpreting it to be ſuch.
Lov. You take it rightly. If a Woman, or Child
Give me the Lie, would I be angry? No,
Not if I were i' my Wits, ſure I ſhould think it
No ſpice of a diſgrace. No more is theirs,
If I will think it, who are to be held
In as contemptible a Rank, or worſe.
I am kept out a Maſque, ſometime thruſt out,
Made wait a day, two, three, for a great Word,
Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead!
What laughter ſhould this breed, rather than anger!
Out of the tumult of ſo many Errors,
To feel, with contemplation, mine own quiet!
If a great Perſon do me an affront,
A Giant of the time, ſure I will bear it
Or out of Patience, or Neceſſity!
Shall I do more for Fear, than for my Judgment?
For me now to be angry with *Hodge Huffle*,
Or *Burſt* (his broken charge,) if he be ſaucy,
Or our own type of *Spaniſh* Valour, *Tipto*,
(Who were he now neceſſitated to beg
Would ask an Alms, like *Conde Olivares*)
Were juſt to make my ſelf, ſuch a vain *Animal*
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
No more ſhall great; if not a few, not many.
There's nought ſo ſacred with us but may find
A ſacrilegious Perſon, yet the thing is

No leſs divine, 'cauſe the prophane can reach it.
He is Shot-free, in Battel is not hurt,
Not he that is not hit. So he is Valiant,
That yields not unto wrongs; not he that ſcapes 'em:
They that do pull down Churches, and deface
The holieſt Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.
A calm wiſe Man may ſhew as much true Valour,
Amid'ſt theſe popular provocations,
As can an able Captain ſhew ſecurity,
By his brave Conduct, through an Enemies Country.
A wiſe Man never goes the Peoples way,
But as the Planets ſtill move contrary
To the World's Motion; ſo doth he, to Opinion:
He will examine, if thoſe accidents
(Which common Fame calls injuries) happen to him
Deſervedly, or no? Come they deſervedly,
They are no Wrongs then, but his Puniſhments:
If undeſervedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, firſt, ſhould bluſh, not he.
Lat. Excellent! *Bea.* Truth, and right! *Fra.* An Oracle
Could not have ſpoken more!
Lad. Been more believ'd!
Pru. The whole Court runs into your Sentence, Sir!
And ſee, your ſecond hour is almoſt ended.
Lad. It cannot be! O clip the Wings of Time,
G od *Pru*, or make him ſtand ſtill with a Charm.
Diſtil the Gout into it, Cramps, all Diſeaſes
T'arreſt him in the Foot, and fix him here:
O, for an Engine, to keep back all Clocks!
Or make the Sun forget his Motion!
If I but knew what Drink the Time now lov'd,
To ſet my *Trundle* at him, mine own *Barnabe!*
Pru. Why? I'll conſult our *Sbelee nien, To-mas.*
Nur. Er grae Chreeſt.
Bea. Wake her not. *Nur. Tower een Cuppan*
D'uſque bagh doone. Pru. Uſque bagh's her Drink.
But 'twi' not make the time drunk.
Hoſt. As't hath her.
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her firſt, *Pru.*
Pru. I, that 'll be ſport anon too for my Lady.
But ſhe hath other Game to fly at yet:
The Hour is come, your Kiſs.
Lad. My Servants Song, firſt.
Pru. I ſay the Kiſs, firſt; and I ſo enjoyn'd it:
At your own peril, do, make the contempt.
Lad. Well, Sir, you muſt be pay'd, and legally.
Pru. Nay, nothing, Sir, beyond.
Lov. One more——I except.
This was but half a Kiſs, and I would change it.
Pur. The Court's diſſolv'd, remov'd, and the Play ended.
No ſound, or air of *Love* more, I decree it.
Lov. From what a Happineſs hath that one Word
Thrown me into the Gulf of Miſery?
To what a bottomleſs Deſpair? how like
A Court removing, or an ended Play
Shews my abrupt precipitate Eſtate,
By how much more my vain hopes were increas'd
By theſe falſe Hours of Converſation?
Did not I propheſie this of my ſelf,
And gave the true Prognoſticks? o' my Brain!
How art thou turned! and my Blood congeal'd!
My Sinews ſlackned! and my Marrow melted!
That I remember not where I have been,
Or what I am? Only my tongue's on fire;
And burning downward, hurls forth Coals and Cinders,
To tell, this Temple of Love, will ſoon be aſhes!
Come Indignation, now, and be my Miſtreſs,
No more of Love's ingrateful tyranny.
His Wheel of Torture, and his Pits of Bird-lime,
His Nets of Nooſes, Whirl-pools of Vexation,
His Mils, to grind his Servants into Powder——
I will go catch the Wind firſt in a Sieve,
Weigh ſmoak, and meaſure Shadows, plough the Water
And ſow my Hopes there, e're I ſtay in Love.
Lat. My Jealouſie is off, I am now ſecure.
Lov. Farewel the craft of Crododiles, Womens Piety,
And practiſe of it, in this art of flattering,
And fooling Men, I ha' not loſt my Reaſon,
Though I have lent my ſelf out for two hours,
Thus to be baffl'd by a Chambermaid,
And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Hoſt,
Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all——
Hoſt. Who I?
Lov. Laugh on, Sir, I'll to bed, and ſleep,
And dream away the Vapour of Love, if th' Houſe
And your leere Drunkards let me.
Lad. Pru. Pru. Sweet Madam.
Lad. Why would you let him go thus?
Pru. In whoſe power
Was it to ſtay him, prop'rer than my Ladies!
Lad. Why, in her Ladies? Are not you the Soveraign?
Pru. Would you, in conſcience, Madam, ha' me vex
His Patience more? *Lad.* Not but apply the cure,
Now it is vex't. *Pru.* That's but one bodies work:
Two cannot do the ſame thing handſomely.
Lad. But had not you the authority abſolute?
Pru. And were not you i' rebellion, Lady *Frampul*,
From the beginning?
Lad. I was ſomewhat froward,
I muſt confeſs, but frowardneſs ſometime
Becomes a Beauty, being but a Viſor
Put on. You'll let a Lady wear her Maſque, *Pru.*
Pru. But how do I know, when her Ladiſhip is pleas'd
To leave it off, except ſhe tell me ſo?
Lad. You might ha' known that by my looks, and language,
Had you been or regardant, or obſervant.
One Woman, reads anothers Character,
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering:
If ſhe but give her mind to't, you knew well,
It could not ſort with any Reputation
Of mine, to come in firſt, having ſtood out
So long, without Conditions for mine Honour.
Pru. I thought you did expect none, you ſo jeer'd him
And put him off with ſcorn——
Lad. Who, I, with ſcorn?
I did expreſs my Love to Idolatry rather,
And ſo am juſtly plagu'd, not underſtood.
Pru. I ſwear, I thought you had diſſembled, Madam,
And doubt you do ſo yet.
Lad. Dull, ſtupid, Wench!
Stay i' thy ſtate of ignorance ſtill, be damn'd,
An Idiot Chambermaid! Hath all my Care,
My breeding thee in Faſhion, thy Rich Clothes,
Honours, and Titles wrought no brighter Effects
On thy dark Soul than thus? Well! go thy ways,
Were not the *Taylor's* Wife, to be demoliſh'd,
Ruin'd, uncas'd, thou ſhould'ſt be ſhe, I vow.
Pru. Why, take your ſpangled Properties, your Gown
And Scarfs. *Lad. Pru. Pru.* What doſt thou mean?
Pru. I will not buy this Play-boy's Bravery,
At ſuch a Price, to be upbraided for it,
Thus, every minute. *Lad.* Take it not to Heart ſo.
Pru. The *Taylor's* Wife? There was a word of ſcorn!
Lad. It was a word fell from me, *Pru*, by chance.
Pru. Good Madam, pleaſe to undeceive your ſelf,
I know when words do ſlip, and when they are darted
With all their bitterneſs: uncas'd, demoliſh'd?
An Idiot——Chambermaid, ſtupid, and dull?
Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be ſo;
And think I do deſerve it, that, and more,
Much more I do.
Lad. Here comes mine Hoſt! No crying!
Good *Pru.* Where is my Servant *Level*, Hoſt?
Hoſ. Yo' ha' fer t him up to bed, would you would follow him!
And make my Hoſt amends!

Lad. Would

Lad. Would you adviſe it?
Hoſt. I would I could command it. My light Heart
Should leap till midnight.
Lad. Pray thee be not ſullen,
I yet muſt ha' thy counſel. Thou ſhalt wear, *Pru*,
The new Gown yet.
Pru. After the *Taylor*'s Wife?
Lad. Come, be not angry, or griev'd: I have a Project.
Hoſt. Wake *Sheleenien Thomas!* Is this your Heraldry?
And keeping of Records, to loſe the main?
Where is your Charge?
Nor. Gra chreeſt! *Hoſt.* Go ask th' Oracle
O' the Bottle, at your Girdle, there you loſt it:
You are a ſober ſetter of the Watch.

Act V. Scene I.

Hoſt, Fly.

COme *Fly*, and Legacy, the Bird o' the heart:
Prime Inſect of the Inn, Profeſſor, Quarter-maſter,
As ever thou deſerved'ſt thy daily Drink,
Padling in Sack, and licking i' the ſame,
Now ſhew thy ſelf an Implement of Price,
And help to raiſe a Nap to us, out of nothing.
Thou ſaw'ſt 'em married?
Fly. I do think I did,
And heard the words, *Philip*, I take thee, *Lætice*.
I gave her too, was then the Father *Fly*,
And heard the Prieſt do his part, far as five Nobles
Would lead him i' the Lines of Matrimony.
Hoſt. Where were they married?
Fly. I' the new Stable. *Hoſt.* Ominous!
I ha' known many a Church been made a Stable,
But not a Stable made a Church till now:
I wiſh 'em Joy. *Fly*, was he a full Prieſt?
Fly. He belly'd for it, had his Velvet Sleeves,
And his branch'd Caſſock, a ſide ſweeping Gown,
All his Formalities, a good cramm'd Divine!
I went not far to fetch him, the next Inn,
Where he was lodg'd, for the action.
Hoſt. Had they a Licenſe!
Fly. Licenſe of Love, I ſaw no other, and Purſe,
To pay the Duties both of Church and Houſe;
The Angels flew about.
Hoſt. Thoſe Birds ſend luck:
And Mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' ſacrific'd,
To merriment to night, i' my light Heart, *Fly*,
And like a Noble Poet, to have had
My laſt act beſt: but all fails i' the Plot.
Lovel is gone to bed; the Lady *Frampull*
And Soveraign *Pru* fall'n out: *Tipto* and his Regiment
Of Mine-men, all drunk dumb, from his Whoop *Barnaby*,
To his Hoop *Trundle*: They are his two Tropicks.
No project to rear laughter on, but this,
The Marriage of Lord *Beaufort*, with *Lætitia*.
Stay! what's here! The Sattin Gown redeem'd!
And *Pru* reſtor'd in't, to her Ladies Grace!
Fly. She is ſet forth in't! rig'd for ſome Imployment!
Hoſt. An Embaſſy at leaſt!
Fly. Some treaty of State!
Hoſt. 'Tis a fine tack about! and worth the obſerving.

Act V. Scene II.

Lady, Prudence, Hoſt, Fly.

SWeet *Pru*, I, now thou art a Queen indeed!
Theſe Robes do royally! and thou becom'ſt 'em!
So they do thee! rich Garments only fit
The Parties they are made for! they ſhame others.
How did they ſhew on Gooddy *Taylor*'s back!
Like a Capariſon for a Sow, God ſave us!
Thy putting 'em on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'em
From all pollution, meant by the *Mechanicks*.
Pru. Hang him, poor Snip, a Secular Shop-wit!
H' hath nought but his Sheers to claim by, and his meaſures,
His Prentice may as well put in for his Needle,
And plead a ſtitch. *Lad.* They have no taint in 'em
Now o' the Taylor. *Pru.* Yes, of his Wives Hanches.
Thus thick of Fat; I ſmell 'em, o' the ſay.
Lad. It is reſtorative, *Pru!* with thy but chafing it,
A barren Hinds Greaſe may work Miracles,
Find but his Chamber-door, and he will riſe
To thee! or if thou pleaſeſt, fain to be
The wretched Party her ſelf, and com'ſt unto him
In forma pauperis, to crave the aid
Of his Knight-Errant Valour, to the reſcue
Of thy diſtreſſed Robes! name but thy Gown,
And he will riſe to that! *Pru.* I'll fire the Charm firſt,
I had rather die in a Ditch, with Miſtreſs *Shore*,
Without a Smock, as the pittiful matter has it,
Than owe my Wit to Cloathes, or ha' it beholden.
Hoſt. Still Spirit of *Pru*!
Fly. And ſmelling o' the *Soveraign*!
Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is indeed;
I come from the fine, froward, *Frampul* Lady,
One was run mad with Pride, wild with ſelf-love,
But late encountring a wiſe Man, who ſcorn'd her,
And knew the way to his own Bed, without
Borrowing her Warming-pan, ſhe hath recover'd
Part of her Wits: ſo much as to conſider
How far ſhe hath treſpaſs'd, upon whom, and how.
And now ſits penitent and ſolitary,
Like the forſaken Turtle, in the Volary
Of the light Heart, the Cage, ſhe hath abus'd,
Mourning her Folly, weeping at the height
She meaſures with her Eye, from whence ſhe is fall'n,
Since ſhe did branch it, on the top o' the Wood.
Lad. I pr'y thee, *Pru*, abuſe me enough, that's uſe me
As thou thinkeſt fit, any courſe way, to humble me,
Or bring me home again, or *Lovel* on:
Thou doeſt not know my ſufferings, what I feel,
My fires and fears are met; I burn and freeze,
My Liver's one great Coal, my Heart ſhrunk up
With all the fivers, and the Maſs of Blood
Within me, is a ſtanding lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold Wind of my gelid Sighs,
That drive a drift of Sleet through all my Body,
And ſhoot a *February* through my Veins.
Until I ſee him, I am drunk with thirſt,
And ſurfeited with hunger of his Preſence.
I know not where I am, or no, or ſpeak,
Or whether thou doſt hear me. *Pru.* Spare Expreſſions.
I'll once more venture for your Ladiſhip,
So you will uſe your Fortunes reverendly.
Lad. Religiouſly, dear *Pru*, *Love* and his *Mother*,
I'll build them ſeveral Churches, Shrines and Altars,
And over head, I'll have, in the Glaſs Windows,
The ſtory of this Day be painted, round,
For the poor Laity of Love to read.
I'll make my ſelf their Book, nay, their Example,
To bid them take Occaſion by the Forelock,
And play no after-games of Love, hereafter.
Hoſt. And hear your Hoſt, and's *Fly*, witneſs your Vows,
And like two lucky Birds, bring the Preſage
Of a loud Jeſt: Lord *Beaufort* married is. *Lad.* Ha!
Fly. All to be married. *Pru.* To whom, not your Son?
Hoſt. The ſame *Pru*. If her Ladiſhip could take truce
A little with her Paſſion, and give way
To their Mirth now running.
Lad. Run's it Mirth, let's come,
It ſhall be well receiv'd and much made of it.
Pru. We muſt of this, it was our own conception.

Act

Act V. Scene III.

———*Latimer.* [To them.

ROom for green Ruſhes, raiſe the Fidler's Chamberlain,
Call up the Houſe in arms. *Hoſt.* This will rouze *Lovel.*
Fly. And bring him on too. *Lat. Sheelee-nien.*
Runs like a Heifer, bitten with the Brieze,
About the Court, crying on *Fly*, and curſing.
Fly. For what, my Lord?
Lat. Yo' were beſt hear that from her,
It is no Office, *Fly*, fits my Relation.
Here come the happy Couple! Joy, Lord *Beaufort.*
Fly. And my young Lady too.
Hoſt. Much Joy, my Lord!

Act V. Scene IV.

Beaufort, Frank, Servant. [To them.

I Thank you all; I thank thee, Father *Fly.*
Madam, my Couſin, you look diſcompos'd,
I have been bold with a Sallad, after Supper,
O' your own Lettice here. *Lad.* You have, my Lord.
But laws of Hoſpitality, and fair Rites,
Would have made me acquainted.
Bea. I' your own Houſe,
I do acknowledge: Elſe I much had treſpaſs'd.
But in an Inn, and publick, where there is Licenſe
Of all Community: a Pardon o' courſe
May be ſu'd out. *Lat.* It will, my Lord, and carry it.
I do not ſee, how any ſtorm, or tempeſt
Can help it now. *Pru.* The thing being done, and paſt,
You bear it wiſely, and like a Lady of Judgment.
Bea. She is that Secretary *Pru.* *Pru.* Why Secretary,
My wife Lord? is your Brain lately married!
Bea. Your Reign is ended, *Pru*, no Sovereign now:
Your date is out, and Dignity expir'd.
Pru. I am annull'd, how can I treat with *Lovel*,
Without a new Commiſſion?
Lad. Thy Gown's Commiſſion.
Hoſt. Have Patience, *Pru*, expect, bid the Lord Joy.
Pru. And this brave Lady too. I wiſh them Joy.
Pei. Joy. *Jor.* Joy. *Jug.* All Joy.
Hoſ. I, the Houſe full of Joy.
Fly. Play the Bels; Fidlers, crack your ſtrings with Joy.
Pru. But Lady *Letice*, you ſhewd a neglect
Un-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your Kinſwoman
Not to adviſe with her. *Bea.* Good politick *Pru*,
Urge not your State-advice, your after-wit;
'Tis near upbraiding. Get our Bed ready, Chamberlain,
And Hoſt, a Bride-cup, you have rare Conceits,
And good Ingredients; ever an old Hoſt
Upo' the Road, has his provocative Drinks.
Lat. He is either a good Baud, or a Phyſician.
Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.
A bed, the *Genial* Bed, a brace of Boys
To night I play for. *Pru.* Give us Points, my Lord.
Bea. Here, take 'em, *Pru*, my Cod-piece Point, and all.
I ha' Claſps, my *Letice* arms, here take 'em, boys.
What, is the Chamber ready? Speak, why ſtare you
On one another? *Jor.* No, Sir. *Bea.* And why no?
Jor. My Maſter has forbid it. He yet doubts
That you are married. *Bea.* Ask his Vicar General,
His *Fly*, here.
Fly. I muſt make that good, they are married.
Hoſt. But I muſt make it bad, my hot young Lord.
Gi' him his Doublet again, the air is piercing;
You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha' married,
Your Hoſt's Son, and a Boy. *Fly.* You are abus'd.
Lad. Much Joy, my Lord. *Pru.* If this be your *Lætitia*,
She'll prove a counterfeit Mirth, and a clip'd Lady.
Ser. A Boy, a Boy; my Lord has married a Boy.
Lat. Raiſe all the Houſe in ſhout, and laughter, a Boy!
Hoſt. Stay, what is here! peace, Raſcals, ſtop your throats.

Act V. Scene V.

——*Nurſe.* [To them.

THat Maggot, Worm, that Inſect! O my Child,
My Daughter! where's that *Fly*? I'll fly in his face,
The Vermin, let me come to him.
Fly. Why *Nurſe Sheelee?*
Nur Hang thee, thou *Paraſite*, thou Son of Crumbs,
And Orts, thou haſt undone me, and my Child,
My Daughter, my dear Daughter.
Hoſt. What means this?
Nur. O Sir, my Daughter, my dear Child is ruin'd,
By this your *Fly*, here, married in a ſtable,
And ſold unto a Husband. *Hoſt.* Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, did'ſt thou not ſell him
To me for a Boy? and brought'ſt him in Boys Rags
Here to my door, to beg an alms of me?
Nur. I did, good Maſter, and I crave your pardon;
But 'tis my Daughter, and a Girl.
Hoſt. Why ſaid'ſt thou
It was a Boy, and ſold'ſt him then to me
With ſuch intreaty, for Ten Shillings, Carlin?
Nur. Becauſe you were a charitable man
I heard, good Maſter, and would breed him well,
I would ha' giv'n him you, for nothing gladly.
Forgive the lie o' my mouth, it was to ſave
The Fruit o' my Womb. A Parents needs are urgent,
And few do know that tyrant o're good Natures.
But you reliev'd her, and me too, the Mother,
And took me into your Houſe to be the Nurſe,
For which Heaven heap all bleſſings on your Head,
Whilſt there can one be added. *Hoſt.* Sure thou ſpeak'ſt
Quite like another creature than th' haſt liv'd,
Here, i' the Houſe, a *Sheelee-neen Thomas*,
An *Iriſh* Beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God help me.
Hoſt. What art thou? Tell: The match is a good match,
For ought I ſee: Ring the Bells once again.
Bea. Stint, I ſay, Fidlers.
Lad. No going off, my Lord.
Bea. Nor coming on, ſweet Lady, things thus ſtanding!
Fly. But what's the heinouſneſs of my Offence?
Or the degrees of wrong you ſuffer'd by it?
In having your Daughter match't thus happily,
Into a noble Houſe, a brave young Blood,
And a prime Peer o' the Realm?
Bea. Was that your Plot, *Fly?*
Gi' me a Cloak, take her again among you.
I'll none o' your Light-Heart Foſterlings, no Inmates,
Suppoſititious Fruits of an Hoſt's Brain,
And his *Fly*'s hatching, to be put upon me.
There is a Royal Court o' the *Star-Chamber*,
Will ſcatter all theſe miſts, diſperſe theſe Vapours,
And clear the truth. Let Beggars match with Beggars,
That ſhall decide it. I will try it there.
Nur. Nay then, my Lord, it's not enough, I ſee
You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
Yo' are not alone content to take my Daughter,
Againſt the Law; but having taken her,
You would repudiate, and caſt her off,
Now, at your pleaſure, like a Beaſt of Power,
Without all Cauſe, or colour of a Cauſe,
That, or a Noble, or an Honeſt Man,
Should dare t' except againſt her Poverty.
Is Poverty a Vice? *Bea.* Th' age counts it ſo.
Nur. God help your Lordſhip, and your Peers that think ſo,
If any be: if not, God bleſs them all,

And

And help the number o' the vertuous,
If Poverty be a Crime. You may object
Our Beggery to us, as an accident,
But never deeper, no inherent baseneſs.
And I muſt tell you, now, young Lord of Dirt,
As an incenſed Mother, ſhe hath more
And better Blood, running i' thoſe ſmall Veins,
Than all the Race of *Beauforts* have in maſs,
Though they diſtil their drops from the left Rib
Of *John* o' *Gaunt*. *Hoſt*. Old Mother o' Records,
Thou know'ſt her Pedigree then: whoſe Daughter is ſhe?
Nur. The Daughter and Co-heir to the Lord *Frampul*,
This Ladies Siſter! *Lad*. Mine? what is her Name?
Nur. *Lætitia*. *Lad*. That was loſt!
Nur. The true *Lætitia*.
Lad. Siſter, O gladneſs! Then you are our Mother?
Nur. I am, dear Daughter.
Lad. On my Knees I bleſs
The light I ſee you by. *Nur*. And to the author
Of that bleſt light, I ope my other Eye,
Which hath almoſt, now, ſeven year been ſhut,
Dark, as my Vow was, never to ſee light,
Till ſuch a light reſtor'd it, as my Children,
Or your dear Father, who (I hear) is not.
Bea. Give me my Wife, I own her now, and will have her.
Hoſt. But you muſt ask my leave firſt, my young Lord.
Leave is but light. *Ferret*, go bolt your Maſter,
Here's Gear will ſtartle him. I cannot keep
The Paſſion in me, I am e'en turn'd Child,
And I muſt weep. *Fly*, take away mine Hoſt,
My Beard, and Cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.
I am her Father, Sir, and you ſhall now
Ask my Conſent, before you have her. Wife!
My dear and loving Wife! my honour'd Wife!
Who here hath gain'd but I? I am Lord *Frampul*,
The cauſe of all this trouble? I am he
Have meaſur'd all the Shires of *England* over:
Wales, and her Mountains, ſeen thoſe wilder Nations,
Of People in the *Peak*, and *Lancaſhire*;
Their Pipers, Fidlers, Ruſhers, Puppet-maſters,
Juglers and Gypſies, all the ſorts of Canters,
And Colonies of Beggars, Tumblers, Ape carriers;
For to theſe Savages I was addicted,
To ſearch their Natures, and make odd Diſcoveries!
And here my Wife, like a ſhe-*Mandevile*,
Ventred in diſquiſition after me.
Nur. I may look up, admire, I cannot ſpeak
Yet to my Lord.
Hoſt. Take heart, and breath, recover,
Thou haſt recover'd me, who here had coffin'd
My ſelf alive, in a poor Hoſtelry,
In penance of my wrongs done unto thee,
Whom I long ſince gave loſt. *Nur*. So did I you,
Till ſtealing mine own Daughter from her Siſter,
I lighted on this Error hath cur'd all.
Bea. And in that cure, include my treſpaſs, Mother,
And Father, for my Wife———
Hoſt. No, the *Star-Chamber*.
Bea. Away with that, you ſour the ſweeteſt Lettice
Was ever taſted. *Hoſt*. Gi' you Joy, my Son,
Caſt her not off again. O call me Father,
Lovel, and this your Mother, if you like:
But take your Miſtreſs, firſt, my Child: I have power
To give her now, with her conſent, her Siſter
Is given already to your Brother *Beaufort*.
Lov. Is this a Dream now, after my firſt Sleep?
Or are theſe phant'ſies made i' the light Heart?
And ſold i' the *New Inn*? *Hoſt*. Beſt go to bed,
And dream it over all. Let's all go ſleep,
Each with his Turtle. *Fly*, provide us Lodgings.
Get Beds prepar'd: yo' are Maſter now o' the Inn,
The Lord o' the light Heart, I give it you.
Fly was my Fellow-*Gypſey*. All my Family,
Indeed, were *Gypſeys*, Tapſters, Oſtlers, Chamberlains,
Reduced Veſſels of Civility.
But here ſtands *Pru*, neglected, beſt deſerving
Of all that are i' the Houſe, or i' my Heart,
Whom though I cannot help to a fit Husband,
I'll help to that will bring one, a juſt Portion:
I have two thouſand pound in bank for *Pru*,
Call for it when ſhe will. *Bea*. And I as much.
Hoſt. There's ſomewhat yet, four thouſand pound! that's better,
Then ſounds the Proverb, *Four bare legs in a bed*.
Lov. Me, and her Miſtreſs, ſhe hath power to coyn
Up into what ſhe will. *Lad*. Indefinite *Pru*.
Lat. But I muſt do the crowning act of Bounty!
Hoſt. What's that, my Lord?
Lat. Give her my ſelf, which here
By all the holy Vows of Love I do.
Spare all your promis'd Portions; ſhe is a Dowry
So all-ſufficient in her Vertue and Manners,
That Fortune cannot add to her. *Pru*. My Lord,
Your Praiſes are Inſtructions to mine Ears,
Whence you have made your Wife to live your Servant.
Hoſt. Lights: get us ſeveral Lights.
Lov. Stay, let my Miſtreſs
But hear my Viſion ſung, my Dream of Beauty,
VVhich I have brought, prepar'd, to bid us Joy,
And light us all to bed, 'twill be inſtead
Of airing of the Sheets with a ſweet Odour.
Hoſt. 'Twill be an Incenſe to our Sacrifice
Of Love to night, where I will woo afreſh,
And like *Mecænas*, having but one VVife,
I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter.

They go out, with a Song.

EPILOGUE.

PLays in themſelves have neither Hopes nor Fears;
Their Fate is only in their Hearers Ears:
If you expect more than you had to night,
The Maker is ſick, and ſad. But do him right;
He meant to pleaſe you: for he ſent things fit,
In all the Numbers both of Senſe and Wit;
If they ha' not miſcarried! if they have,
All that his faint and faltring Tongue doth crave,
Is, that you not impute it to his brain.
That's yet unhurt, although ſet round with pain,
It cannot long hold out. All ſtrength muſt yield.
Yet Judgment would the laſt be i' the field,
With a true Poet. He could have hal'd in
The Drunkards, and the noiſes of the Inn,
In his laſt Act; if he had thought it fit
To vent you Vapors in the place of Wit:
But better 'twas that they ſhould ſleep, or ſpue,
Than in the Scene to offend or him or you.
This he did think; and this do you forgive:
When e're the Careaſs dies, this Art will live.
And had he liv'd the care of King and Queen,
His Art in ſomething more yet had been ſeen;
But Mayors and Sheriffs may yearly fill the Stage:
A King's, or Poet's birth do ask an age.

Another Epilogue there was, made for the Play, in the Poet's Defence, but the Play liv'd not, in Opinion, to have it ſpoken.

A Jovial Hoſt, *and Lord of the* New Inn,
Clep't the light Heart, with all that paſt therein,

Hath

Hath been the Subject of our Play *to night,*
To give the King *and* Queen, *and* Court *delight.*
But then we mean the Court *above the Stairs,*
And paſt the Guard; Men that have more of Ears
Then Eyes to judge us: Such as will not hiſs
Becauſe the Chambermaid was named Cis.
We think it would have ſerv'd our Scene *as true,*
If, as it is, at firſt we'd call'd her Pru,
For any Myſtery we there have found,
Or magick in the Letters or the ſound.
She only meant was for a Girl a wit,
To whom her Lady *did a Province fit:*
Which ſhe would have diſcharg'd, and done as well,
Had ſhe been chriſtned Joyce, Grace, Doll, *or* Nell.

The Juſt Indignation the Author *took at the vulgar Cenſure of his* Play, *by ſome malicious* Spectators, *begat this following* Ode *to himſelf.*

COme leave the lothed Stage,
And the more loathſome Age;
Where Pride and impudence (in Faction knit)
Uſurp the Chair of Wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a Play.
Let their ſaſtidious, vain
Commiſſion of the Brain
Run on and Rage, ſweat, cenſure and condemn:
They were not made for thee, leſs thou for them.

Say that thou pour'ſt them Wheat,
And they will Acorns Eat:
'Twere ſimple Fury ſtill thy ſelf to waſt
On ſuch as have no taſt.
To offer them a ſurfeit of pure Bread,
Whoſe Appetites are dead!
No, give them Grains their Fill,
Husks, Draff to drink and ſwill.
If they love Lees, and leave the luſty Wine,
Envy them not their Palat's with the Swine.

No doubt ſo moldy Tale,
Like *Pericles*, and ſtale
As the Sheriffs Cruſts, and naſty as his Fiſh-
Scraps, out every Diſh
Thrown forth, and rak'd into the common Tub,
May keep up the *Play-Club*:
There Sweepings do as well
As the beſt order'd Meal.
For who the Reliſh of theſe Gueſts will fit,
Needs ſet them but the Alms-basket of Wit.

And much good do't you then:
Brave *Pluſh*, and *Velvet*-men,
Can feed on Ort: and ſafe in your Stage-cloths,
Dare quit upon your Oaths,
The Stagers and the Stage-wrights too (your Peers)
Of larding your large Ears
With their foul *comick* Socks;
Wrought upon twenty Blocks:
Which if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch't enough,
The Gameſters ſhare your Gilt, and you their Stuff.

Leave things ſo proſtitute,
And take the *Alcaick* Lute;
Or thine own *Horace*, or *Anacreon*'s Lyre;
Warm thee by *Pindare*'s Fire:
And though thy Nerves be ſhrunk, and Blood be cold,
Ere Years have made thee old;
Strike that diſdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat:
As curious Fools, and envious of thy Strain,
May bluſhing ſwear no Palſie's in thy Brain.

But when they hear thee ſing
The Glories of thy *King*,
His Zeal to *God*, his juſt awe o'er Men:
They may blood-ſhaken then,
Feel ſuch a Fleſh-quake to poſſeſs their Powers
As they ſhall cry like ours.
In ſound of Peace or Wars,
No Harp ere hit the Stars,
In tuning forth the Acts of his ſweet Reign:
And raiſing *Charles* his Chariot, 'bove his *Waine*.

Leges

Leges Convivales.

RULES

FOR THE

TAVERN ACADEMY:

OR,

LAWS

FOR THE

BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the *Latin* of *Ben. Johnſon,* Engraven in Marble over the Chimny, in the *APOLLO* of the *Old Devil Tavern* at *Temple-Bar*: That being his CLUB ROOM.

Non verbum reddere verbo.

By *BEN. JOHNSON.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Tho. Baſſett* at the *George* in *Fleet-ſtreet,* near St. *Dunſtan's* Church, MDCXCII.

Leges Convivales.

Quod fœlix fauſtumq; Convivis in Apolline *ſit.*

1 NEmo *Aſymbolus, niſi Umbra, huc venito.*
2 *Idiota, Inſulſus, Triſtis, Turpis, abeſto.*
3 *Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honeſti, adſciſcuntor.*
4 *Nec lectæ Fœminæ repudiantor.*
5 *In Apparatu quod Convivis corruget Nares nil eſto.*
6 *Epulæ delectu potius quam ſumptu parentur.*
7 *Obſonator & coquus convivarum Gulæ periti ſunto.*
8 *De Diſcubitu non contenditor.*
9 *Miniſtri, à Dapibus oculati & muti,*
A Poculis auriti & celeres ſunto.
10 *Vina puris fontibus miniſtrentur aut vapulet Hoſpes.*
11 *Moderatis poculis provocare ſodales fas eſto.*
12 *At Fabulis magis quam Vino velitatio fiat.*
13 *Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces ſunto.*
14 *De ſeriis ac ſacris Poti & Saturi ne diſſerunto.*
15 *Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito.*
16 *Admiſſo Riſu, Tripudiis, Choreis, Cantu, Salibus,*
Omni Gratiarum feſtivitate ſacra celebrantor.
17 *Joci ſine felle ſunto.*
18 *Inſipida poemata nulla recitantor.*
19 *Verſus ſcribere nullus cogitor.*
20 *Argumentationis totus Strepitus abeſto.*
21 *Amatoriis querelis, ac ſuſpiriis liber Angulus eſto.*
22 *Lapitharum more Scyphis pugnare, Vitrea collidere,*
Feneſtras excutere, ſupellectilem dilacerare, nefas eſto.
23 *Qui foràs vel dicta vel facta Eliminat, Eliminator.*
24 *Neminem reum Pocula faciunto.*

Focus perennis eſto.

RULES

RULES

FOR THE

Tavern Academy, &c.

I.

1 AS the Fund of our Pleaſure, let each pay his ſhot,
Except ſome chance-Friend whom a Member brings in.
2 Far hence be the *Sad*, the *Lewd Fop* and the *Sot*,
For ſuch have the Plagues of good Company been.

II.

3 Let the *Learned* and *Witty*, the *Jovial* and *Gay*,
The *Generous* and *Honeſt* compoſe our free State;
4 *And the more to exalt our Delight whilſt we ſtay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice Female Mate.

III.

5 Let no Scent offenſive the Chamber infeſt.
6 Let Fancy, not Coſt, prepare all our Diſhes.
7 Let the Caterer mind the taſte of each Gueſt,
And the Cook in his dreſſing comply with their Wiſhes.

IV.

8 Let's have no diſturbance about taking Places,
To ſhew your nice Breeding, or out of vain Pride.
9 Let the Drawers be ready with Wine and freſh Glaſſes;
Let the Waiters have Eyes, tho' their Tongues muſt be ty'd.

V.

10 Let our Wines without mixture, or Stum be all fine,
Or call up the Maſter and break his dull Noddle.
11 Let no ſober Bigot here think it a Sin,
To puſh on the chirping and moderate Bottle.

VI.

12 Let the Conteſts be rather of Books than of Wine.
13 Let the Company be neither noiſie nor mute.
14 Let none of things Serious, much leſs of Divine,
When Belly and Head's full, prophanely diſpute.

VII.

15 Let no ſawcy Fidler preſume to intrude,
Unleſs he is ſent for *to vary our Bliſs.*
16 With *Mirth*, *Wit*, and *Dancing* and *Singing* conclude,
To Regale e'ry Senſe, with delight in exceſs.

VIII.

17 Let Raillery be without Malice or Heat.
18 Dull Poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no Poetaſter command or Intreat
Another Extempore Verſes to make.

IX.

20 Let Argument bear no unmuſical ſound,
Nor Jars interpoſe ſacred Friendſhip to grieve.
21 For Generous Lovers let a Corner be found,
Where they in ſoft Sighs may their Paſſions relieve.

X.

22 Like the Old Lapithites, with the Goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongſt Offences unpardon'd will rank;
Or breaking of Windows, or Glaſſes for ſpight,
And ſpoiling the Goods for a Rakehelly Prank.

XI.

23 Whoever ſhall publiſh what's ſaid or what's done,
Be he baniſh'd for ever our Aſſembly Divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good Wine.

Over the DOOR at the Entrance into the *APOLLO.*

WElcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*------
Here he ſpeaks out of his Pottle,
Or the Tripos, his Tower Bottle:
All his Anſwers are Divine,
Truth it ſelf doth flow in Wine.
Hang up all the poor Hop-Drinkers,
Cries *Old Sym* the King of Skinkers;
He the half of Life abuſes,
That ſits watering with the Muſes.
Thoſe dull Girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of *Venus*,
And the Poet's Horſe accounted:
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true *Phœbeian* Liquor,
Chears the Brains, makes Wit the quicker.
Pays all Debts, cures all Diſeaſes,
And at once three Senſes pleaſes.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo.*

FINIS.

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